kynge Arthure and his comyn and to helpe hym in his warrys that he wolde be sworne vnto them to helpe hem in there warrys a geynst kynge Claud
Wolde wete sey ye vnto this comenyle seyde Merlion This ys well comelde seyde the kynge And in all haste ij. bardones wyght sholde ordayned to go on this message vnto thes ij kynges and lettres were made in the meste plesinste wyse accordynge vnto kynge Arthure desyre and vlphyne and Bedeuere were made the messyngers and so rode forth well horsed and well armed and as ye wyse was that tyme and so passed the see and rode to warde the cete of Beuls and there be sydes were iiij knyghtes that aspyed hem and at a streyte passage they r. ette vp vlphynus & Bialatis and wolde a take hem prisoners So they preyde them that they myght passe for they were messyngers vnto kynge Ban and Bors sente fro me kynge Arthure There wyth seyde the knyghtes ye shall dey other be presoners for we be knyghtes of kynge Claudas and there vp on of them dressed his spere vnto vlphynus & Bialatis and they dressed ye speres and ran to gyder with grete randon And Claudas his knyghtes brake their speares and vlphynus & Brastias bare them knyghtes oute of there sadels to the erth and so lefte them kynge and rode ye wayes and the other iij knyghtes rode be fore to a passage to mete with them a yen and so vlphynus & Bial
ias other iij smote dowine and so paste on thre wayes And at the fourth passage there mette iij for ij and both were leyde vnto the erthe So there was none of the iiij knyghtes but he was hurte sore other bruised and when they com to Beuleyke yt fortuned both the kynges be there Ban & Bors Then was it told the ij kynges how ye were com ij messyngers and anone ye was sente vnto them ij knyghtes of worshyp that one knyght Lyonses lorde of the contrey of Mayarne and Sir Johan Cayure a worshypfull knyght and a none asked them fro me whens they com and they seyde fro me kynge Arthur kynge of Ingelonde and so they tolde them in there armys and made grete Joy eche of other But anone as they wyste they were messyngers of Ar there was made no taryynge but forth with they spake with ye kynges and they welcomed them in the moste fayrest wyse and seyde they were moste welcom vnto them be fore all the kynges men kyynge and ye they kyssed the lettres and dely vnd them And when kynge Ban vnderstode them ye lettres than were they more welcom than they were to fore

and after the feste of the festes they gaff them thys answere that they wolde fulfille thy desire of kyng Arthure Wherynge and bade sir Ulphyus & Sir Brastias tarry there as longe as they wolde for they shulde have such cheve as myght be made for them in thys marches Than Ulphyus & Brastias tolde the kynge of there adventure at the passage for the viij. knyghtes. Alle seyde Bawdwyn they were owre good frendis & wolde & had weyste of them and they sholde nat so astraped So thes iij knyghtes had good cheve and grete gyftes as muche as they myght bere away and had there answere by nowthe and by wrytynge that the iij kyngis wolde come unto Arthure in all the haste that they myght So thes iij knyghtes rode on a fore and passed the see and com to ye londe And tolde them how they had spedde Where fore kyng Arthure was passyng glad And seyde howe suppose yon at what tyme wolle thes iij kyngis be here? Sir they seyde be fore all halowmasse Than the kynge lette purvey for a grete feste And also he lette cry both turnementis and justis thorowe out all his realme And the day appoynted and sette at all halowmasse And so the tyme rode on and all thyngis redy purveyed Thes iij noble kyngis were entrede the londe and comyn down the see with iij hondred knyghtes fulle well arayed both for the peas and also for the werre and so royally they were receyved and brought towarde the cite of london And so Arthure mette them v. myle owte of london and there was grete joy made as cowthe be thought And on all halowmasse day at the grete feste sate in the halle the iij kyngis And Sir Kay the senestralle served in the halle And Sir Lucas the butler that was duke Corneus son And Sir Gryffet that was the son of god of Cardal thes iij knyghtes had the rule of all the fyve that fyned the kynges And anone as they were redy on horsebak and wayshed all the knyghtes that wolde juste made them redy And be than they were redy on horse bak there was iij. C. knyghtes And kynge Arthure Bawdwyn & Bors Ware the archebysshop of Cauntirbury and Sir Ector Kays fadir they were in a place adorde with clothys of golde lyke unto an halle with ladyes and jantill women for to be holde Who and beste and there on to gyff a jugemente And kyng Arthure Wt the iij kynges sette depte the iij hondred knyghtes in iij partyes And ye were iij hondred knyghtes of the realme of Walis and Gotlande that turned on ye othir syde and they dressed ye shyldis and be gan to couche thir sperys many

good knyght So Sr Gryfflet was the firste that sette oute And to hym com
a knyght hys name was Sr Ladynas And they com so egerly to gydir that
all men had wonder and they so sore songht that thr sheldis felle on the
peces and both horse and man felle to the erthe And both the frensh knyst
and the englysh knyght lay so longe that all men wente they had bene dede
Wham Lucas the buttler sawe Sr Gryfflet ly so longe he horsed hym a
grayne a none and they too ded many merveloys dedis of armys Ye many
dacheleys Also Sr Kay com oute of a busshemente Ye C. knyght Ye hym and
they iij. smote other iij dolwne Sir Sr Kay. And that day many merveyl
lous dedis of armys that there was none that did so welle as he that day
Than there com Ladynas and Eastman ij. knyght of fraunse and did pas
synge well that all men prayed theym Than com in Sr Plaudas a stark
knyght that mette with Sr Kay. and smote hym dolwne horse and man where
fore Sr Gryfflet was wroth. and mette with Sr plaudas so harde that horse
and man felle to the erthe / Sir Whan the ij knyght wyst that Sr Kay.
had a felle they were wroth oute of mesure and there Ye all ech of them iij.
dave dolwne a knyght / Whan kynge Arthur and the ij. kynge sawe them be
gynne veryle wroth on bothe sydes they leped on smale hakeneyes and lette
cry that all men shulde drepe unto there tedkynge and so they wente home
and unarmed them and so to dynnge and songe And after songe ye ij.
kynge wente in to a gardyne and gaffe the pryce unto Sr Kay And unto Sr
Lucas the buttler And unto Sr Gryfflet And than they wente unto coun
cyle and with them Gwenbans brothr unto kynge Ban & Bors a wyse
clerke and thyder wente Galahalt Eastras & Ajeglion And after they had
in her councyle they wente unto bedde And on the morne they harde masse
and to dyner and so to there councyle and made many argument what
were beste to do At the laste they were concluded that Ar. shulde go Ye a
token of kynge Ban that was a vynge unto hys men And kynge Bors
Gracian & plaudas shulde go a grayne and kepe ye castels and there contreyes
And as for kynge Ban of Benwyke and kynge Bors of Gaule had or
dayned them all thynge and so passed the see and com to Benwyke And
whan the people sawe kynge Bamps vynge and Gracian & plaudes ye
were glad and asked howe there kynge fared and made grete joy of ye welthe

and accordyng vnto thyere sondrye lordis desire and the nyan of warre made theim redy in all haste possible so that they were vp. xl. on horse backe and foote and they had grete greeue of weayle by Aferlious Johnsons Sir Gracian & Polladas were leffte at home to fortifye and garnysh the castelle for drede of kyng Claudas kyngis so Merlion passed the see well wetayled bothe by water and by londe And whan he com to the see he sente home the foote men a grayne and toke no mo with hym but .c. hy. men on horse backe the moste pty of men of armys and so shipped and passed the see in to Inglonde and londed at Dodyn and thorowe the wytte of Merlion he ledde the oste northwarde the prydeyst way that conde be thought vnto the foreste of Bedgrayne and there in a valey lodged hym secretely Than rode Aferlion to Arthure and to the .ij. kynges and tolde them howe he had spedde where of they had grete merwayle that ony man on erthe myght spede so sone and go and com. So Merlion tolde them howe .x. thousande were in the foreste of Bedgrayne well armed at all poynte Than was ther no more to say but to horsebak went all the oste as Arthure had before ordeyned So with xv. hy. they passed by myght and day bi the way made such an ordinaunce afore by Aferlyon that there shulde no man of wayr ryde nother go in no contrey on this syde trente water but if he had a token from kynge Arthure Where thorowe the kynges enemyes durst not ryde as they did to fore

And so with in a litill while the in kynges com to the foreste of Bedgrayne and founde there a passynge fayre fellyship and well be sene where of they had grete joy and litterly they wanted none This was the cause of the northir oste that they were reved for the despite and rebuke that the .ij. kynges had at Carlyon and tho .ij. kynges by ther meanes gatte vnto them .x. other kynges and thus they be gan to gadir ther people And howe they swore nor for welle nother wo they shulde not hyde till they had destroyed Arthure And than they made an othe And the first that he gan the othe was the duke of Candebenet that he wolde bryngе .xl. hym by .c. hy. men of armys the which were redy on horse backe Than swore kynge Brandegoris of Stranbroke that he wolde bryngе with hym .x. hy. men of armys on horse backe Than swore kynge Clarinaus of Northumberlonde wolde bryngе .xl. hy. men of armys with hym Than swore the kynge North & Kynge Ryons that was a passynge good man and a yonge that he wolde bryngе .xl. hy.

good men of armys on horse backe Than there swore kynge Lott a passyng
good knyght and fadir vnto Sir Gawayne that he wolde bryngē v. c.
good men of armys on horseback Also the swore kynge Ryence that was
Sir Vsayncs fadir of the londe of Gore and he wolde bryngē vj. c. men
of armys on horse back Also there swore kynge Idres of Cornwaile that
he wolde bryngē v. c. men of armys on horse back Also there swore kynge
Cradilmans to bryngē v. c. men on horseback Also there swore kynge Au
dasyllians of Ireland to bryngē v. c. men of armys on horseback
Also there swore kynge Nentres to bryngē v. c. men on horseback Also
swore kynge Carados to bryngē v. c. men of armys on horseback So
hole ost was of clene men of armys on horse backe Was fully fyfty
c. and on foote v. c. of good memes bodyes Than they were sone redy
mounted vppon horseback and sente forthe before the fore ryders Ffor
thes ayght kynges in the wayes leyde a sege vnto the castell of Bedgrayne
And so they depted and dredd towarde Arthure and lefte a felde to bide
at the sege for the castell of Bedgrayne Was an holde of kynge Arthurs
And the men that were with in were kynge Arthure men all

So by Merlyons advice there were sente fore ryders to fynde
contrey and they mette with the fore ryders of the ost and made
them to telle which way the ost com And than they tolde kynge Arthure
And by kynge Ban & Bors his counceile they sette breme and destroy all
the contrey before them there they sholde ryde The kynge of the hondred
knyghts that tyme mette a wonder breme iij. myghtes before the batayle that
there bled a grete hyde and bled downe thir castels and thir tolboys
And after that com a water and bare hit all away And all that stode
of that medowe seyde hit was a token of grete batayle Than by counceile
of Merlion When they were whit they that an vj kynges wolde ryde and
lodge that myght at mydnyght they sette vppon them as they were in
portions But the fadir Vaccile by the ost cryed lordis to harneys for here be
come enemyes at yonne honde

Than kynge Arthure and kynge Ban & Bors with their good & trusty
knyghtes sette vppon them so fersely that he made them on thrwe hir[illegible]

Sanpus

3

on hir hedis but the vj kynges by manly prowesse of armys tokē a sayre champion but there was slayne that morow tyde v. c. good menne bodyes And so they had be fore hem a stronge passage yet were there fyfty c. of hardy men than the drow toward day. Now shall ye do by myne advice seyde Merlyon vnto the iij. kynges (and seyde) Nowe kynge Bawse & Bors with hir felyshyp of v. c. men were put in a wode here be syde in an ambussheme and kept hem prively and that they be leyde or the lyght of the day com and that they stire not tyll that ye and yowre bry gate and fought with hem longe And whan that ye day lyght dresse yowre batayle eyen be fore them and the passage that they may se all yowre ost for than will they be the more hardy whan they se yon but a lorde vj thousande and cause hem to be the gladder to suffir yon and yowre ost to com on the passage all the iij kynges and the hole lordshipe seyde Merlyon devised passynge well and so it was done So on ye morow whan ayther ost of the other they of the northe were well conforted than Vlphius & Brastias were dryvende iij. thousand men of armys and they sette on them fersely in the passage and slew on the ryght honde and on ye lyfte honde that it was wonder to telle. But whan the vj kynges sawe that there was so fewe a felyshyp that did such dedis of armys they were a shamed and sette on hem a grayne fersely. And there was Sir Vlphius horse slayne but he did mervaylously on foote. But the duke Clause of Saundowne and kynge Clarramont of Northe humberlonde were all ayen gretously set on Vlphius than Sir Brastias sawe his felows y fared so with all he smote ye duke with a spere that horse and man felle downe that sawe kynge Clarrauns and returned vnto Sir Brastias and ayther smote other so that horse and man wente to the erthe and so they lay longe astoned and there horse knees braste to the herde bone than com Sir kay the seneshall with ye kynges with hym and did passynge well. So with that com the vj kynges and there was Bryfflette quit to the erth horse and man and Lucas the butler horse and man kynge Brandegoris and kynge Idres and kynge Angwysshaunce than wexed the medlee passyng harde on bothe ptyes whan Sir kay sawe Sir Bryfflet on foote he rode vnto kynge Nentres and smote hym downe and he redde his horse vnto Sir Bryfflette and horsed hym a grayne Also Sir kay with the same spere smote downe kynge Lotte & kynde

and smote hym wassynge sore Whan sadde the kynge wt the C. knyghtes and ran vnto Sr Kay and smote hym downe and toke hys horse and gaff hym kynge lotte whyche of the sayde company Whan Sr Gryffiet sadde sir Kay and Sr Iwaine de Butler on foote he with a sherpe speare grete and square rode to Pynel a good man of armys and smote horse and man downe and than he toke hys horse and gaff hym vnto Sr Kay Than kynge lotte sadde kynge Neutres on foote he ran vnto Heliot de la roche and smote hym downe horse and man and gaff hym to kynge Neutres the horse and horsed hym a grayne Also the kynge with the C. knyghtes sadde kynge Noyes on foote he ran vnto Gwyniarte de bloy and smote hym downe horse and man and gaff kynge Noyes the horse and horsed hym a grayne Whan kynge lotte smote downe Clarrivaus de la forcepste sadeste and gaff the horse vnto Duke Estaus And so whan they had horsed the kynges a grayne they drew them all vp knyghtes to gyder and seyde they wolde be revenged of the damage that they had taken that day The meane whyle com In kynge Arthure with an egre countenaus and fonde Ulphius and Brastias on foote in grete prese of dethe that were sore defoyled vndir the horse feete Than Arthure as a lyon ran vnto kynge Cradilmente of Northwales and smote hym thorow the lyffte syde thorow horse and man fulle downe Than he toke the horse by the reyne and led hym vnto Ulphius and seyde thane this horse myne olde frende for grete nede haste pon of an horse // Grauncy seyde Ulphius Than kynge Arthure and so merveyllesly In armys that all men had Wonder Whan the kynge with the C. knyghtes sadde kynge Cradilmente on foote he ran vnto Sr Ector Sr Kayes fadir that was dedd horsed and smote horse and man downe and gaff the horse vnto the kynge and horsed hym a grayne And Whan kynge Arthure sadde that kynge ryde on Sr Ectors horse he was wrothe and with hys sheelde he smote the kynge on the helme that a quarter of the helme and sheelde clade downe and so the sheelde cutte downe vnto the horse necke and so man and horse felle downe to the grounde Than Sr Kay com vnto kynge Mordraunce Seneschall with the kynge of the C. knyghtes and smote hym downe horse and man and ledde the horse vnto hys fadir Sr Ector Than Sr Ector ran vnto a knyght of hyghte Lardelne

and smote horse and man downe and had the horse vnto Sir Brastias that grete nede had of an horse and was gretly deformed // Whan Brastias beheld Lucas the butler that lay lyke a dede man vnder the horse grete and er Sir Gryfflet and mervaylously for to reskowe hym And there were all ways .xvij. knyghtes vpon Sir Lucas And than Sir Brastias smote one of them on the helme that hit wente vnto his tethe and he rode vnto a noy & smote hym that hys arme fledde in to the felde Than he wente to the thirde & smote hym on the shulder that sholder and arme flodd vnto the felde ~~Than he wente to the thirde~~ And whan Gryfflet sawe reskowe he smote a knyght on the temples that hede and helme wente of to the erthe And Gryfflet toke that horse and had hym vnto Sir Lucas and bade hym mownte vpon ye horse and revenge his hurtis / ffor Sir Brastias had slayne a knyght to fore and horsed Sir Lucas Than Sir Lucas sawe kynge Angwyssiaūce that myght hed slayne Sir Ywayns de la vache and Lucas ran to hym with a sherpe spere that was grete and he gaff hym suche a falle that ye horse felle downe to the erthe. Also Lucas fonde ye on fote Bloreas de la ffraundres and Sir Gwynas ye hardy knyghtes and in that wedness that Lucas was ye he slew ye bacheleers and horsed them a gayne Than wered the batayle passynge harde one bothe ptyes But kynge Arthure was glad that hys knyghtes were horsed a gayne And than they fowghte to gyders that the noyse and the sowne range by the watir and wode / Whereof sore kynge Bawse Boys / made them redy and dressed there shyldis and harneysse and were so enwagrous that ye enemyes shoke and trembled for egirnesse all tho[s] whyle Sir Lucas / Gwynas / Bryamure and Bellias of ffraundres held stronge medle a gaynste ye knyght which were kynge Lyge lott kynge Nentres kynge Brandegoris kynge Aces kynge Urnens and kynge Angwyssiaūns . So with the helpe of Sir Kay and of Sir Gryfflet they held thes ye knyghtes harde that vnneth they had eny power to defende them But whan kynge Arthure sawe the batayle wolde nat be ended by no man he served wode as a lyon and shewed his horse here and there on the ryght honde and on the lyfte honde that he stynted nat tylle he had slayne xx^ti knyghtes Also he wounded kynge Lotte sore on the shulder and made hym to fede that grolende ffor Sir Kay & Sir Gryfflet and ye kynge Arthure

The dethe of Ywayns de la Vache

grete dedis of armys/ And there Than Sir Ywayne Brastias/ & Sir Ector encountrede a grayne the duke Estans/ and kynge Cradilmaure and kynge Claymans/ of Northumberlonde And kynge Carados/ and the kynge of the C kynghtis/ So thes kynghtis encountred with thes kynghtis/ that they made them to avoyde the grounde/ Than kynge Lotte made grete dole for his damages/ & his fellowis and seyde vnto the kynges/ But if we wolle do as I have devised we alle shalle be slayne and destroyed/ Lette me have the kynge of the C kynghtis/ and kynge Anguysshaunce and kynge Idres and the duke of Candebenet/ and we v. kynges/ wolle have v. hundrith men of armys/ with vs/ and we wolle go on one syde/ whyle the vj kynghtis holde the medle vs vij hour. And whan we se that ye have longlyn with them longe. than wolle we come on freysshly and ellis shalle we neu macche them/ seyde kynge Lotte/ but by this means So they dyvyded as they here devised and thes vj kynges/ made there iij stronge a gayne kynge Arthur and made grete warre longe in the meane whyle Than brake the vnthemente of kynge Ban and Bors/ and Ionise & Pharamonde/ had that advaunte grounde and they j kynghtis mette with kynge Idres/ that was neue discomfited That salve kynge Anguysshaunce and put Iyouses/ & Pharamonde in poynte of dethe for the duke Candebenet/ com on with a grete felyshyp So thes j kynghtis were in gret daungere of the hydes/ that they were fayne to returne but alle ways/ they rescowed them selff and ther felyshyp merveylously/ Whan kynge Bors/ salve yo kynghtis yat on that hit greved hym sore Than he com on so faste that his felyshyp semed as blak as inde/ Whan kynge Lotte had aspyed kynge Bors he bade hym wolle and seyde I yu defende vs fromedethe and horryble mayme/ for I se wolle we be in grete perll of dethe for I seyonder a kynge one of the moste worshipfullyst/ and of the best kynghtis of the worlde be inclyned vnto his felyshyp/ Whate ys he seyde the kynge with the hyndre kynghtis/ that ys he seyde kynge Bors of Gaule/ merveyle seyde he howe they com vnto this contrey Wtoute lettynge of vs alle/ Hit was by Merlyns advice seyde a kynghtis/ As for me seyde kynge Carados/ I wolle encounter with kynge Bors and ye wolle reserve me whan nyssire ys/ So on seyde they for we wolle alle that we may Than kynge Carados and his ost rode on a softe pace tyll they com as nyze kynge Bors/ as a bowe draught/ Than eythir lette thes

sholde reme as faste as they myghte / And Bleobris that was godson vnto
the kynge Bors he bare his theff standard that was a passyng good knyght /
Olde shalle we se seyde kynge Bors holde thes northrene bretons ayen here
thewe armys / So kynge Bors encountred with a knyght and smote hym
thorowe oute with a spere that he felle dede vnto the erthe And astirwarde
drewe hys sworde and did merwayllous dedis of armys that all ytyes
had grete wondir there of And this knyght fayled nat but did thurgh and
kynge Carados was smytten to the erthe // With that com the kynge vt
the .c. knyghtis and reskewed kynge Carados myghtyly by force of armys
for he was a passyng good knyght and but a yonge man / Be than com
in to the felde kynge Ban as fersse as a lyon with dowble of grene and
dragon golde-And tha seyde kynge Lott we muste be dystomfite for ponder
the moste valiante knyght of the worlde and the man of moste renowne
for such iij brethrene as ye kynge Ban & kynge Bors ar nat kynge with
fowe we muste nedis voyde or dye / And but yf we avoydemanly & worshely
there ye but dethe / So whan thes iij kynges Ban & Bors com in to ye battayle
they com in so fersely that the strokis rebowndid a-tyme fro the wode & the
watir // Wolfere fowe kynge Lotte wepte for pite and dole that he sawe so many
good knyghtis tutte yr ende // But thorowe the grete force of kynge Ban
they made lotte the northrene battayles that were ryvyd hawteled to gidirs
for grete drede And the iij kynges and yr knyghtis stode on ende that hit was
pite to se and to be holde the multitude of people that stedde // But kynge Lott
and the kynge with the .c. knyghtis and kynge Marganus a[u]gustinus gadered
the people to gydir passyngly knyghtly and did grete prowes of armys and
helde the battayle all the day lyke harde // Whan the kynge vt the hundred
knyghtis be holde the grete damage that kynge Ban he threste vnto hym vt
his horse and smote hym an hyze on the helme a grete strok and stoned hym
sore Whan kynge Ban was wood wrothe with hym and soldered on hym
fersely the other sawe that and caste vp hys shelde and spored hys horse
forebeerde / But the stroke of kynge Ban dalone felle and carve a cantell
of the shelde and the sworde slode adowne by the hawbirke by hynde hys
backe and but thorowe the trappowre of stele and the horse dyn in iij peces

that the ſwerde felle to the erthe Than the kynge of the hundred knyghtes leyded the horſe lyghtly and with hys ſwerde he dreched the horſe of kynge Ban thorowe and thorowe // With that kynge Ban leyded lyghtly fromme ſ dede horſe and ſmote at that other ſo egerly on the helme that he felle to the erthe Alſo in that ſame he felde kynge Morgadouze and there was grete ſtalwyghter of good knyghtes and unclene people Be that tyme com in to the preeſe kynge Arthure and ſonde kynge Ban ſtondynge amonge the dede men and dede horſe lyghtynge on foote as a wood lyon that ſ com none myghte hym as farre as he myght reche with hys ſwerde but he caught a grevous buffette // Wherof kynge Arthure had grete pite And kynge Arthure was ſo blody that by hys ſhylde there myght no man knowe hym for all was blode and brayne that ſtake on his ſwerde and on hys ſhylde And as kynge Arthure loked beſyde hym he ſawe a knyghte that was paſſyngely well horſed And there with kynge Arthure ran to hym and ſmote hym on the helme that hys ſwerde went unto his teethe and the knyghte ſanke downe to the erthe dede And anone kynge Arthure toke hys horſe by the rayne and ladde hym unto kynge Ban and ſeyde fayre brothir ſame ye thys horſe for ye ſhalle grete myſter thereof and me repenteth ſore of youre grete damage // But ſhalle be ſone revenged ſeyde kynge Ban for I truſte in god myne hurte ys none ſuche but ſom of them ſhal ſore repente thys // Well welle ſeyde kynge Arthure for ſe youre dedys ſhall actuall nevertheles I myght nat com to you at that tyme But whan kynge Ban was mounted on horſebak than there be gan a medlé batayle whych was ſore and harde And paſſynge grete ſlaughter And ſo thorowe grete force kynge Arthure kynge Ban and kynge Bors made hir knyghtes a lyghte to voyde dryve hem to a lytell wode and ſe on a litell ryvir and there they reſted hem for on the myght be fore they had no grete reſte in the felde And than the xj kynges put hem on an hepe all to gydirs as men adread and onte of all comforte But there was no man that myght paſſe thrugh the felde hem ſo harde to gydirs bothe be hynde and be fore that kynge Arthure had merveyle of there dedis of armys and was paſſynge wrothe. A Sir Arthure ſeyde kynge Ban and kynge Bors blame he m nat for they

do as good men ought to do ffor be my faith seyde kynge Ban they are the beste
fyghtynge men and knyghtes of moste prowesse that en y saw ey herde off
spete And tho yt kynges are men of grete worshyp And yf they were longynge
to yon there were no kynge vnder heven that had suche yt kynges nor off
suche worshyp · I may nat lete hem seyde kynge Arthure for they wolde de-
troy me · Than shulde we dede seyde kynge Ban and kynge Bors ffor yey
are yo mortall enemyes and that shalle bene preved be foys honde and
thys day they shalle done there pte and that ys grete pite of y noyfulnes
Than all the yt kynge dede hem to ryde And than seyde kynge Lodis pe lorde
mynde do othyr wyse than we do othyr ellis the grete losses ys be kynde for we
may se what people we have loste and what good men we be se be cause
we warre all weyes on thes foote men And en mydynght of one of yes
foote men we lese x. horsemen for hym There fore thys ys myne ad-
vise lette do smyte onre foote men fromme vs for for hit ys nere nyghte
ffor thys noble kynge Arthure wolle nat tarry on the foote men for
they may save hem selff the wode ys nere honde And whan we horse
men be to gydres take eny of yon kynges that make suche ordenaunce that
none breke vppon payne of dethe And who that seeth any man dresse
hym to fle fyghtthy that he be slayne for hit ys better we sle a coward
than yonde a coward all we be slayne // thus sey ye seyde kynge Lotte
answere me all ye kynges ye say well seyde kynge Neutres So seyde y
kynge with the x. knyghtes the same seyde kynge Carados and kynge
Urpens so seyde kynge Yvres and kynge Brandegoris so dyd kynge Cradil-
masse and the duke of Candebenet the same seyde kynge Clarysaunce so
dyd kynge Angwyssaunce and sythe they wolde nen fayle op for hyff
nothyn for dethe And who so that stedde all they shulde be slayne Than
they amended y harneyse and vyghted y shelde and toke nedre spere
and sette hem on there thyghes and stode stylle as hit had be a plyne
of wode // Whan kynge Arthure and kynge Ban & Bors be helde pond
and all hyr knyghtes they preysed them mych for y noble chere of chevalry
so the hardyeste fyghteres that en they herde of salve So forth ys there
dressed a fourty knyghtes and seyde vnto the iij kynges they wolde breke y
batayle and thes were y namys / lyonses / Agwysaunce · Ulphins / Galaas

Ector · kaynus · Lucas de butler · Gryffith la fyse de dew · Hanyse de la rocke · Gyo
nas de bloy · Beryaunce de la forcyste savcage · Bellias · Thomas of ye castel
maydens · ffiaundeens of ye castel of ladyes Annecaus that was kynge Bors
god son a noble knyght · & Ladinas de la rouse · Sinedause · Caulas · Stanens
le castilion · Bloise de la case And Sir Colgrevaunce de Gore all yes knyt
rede on be fore with sperys on there thyghes and somered ye horses myghtyly
And the yes kynges with yre of hir knyghtes russhed furthe as faste as they
myght with hir sperys and there they dud on bothe sydes merveylous dedes
of armys So there com into the thyckе of thes prees Arthure Ban & Bors
and sledd dolone vyghte on bothe hondes that hir horses wente in blod vp to ye
fetlockys But on the yes kynges and the ost was evin the vysage of Arthur
Where fore kynge Ban & Bors had grete merveyle consyderyng ye grete
slaughtey that ye was · but at the laste they were dryven a backe on a lytell
ryder // With that com Merlion on a grete blacke horse and seyde vnto
kynge Arthure · thou hast nere done hast yon nat done nodd of m. sowls
thonsande thys day hast yon leffte on lyve but yo. m. there fore hit ys
tyme to sey hold for god ys wroth with the for yon wolde nere have done. ffor
yondir a yes kynges at thys tyme wolde nat be on thy syde // But and yon tary
on them ony lenger thy fortune wolde turne and they shall eschaves // And ye
fore withdrawe yon vnto yonre lodgynge and reste yon as sone as ye may
and redresse yonre good knyghtes with golde and with syluer for they have
well deserved hit there may no wyches be to dere for them for of so fewe
men as ye have there was nere men dud more worshipfully in prowes
than ye have done today ffor ye have macched thys day with ye beste
fyghters of the worlde · Whatys yon the seyde kynge Ban & Bors Then
Merlion bede hem with drawe Where ye hyste for thys m. yere shall vn
dirtake they shall nat dere yon And by that tyme ye shall syre nedde
tydynges // Than Merlion seyde vnto Arthure thes yes kynges have more
on hande than they ar wave off ffor the sarezynes ar londed in ye contrese
no than fourty thonsande and bremne and ste and have leyde syege
to the castell Wandesborow and make grete destruccion there fore drede
yon nat thys yere // Also sir all the goddis that be gotyn at this batayle lette

hit be serched and wesan ye hane hit in yo^r honde lette hit be gessyn frendly vnto thes .ij. kynges Ban & Bors that they may vnderstande yo^r knyghtly wyth all and that shall cause straungers to be of better wyll to do yow seruyse at nede Also ye be able to vnderstande youre owne knyghtly at what tyme som en hath hykith you // ye sey well seyde Arthure and as yow thynke devised so shall hit be done // Whan hit was determyde to thes kynges Ban & Bors they gaff the gode as frely to there knyghtes as hit was gevyn to them Than Ector tolde hys lorde of kynge Arthure and of the .ij. kynges for to go se hys mayster Blayse that dwelled in northhumberlonde and so he dep^rted and com to hys mayster that was passynge glad of hys comynge And there he tolde how Arthure and the .ij. kynges had spedde at the grete batayle and how hit was endyd and tolde the namys of euy kynge and knyghtes of worshyp yt was there And so Blayse wrote the batayle worde by worde as Ector tolde hym how hit be gan and by whom And in lyke wyse how hit was ended and who had the worst // And all the batayles that were done in Arthures dayes Ector and hys mayster Blayse wrote them Also he dud wryte all the batayles that euy worthy knyghtes ded of Arthures comyn // So after this Ector dep^rted fro^me his mayster and com to kynge Arthure that was in the castell of Bedgreyne that was one of the castels that stondyng in the forey^st of Shyrewood // And he was so disgysed that kynge Arthure knew hym nat for he was all be fowled in blacke shepys skynnes and a grete payre of bootes and a bodde & arowes in a vessell of golde and brought wylde gryse in hys honde And hit was on the morne after candilmasse day But kynge Arthure knew hym nat // Sir sayde he vnto the kynge wolle ye gyff me a gyfftte // Whyche fore sayde kynge Arthure sholde I gyff the a gyfftte chorle // Sir sayd he ye were better to gyff me a gyfftte that ye nat in youre honde than to lose grete by thesse // for there in the same place there the grete batayle was ye grete tresome hydde in the erthe // Whyche tolde the so chorle // Sir Ector hym tolde me so sayde he Than Dynadan & Brastias knew hym well I nowe and smyled Sir sayde thes .ij. knyghtes hit ys Ector that so spekith vnto yow // Than kynge Arthure was gretly a bayssched & had merveyle

of Ffrelion And so had kynge Bawse & Bors So they had grete disporte at hym
Than in the meane whyle there com a damesell that was an erles doughe
tyrs name was Sauam and hir name was Lyonors a passyng fayre da
mesell and so she cam thyder for to do omage as of londes ded after that
grete battayle And kynge Arthure sette hys lode gretly on hir and so ded
she vppon hym and so the kynge had a do with hir and gatte on hir a
chylde and hys name was Beaw that was after a good knyght and of
the table rownde Than the com worde that kynge Ryens of northwalis
made grete warre on kynge lodegreaunce of Camylarde for the whiche
kynge Arthure was wrothe for he lowed hym welle and hated kynge Royns
for all wayes for he was agenst hym // So by ordinaunce of the iij kynges that
were sente home vnto Bretayne and sholde kepe for drede of kynge Clau
das thes knyghtes Dystaunce Arthemes Gracians Lyonses & Dayaune
were the leders of them that sholde kepe the iij kynges londis

And than kynge Arthure kynge Bawse & kynge Bors dyvyded the fel
lyshyp a xxti thousande and cam with hym by dayes vnto the con
treys of Camylarde and there vesyted kynge lodegreaunce and slew there inwche
people of kynge Ryons vnto the nombir of x M and putte hem to flyght And
than had thes iij kynges grete chere of kynge lodegreaunce & thanked
them of there grete goodnes that they wolde wedenge hym of his enemyes
And there had Arthure the fayre fyght of queene Gwenyvere the kynges
dowghter of the londe of Camylarde and er after he wedded hir and after
they were wedded as hyt tellith in the booke // So bretfly to make an ende they
to kynges there lede to go in to ther owne contreyes for kynge Claudas did grete
destruccion on the londis Than sayde Arthure Wolle ye with you nay sayde
the kynges ye shalle nat at thys tyme for ye shame nwch to do yet in yre londe
There fore we wolle dayte with the grete goodis that we shame gotyn in yre
londe by yowre fyghtyng we shalle wage good knyghtis and withstonde the kynge
Claudas hys malice ffor by the grace of god and we shame nede we wolle sende
to you for sped And ye shame nede sende for vs and we wolle nat tarry by
the feythe of owre bodyes // Hyt shalle nat nede sayde Ector thes iij kynges
to com a yayne in the wey of Walsshe But I holde wolle kynge Arthure
may nat be longe fromme you ffor with in a yere or iij ye shalle shame grete nede

than shall he vedenge yon of yowre enemyes as ye have done on hys
ffor thes vij kynges shall dye all in one day by the grete myght of yowre
of armys of yi valyeante kynghtis as hit tellith after hyr namys Galyne le
ffeneage and Galen hys brothir that were moderlons kynghtis as ony was
yo kynge ¶ Now turne we vnto the vij kynge that returned vnto a cite
that hys gyft Surhaute whych cite was with in kynge Vriens londe and yi
they refreyshed them as well as they myght and made lechys serche for
yi woundis and sowded grethy for the deth of hyr people So vt that yi cond
a messyngere and tolde how yi was comyn in to theyre londis people yt were
ladoles as well as sarezynes a fowety thousande and have brente and
slayne all the people that they may com by with ontemyn and have leyde
syge vnto the castell Wandesborow alas seyde the vij kynges here ys sorow
vppon sorow and if we had nat warred a gayn ste Arthure as we have
done he wolde sone a vedenged vs And as for kynge Lodegreaunce he ladyi
Arthure better than vs And as for kynge Royens he hath y nolv a do vt
kynge Lodegreaunes for he hath leyde syge vnto hym So they condescended
to gyder to leve all the marchis of yor in dwayle of Walis and of the norp
So fyrste they put kynge Idres in the cite of Nauntis in Bretayne vt myl
hi men of armys to wacche bo the watir and the londe Also they had of
other men of warre mo than vm hi for to fortefye all the fortresse in the
marchys of Cornwayle Also they put mo kynges in all the marchis off
Walis and Scotlonde with many good men of armys and so they kept hem
to gyders the space of iij yere and en ayred them with myghty kyngis and
dukis And vnto them felle kynge Royns of nor the Walis which was a
myghty kynge of men And Viers that was a myghty man of men And
all thes while they fortefyed and garnysshed hem of good men of armys
and Vitayle and of all maner of ablementis that pretendith to warre to
a denge hem for yi Britayne as hit tellith in yi Boke of Aventyres

Than after the deth of kynge Vtens yt Wolis kynge Vrien
vade vnto the cite of Carlyon and thyder com vnto hym kynge
Lotis wyff of Orkeney in mand of a messagis but she was sente thyder
to aspye the comyn of kynge Arthure and she com ryghtely be seyne vt
hyr iij sonnes Gawayne Gahers Agrawayne & Gareth vt many op

kynghtis

knyghtis and ladyes for she was a passynge fayre lady Wherefore ye kynge
caste grete loue vnto hir and desired to ly by hir and so they were agreed and
he gatte vppon hir Sir Mordred and she was systir on the modris syde kynge
vnto Arthure So there she rested hir a monthe and at the laste she departed
fro than the kynge dremed a merveylous dreme Wherefore he was sore adrad
Natheles at thys tyme kynge Arthure knewe nat kynge Lottis wyff was his
systir // But this was the dreme of Arthure hym thought ȳ was come in
to hys londe Gryffens ȝ serpent and hym thought they brente ȝ slowe
all the people in the londe and than he thought he fought vᵗ them and
they hym and hym grete harme and wounded hym full sore but at ye laste
he slewe hem // Whan the kynge waked he was passynge heavy of hys
dreme and so to putte hit out of thought he made hym redy vᵗ many
knyghtis to ryde on huntynge and as sone as he was in the foreste the
kynge sawe a grete harte before hym This harte went fro alle other
kynge Arthure and so he pursued hys horse and rode after longe and so
be fyne force of hym he was lyke to have smytten the harte Wherefore
as the kynge had chased the herte so longe that hys horse lost his brethe
and fell downe dede Than a yoman sette the kynge a noȝ horse So
the kynge sawe the herte on breed and hys horse dede he sette hym
downe by a fountayne and there he felle downe in grete thought //
And as he sate so hym thought he herde a noyse of houndis to the
som of xxᵗⁱ And with that the kynge sawe com toward hym xl stronge
beste that ever he sawe or herde of So thes beste went to ȳ welle
and dranke and the noyse was in the beste leafe And there vpon ye beste
departed with a grete noyse Wherefore the kynge had grete merveyle
so he was in a grete thought and there vpon he felle on slepe // Bytyme
so ȳ com a knyght on foote Unto Arthure and sayde knyght full of ioye
and slepe tolde me if ȳou sawe any stronge beeste passe this way Such
one sawe I seyde kynge Arthure that ye paste nye ȳ myle Wherat wolde
ye With that beeste seyde Arthure Sir I shalle folowed that beste longe
and lyke myne horse so wolde god I had a noȝ to folowe my queste
Bytyme so com one with the kynges horse and whan ȳ knyght sawe ȳ

Dreme of Arthur

horse he prayde the kynge to gyffe hym the horse for ſ̄ thane ſoldred y^t ꝑ̄ne the ſ̄ monthe and othr ſ̄ ſhalt encheve hym othr blede of the beſte blode in my body Who name was kynge Pellynor that tyme ſoldred the ꝑ̄ne kynge beſte and affte hys dethe Sr Palounydes ſoldred hit Sr kynyt ſeyd the kynge lede that ꝑ̄ne and ſuffir me to thane hit and ſ̄ wolde ſoldre hit a nothr ſ̄ monthe // A ſoke ſeyde the kynge vnto Arthure hit ys in vayne thy deſire for hit ſhalle nev be encheved but by me or by my nexte kynne And there vppe he ſterte vnto the kynges horſe and mownted into the ſtedys and ſeyde grawmey for this horſe ys myne owne // Well ſeyde the kynge yon mayſte take myne horſe by force hit and ſ̄ my gyfte pryde hit ſ̄ wolde Were Who yon were bettr worthy to thane hym or ſ̄ // Whan y^e kynge herde hym ſey ſo he ſeyde ſekr me there Whan yon wolde and there nye thys Welle yon ſhalte fynde me and bade hys men ſeeche a noy horſe as faſte as they myght // Bygyfte ſo com by hym Merlyon lyke a chylde of x̄ ſ̄ yere of ayge and ſalewed the kynge and aſked hym Whye he was ſo penſyfe ſ̄ may Well me penſyfe ſeyde the kynge for ſ̄ thane ſene the mayſte gyfte that ever ſ̄ ſadd // That knowe ſ̄ Well ſeyde ꝯ as Welle as thy ſelfe and of all thy thoughte but yon arte a fole to take thought for hit for y^t Wolle nat amende the // Alſo ſ̄ knowe What yon arte and Who was thy fadr and of Whom yon were begotyn for kynge Uther was thy fadr and begatte the on ſ̄ thayne that ys falſe ſeyde kynge Arthure holde ſholdeſt yon knowe hit for yon arte nat ſo olde of yeres to knowe my fadr yes ſeyde Merlyon ſ̄ knowe hit bettr than ye or ony man lyvynge ſ̄ Wolle nat be lefe y^t ſeyde Arthure and was Wrothe Wyth the chylde // So departed Merlyon and com ayen in the lyknes of an olde man of iiij^{xx} ſtore yere of ayge Where of the kynge was paſſynge glad for he ſemed to be a ryght Wyſe // Than ſeyde the olde man Why are ye ſo ſad ſ̄ may Well be ſad ſeyde Arthure for many thynge for ryght nowe y^t was a chylde here and tolde me many thynge that me ſeme the ſhulde nat knowe for he was nat of ayge to knowe my fadr // yes ſeyde y^e olde man the chylde tolde yon trouthe and more he Wolde a tolde yon and he Wolde a ſuffrede hym // But ye thane done a thynge late that grevys diſple ſed Wt yon for ye thane lyene by yowre ſyſter and on hir ye thane gotyn a

chylde that shall destroy yow and all the knyghtes of yowre realme // What ar
ye seyde Arthure that telle me thys tydynges · Sir I am Merlion and I was
he in the chyldis kyndes · A seyde the kynge ye ar a mervaylous man · But
mervayle nought of thy wordis that I mon dye in batayle · Nother vayle nat
seyde he · for hit ys Goddis wylle that yowre lady shulde be gonne fro
thys wolde dedis // But I ought ever to be redy seyde he · for I shall dye a shamefull
dethe to be knytte in the erthe quycke and ye shall dey a worshypfull dethe
And as they talked thus com one with the kynges horse and so the kynge mount
ted on hys horse and he on a nother and so rode unto Carlyon And anone
the kynge asked Ector & Ulphinus howe the was be gotyn And they tolde hym
howe kynge Uther was hys fadir and quene Igrayne hys modir · So Merlion
tolde me I wolle that my modir be sente for that I myght speke with hir And if
she sey so hir selfe than wolle I beleve hit · So in all haste the quene was
sente for and she brought with hir Morgan le fay hir doughter that was a
fayre lady as ony myght be And the kynge welcomed Igrayne in p^a hoste
mand Peyght so com I unto Ulphinus and seyde openly that the kynge and all
myght there that were rested that day · ye ar the falsyst lady of p^a worde &
the moste traytoures unto the kynge alyve // Be ware seyde kynge Arthure
what yon seyste yon spekiste a grete worde · Sir I am well ware seyde Ulphinus
what I speke and there ye my gladee to prede hit upon ony man that wolle
sey the contrary that thys quene Igrayne ys the causer of yowre grete damage
and of yowre grete warre for and she wolde shade utturde hit in the hyll of
Uther of the birth of yon and howe ye were be gotyn than had ye had nede
had the mortall warrys that ye shall had for the moste pyty of yo lawdones
of yowre realme knedde nede Whos sonne ye were ne of whom ye were be
gotyn and she that gave yon of hir body shulde thane made hit kndwyn
openly in exaultynge of hir worshyp and yowres and in lyke to all p^a realme
Wherfore fore I prede hir false to god and to yon and to all yowre realme and
who wolle sey the contrary I wolle prede hit on thys body // Than spake Igrayne
and seyde I am a woman and I may nat fyght but rather than I shulde be
dishonowred there wolde som good man take my quarell // But yno she
seyde Merlion bidwith wolle and ye Sir Ulphinus howe kynge Uther com to

me m to the castell of Tyntagyll' in the lytnes of my lorde that was dede m
dorces to sore and there he gate a chylde that myght vppon me and after
the xvij. day kynge vthyer wedded me And by his comaundement // when y^e
chylde was borne hit was delyvorde vnto ector and fostred by hym and so
was the chylde nevn after nothin wote nat wolat ys hys name for knedy
hym nevr yette than vlphyns seyde vnto ector ye ar than more to blame
than the qneene // Sir ector wote have a chylde be my lorde kynge vthyer
but wote nevr wolsere he ys be com // than the kynge toke ector by the honde
seyng thys vordis ys this my modr. ffor sothe Sir yee And therfore w^t com
in Sir Ector and have voytnes how he fostred hym by kynge vthers
comaundemente And therfore vnto kynge Arthure toke his modr qneene
Igrayne m hys armys and kyssed her and evyn vrepte vppon of than
the kynge lete make a feste that lasted vnj. dayes So on a day y^t com in
to the courte a squyre on horse back bad kynge a knyght to sore hym wom-
ded to the deth and tolde how there was a knyght m the foreste that
had vexed vp a pavylon by a welle that hath slayne my mayst^r a good
knyght hys name was Alyles wolsere fore he seche yon that my mayst^r
may be vengyd And that som knyght may vdenge my maysters dethe
than the norse was grete of that knyghtes dethe m the courte and evy
man seyde hys advyse than com Gryfflet that was but a squyre
and he was but yonge of ayge So he be songht the kynge for all hys
squyre that he had done hym to gyff hym the order of knyghthode
than arte but yonge and tendr of ayge seyd kynge Arthure for to take
so hyghe an orde vppon yon Sir seyde Gryfflett I be seche yon to make me
knyght // Sir seyde ector hit were pite to lose Gryfflet for he wolt be a
passynge good man wolsan the ys of ayge and he shall a dyde w^t yon y^e
terme of hys lyff And if the aventure falle hys body w^t vondr knyght at
the ffonntayne hit ys m grete perill of ded he cond a geyne for he ys one
of the beste knyghtes of the worlde and the strengyst man of armys //
Wolt seyde Arthure at thyne owne desire yon shalt be made knyght // Wolt
seyde Arthure vnto Gryfflet sith I shall made the knyght yon must gyff
me a gyffte // Wolat ye wolt seyde Gryfflet yon shalt promse me by thy

seyth of thy body Wolsam yon knyste Insted We that knyght at ye fountayne
Wolsey hit falle ye be on horsebak/ other on foote that wyght so ye shalle com
a grayne vnto me Wythoute makynge ony more delate // Wolle quod he
seyde Grysslet as yowre desire ys/ Than toke Grysslet hys horse in grete
haste and dressed hys shelde and toke a spere in hys honde and so he rode a
grete walop tylle he com to the fountayne And there by the sadd a myche
pauylion and there by vnder a cloth stood an horse Well sadeled and bry-
dyled and on a tre hynge a tre of dyne colowres and a grete spere ye by
Than Grysslet smote on the shylde With the butte of hys spere that the
shylde felle downe/ With that the knyght com oute of the pauylion and
seyde knyve knyght Wolle smote ye downe my shylde Sir for Wolde Insted we
yon seyde Grysslet Sir that ys/ Wetin ye do nat seyde the kynge for ye av but ynge
and latte made knyght and yowre myght ys nat to mme // As for that seyde
Grysslet Wolle Insted With yon That ys me loth seyde the knyght But
Sittyn I nnste nedis Wolle dresse me ye to // Of Wolsens/ be ye seyde ye knyght
Sir I am of kynge Arthures/ comte So the ye knyght ran to gyder ye Grysl
lettis spere all to shyvonde And there with all he smote Grysslet thorow
the shelde and the hysse syde and brake the spere that the trunchyeon stake
in hys body and horse and man felle downe to the erthe // Wolsam ye knyght
sawe hym lye so on the gromde he a lyghte and Was passyng hedy for he
wente he had slayne hym And than he vnlaced hys helme and gatte
hym vpynde And so With the trunchyeon he sette hym on hys horse & gatte
hym vpynde and so betoke hym to god and seyde he had a myghty heyte
And seyde if he myght lyve he wolde preve a passyng good knyght And
so rode forthe Sir Grysslet vnto the comte Wolsey of passyng grete
dole Was made for hym But thorowe god helpis he was helyd and sadeld
lyghte so com I in to the comte yen knyghte that Were a grd men Whyche
com fyome the empowre of Rome And they asked of Arthure tribwage
for hys realme other elles the empo Wolde destroy hym and all hys
londe Wolle seyde kynge Arthure ye av messyngers there fore ye may
sey Wolle ye Wolle other elles ye Wolde dye ye fore / But thys ys mme
Answere I alye the empo no tribwage nor none Wolle I yelde hym but ony

a fayre fylde | ſhalt yelde hym my trewage that ſhalt be w[ith] a ſherpe ſpere
other elles with a ſherpe ſwerde and that ſhalt nat be longe be my fadirs
ſonde vther and there with the meſſingers depted paſſyngly wrothe and
bynge Arthure as wrothe for man erdyll tyme com they ¶ But the kynge
was paſſyngly wrothe for the dethe of Sir Gryfflet and ſo he comanded
a yredy man of hys chambir that or hit were day hys beſte horſe and
armoure And all that longyth to my perſon be with ynte the cite or to
morow day // Bygyſt ſo he mette with hys man and hys horſe and ſo
mownted vp and dreſſed hys ſhelde and toke hys ſpere and rode hys
chamberlayne trewy there tylle he com a grayne And ſo Arthure rode a
ſoffte pace tyll hit was day And than was he ware of iij chorlys chaſyng
Merlion and wolde haue ſlayne hym ¶ Than the kynge rode vnto them
and bade hem ſle chorlis ¶ Than they fared fore wrath they ſadde a kynyght
cowd and ſtedde a Merlion ſeyde Arthure here haddiſt pou be ſlayne for
all thy craffte had nat | bene May ſeyde Merlyon nat ſo for | coude a ſaued
my ſelffe and | had wolde ¶ But pou arte more nerre neve thy dethe pou
| and for pou goſte to thy dethe warde and god be nat thy frende So as pey
wente thus talkynge they com to the fountayne and the vyche pauilion
ſtode by hit ¶ Than kynge Arthure was ware where ſitte a kynyght armed
in a chayre // Sir kynyght ſeyde Arthure for wham cauſe abydeſt pou
here that ſ may no kynyght ryde thys way but yf he juſte w[ith] the | rede
the to lede that cuſtome // Thys cuſtome ſeyde the kynyght hade | vſed and
wolde vſe magre whos ſeruth nay and whos that pe agreued w[ith] my cuſtume
lette hym a mende hit ¶ that ſhalt | amende ſeyde Arthure And | ſhalt
defende the ſeyde the kynyght And anone he toke hys horſe and dreſſed
hys ſhelde and toke a grete ſpere in hys honde and they com to gyder ſo
harde that eythir ſmote of other his ſhyldis that all to ſhedde there
ſperis ¶ Tho were with anone Arthure pulled oute his ſwerde May nat ſe
ſeyde the kynyght hit ys better that we twayne reſte vs and to gyders
with ſherpe ſperys | wolle well ſeyde Arthure and | had ony mo ſpe
rys here | ſayne | nowe ſeyde the kynyght So ſ com a ſquyre ſtraught
forthe ſ ſperys And Arthure chose one and he a nother So they ſmoten

there horsis and com to gyder with all there myght that eyther brake ther
speres to ther handes Ethan Arthure sette hande on his sworde Nay seyde
the knyght ye shall do better ye ar a passyng good juster as ony mette
with all and onys for the hyghe order of knyghthede lette me fonde a
grayne and assente me seyde Arthure and a none there was brought forth
iij grete speres and a none ony knyght grete a spere and there with they
ran to gyders that Arthures spere all to shrodde but the other knyght
smote hym so harde in myddis the shelde that horse and man felle to the erthe
And there with Arthure was egre and ynelde onto hys swerde and seyde
I wolle assay the or knyght on foote for I thynke lose the honoure on horse
backe seyde the knyght Nay nay // Or I wolle be on horse backe stylle to assay
the Ethan was Arthure wrothe and dressed his shelde toward hym and
his swerde drawyn // Whan the knyght sawe that he alyght ffor hym
thought no worshyp to have a knyght at such avayle he to be on horse
backe and hys adversary on foote and so he alyght and dressed his shelde
unto Arthure And there began a stronge battayle with many grete strokis
and so they fought with ther swerdis that the cantels flowe unto the feldes
and mucche blode they bledde bothe tho all the place there as they fought was
all bledde of blode and thus they fought longe and wefted them And yn
they wente to the battayle agayne and so hunteled to gyders lyke two dames
that aythir felle to the erthe So at the laste they smote to gyders that bothe ther
mette down to gyders But anone Arthure swerde brake in iij peces wherfore
fore he was sory Ethan seyde the knyght unto Arthure yonarte
my dammyseus wherefor me hyste to sadde the or sle the And but yon yelde
the to me as ou[r] cowd and recreaunte yon shalt dey Do for that seyde
knyght Arthure dethe ys wolle com to me whan hit comyth But to yelde
me unto the I wolle nat And there with all the knyght lepte unto knyght
Dallynore and tolke hym by the myddyst and on thrudw hym and
raced of hys helme So whan the knyght sawe that he was a
dradde for he was a passyng hyghe man of myght And so forthe
with he wrothe Arthure undir hym and raced of hys helme And
wolde have smytten off hys hede // And yt all com [k]nyght

holde thy honde for and yon ſle that kny3ght yon ſmytyſt thy3 realme in the greteſte damage that ever dud realme for thy3 kny3ght 3e a man of more worſchip than yondwiſt off // Why wolde 3e ſe ſeyde the kny3ght for hyt 3e kynge Arthure ſeyde Merlyon than wolde he have ſlayne hym for drede of hy3 wratthe and ſo he lyffte up hys ſwerde and there vp ſchlow caſte an inchaumtemente on the kny3ght that he felle to the erthe in a grete ſlepe // Than Merlion tole vp kynge Arthure and rode forthe on ꝑ kny3ghtꝭ horſe // Alas ſeyde Arthure wolat haſt yon do ah. haſty yon ſlayne thy3 good kny3ght by thy counſſaſ for ꝑ I forth nat ſo worſchypfull a kny3ght as he was ſhor ſhad I dow than the ſtynte of my honde a yere tyſtly he wey3 on hyre Care 3e nat ſeyde ah. for he 3e ſholde than 3e he 3e hitt on ſlepe and walk a walke with in thy3 dure. I tolde yon ſeyde Merlyon Ws ſtat a kny3ght he was Nolw here had 3e be ſlayne had I nat bene // Alſo ꝑ I forth nat a bygger kny3ght than he 3e one And affter thys ſo ſhalt do yon goode kynyſe And hys name 3e kynge Bellinore And he ſhalt ryde ij ſonnes that ſhalt be paſſyng good ned as ony kynyge ſalve one in thy3 warlde they ſhalt have no feldore of prowdeſſe and of good kynyge and ther na mys ſhalt be poſtult and Sir Lamorake of Wales and he ſhalt telle yon the name of yonre oone ſon be ſyſtyn of yonre ſyſter that ſhalt be the deſtruccion of all thys realme // Kny3ght ſo the kynge and he departed ſ I forſt vnto an evmytage and there was a good man and a grete leche So ꝑ the evmyte ſercched the kynge wondis and gaff hym good ſalves and ſo the kynge was there iij dayes and than wer his wondis well amended that he myght ryde and goo and ſo departed and as they rode kynge Arthur ſeyde I have no ſwerde No force ſeyde Merlyon here by 3e a ſwerde that ſhalt be yonre and I may So they rode tyll they com to a lake ꝑ was a fayre watir and brode And in the myddis Arthure was ware of an arme clothed in whyght Samyte that held a fayre ſwerde in that honde Than ſeyde Merlion yondir 3e the ſwerde that I ſpoke off So with that they ſalve a damoſell goynge vpon the lake ſeyde ah. there 3e a grete wolfe and there in 3e as fayre a paleyce as ony on erthe and vnethe be ſayne And thys damoſell walk com to yon a none And than ſpeke

speke ye fayre to hym that she may gyff you that swerde So anone com yo
damesel to Arthure and saluted hym and she sayd a fayre Damesell
seyde Arthure wolde ye that swerde yo that yonder that arme holdyth above
the water I wolde that were myne for I shame no swerde Sir Arthure
seyde the damesel that swerde ys myne and yf ye wolle gyff me a gyfte
whan I aske that you ye shalle have hit Be my feyth seyde Arthure I wolle
gyff you what gyfte that ye wolle aske Well seyde the damesell go ye in
to yonder barge and rowe yowre selffe to the swerde and take hit and yo
stadyerde with you And I wolle aske my gyfte whan I se my tyme So kynge
Arthure & Merlion alyght and tyed yo horses vnto yo trees and so they
wente in to the barge and whan they com to the swerde that yo honde hylde
than kynge Arthure tok hit by the handyls and bare hit to hym and
the arme and the honde wente vndyr the water And so she com vnto the
londe and rode forthe And kynge Arthure sawe a ryche pavilion wherin
signifieth yonder pavilion Sir that ys the kynghtis pavilion yo ye fonghte
with laste Sir sayd Pellynore but ye ys owte ye ys nat at home for ye
hath had a do with a kynghte of yowres that kyghte Egglame & they had
fonghten to gyddyr wonte at the laste Egglame fledde and ellis ye had
bene dede and ye hath chaced hym adyn to Camelion And ye shalle mete
with hym anone in the kynges way thatt ys well seyde seyde Arthure
nolle I have I a swerde I wolle wage batayle with hym and be avenged
on hym Sir seyde Merlion nat so for the kynghte ys very of kynghtynge and
chaunge that ye shalle have no worshyp to have ado with hym Also he
wolle nat kyghtte be macched of one kynghte lyche vnto and yf ye be
my counceile latte hym passe for he shalle do you good servyse in shorte
tyme and thys sonnes after thys dayes Also ye shalle se that day in shorte
space that ye shalle be wyghte glad to gyff hym yowre sister to wedde for thys
good servyse therefore have nat ado with hym whan ye se hym I wolle
do as ye advise me than kynge Arthure loked on the swerde and lyked
hit passynge well than seyde Merlion whether lyke ye better yo swerde
other the stadyerde I lyke better the swerde seyde Arthure ye ar yo more
unwyse for the stadyerde ys worth x. of the swerde for whyles ye have

here ys a mencon of yo lady of the laake whan she asked Merlyne le sauvage his hede

the ſadyeſte dyſpon yow ye ſhalle loſe no blad be ye nevir ſo ſore wounded. there ſire kepe well the ſadyeſte alle weyes with yow // So they rode vnto Caylion and by the weye they mette with kynge Pellinore // But ayerlion had done ſuche a crauſſte vnto kynge Pellinore ſalw nat kynge Arthure and ſo paſſed by with oute ony wordis. ſ̄ me thought ſeyde Arthure that the knyght wold nat ſpeke vn. he ſalw yow nat for drad he ſeyne yow ye had nat bygotyn hym So they com vnto Caylion. where of kyng knyghtis were paſſynge glad And whan they herde of hys adventures they medeyned that he wolde ſonnde hys ſone ſo alone // But all men of worſhip ſeyde that was myſery to be vnd ſuch a cryſtayne that wolde putte hys ſone in adventure as yonge knyghtis ded // So thys meane whyle com a meſſyngere ſtrome kynge Ryons of nortſale walis and kynge he was of all ireloude and of ſtes and pro was hys meſſage gretynge well kyng Arthure onthys maid of wyſe ſayng that kynge Ryons had diſcomfite and ouercom yo. kynges and ony of yow and hym omage And that was tane to ſey they ſtaff there beard clene ſtayne off as muche as was beaude Where fore the meſſyngeye com for kynge Arthures beide // ſtor kynge Ryons had yow fylde auantaill w̄ kynges beardis and there lacked one place of the mantell Where fore he he ſente for hys beaude other elles he wolde entir in to hys londis and breme and ſle and neuir leve tylle he hatte the hede and the beaude bothe // Well ſeyde Arthure yon haſte ſeyde thy meſſage the worſch yo p̄ moſte ourgius and ſtedefaſte meſſage that ony man had ſ̄ ſeinte vnto a kynge Alſo yon mayſte ſe my beaude ys full yonge yet to make off a yow // But telle yon thy kynge yns that ſ̄ odre thyng ne none of myne eldere but or that he longe to he ſhalle he do me omage on bothe hys knees or elles he ſhalle leſe hys hede by the feyth of my body for thys ys the moſte ſhamefullyſte meſſage that ony herde ſpeke off. ſ̄ ſhame a ſtyred thy kynge nevir yette mette with worſchipfull man // But telle thym ſ̄ well hane hys hede w̄ onte he do me omage Than thys meſſyngere departed. Now ys p̄ ony here that knowyth kynge Ryons than anſwerde a knyght that hyght Marpan. Sn. ſ̄ knowe the kynge well he ys a paſſynge good man of hys body as ſtrike bane hydynge and a paſſynge ſtronge man And Sn. dowte ye nat he will make on yon a myſchyf̄ anyſſance / well ſeyde Arthure ſ̄ ſhalle ordayne for

hym in shorte tyme // Than kynge Arthure lette sende for all the childryn þt
were borne in may day be gotyn of lordes and borne of ladyes for Merlyn
tolde kynge Arthure that he that sholde destroy hym and all the londe sholde
be borne on may day Wherefore he sente for them all in payne of dethe
and so there were fonde many lordis sonys and many kynghtis sonnes and
all were sente vnto the kynge And so was Ayoldred. sente by kynge Lotus
Wyff and all were putte in a shyppe to the se and som were myschede olde
and yonge and som lesse and so by fortune the shyppe drofe vnto a castelle and was
all to ryvyed and destroyed the moste party sadly that Ayoldred was cast vp
and a good man fonde hym and fostred hym tylle he was xvij yere
of age and than brought hym to the comyn as ye have herd afore
and tolde and tolde the ende of the morte Arthure So many lordys
and knyghtes of thys realme were displeased for ther children were so lost
and many putte the wyght on Merlion more than of Arthure So what
for drede and for lobe they helde yere But Whan the messynge com to
kynge Ryons than was he wrode onte of mesure and defyede hym for
a grete ost as ye have herd afore in the booke of Balyne le saluage that
sold Dolorous nexte after that was the adventure how Balyne gate
the Swerde after the dethe of Uther regned Arthure hys son Whych had gote
Wawre in hys dayes for to gete all Inglonde into hys honde for
there were many kynges Wych in the realme of Inglonde and of Scotlonde Wa
les and Cornwayle So hit be felle on a tyme Whan kynge Arthure
was at London there com a kynght and tolde the kynge tydynges how the
kynge Ryons of northe Wales had vered a grete nombir of people and were
entred in the londe and brente and slew the kynges trew people
Iff thys be trew seyde Arthure hit were grete shame vnto myne astate
but that he were my gyltyly Wych stonde // hit ys trouthe seyde the kynght
for I salve the ost my selff Well seyde the kynge I shall ordayne to Wyth
stonde hys malice Than the kynge lette make a cry that all the lordis
knyghtis and Sqwyers of armys sholde drawe vnto the cyte called
Camelot called in xv dayes and there the kynge Wolde lette make a com
cile generall and a grete feste So Whan the kynge was com thyder

with all his baronage and lordes as they semed beste Also there was com
the damesell was sente fromme the grete lady lyle of avilion And whan she
com before kynge Arthure she tolde his message she com and howe she was
sente on messuge vnto hym for thys cause ¶than she lette hym mantell
falle that was richely furred and than was she gurde with a noble swerde
whereof the kynge had merveyle and seyde damesel for what cause ar
ye gurte with that swerde hit is semyth yow nowghte · Nowe shall I telle
yow seyde the damesell thys swerde that I am gurte with all is worthe me gurte
forowe · and comberaunce for I may nat be delyvrde of thys swerde but by
a bryghte and he muste be a passynge good man of hys hondys and of
hys dedis and without velony or trechory and without treson And if
I may fynde such a knyghte that hathe all thes vertues he may drawe oute
thys swerde oute of the sheethe for I shall bere at kynge Royns for hit
was tolde me there were passynge good knyghtes and he and all his knyght
hathe assayde and none can spede ¶ thys is a grete merveyle seyde
Arthure ¶ If thys be sothe I wolle assay my selffe to drawe oute the swerde
nat for myne owne worshyppe my selffe that I am the beste knyghte but I wolle be glyme
to drawe yowre swerde in worshyppe and ensample to all the knyghtes of
the whiche shall assay ech alone after other And whan I have assayde than
Arthure tok the swerde by the sheethe and frydik and pulled at hit egerly
but the swerde wolde nat onte ¶ Sir seyd the damesell ye nede nat for
to pulle so sore for he that shall pulle hit onte shall do hit with
more myghte ye sey well seyde Arthure Nowe assay ye all my knyghtes
but be ware ye be nat defoyled with shame trechory nor velony for than
hit wolle nat avayle seyde the damesell for he muste be a clene knyghte
without onte velony and of all manere vylanye of fadir syde and of modir syde
these moste ye of all the knyghtes of the rounde table that were at
tyme assayde all be yede but ¶ my knyghte none spede ¶ Where fore ¶ dame
sel made grete sorowe onte of measure and seyd alas I wente in this courte
had bene the beste knyghte of the worlde without trechory or treson
Be my faythe seyde Arthure there ar good knyghtes as I deme as ony be
in the worlde But ¶ grace ys nat to theyse yon where fore I am sore dis

pleased Than hit be felle so that tyme there was a poore kynyght to kynge Arthure that had lene wyth hym halfe a yere for slepynge of a kynyght whych was cosyne vnto kynge Arthure And the name of this kynyght was called Balyne and by good meanys of the barownes he was delyvde out of prysen for he was a good man named of hys body and he was borne in northehumbirlonde and so he rode pryvaly in to the contre and fonde hys adventure where off hit repented his herte & wolde assayde as other kynyghtis ded but for he was poore and poorely arayde he put hym selff nat forewardes But in this herte he was fully assured to do as well as hys grace happed hym as ony kynyght that ys was And as the damesell tolde ys lede of Arthure and of all the barownes so dyd kynge this kynyght Balyn called vnto her and seyde damesell / yf yon of yowre courteysy wolde suffir me as well to assay as these other knyghtis / that / I be yowrely arayed / yet in my herte me semyth / I am fully assured as wyll of these other and me semyth in myne herte to spede vyell / Than damesell than he helde this powre kynyght and sayde he was a lyckly man but for his powre arayemente she thought he sholde nat be of no worshyp with outen dyscoury or treachory And than she seyde vnto ys kynyght Sir hit nedith nat yow to put me to yow more payne for hit semyth nat yow to spede there as all these other kynyghtis sholde sayled / A fayre damesell seyde Balyn worthynes and good taches and nat good dedis is nat only in arayemente · but manhode and worshyp is in a mannes person & many a worshypfull kynyght ys nat knowyn vnto all peple and there fore worshyp and hardynesse ys nat in arayemente / The god seyde the damesell ye sey soth · there fore ye shall assay to do whatt ye may / Than Balyn to ke this sworde by the gurdyll and sheithe and drew hit out ewsyly And whan he loked on the sworde hit pleased hym mvche · Than had this kynge and all the barownes grete mervayle that Balyne had done that aventure many kynyghtis had grete despite at hym Certes seyde the damesell this ys a passynge good kynyght and the beste that ony sonde and moste of worshyp with outen treson trechory or felony And many mervayles shall he do / Now sauntyll an courteyse kynyght gyff me this sweyde

a gayne. Nay seyde Balyne for thys sweorde wolle I kepe but yff ye take
fro me with force. Well seyde the damesell ye are not wyse to kepe
fro me for ye shalle sle with that sweorde the beste freinde that ye have and
the man that ye moste love in the worlde and that sweorde shalle be cause
destruccion. I shalle take the aventure seyde Balyn. that god wolle or
dayne for me. But the sweorde ye shalle not have at thys tyme by my
of my body ye shalle requyre yff with in shorte tyme seyde the damesell
for I wolde have the sweorde more for youre advauntage than for myne
for I am redy for youre sake for and ye wolle not take the sweorde
yff shalle be youre destruccion and that ys grete pyte. So with that departed
the damesell and grete sorowe she made. And anone after Balyn.
sente for hys horse and armoure and so wolde departe from the courte
and take his leve of kynge Arthure. Nay seyde the kynge I suppose ye
wolle not departe so lyghtly from thys felyshyp I suppose that ye are displa
sed that I have shewed you unkyndnesse. But blame me the lesse for
I was mysse informed a yenste you. But I wente ye had not bene such
a knyght as ye are of worshyp and prydesse. And yf ye wolle abyde in
thys courte amonge my felyshyp I shalle so avaunce as ye shalle be plea
sed. God thanke youre kyndnesse seyde Balyne youre courte may no
man prayse that lyeth unto the valeye but at thys tyme I muste nedes
departe be seechynge you all way of youre good grace. Truly seyde the
kynge I am wyght wroth of youre departynge. But I pray you sir
knyght that ye tarey not longe from me and ye shalle be wyght well
come unto me and to my courte and I shalle amende all myssey
I have done a gaynste you. God thanke youre good grace seyde Baly
and there with made hym redy to departe. Than the moste pry of ye
knyghtes of the rounde table seyde that Balyne did not hys adven
ture only by myght but by wyttes craufte. So the meane whyle
that that thys knyght was makynge hym redy to departe y com in
to the courte the lady of the lake and she com on horsebacke rychely
besene and salewed kynge Arthure and there asked hym a gyfte
that she myght have. When she sawe hym the sweorde. That ye sothe

seyde Arthure a gyfte I promysed you late I shame forgotyn the name
of my swerde that ye gaff me. Tell me name of hit seyde the lady ye shall
calibur that ys as muche to sey as brute steele ye sey well seyde the kynge
aske what ye will and ye shall shame hit and hit lye in my poddere to
gyffe hit I well seyde thys lady than I aske the hede of thys knyght that
hath wone the swerde other elles the damesele hede that brought hit I take
no force wonges I shame both theyre hedis for he slew my brother a good
knyght and a trew and that shamefull woman was causer of my fadirs
deth Trewly seyde kynge Arthure I may not graunte you nor of theyre
hedys With my worshyp therefore aske what ye will do and I shall
fulfille youre desire I will aske none of thynge seyde the lady I Wolfan
Balyn was redy to dyspte he slew the lady of the lady of the lake Which
by hir meanys had slayne hys modir And he had longed hir in grete de
spite and when hit was tolde hym howe she had assayed hys [illegible]
hede of kynge Arthure he wente to hir streyte and seyde dyspitefully
ye wolde shame myne hede and for ye shall lose youres And with hys
swerde hystyly he smote of hys hede before kynge Arthure Alas for
shame seyde the kynge Why shame ye do so ye shame shamed me and all my
comyn for thys lady was a lady that I was moche beholdynge to for hyder
she com undir my sauf conduyte therefore I shall nede for gyffe you that
trespasse I Sir seyde Balyne me forthynkith of youre displeasure for pri
same lady was the vnkyndyeste lady lyvynge and by enchauntement and
by sorcery she hath done the destroyer of many good knyghtis and she was
causer that my modir was dryven thorowe hir falsehede and trechory
for Which cause so ever ye had seyde Arthure ye sholde have forborne in
my presence Therefore forthynketh me not the contrary ye shall repente hit
for such a notyfy despite had I nede in my comyn therefore I bydde you
out of my comyn in all the haste that ye may Than Balyn tolde hys
hede of the lady and bare hit with hym to hys ostry and there mette
with hys squyre that was sory he had displeased kynge Arthure and so
they rode forthe out of towne Now seyde Balyne We muste depte
therefore take you hys hede and bere hit to my frendis and telle them
howe I shame slayne and telle them in Northumbirlonde howe my moste

The dethe of the lady of the lake

so ye dede also telle hem how I am oute of preson and what aduenture
be felle me at the getynge of this sweide also seyde the squyre ye ar gretly
to blame for to displease kynge Arthure as for that seyde Balyne I wolle
kyrge me in all haste that I may mete with kynge Royns & destroy
hym other elles to dye there fore and yff hit may happe me to ouyrme
hym than wolle kynge Arthure be my good frende Sir shalle I mete
with yon seyde his squyre In kynge Arthures courte seyde Balyne I wolle
kyrge me in all the haste that I may to mete with kynge Royns So his squyre
and he departed at that tyme Tethan kynge Arthure and all the comyte made
grete dole and had grete shame of the lady of the lake Tethan ꝑ kynge in
vyed hym vnchely So at that tyme there was a knyght the which was
the kynges son of Irelonde and hys name was Launcelot the which
was an orgulus knyght and accomyted hym selff one of the beste of ꝑ
comyte And he had grete despite at Balyne for the enchedynge of ꝑ
sweide that any sholde be accomyted more hardy or more of pryde then
he and he asked kynge kynge Arthure licence to ryde after Balyne
and to vengen the despite that he had done Do yowre beste seyde Arthur
I am vnglad to wrothe with Balyne I wolde he were oute of ꝑ despite
that he hath done vnto me and my comyte Tethan thys Launcelot wente
to his ostrye to make hym redy So in the meane whyle com Merlyon
vnto the comyte of kynge Arthure and anone was tolde hym the ad
venture of the sweide and the deth of the lady of the lake Wolle shalle
I sey yon seyde merlion thys same damesell that here standith ꝑ thorgh
the sweide vnto yowre comyte I shalle telle yon the cause of hir com
mynge she ys the fayrest damesell that lyvyth she shalle nat sey nay
for she hath a brothir a passyng good knyght of prowes and a full trew
man And thys damesell lodged a nother knyght that hylde her as
paramore And thys good knyght her brothir mette with the knyght ꝑ
helde hir to paramore and slewe hym by force of hys handis And than
thys fayre damesell vnderstode thys she went to the lady hyle of Ayr
lion and tolde hir hys sweide and be soughte hir of helpe to be yo
vengyd on hir owne brothir

And so pas

And so thys lady lyle of avylion toke hym thys swerde & she brought
with hyr and tolde hym shulde no man gyrdle hym onto of the sheeth
but yf he be one of the beste knyghtes of thys realme and he shulde be hardy
and full of prowesse and with that swerde he shulde sle hys brother thys
was the cause damesell that ye com in to thys countre | bydde hym as well
as ye. god wolde ye had nat com there but ye com nere in suche wyse of hor
shyppful folke for to do good but alle wayes grete hym and that knyght
that hath enclosed the swerde shall be destroyed therwith the swerde for yf which
wolde be grete damage for yf hym nat a knyght of more prowesse than he ys
and he shall do vnto you my lorde Arthure grete honoure and kyndnesse
and that ys grete pyte he shall nat endure but a whyle for of his strength
and hardynesse | kylde hym nat by dynge hys maistre Sir thys
knyghtes of ireland armed hym all poynted and dressed his shylde
on hys sholdre and mounted vpon hys horse backe and toke hys glayve
in hys honde and rode after a grete pace as nyghe as hys horse myght
dryve and with in a lytell space on a mountayne he had a syghte of
Balyne and with a lowde voice he cryed a byde knyght for ells ye
shalle a byde Wherfore ye wolde of no and the shelde that ye to fore you
shall nat helpe you seyde thys wylde knyght there fore com | aff to you /
Dere dame seyde Balyne ye had bene bettre to haue holde you at home
for many a man weneth to put hys enemy to a rebuke and ofte hit
fallith on hym self Onte of what countre be ye com fro seyde Balyn
I am com fro me the countre of kynge Arthure seyde the knyght of ireland
I am com hyder to revenge the despite ye did thys day vnto kynge Arthure
and to hys countre Well seyde Balyne | se well | nu sir shalle a do with you
that me forthynketh that | shalle gyf vnto kynge Arthure or ony of hys
countre and yonve quarell ye full symple seyde Balyne vnto me for
the lady that ye dede did to me grete damage and ellis I wolde shalle
bene bolde as ony knyght that lyveth for to se a lady ayeyne you redy
seyde the knyght Launceor and dresse you vnto me for that one shall a byde
in the fylde Than they departed yche sperys in yche rests and com to gydres

Holde Balyn
slew launcor

as mycke as y horsis myght dryve And the ryght knyght smote Balyn on the shylde that all wente to shyvers of hys spere And Balyne smote hym a grymme thorowe the shylde and habergeon perysshed and so bore hym thorowe the body and on the horse crowpyd and anone turned hys horse fersely and drew oute hys swerde and wyst nat that he had slayne hym Tehan he sede hym lye as a dede corse he toked a konte hym and was ware of a damesell that com rydynge full faste as the horse myght dryve on a fayre palfrey And Wehan she aspyed that launcor was slayne she made sorow oute of mesure and seyde A Balyne ij bodyes pou hast slayne one herte and ij. hertis in one body and ij soules pou hast loste and there with she tok the swerde frome hys lode that lay dede and fell to the grounde in a swoune and Wehan she arose she made grete dole oute of mesure Wyth sorow gredyd Balyn passyngly sore and he wente vn to hyr for to have tane the swerde oute of hyr honde but she held hit so faste he myght nat take hit oute of hyr honde but yf he sholde have smet hyr and suddenly she sette the pomell to the grounde and rode hys selff thorowe oute the body Wehan Balyne aspyed hys dede he was passyngly sory in hys herte and ashamed that so fayre a damesell had destroyed hys selff for the lode of hys dethe Alas seyde Balyn me repentis sore of dethe of thys knyght for the lode of thys damesell for y was mycke to lode de dyvyse hem And so for sorow he myght no lenger be holde pem but turned hys horse and toke towarde a fayre foreste And pan was he ware by thys avenys that y com rydynge hys brothyr Balan and Wehan they were mette they lyght of hyr stedes and kyssed to gyders and wepte for joy and wele Tehan Balan seyde brothyr I trust I wende to have mette with you at thys sodayne adventure but I am wyst glad of youre delyveraunce and of youre dolerous dysconfiture for a man tolde me in the castell of iiij. stonys that ye were delyvde and y man had seyne you in the contre of kynge Arthure And there fore I com hydur in to thys contrey for there I supposed to fynde you And a none Balyne tolde hys brothyr of hys adventure of the swerde and the deth of the lady of the Lake And how kynge Arthure was displesed with hym Wherfe

sore he sente this knyght affter me that hethe here dede and the dethe of this dame sell fredrith me sore so doth sir me seyde Balan. Wit ye wele take the adventure that god wolle ordayne you Truly seyde Balyne I am redy that my lorde Arthure is displeased with me for he is the moste worshipfulleste knyght that regnyth now in erthe and his lorde I wolle gete other elles I wolle putte my lyffe in adventure for knyght Lyons hath at the sege of the castell Terrable and thydir wolle we drawe in all goodly haste to prese owre worshyp and prowesse upon hym I wolle wolle seyde Balan that ye so do and I wolle ryde with you and putte my body in adventure with you as a brother ought to do Nowe go we hense seyde Balyne and wolle we bothe mette ese meane while as they talked there com a dwarff from the cite of Camelot on horse back as swyft as he myght and fonde the dede bodyes where sore he made grete dole and pulled his heyre for sorowe and seyde which of you knyghtes have done this dede where by aske I you seyde Balan for I wolde wete seyde the dwarff. he was I seyde Balyn that slew this knyght in my defendaunte for thyder he com to chase me and other I muste sle hym or he me And this dame sell slew her self for his lorde which represented me and for her sake I shalle doze all women the better while I lyve and thyse all the dayes of my lyffe Alas seyde the dwarff ye have done grete damage unto your selff for this knyght that ye here dede was one of the moste valyaunte men that lyved and trewste wolle Balyne the kynne of this knyght wolle chase you thoroweout the worlde tylle they have slayne you or for that seyde Balyne the I force nat gretely but I am redy that I shalde displese my lorde kynge Arthure for the dethe of this knyght So as they talked to gyders there com a kynge of Cornuwayle ryding which knyght kynge Marke And when he sawe these two bodyes dede and understode howe they were dede the two knyghtes a lytell seyde made to the kynge gret sorowe for the trewlobe that was be twene them and seyde I wolle nat depart tylle I have on this erthe made a tolvmbe and in the knyght his body kynge Lyons and sonte all the contrey to fynde a tolvmbe and in a chirche they fonde one was fayre and wrethe and than in kynge Lottes putte

How the lady Columbe sleis hir selfe for the deth of launcelot

hem bothe in the erthe and leyde the tombe vppon them and wrote þ̄ names of hem bothe on the tombe How here lyeth launcelot the kynges son of ire londe that at his dolorous rekeyste was slayne by the honds of ¶Balyne and how this lady Columbe and wyfe to hym slewe her self for sorowe and sorrow The meane whyle as this was a doynge In com a. to kynge ¶Marke and sawe all this doynge Here shall be seyde ¶Merlion in þis same place the gretest batayle be fought that ever was or ever shall be and the trewest louers and yette none of hem shall slee other and þ̄ Merlion wrote hir names vppon the tombe with lettres of golde that shall be yght in that place which names was launcelot du lake and Tristrams Then a merveylous man seyde kynge ¶Marke vnto ¶Merlion that knowest of suche mervayles pou arte a ioyfull man and an holy man to telle of suche dedis What is thy name seyde kynge ¶Marke at this tyme seyde a. I wold nat telle you ¶But at that tyme Sir Tristrams is taken with his wyfe lady than shall ye here and knowe my name and at that tyme ye shall stynte tydynge that shall nat please you. I ¶Balyne seyde ¶Merlion pou hast done thy selfe grete hurte that pou sawed nat this lady that slewe her self for pou myghtyst haue sawed hir and then haddyst wold ¶By the feyth of my body seyde ¶Balyne I myght nat save hir for she stabbe hir selfe suddenly · Ave veperum hir seyde seyde a. be cause of the dethe of that lady pou shalt smyte a stroke moste dolorous that ever man smote except the stroke of oure lorde Jesu cryste for pou shalt hurte þ̄ trewest knyght and the man of moste worshyp that now lyueth and thorowe þ̄ stroke in kyngdomes shall be brought in to grete poverte myserie wretchednesse yer · yere and the knyght shall nat be hole of that wounde many yeres Than ¶Merlion toke his leue I say seyde ¶Balyn nat so for and I myght pou seyde sothe I wolde do so grevous a dede that I wolde slee my self to make the a lyer Therewith a. vanysshed away suddenly And pan ¶Balyn and his broþ toke þ̄ leue of kynge ¶Marke ¶But first seyde the kynge telle me youre name Sir seyde ¶Balan ye may se the by myn armes and there by ye may evelle kynd the knyght bere in his armes and so departed kynge ¶Marke vnto ¶Camelot to kynge ¶Arthure and

Balyne tok the way to kynge Lotes and as they rode to gyder they mette with a dwerfe disguysed so that they knewe hym nought But dwerfe bad vyde ye feyde a. We had lytell a do to telle you feyde thes iij knyghtes to hym But what ys thy name feyde Balyn at thys tyme feyde a. I wolle nat telle hit ys an yvell fygure feyde the knyght yf thou arte a trew man yf thou wolle nat telle thy name as for that feyde ayerlon he as hit be may but I can telle you where fore ye vyde thys way for to mete with kynge Ba- but hit wolle nat availe you with out ye have my counceyle a feyde Balyn ye ar a we wolle be vnled by youre counceyle Com on feyde a. and ye fhalle have grete worfhip and loke that ye do knyghtly for ye fhalle have nede as for that feyde Balyne dred you nat for we wolle do what we may Than ij lodged a. and thes iij knyghtes in a wode amonge the rocks beyde the hyll. Than and toke of the bridyls of ij horfis and putte hem to grafle and feyde hem allone to reste tyll hit was myd nyght Than ayerlon bade hem vyfe and make hem redy for here comyth the kynge myne felonde that was ftrokyn a way fro me his oft with a iij. fpeares of hys beste knyghtes and yf of them rode to fore the forde to warne the lady de dannace that the kynge was comyng for that myghte kynge Lotes fholde have then with hir which ys the kynge feyde Balyn a byde feyde a. for here in a ftrete ye fhalle mete with hym And there with fhe fhadowed Balyn and hys brother the kynge and anone they mette with hym and fmote hym allone and vnhorfed hym freyfhly and bade hym to the grefelonde and there they fmote on the ryghte honde and on the lyffte honde and than fowrty of hys men and the remenaunte fledde than wente ley a gayne vnto kynge Lot- wolde have flayne hym had fhe nat yelded hym vnto hir grace than feyde he pris knyght full of prowes fle me nat for be my lyff ye may fayne & by my fothe fayde ye fay fothe feyde the knyght and fo leyde hym on an horfe litter So with that ayerlon vanyfhed and com to kynge arthure a fore honde and tolde hym how hys moofte enemy was taken and diftomfite Be whom feyde kynge Arthure by ij. knyght feyde a. that wolde fayne have youre lovefhip and to morowe ye fhalle

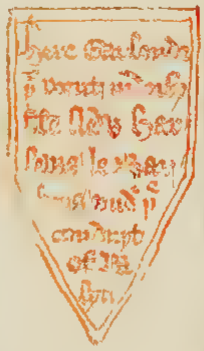
knowe what kynghtis ye ar they ar so anone as they com the kynght wt pe[n]-
swerdis and hys brother and brought with them kynge Bors of northe
walis and there delyvde hym to the porters and charged them wt hym
and so they ⁊ retorned azen in the dawnyng of the day then kynge
Arthure com to kynge Bors and seyde sir kynge ye ar welcom by what
adventure com ye hyder sir seyde kynge Bors com hyder by an hande
adventure wyth owte wane then seyde kynge Arthure sir seyde he ⁊ kynght
with the ⁊ swerdis and hys brother which ar ⁊ merveyles kynghtis of pro-
wesse ⁊ knowe them nat seyde Arthure but much am ⁊ beholdynge vnto
them A sir seyde Merlion ⁊ shalt telle yon hit ys Balyn ⁊ enclosed
the swerde and hys brother Balan a good kynght there lyvith nat a
better of prowes nor of worthynesse and hit shalt be the grettist dole of
hym that ony knowe of kynght for he shalt nat longe endure Alas seyde
kynge Arthure that ys grete pite for ⁊ am moche beholdynge vnto hym
and ⁊ shane dowt delyvde hit a gayne for hys kyndnesse Nay nay sede
Merlion he shalt do much more for yon and that shalt ye knowe in haste
but sir ar ye purveyde seyde M. to morne for the ost of kynge Nero
kynge Bors brother wolt sette on yon or none with a grete ost and
⁊ fore make yon redy for ⁊ wolde departe fro me yow

Than kynge Arthure made hys ost redy in .v. batayles ⁊ Nero
was redy in the fylde afore the castell Tortable wt a gret ost
and he had .v. batayles with many mo people than kynge Arthure had
than Nero had the vawarde with the moste pty of the people and M.
com to kynge Lotte of the ile of Orkeney and held hym wt a tale of the
prophecy tylle Nero and hys people were destroyed And there sir Kay ⁊
seneschall vnd passyngely well that dayes of hys hyth ⁊ the worshyp
wente new fro me hym And sir Herdis de Revel that vnd mneylons
dedys of armys that day with Arthur And kynge Arthure slow that
day vij kynghtis and maymed fourty so at that tyme com ⁊ n ⁊ kynght
with the ij swerdis and hys brethr but they vnd so merveylously that
the kynge and all the kynghtis merveyled of them And all they ⁊
be held them seyde they were sente from hevyn as angels of devilles

frome Rome And kynge Arthure seyde hym self they were the doughtyeste kynyghtes that ever he sawe for they gaff suche stroke that all men had wonder of hem / So in the meane whyle com one to kynge lotte and tolde hym Whyle he tarryed there hold Nero was destroyed and slayne with all hys ooste Alas seyde kynge lotte I am a shamed for my defaute there ys none ooste under heven were able to holde macched wt Brit thys fayrtonce with hys prophecy hath mocked me All that dud ay for he bredd Welt that kynge lotte had bene with hys body at ye first batayle kynge Arthure had be slayne and all hys people distressed And Welt ever bredd that one of the kynges sholde bee dede that day and lotte was ay that ony of them lotte sholde be slayne Brit of the tweyne he had leuer kynge lotte of ovrkney had be slayne than Arthure seyde What ys beste to do seyde kynge lotte Wolcep ys me better to trete wt kynge Arthur other to fyght for the gretter parte of owre people ar slayne and distressed Sir seyde a kynyght sette ye on Arthure for they ar Ryerr ye for songhtyn and Ire be freyssh As for me seyde kynge lott I Wolde that ony kynyght Wolde do hys parte as I Wolde do myne than they avaunced baners and smote to gydres and brosed her speres And Arthurs kynyghtes wt ye fyerse of the kynyghtes wt in Sowdyrs and hys brother Balan gat kynge lotte & hys ooste to the Rowere Brit all Wayes kynge lotte hylde hym en in the fove fronte and dud merveylous Deds of armys for all hys ooste Was borne bak by hys Rondys ffor he abode all kynyghtes alas he myght nat endure the Batayll Was grete pite so Worthy a kynyght as he Was one that he sholde be on macched that of late tyme be fore he had bene a kynyght of kynge Arthurs and Wedded the Syster of hym And for be cause that kynge Arthure lay by hys Wyff and gate on her Sir agardred thys fove kynge lott helde en a grayngte Arthure So there Was a kynyght that Was called the kynyght With the strange lefe And at that tyme hys right name Was called Pellynore Which Was a good man off prodesse as ffelle in yo dayes kynynge and he stroke a mighty strote at kynge Rion as he sought With hys enemyes and he fayled of hys stroke and smote the horse necke that he sonndred to the erthe wt kyng

lott and there with anone kynge Pellinore smote hym a grete stroke parde
the sheld and sede vnto the brethren Than all the ost of orkeney stedde for
the deth of kynge lotte and there pey were taken and slayne all the ost
But kynge Pellynore bare the wyte of the dethe of kynge lott and there
were taken and slayne all the hole ost where fore Sir Gawayne reden
ged the deth of hys fadir the .v. yere after he was made knyght and slew kynge
Pellynore hys owne vncle also there was slayne at that batayle yn kynges
on the syde of kynge lott with Nero and were buryed in the chirch of seynte
Stedons in Camelot and the remanent of knyghtes and of were buryed
in a grete vaute So at the entrement com kynge lottes wyff Morgause
with hyr iiij. sonnes. Gawayne. Agrauayne. Gaheris & Gerith also
yt com thyder kynge Vryens Sir Uwaynes fadir and Morgan le fay his
wyff that was kynge Arthurs sister all thes com to the entrement but
of all the yen kynges kynge Arthure lette make the tombe of kynge Lott
passynge rychely and made hys tombe by hym self And then Arthure
lette make yen ymages of latoun and Copper and on eyther with golde in yt
hege syrcle of the yen kynges and eche one of hem held a taper of were
in thyr honde that brente nyght and day And kynge Arthure was made
in the syrcle of a fygure stondynge a forn them with a sworde drawyn
in hys honde and all thes yen fygures had countenaunce lyke vnto
men that were on erth All thys made Merlion by hys subtylte craufte
and there he tolde the kynge how that whan he was dede pes tapers
sholde brenne no lenger after the adventures of the sankgreall yt shall
com a monge yon and be enchesed also he tolde kynge Arthure how
Balyn the worshipfull knyght shall gyff the dolerouse stroke where
of shall falle grete dengeraunce Also there ye Balyne Balan and
Pellinore as for kynge Pellinore seyde he. the nolle mete with yon soone
And as for Balyne he nolle nat be longe fromme yon but the yo brothir
Wolle dethe ye shall se hym no more Be my fayth seyde Arthur they
are a manly knyghtes and namely that Balyne passith of prowes off
ony knyght that ony fownde for mych am I be holdynge vnto hym. Wolde
god he wolde a byde with me Sir seyde he. lette ye kepe well yt saddeled
of Enyscleber for ye shall lose no blode whyle ye have the saddelerde

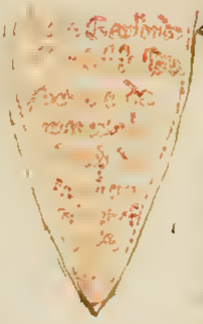
dyppon yon thynge ye shame as many wommen dyppon yon as ye may shame
So after for grete trouste Arthure he tolde the stadeborde unto Ayrgan le
fay hys sister and she loved anoy kyngis better than hir husbande kynge
Vrience other Arthure and she wolde shame had Arthure hir broy slayne
and therefore she lete make a nother stadeborde for Excalibur & p kyngis
name was called Arrolon that after had neve slayne kynge Arthure
Brit after this Merlion tolde unto kynge Arthure of the prophecy that yere
sholde be a grete battayle be fyxed Salysbury and Amesbyry hys owne sonne
sholde be a graynste hym Also she tolde hym that Sagdemagus was his
cosyne germayne And unto kynge Vrience So upon a day or ij. kynge
Arthure was somwhat sykke and he lete pyght his pavilion in a
medowe and there he leyde hym downe on a payre to slepe but he
myght slepe no veste kyngis so he herde a grete noyse of an horse and
there upon the kynge loked out at the porche dore of the pavilion and
sawe a kyngis comynge downe by hym in a kynge grete dole Abide sayre
sir seyde Arthure and telle me where fore yon makyst yis sorowe ye may
hault amende me seyde the kyngis kyngis and so passed forth to the castell of
Carlyon And anone after that com Balyne and when he sawe kynge Ar
he a kyngis of hys horse and com to the kynge one foote and saluted hym
Be my hede seyde Arthure ye be welcome. Sir kyngis wolde com ryding
this way a kyngis making grete mone And for what cause I can not
telle where fore I woolde desire of yon of yo curtesy and of yo vertuesse
to fortifie a grayne that kyngis other by force other by his good wylle I shall
do more for yonre lordeship than that seyde Balyne other ellis I wolle
fredde hym So Balyn rode more than a pace and fonnde the kyngis
with a damesell bydene a forcyste and seyde Sir kyngis ye muste come
with me unto kynge Arthure for sor to telle yhym of yonre sorowe That
wolle I not seyde the kyngis for yit wolle I harme me gretely and do yon
none dearyte Sir seyde Balyne I pray yon make yon redy for ye muste
go with me other ellis I muste fyght with yon and bringe yon by force
And that were me lothe to do Wolle ye be my warrante seyde p kyngis
and I go with yon yee seyde Balyne other ellis by the feyth of my body



Here Garlonde
þ wrought many
vylanye in the
Kyng Arthurs
courte and þ
he was
Slayne

wolde dye þ sore and so he made hym redy to go vnto Balyne and lefte ye dameselle stylle And as they were adoun be fore Arthurs pauylion there com one invysible and smote the knyght that went vnto Balyn yerde oute the body vnto a spere // Alas seyde the knyght I am slayne vnder yonne condmyte with a knyght called Garlonde therfore take my horse þ is better than yowres and ryde to the dameselle and folowe the queste þ I was in as she wolde rede yow and redresse my dethe Wherfore ye may that shalle I do seyde Balyn and that I make avowe to god and knyghthode and so the dep ted swome knyge Arthure with grete sorowe So knyge Arthure lette bury this knyght ryche ly and made menacon his tombe Howe there was slayne Berbens and by whom the treche ry was done of the knyght Garlonde // But ey the dameselle bare the trunchon of the spere with the that Sir Harlens le Berbens was slayne with all

So Balyne and the dameselle rode in to the forreste and þ mette vnto a knyght that had bene an hontynge And þ knyght asked Balyn for what cause he made so grete sorowe // Ye hyde nat to telle seyde Balyne · Nay seyde the knyght and I were armed as ye be I wolde fyght with you but iff ye tolde me that sholde lytell nede seyde Balyne I am nat a ferde to telle yow and so tolde hym all the case how hit was And seyde the knyght yo thys all here I enfore yow by the feyth of my body nen to depte fro me yow with my best helpe and so they went to þ ostre and armed hem and so rode forthe with Balyne and as they com by an Emptyge dom by a chyrche yerde þ com Garlonde invysible and smote yng knyght pat ye de mente behynde thorowe oute the body Wa la yayde Alas seyde þ knyght I am slayne by thys traytowre knyght that ryderh invysible Alas seyde Balyne thys ys nat the fyrste despite that he hath done me And there the entyte and Balyne buryed the knyght vnder a chyrche stone and a tombe royalle and on the morne they fonde letters of golde wretyn howe that Sir Gawayne shalle revenge his fadres dep on knyge Mynore And anone after this Balyne and the dameselle rode forth tylle they com to a castelle And anone Balyne alyzte & went In and as sone as they were with the porteculys were lette adowne at hys backe and there felle many men a bonte the dameselle and



Wolde hane slayne hyr // Whan Balyne sawe that she was sore grevyd
for he myght nat helpe hyr But than she wente up in to a towre and
lepte on the walles in to the dyche and hurte nat hym selff And a
none he pulled oute hys sworde and Wolde hade sowghtyn w^t them and
they alle seyde nay they Wolde nat fyght w^t hym for they dud no thynge
but the olde custom of thys castell and tolde hym that hyr lady was hyr
and had leyne many yeres and she myght nat be hole but yf she had
blode in a chylder bysshefull of a clene mayde and a knyghtes doughter and
therefore the custom of thys castell ys that yf shall no dame elles passe
thys way but she shall blede of hyr blode a sylu bysshefull // Well seyde
Balyne she shall blede as moche as she may blede but I Wolle nat lose
of hyr Wylle my lyff laste I // And so Balyn made hyr to blede by hyr good
Wylle but hyr blode holpe nat the lady and so she and he rested yt all
myght and had good chere And in the morownge they passed on yer Wayes
And as the tellith after in the Sankgreall that Sir Bedall hys sister
holpe that lady With hyr blod Where of she was dede Than they rode
iij or iiij dayes and nedyr mette With adventure And so by fortune
they were lodged With a gentylman and as they sate at soupe Balyn
herde one complayne grevously by hym in a chamber // What ys thys
noyse seyde Balyn for sothe seyde his ost I Wolle telle you I Was but
late at a justynge and there I justed With a knyght that ys brothir
unto kynge Pellam and Wyth I smote hym downe And than he pro-
myssed to quyte me on my beste frende And so he wounded me my
son that can nat be hole tylle I have of that knyghtes blode And he
ryddith all in dysyble but I knowe nat hys name I seyde Balyne I
knowe that knyghtes name Which ys Garlonde and he hath slayne iij
knyghtes of myne In the same man There fore I had lever mete w^t
that knyght than all the golde in thys reame for the despyte he hath
done me // Well seyde hys ost I shall telle you How kynge Pellam of
Lystenoyse hath made do cry in all the contrey a grete feste that shall
be Within thes vij^ti dayes and no knyght may com there but he bringe
hys Wyff With hym other hys Lemmone and that ys enemy of myne

ye shall se that day. Than I promyse yon seyde Balyn yete of his blode to hele youre sone Wyth all // Than he wolde be forewarde to morne seyde he So on the morne they rode all iij. toward kynge Pellam and they had xx. dayes Journey or they com thyder And that same day he com the yeste feste and so they alyght and stabled yer horsis and wente in to the castell But Balynes ofte myght be knyght lette In be cause he had no lady // But Balyne was well receyved and brought into a chambr and vnarmed hym and there was brought hym robes to his pleasure and worde came had Balyn lede his swerde be hynde hym Nay seyde Balyne that wolde I nat for that ys the custom of my contrey a knyght all weyes to kepe his swerde with hym or elis seyde he I wolde departe as I am than they gaff hym lede with his swerde so he wente into the castell and was amonge knyghtes of worshyp and hys lady afore hym So after this Balyne asked a knyght and seyde ys I nat a knyght in this contre which his name ys Garlonde yes sir yonder he goth. the knyght with the blacke face for he ys the mordaryste knyght that ys now lyvynge and he destroyeth many good knyghtes for he goth. in vysible // Well seyde Balyn. ys that he Than Balyn avised hym longe and thought if I sle hym there I shall nat astape And if I lede hym nede paventure I shall nen mete wyth hym a yayne at such a tyme and myche harme he wolde do and he lyve // And there with his Garlonde aspyed that Balyn dyssaged hym so. he com and slapped hym on the face with the backe of his honde and seyde knyght wyke be holdist yon me so for shame. Ete thy mete and do that yon com fore // Than seyst soth seyde Balyne this ys nat the fyrste spite that yon hast done me And therefore I wolde do that I com fore And rose hym up fersely and clafte his hede to the sholdres // Yelde gyff me yonre trouncheon seyde Balyn that he sayd yonre knyght with And anone she gaff hit hym for all wer she dure she te mesecome with hir And there with Balyn smote hym thorowe the body and seyde openly Now that trouncheon thou

stadoyste a good knyght and nodo hit sytteth in thy body than Ba
lyn called vnto hys oste and seyde inde may ye fecche blood and nodyse
to hele yowre son Withall // So anone all the knyghtis rose fromme the
table for to sette on Balyne And kynge Pellam hym self arose vp
forsely and seyde knyght vndy thast pon slayne my brothir pon shalt dy
e fore or pon depte // Well seyde Balyn do hit yowre self // yes seyde kynge
Pellam there shalt no man thame a do vn to the but my self for p tide of
my brothir than kynge Pellam a greyme vppon and smote egirly
at Balyn but he yaut hys sweide be tvoyte hys hede and the stroke
and there vnto hys swerde braste in sundir And whan Balyne
was vnarmyde he ran into a chambir for to seke a vncoyn fro cham
bir to chambir and no vncoyn conde he fynde And all dayes kynge
Pellam folowed after hym And at the last he entrede into a chaundir
was merdaylously dyght and ryche And a bedde arayed with cloth
of golde the richeste that myght be and one hynge p in And there by
stode a table of clene golde And vppon the table stoode a mervaylous
spere strangely wrought // So whan Balyn sawe the spere he gatte hit
in hys honde and turned to kynge Pellam and felde hym and smote
hym passyngly sore with that spere that kynge Pellam adowne in a sowne
And there with the castell bigan to vaste and walles and felle adowne
to the erthe And Balyn felle adowne and myght nat stirre hande nor
foote and for the moste parte of that castell was dede therof the dolorouse
stroke // Bytyme so lay kynge Pellam and Balyne iij. dayes than Merlyon
com thydir and toke vp Balyn and gatte hym a good horse for hys wold
dede and bade hym ryde out of that contrey // Sir I wolde have my dame
self seyde Balyne / he seyde Merlyon where she lyeth dede And kynge
Pellam lay so many yeres sore vvounded and myght nevir be hole tyll p
Galaad the hadote knyght heled hym in the queste of the Sankgreall
for in that place was yete of the blode of owre lorde Jhu cryste vvith
Joseph off Arimathy vvrought in to thys londe and there hym self
in that ryche bedde and that was the spere vvherwith longeus smote owre
lorde vvith to the speire And kynge Pellam was nyze of Joseph his kynne

And that was the moste worshypfullist man on hyde in thos dayes & grete pite hed was of hys hwte for thorow that stroke hit turned to grete dole way and tene // Than departed Balyne frome Merlyon for he seyde nedow in thys worlde he parte nor mete no more So the rode forp prowde thise fayre contreyes and citeys and fownde the people dede stayne on eny syde And all that don were on hyde cryed and seyde a Balyne yon hast done and cawsed grete dolefulle wengeaunce in thys contreyes for the dolefulle stroke yon hast hente hyngse Dellam thes .iij. contreyes ar destroyed and dowte nat but the vengeaunce wolle falle on the at the laste // And whan Balyn was past yo contreyes he was passyngse fayne and so he rode .iij. dayes or he mette with many adventure And at the last he cam in to a fayre foreyst in a dealey and was ware of a toftonne and p he syde he mette with a grete horse tyed to a tree and be syde p sate a fayre knyght on the grownde and made grete mornyngse and he was a lychly man and a well made // Balyne seyde god yon sawe why be ye so sory telle me and I wolle amende hit and I may to my power Sr knyght the seyde yon dosto me grete grevaff for I was in my ponyt and now yon entrete me to moye payne // Than Balyn went a litill frome hym and loked on hys horse // Than seyde Balyne hym seyenge a fayre lady why make ye thys hym my pomyse for ye pomysed me to mete me here by noone and I may onderstonde that ye graffe me that I sholde for with thys I sholde I wolle se my selffe and yonde hit onte // And pey with com Balyne and sterte unto hym and toke hym by the honde // lette go my hande seyde the knyght or elles I shalle se the that shalle nat nede seyde Balyn for I shalle promyse yon my helpe to gete yon yowre lady and ye wolle telle me where she ys // What ys yo name seyde the knyght // Sr my name ys Balyne le saveage Sr I wolde yon well I nodge ye ar the knyght with the .ij. swerdis and p man of moste prowes of yowre hondis hydynge // What ys yowre name seyde Balyne ay name ys Garnysh of the moste parte ye were manes frende and be my prowes and hardynes a dente made me knyght & made me londis thys name ys dute Harmel and hys doughtr ys

bade a kynyght that stood be fore hym to handyll that swerde And he assayde hit and myght nott handyll hit / Than sayd lodyze / why ladyze ye seyde the kynyght / Sayd ye the cause seyde sir / There shall neu man handyll thys swerde but the beste kynyght of the worlde And that shall be Sir launcelot other ellis Galahad hys sonne And launcelot with hys swerde shall se the thenman in the worlde that he shall beste that shall be Sir Gawayne And all thys he lette wryte in the pomell of the swerde Than sayd lette make a bryggе of tron and of stele in to that londe and hit was but shalff a fote brode And there shall neu man passe that bryggе nor shame hardyness to go on hit but yf he were a passyng good man without trecchery or bylany Also the scawberd off Balynd swerde sir lefte hit on thys syde the londe that Galaad sholde fynde hit Also sir lette make by hys suttelyte that Balynes swerde was pute in to a marbilstone stondynge by ryght as grete as a mylstone and floted all wayes a bode the watir and dud many yeres And so by aduenture hit was done by the streme vnto the cite of Carlele that ys in englyssh called Wynchester And that same day Galahad the haute prynce com with kynge Arthure And so Galahad brought with hym the scawberde and encheved the swerde / was in the marble stone stondynge vpon the watir And on whyt sonday he encheyved the swerde as hit ys reherced in the boke of the Sankgreall Sone after thys was done sir com to kynge Arthur and tolde hym of the dolorous stroke that Balyn hadde kynge Pellam And how Balyn and Balan fought to gydres the meruayllous batayle that dun was done off And how they were buryed by / in one tombe / Alas sayde kynge Arthure thys ys the grettist pite that ever I herde telle off of / yͤ kynyghtes for in thys worlde I fynde neu such / yͤ kynyghtes / Thus endith the tale of Balyn & Balan / yͤ brethirne that were borne in Northumberlonde that were / yͤ passynge good kynyghtes as ever were in yo dayes

Explicit

The begynnyng of Arthure

Sythe he was chosyn kynge by aduenture and by grace for the moste pte of the barownes knewe nat he was Uther Pendragon son & Brit as Merlyon made hit openly knowyn. Bitt yet many kynges and lordis hylde hym grete warre for that cause / Bitt well Arthur on conquerd all the moste pte dayes of hys lyffe he was ruled by ye counceile of Merlyon So hit felle on a tyme kynge Arthur seyde vnto Merlion ayen his wille / Well let me haue no reste bitt nedis I muste take a wyffe & I wolde none take bitt by thy counceile and avice / Sir ye well done seyde Merlyon that ye take a wyffe. ffor a man of youre bonute and nobles schulde not be w^t^out a wyffe. Now is ye ony seyde Merlyon that ye love more than a nother. ye seyde kynge Arthure I love Gwe nyvere the kynge dowghter of Lodegrean of ye londe of Camelerde the whyche holdyth in his house the table rounde that ye tolde me he had hit of my fadir Uther and this damesell is the moste valyaunte and fayryste that I know lyvyng or yet that euer I conde fynde Sertis seyde Merlyon as of her beaute and fayrenesse she is one of the fayreste on lyve. Bitt and ye loved hir not so well as ye do I schulde fynde you a damesell of beaute and of goodnesse that schulde lyke you and please you and youre herte were nat sette. Bitt there as mannes herte is sette he wolle be lothe to retourne. that is trouthe seyde kynge Arthur. Bitt Merlyon warned the kynge covertly that Gwenyuer was nat holsom for hym to take to wyffe. ffor he warned hym that Launcelot schulde love hir and schee hym a gayne. and so he turned his tale to the aventures of the Sankegreal. Than he desyred of the kynge for to haue men w^t^ hym p^t^ schulde enquere of Gwenyuer and so the kynge grauntid hym and so Merlyon went forthe vnto kynge Lodegreans of Camylerde and tolde hym of the desire of the kynge p^t^ he wolde haue vnto his wyffe Gwenyuer his doughter. Than is to me seyde kynge Lodegreans the beste tydynge that euer I herde. that so worthy a kynge of prowesse & noblesse wolde wedde my doughter. And as for my londis I wolde gesse that hym yf I wyste

hir myghte please hym but he hath londes / nede he nedith none but / shall sende hym a gyffte that shall please hym wnese more for / shall gyff hym the table rounde / Wherof Uther hys fadir gaff me and Wolan fyve fulle complete there ys / an C. knyghtis and l. And as ffor an C. had I slayne my self / but / Wante l. for so many hathe he slayne in my dayes And so kynge Lodgreaunce delyvid hys doughtir Gwenyn vnto me and the table rounde with the C. knyghtis and so they rode fuerysshly vp to grete royalte Wher by Water and by londe tyll that they com nyghe vnto londe Wolan kynge Arthure herde of the comynge of quene Gwenyn and the C. knyghtis with the table rounde Than kynge Arthure made grete ioy for hir comynge and that wyche presente and seyde openly thys fayre lady ys passyngly Welcom to me for / shalle shed hir bonge and ffore there ys no thynge so leeff to me and thes knyghtis With the table rounde pleasith me more than wynne grete ryches / And in alle haste the kynge lete ordayne for the maryage and the coronacion / In the moste honorablyste Wyse that cowde be devised // Tho Merlion seyde kynge Arthure go pon and avoyde me in alle thys londe l. knyghtis Which done of moste prowesse & Worshipe So With in shorte tyme Merlion had founde such knyghtis that Wolde fulfylle ys and vm knyghtis but no mo Wolde he fynde / than the bysshop of Canterbury Woas / sette and he blyssed the seges with grete royalte and devocion and there sette the vm knyghtis in ther seges And Wolan thys Woas done Merlion seyde fayre sirres ye muste alle aryse and com to kynge Arthure for to do hym omage he Wolle have hem Wyelle to mayntayne yon and so they aroose and did homage And Wolan they Were gone Merlion founde in eny sege lettres of golde that tolde the knyghtis namys that had sitten there but ij. seges Were voyde / And so anone com in yonge Gawayne and asked the kynge a gyffte / Aske seyde the kynge and / shalle graunte yon / Sir / aske that ye shalle make me knyght the same day that ye shalle Wedde dame Gwenyn / Wolle do that Wo a good Wylle seyde kynge Arthure and do vnto yon alle the Worshipe that / may for / muste be reson ye ar my nevew my Sistirs son / ffurth Wo alle there com a poore man in to the courte and brought Wo hym a

fayre yonge man of yeoury yeve of ayfe vydynge vppon a lene mare
And the poore man aſked all men that he mette where he ſhulde fynde
kynge Arthure yondre he ys ſeyde the knyght / Wott ye ony thynge w^t
hym ye ſeyde the poore man therefore I come hydry And as ſone as he
com be fore the kynge he ſaluted hym and ſeyde kynge Arthure the
ſtorve of all kynges I de ſecche thy ſaluacion // Sir hit was tolde me
that as thys tyme of yonre maryage ye wolde gyff ony man ye aſkyſſe
that he wolde aſke yon excepte hit were vnreſonable / That ys trouth
ſeyde the kynge ſuch covenes I hatte make and that wott I holde ſo hit apperyn
nat my wrathe nor myne aſtate // ye ſey well and gracyouſly ſeyde the
poore man / Sir I aſke no thynge elis but that ye wolde make my ſonne
knyght // hit ys a ſtraite thynge yon aſkyſt off me ſeyde the kynge // What
ys thy name ſeyde the ~~poore man to the~~ kynge to the poore man // Sir
my name ys Arpes the olde ſeide Wherefor commyſt thou of the or elis
of thy ſone ſeyde the kynge Nay ſir ſeyd Arpes thys dothe comyth of
my ſon and nat off me ffor I ſhall telle yon I haue vij ſones And all
they wolle ſtille to do ſtat labonre I putte them and wolle be vyght
glad to do labonre but thys childe wolle nat labonre for no thynge
my wyff and I may do but all day he wolle be ſhotynge or caſtynge
dartes and glad ſou to be bateyles and to be holde knyghte And all dayes
day and nyght he deſyreth of me to be made knyght // What ys thy
name ſeyde the kynge vnto the yonge man Sir my name ys Tore
Than the kynge beheelde hym faſte and ſaw he was paſſyngly well
by ſayed and well made of hys yerys Well ſeyde kynge Arthure vnto
Arpes the olde ſeide go feeche all thy ſones be fore me that I may ſe hem
and ſo the poore man did and all were they myche lyke the poore
man but Tore was nat lyke hym nor in ſhappe ne in countenaunce
for he was myche more than ony of them Now ſeyde kynge Arth
vnto the olde ſeide where ys the ſtrede he ſhall me made knyght to
all that ys here ſeyde Tore take hit oute of the ſtall ſeyde the kynge
and requyre me to make yon knyght // Than Tore alyght of hys
mare and pulled oute the ſtrede knelynge and requyrynge the kynge

to make hym knyght and that he made hym knyght of the table rounde
as for a knyght I wolle make you and there with smote hym in the
necke with the sworde be ye a good knyght and so I pray to god ye may
be and if ye be of prowes and worthynes ye shalle be of the table
rounde // Lo ay seyde Arthure Lo sethin thys Gawe shalle be a goode
man // yee hardely sir he ought to be a good man for he is com of gad
kynrede as ony on lyve and of kynges blode // Lo so sir seyd ye kynge
I shalle telle you seyde ay thys yonge man Arpes the coldeserde is nat his
fadir for he is no syble to hym ffor kynge Pellynore is his fadir I
suppose nat seyde the coldeserde // Wolle seeth thy wyll be forsene seyde ay
and she shalle nat se nay Anone the wyff was sette forth with a
fayre chaunwyff And there she answerde ay full womanly and
she tolde the kynge and ay that whan she was a mayde and went to
mylke hir kyne there mette with me a straunge knyght and hath be
force he had my maydynhode and at that tyme he begate my sonne
Gawe and he toke a ryng fro me my gaynyng that I had that tyme
with me and seyde he wolde kepe the gaynyng for my love and seyde
the coldeserde I went first had nat be thus but I may be fedde first
Wolle for he had nede no tacche of me Sir Gawe seyde unto ay dame
knowe nat my moder Sir seyde ay that is more for yo worshipe
than knowe for yonre fadir is a good knyght and a kynge and ye may
wyshe wolle adawnce you and yonre moder both for ye were begotyn
or ever she was wedded that is trouthe seyde the wyff that is the best
gyft unto me seyde the coldeserde So on the morne kynge Pellynore
com to the courte of kynge Arthure And he had grete joy of hym and
tolde hym of Sir Gawe how he was his sonne and how he had
made hym knyght at the requeste of the coldeserde whan kynge
Pellynore beheld Sir Gawe he pleased hym muche So the kynge
made Gawayne knyght with Sir Gawe was the firste he made at
that feste Wherat is the cause seyde kynge Arthure that is no place
voyde in the Sege Sir seyd ay there shalle no man sitte in no place
but they that shalle be moste of worshipe with in the Sege ageins the

ſchall nedow man ſitte but one and yff ȳ be ony ſo hardy to do hit he ſchall be deſtroyed And he that ſchall ſitte ȳ in ſchall have ne feldde And ȳ wt merlyon toke kynge pellinor by the honde and in that one haunde neyste the ȳ ſegge and the ſege yelonis he ſeyde in ozym andreus thys ȳ place for beſte ar ye worthy to ſitte ȳ mne of ow that here ye And there at had ſir Gawayne grete envy and tolde Gaherys hys brothir yonder kynght ys pute to grete reſpyte wherfor gredith me ſoye for he ſtrike ones fadir kynge lott there fore I wolle ſle hym ſeyde Gawayne wt a ſwerde that was ſette me that ȳ paſſynge trenchaunte // ye ſchall nat ſo ſeyde Gaherys at thys tyme for as nowe I am but ȳonge ſqwyre and vnkan I am made kynght I wolle be adventyred on hym And therefore brothir hit ys beſte to ſuffir tylle a noȳ tyme that we may hade hym onte of courte for and we and ſo we ſchall trouble thys hyze feſte I wolle well ſeyde Gawayne than was thys feſte made redy and ȳ kynge was wedded at Camelot vnto dame Gwenyvere in ȳ cheruche of ſeynte Stephyne worth grete ſolempnite than as eny man was ſette as hys degre aſked ad. wente to all the kynghtis of the rounde table and bade hem ſitte ſtylle that none of yow remeve for ye ſchall ſe a ſwounge and a meruaylous aduenture kynghtis ſo as they ſatte ȳ com remynge ſmne a wolfhyght rizte in to the halle and a wolfhyght bracket nexte hym and xxti couple of blacke remynge houndis com after with a grete cry and the hert wente a bonte the rounde table and as he wente by the ſyde houndis the bracket en bote hym by the buttocke and pulde onte a pece wherfore thoroȝ the herte lepe a grete lepe and on thrawe a kynght that ſatte at the ſyde houndis And therewith the kynght aroſe and toke vp the bracket and ſo wente forthe onte of the halle and toke hys horſe and rede hys way with the bracket Kynght ſo com in the lady on a wolfhyght paſſeyng and cryed aloude vnto kynge Arthure and ſeyd ſir ſuffir me nat to hade thys deſpite for the bracket ys myne that the kynght hath ladde away I may nat do ȳ wrth ſeyde the kynge So with thys ȳ com a kynght ridynge

all armed on a grete horse and tooke the lady a way vpon horse with hym and cri she cryed and made grete dole // And whan she was gone the kynge was gladde for she made such a noyse Nay seyde sir ye may nat lete hit so this adventure so hyghly for these adventures muste be brought to an ende other elles hit wolde be dishonshyp to you and to youre feste // Wolle seyde the kynge that all be done by yo advice Than he lette calle Sir Gawayne for he muste brynge a grayne the wyghtest horse Also ye muste lette calle Sir Ector for he muste brynge a gray the bracchette and the kynghtes other elles ete hym // Also lette calle kynge Pellynor for he muste brynge a grayne the lady & the kynghtes other elles ete hym and these iij. kynghtes shall do nunayles adventures or they com a grayne Than were they called all iij as hit ye vnderstonde a fore and ony of them toke his charge and armed them swythe // But Sir Gawayne had the fyrste requeste and for fore we wolle be hymne at hym And so forthe in these wyse

Here begynnith the first batayle that Sir Gawayne dud after he was made Sir Gawayne rode more than a pace and Gaheris his // kynghtes brothir rode with hym in the stede of a squyre to do hym service So as they rode there sawe iij kynghtes fyghte on horse backe passynge fore So sir Gawayne and his brothir rode be tweyne them and asked them for what cause they fought so One of these kynghtes seyde We fyghte but for a symple matter for we iij be iij brethirne and be begotyn of o man and of o woman Alas seyde Sir Gawayne Sir seyde the elyst hym there com a wyghtest horte thre way thre same day and many houndis chaced hym and a wyghtest bracchett was after wey nexte hym and we vnderstood hit was an adventure made for the hyze feste of Arthure And there fore I wolde rade gone after to have wonne me worshyp And there my yongyst brothir seyde he wolde go after the harte for he was bygger kynght than I And for this cause we felle at debate and so we thought to preffe which of us was the bygger kynght // For soth thre ye a symple cause seyde Gawayne for vncouth men ye sholde debate with all and no brop with brothir

Therefore do be my counceyle other elles / Wolle I rede a do wt yon dothe
yf yelde yon to me And that ye go vnto kynge Arthure and yelde yon
vnto hys grace // Syr kynyght seyde the yonge brethirne we ar forwandred
and mycche blode shade we loste thorowe owre wylfulnes And yf fore
we wolde be lothe to shede a do wrothe yon // Than do as I wolle rede yon
do seyde Syr Gawayne we a gre to fulfylle youre wylle // But by wolde
I hatte we sey that we be thyder sente // ye may sey by the kynyght that
holdeth the queste of the sherte / Now what ys youre name seyde Gaw-
ayne / Syr my name ys Sedyns of the foreyste seyde the elder And my
name ys seyde the yongyer Bayan of the foreyste and so they departed and
wente to the kynges / comyn And Syr Gawayne foldded hys / queste And
as he foldded the sherte by the cry of the hodondis / doyn be foye hynd
there was a grete rydder and the harte swam on And as Syr Gawayn
wolde a foldded affter there stood a kynyght on the other syde And seyde
Syr kynyght com nat on after thys harte but yf yon wolle juste wt
me / I wolle nat fayle as for that seyde Syr Gawayne to foldde the
queste that I am / nne And so made hys / horse swyme ow the watir
and anone they gatte yr / stayres and cam to gyders / fulle harde But
Gawayne smote hym of hys horse and than he bade hym yelde hym
May seyde the kynyght nat so for ponze ye shede the batt of me on horsebak
I pray the bahaumte kynyght a lyght on foote and macche we to gyder
wyth owre swerdis / What ys youre name seyde Syr Gawayne Syr
my name ys Alardyne of the owte Ile / Than anythir dressed yr / shyldes
and smote to gyder / But Syr Gawayne smote hym so harde thorowe
the helme that hit wente to the brayne And the kynyght felle downe
dede a / seyde Saherys that was a myghty stroke of a ponge kynyght
Than Syr Gawayne & Saherys / foldded affter / yght so yf com a
kynyght owte of a chambir / wyth a swerde dredyn in hys honde and
told hym of the gray hownde / doyn in the / yght of Syr Gawayne and yf
remanente he chaced wyth hys swerde owte of the castell And wyth
he com a grayne he seyde a my wolle yght sherte me repentis yf yon

arte dede for my sothenesse lady gaff the to me and doeth gode / kepte the
and thy dethe shalle be dyre bought and / hyde and anone she wente
in to hyre chambre and armyd hym and com ovte ferselye And there
he mette with Sir Gawayne and he seyde vnto gode ye playne my
goldondys / wolde that ye had vrokyn youre angre vppon me rather
than vppon a dome beste Than seyde the knyght / gode a
wenged me on thy goldondys and so / went on the ov pon go / Than Sir
Gawayne alyght on foote and dressed hys shylde and stroke to gyrwes
my gestyly & clafe p shyldis and stroned p helmys & brake p habirbye
that p blo purled downe to p feete So at the laste Sir Gawayne smote
so harde that p knyght felle to the erthe and pan he cryed mey & yelded
hym and he sought hym as he was a gantyll knyght to sadde hys lyff
Thou shalt dey seyd Sir Gawayne for shrewde of my goldondys / wolle
make a mendys seyde the knyght to my power But Sir Gawayne
wolde no mey gode but vnlaced hys helme to gode strekyn of hys hede
Knyght so com hys lady ovte of a chambre and felle on hym and so he
smote of hyr hede by mysse fortune Alas seyde Gaherys that ye have
and shamefully done for that shame shalle neu frome you / Also ye shalle
gyff mey vnto them that asse mey for a knyght wonte mey ye wonte
ovte worshyp / So Sir Gawayne was sore a stoned of the dethe of this
fayre lady that he wyste nat what he dud and seyde vnto the knyght
a ryse / wolle gyff the mercy / Nay nay seyd the knyght / take no force
of thy mey nowe for pon thaste playne wt Sir Lony my lorde and my lady
that / lofed beste of alle erthly tynge aye sore repentith hit seyde Sir
Gawayne for / mevte the streyte vnto the Castell nowe p shalt go vnto kynge
Arthure and telle hym of thyne adventure and thow pon arte oncom
by the knyght that wente in the queste of the holy gest thayte / take no
force seyde the knyght wolle / hyde other dey but at the laste for feare
of dethe he swore to go vnto kynge Arthure and he made hym to beye
the one grehoonde & sore hym on hys horse and the op he hynde hym
What ye youre name seyde Sir Gawayne or ye depte my name ye
seyde the knyght Maunoure of the mayre and so he depted towarde

Camelot and Sir Gawayne went vnto the castell and made hym
redy to hye there all nyght and wolde haue don armed hym / What
wolle ye do sayde Gaheryes wolle ye warne yon in this contrey ye
may thynke ye shall many foes in this contrey he had no sonner
sayde the worde but ye com in my kynghtes well armed assayled
Sir Gawayne harde and sayde vnto hym yon nedy made kynghte
yon haste shamed thy kynghtode for a kynghte vnthe onte mercy
ye dishonowred also yon haste slayne a fayre lady to thy grete shame
vnto the worldys ende and yonte ye nat yon shalt haue grete nede of
mercy or yon dexte frome vs and there with one of them smote Sir
Gawayne a grete stroke that nygh he felle to the erthe and Ga-
heryes smote hym a grayne sore and so they were assayled on ye one
syde and on the other that Sir Gawayne and Gaheryes were in sonnte
of ye lyues and one with a bowe an archer smote Sir Gawayne
throwh the arme that gat grefed hym wonderly sore and as they
sholde haue bene slayne there com my fayre ladyes and be sonnt the
kynghtes of grace for Sir Gawayne and gaddir at the requeste of yes
ladyes they grith Sir Gawayne and Gaheryes ye lyues and made
them to yelde them as yoneres than Sir Gawayne & Gaheryes
made grete dole alas sayde Sir Gawayne my nayme grevith me
sore that I am lyke to be maymed and so made hys complaynte
pytevously So erly on the morne there com to Sir Gawayne one
of the my ladyes that had herd hys complaynte and sayd sir kynghte
what there [illegible] / Nay good / Why so hit ys
yonre owne defaute sayde the lady for ye haue done passynge sonte
for the slaynge of this lady the wolfych wolle be grete vylony vnto yon
But be ye nat of kynge Arthurs sayde the lady / yes truly sayde Syr
Gawayne / What ys yonre name sayde Sir lady for ye mnste telle or
ye passe skyre lady my name ys Sir Gawayne the kynghes son lotte of
Orkeney and my modir ys kynge Arthurs sister than ar ye nedely
vnto the kynge sayde the lady well sayde the lady I shall so spede for yon

that ye shalle ryde to go vnto kynge Arthure for hys lode and so she
dyde and tolde the iiij knyghtes how the prisonere was kynge Arthure
hadde And hys name ys Sir Gawayne kynge Lottis son of Orkeney
So they gaff hym lede and toke hym the sarde hede w^t hym be cause that
was in the queste And than they delyvde hym vnder this promysse p^t
he sholde bere the dede lady with hym on this mans hede of hers
was hanged a bowte hys necke and the hole body of hir he fore hym
on hys horse mane // Bycause so he rode forthe vnto Camelot And a none
as he was com eu^e vnto kynge Arthure that Sir Gawayne was
sworne to telle of hys adventure and howe he slewe the lady and howe
he wolde gyffe no mercy vnto the knyghte Wherefore thorowe the lady was
slayne Than the kynge and the quene were gretely displeased w^t Sir
Gawayne for the slaynge of the lady And there by ordynaunce of the
queene there was sette a queste of ladyes vppon Sir Gawayne and
they iuged hym for ev^e whyle he lyved he to be with all ladyes and to
fyght for hir quarels and en^e thert he sholde be curteyse and nev^e to
refuse mercy to hym that askith mercy Thus was Sir Gawayne sworne
vppon the iiij^or euu^e gelyfars that he sholde nev^e be a vengeable lady ne
vntrewe woman but yf he fyght for a lady and hys adu^sary fyghtith for
a nop And p^e endith the adventure of Sir Gawayne p^t he dyd at p^e mayage
of Arthure

When Sir Ector was redy he mounted vppon horse backe a-
rode after the knyghte with the bracchett And so as he rode
he mette with a Dwarff suddeynly that smote hys horse on p^e hede
with a staff that he reled backwarde hys speare lengthe Wolle dost
thou so seyde Sir Ector ffor thou shalt nat passe thys way but yf thou
iuste with yonder knyghte of the pauilions Than was Sir Ector
ware where were vij pauilions and grete spery stode onte and vij shyldes
hangynge on treys by the pauilions I may nott tarry seyd Sir Ector
for I am in a queste that I muste nedys folowe Than shalt nat passe

thys/ they seyde the Dwarff/ and therewth all he blew hys horne // Than
ꝑ com one armed on horsebacke and dressed hys shylde and com fast
towarde Sr Ector And than he dressed hym a redy shewd and so vaid
to gyders/ And Sr Ector bare hym frome hys horse and anone ꝑ knyght
yelded hym to hys mercy /But/ Sr/ shalle a felaw in yonder padylyon
that wolle shalle ado with yon a none he shalle be well com seyde ꝑ Ector
Than was he ware of a noy knyght comynge vnto ward ete rallyonde and
ecte of them dressed to of that mersayle that was to se/ /But/ ꝑ knyght
smote Sr Ector a grete stroke in myddys the shylde that he bare all
to shyverde And Sr Ector smote hym therow the shylde be nethe ꝑ
hit nere thorow the coste of the knyght but the stroke slew hym nat
And there with Sr Ector alyght and smote hym on the helme a gre
stroke and there with the knyght yelded hym and be sought hym of my
lyff well well seyde Sr Ector /But/ ye and youre fellaw muste go vnto
kynge Arthure and yelde yon prisoners vnto hym // /By whom shalle
ye se/ yat ye ar thyder sente/ ye shalle sey by the knyght that wente my
goeste of the knyght with the bracelette // Now what be yo ꝙ nam
seyde Sr Ector ay name yo/ seyde that one Sr Ꝓhelot of Langedoke
and my name yo/ seyde the other Sr Ꝓcetupace of Wynchilsee Now go ye
forthe seyde Sr Ector and god spede yon and me Than cam ꝑ Dwarff
and seyde vnto Sr Ector I pray yon gyff me my bone I well well seyde
Sr Ector aske and ye shalle have I aske no more seyde the Dwarff but ꝑ
ye wolle suffre me to do yon self my self for I well fyne no more yeraunte
knyghtes I well take an horse seyde Sr Ector and ryde one wt me
ffor I wote seyde the Dwarff ye ryde after the knyght with the bloody
bracelette and I shalle bringe yon where he yo seyde the bracelette the
Dwarff and so they rode thorow out a forest and at the laste they
were ware of .iij. padylions/ down by a playne and that one shylde
was endewed with redy gyght and that other shylde was rede Than ꝙ
Sr Ector alyght and toke the Dwarff hys sworde glayve and so
he com to the redy gyght padylion he slew .iij. damesels lye in bed
on a paylette slepynge and so he wente vnto the toy padylyon

and fonnde a lady lyynge in hir slepynge but there was the worshyp-
fullest bracelett that ever sawe ye fore and than Sir Torre toke vp the bra-
celette and wente hys way and toke hit to the Knyghtes and vnto the
noyse the lady com onte of the pavilion and all hir damesels sayde
Wolle ye take my bracelette fro me ye seyde Sir Torre this bracelett
have I wonnyn fro a knyghte Arthures comte hydyr and yf ye
Sir knyghte ye shalle nat go fro me but that ye wolle be mette
with and fyghte with me but a tyde whyle adventure that comyth by the
grace of god and so mownted vppon hys horse and passed on hys
way toward Camelot but hit was so nere nyghte the nyghte nat passe
but lytell further. Knowe ye any lodgyng here nye seyde Sir Torre
I knowe none seyde the Knyght but here be hydys ye an ermytage fe
there ye muste take lodgyng as ye fynde and vnto hym a whyle ye
com they com to the hermytage and toke suche lodgyng as was poyr
and as grasse and otes and brede for yr horses some hit was stedde
and full harde was yr lonys but there they rested them all nyghte
tylle on the morne and herde a masse deuowtely and so toke yr leve
of the hermyte And so Sir Torre prayde the hermyte to pray for hym
And he seyde he wolde and he toke hym to god and so mownted vppon
horse backe And rode toward Camelot a longe whyle So vn to yt they
herde a knyghte calle vnto that com after them and seyde knyghte
a tyde and yelde my bracelette that ye toke fro me my lady Sir Torre
vetwened a grayne and he hielde hym stylle for he was a semely knyghte
and well horsed and armed at all poynte than Sir Torre dressed
hys shylde and toke hys glayve in hys honde and so they cam forsely
on as fyersshe men and droffe both horse and man to the erthe a-
none they arose lyghtly and drewe hys swerdis as egerly as lyons
and yode yr shyldis before them and smote thorow yr shyldys vn to the
auntels felle on bothe sydes Also they tamed yr hedmys that the
hote blode ran onte and the throte mayles of yr hedpeces they
cuffe and roffe in sondre that yr hote blode ran to the erthe And

bothe

bottle they had many wounds and were passinge weery Then ſ Torre
aſpyed that ſ tother knyght fainted and then he ſadled faſte vpon
hym and doubled hys ſtrokis and ſtroke hym to the erthe on the one
ſyde Then Sir Torre bade hym yelde hym // That wolle I nat ſeyde
Abellenus whyle I laſte and the lyff and the ſonle in my body onles ſ pon
Wolde geff me the bracelette That wolle I nat ſeyde Sir Torre for hit
was my queſte to bringe a grayne the bracelette yee of bothe with
that cam a dameſell ridinge on a palfrey as faſte as ſhe myght
dryve and cryed with lowde voice vnto Sir Torre What wolle ye do
me ſeyde Sir Torre I be ſeche the ſeyde the dameſell for kynge Arthurs
love gyff me a gyfte I graunte the ſaunſill knyght as pon erthe a ſaunſill
man // Now ſeyde Sir Torre aſke a gyfte and I wolle gyff hit you //
Graunte me ſeyde the dameſell Now I aſke the hede of this falſe
knyght Abellenus for he is the moſte ontrayeous knyght ſ I wotte
and the grettiſt murtherer // I am lothe ſeyde Sir Torre of ſ gyfte
I hade gyven you but lette hym make a mendys in that he hathe
trespaſſed a grayne you // Now ſeyde the dameſell I may nat I may
nat for he ſlewe myne owne brothir be fore myne yzen that was
a bettir knyght than he and he had had grace and I kneled halfe
an owre be fore hym in the myre ſo to ſaunſſe my brothirs lyff that
had done hym no damage but fowght with hym by adventure of
armys And ſo for all that I conde do he ſtrake of hys hede with fore
ſaid // I require the ſir ſon arte a hedy knyght to gyff me my gyfte
other elles I ſhall ſhame the in all the courte of kynge Arthure
for he is the ſaffyſte knyght kynge and a grete deſtroyer of men ſ
namely of good knyghtis. So whan Abellyus herde that he was more
a ferde and pelded hym and aſked mercy // I may nat nolde ſeyde Sir
Torre but I ſholde be founde falſe of my promyſe for ever while I lyve and
I wolde ſhame tame you to my ſelfe nolde none aſke but iff ye had the
bracelett a grayne that was my queſte And therewith he toke off
his helme and therewith he arose and ſtedde and Sir Torre aſſay

hym and smote of hys hede quyte Now sir seyde the damesell hyt ys
nere my gyft I pray you com and lodge with me here by at my place
I wolle wele seyde Sir Torre for my horse and I hade fared all day
ere departed from Camelot and so he rode w^t hem and had passynge good
chere with hir and she had a passyng fayre olde knyght vnto hir hus-
bande that made hym good chere and well eased both hys horse & hym
and on the morne herde hys masse and brake hys faste and toke hys
leve of the knyght and of the lady that hym taught hym to telle hys name
Truly he seyde my name ys sir Torre that was late made knyght and
hys was the fyrste queste of armys that endyed to bringe a fayne
that ys knyght Abelleus take a way from kynge Arthurs courte
Now fayre knyght seyde the lorde and the lady and ye com here in one
mayshys he shall have yowre bodyngs and hit shall be all wayes at
yowre commaundemente So Sir Torre departed and com to Camelot on
the thrid day by none And the kynge and the quene and all the courte
was passynge fayne of hys comynge and made grete joy that he was
com a fayne for he wente from the courte w^t full fewe And but as
kynge Pellynor hys fadir gaff hym an olde courser And kynge Arth
gaff hym armys and sherde or ellis had he none of suche But rode so
forthe hym self alone And than the kynge and the quene by Aglions
advice made hym shewe to telle of hys adventures and so he tolde and
made prevy of hys dedys as hit ys be fore rehersed Where fore the
kynge and the quene made grete joy Nay nay seyde Ag. thys ys but
Japis that he hath do for he shall prove a noble knyght of prowes as
ever was kynge and Jantyll and curteyse and of good tacchys & passyng
trede of hys gamyse and new shall he oute vase Where thorow
Merlions worde kynge Arthure gaff an fyledom of londs that
falle vnto hym And here endith the queste of Sir Torre kynge
Pellynors Some

Than kynge Pellynore armed hym and mounted vpon
hys horse and rode more than a pace after the lady / the knyght
had a way and as he rode in a forayste he sawe in a valey a dame sette sitte
by a welle and a wounded knyght in her armys and kynge Pellynor
salewed hir And whan she was ware of hym she cryed on lowde and
seyde sirre me knyght forsake yo sake // Bute kynge Pellynore wolde
nat tarry he was so egir in hys queste and ever she cryed an C tymes
after sirre // whan she saw he wolde nat a byde she prayde vnto god
to sende hym as nyghe nede of sirre as she had and that the myght
feele that or he deyed So as the booke telleth the knyght there deyed that
was wounded Where fore for pure sorow the lady slewe hir self // W
hys sworde as kynge Pellynore rode in that valey he mette with a poore
man a labrer wyche seyde sadnyst vpon ony knyght ryding yes way
ledyng a lady // ye sir seyde the man I saw that knyght and the lady that
made grete dole And yonder be nere in a valey there shall ye se .vi. pavi
lions And one of the knyghtis of the pavilions chalenged that lady of
that knyght and sh seyde she was hys / Ose nere where fore he sholde
lede hir no further And so they waged batayle in that quarell that
one seyde he wolde lede hir by force and that other seyde he wold lede
the vnke of hem for he was hir kynesman and wolde lede hir to hys
kynne so for this quarell he lefte hem fyghtynge And as ye walk ryde a
pace ye shall fynde them fyghtynge and the lady was lefte with .vi. squyers
in the pavilions / God thanke the seyde kynge Pellynor than he rode
a lytell tylle he had a syght of the .vi. pavilions and then knyghtys
fyghtynge and anone he rode vnto the pavilions and salw the lady
wyche she was there for she was hys queste and seyde fayre lady ye
must go with me vnto the courte of kynge Arthure Sir knyght seyde
the .vi. squyres yonder ar .vi. knyghtis that fyght for this lady // Go ye pry
and dryve them and be ye agreed with them and than may ye have
hir at yonre plesure // ye sey welle seyde kynge Pellynor and anone
he rode be twyne them and departed them and asked pem for cause why

they sought // Sir knyght seyde that one I shall telle you this lady is my
systes woman wyf my auntes doughtir And whan I herde hir complayne
that she was with thym magre hir hede I waged batayle to fyght with thym
Sir knyght seyde this other knyghtes name was Ontelake of Westerlonde and
this lady I gate be my prowesse of handis and armys this day at Arthurs
court Than is nat trewe seyde kynge Pellynor for ye come in suddeynly I
was nyg at the hyze feste and toke away this lady or ony man
myght make them redy And therefore that was my quarell to brynge her
a gayne and yon knyght this other ellis + one of vs to lese his lyfe
this lady shall go with me other I shall dye for hir for so hadde I promysed
kynge Arthur and therefore fyght ye no more for none of you shall have
ado at this tyme And if ye hyt for to fyght for hir with me I will
defende hir // Well seyde the knyght make you redy and we shall assayle
you with all owre power And as kynge Pellynor wolde have put his
horse from hym Sir Ontelake rosshe his horse through with a sworde &
seyde nowe art thou a foote as well as we // Whan kynge Pellynore
aspyed that his horse was lyghtly he lepe from his horse and drewe out
his swerde and yode his shylde a fore hym and seyde knyght kepe the well
for yon shall have a busshette for the sleynge of my horse So kynge Pellynor
gaff hym such a strooke upon the helme that he claue the hede downe to
the chyne and felle downe to the erthe dede Than he twened hym to the o
knyght that was sore wounded but Whan he sawe that busshette he dorste
not fyght but kneled downe and seyde take my cosyn this lady with you
as yo yonre gueste and I requyre you as ye be a trewe knyght yet hir
to no shame nor vylony // What seyde kynge Pellynore Will ye not
fyght for hir // No seyde the knyght I will not fyght with such a knyght
of prowes as ye be // Well seyde kynge Pellynore I promyse you she
shall have no vylany by me as I am trewe knyght but now me wantis
an horse seyde kynge Pellynor but I will have Ontelakis horse Sir
ye shall not nede seyde the knyght for I shall gyffe you such an horse as
shall please you so that ye will lodge with me for this yo nere myght
I will well seyde kynge Pellynore a byde with you all myght and yf he had

with hym vij gode knyghtes and saved of the beste with passyng good horne and had myrry reste that nyght And on the morne the hayde masse and dyned And so was browght hym a fayre hay courser And kynge Pellynore sadyll sette vpon hym Now what shalle calle yon seyde the knyght yn as much as ye shade my Cosyn at yonre desyre of yonre ayeste Sir I shalle telle yon my name ys kynge Pellynore kynge of the Iles & knyght of the table rownde Now am I glad seyde the knyght that such a noble man shulde shame the vnkle of my Cosyn Now what ys yonre name seyde kynge Pellynore I pray yon telle me Sir my name ys Sir Aglaye de logures and this lady my Cosyn hir name ys called Nenyve And this knyght that was in the ordynaunce was my sworne brothir a passynge good knyght And hys name ys Brysen of the Iles and he ys full lothe to do ony wronge or to fyght with ony man but if he be sore sowght on hit ys merveyle seyde kynge Pellynore he wolde nat shame a do with me Sir he wolle nat shame a do with no man but if hit be at hys requeste I pray yon bringe hym to the courte one of thes dayes seyde kynge Pellynore Sir we wolle com to gydrs ye shalle be welcom seyde kynge Pellynore to the courte of kynge Arthur and ye shalle be gretely avaunced for yonre comynge And so he departed vnto the lady and browght hir to Camelot But so as they rode in a valey hit was full of stonys and there the ladyes horse stumbled & threwe hir downe and hir arme braste sore bysyde that nere honde she swouned for payne Alas seyde the lady my name ys Lonete of lythe where pouder I must nedys reste me Ye shalle well seyde kynge Pellynore and so he alyght vndir a tre where was fayre grasse and he vnbrydyll his horse & to and so rested them vndir the tre and slepte tylle hit was myd nyght and whan he awoke he wolde have ridden forthe but the lady seyde ye may nat well ryde bakwarde as forwarde hit ys so derke So they abode stylle and made ther bedgynge Than kynge Pellynore put of hys armoure that so a lytell fore mydnyght they herde a trottynge of an horse Be stylle seyde kynge Pellynore for me thynke I

som aduenture and there dʳ the armed kyng // So ryght doyn he forth
kyng there mette ij kynyght that one com frō warde Camelot And the
othir com from the northe and eyr salewed or and asked what tydyngs
at Camelot seyde that one kynyght // Be my rede thow shalt ryde and
aspie the cowrte of kynge Arthure and there ys such a felyshyp þ̄ they
may nevir be brokyn And well myze all the world holdyth wᵗ Arthure
for there ys the floure of chevalry and nowe for thys cause am I rydyn
in to the northe to telle owre chyfftaynes of the felyshyp that ys wᵗ
holdyn with kynge Arthure as for that seyde the othir kynyght I shall
bryngyth a remedy with me that ys the grettist poyson þ̄ on ys shalde
speke off And to Camelot wolde I with hit for we shall a fronde
ryght myghty the kynge Arthur chervyshed that shall poyson kynge Arthur
for so hath he promysed owre chyfftaynes and vetayled gre gyffts for
to do hit // Be leve seyde the othir kynyght of Sylion for he kndyrstode
all thyngs by the devyllis craffte As for that wolde I nat lette seyde þ
kynyght and so they departed in sondir And anone after that kynge
Pellynor made hym redy and hys lady and rode toward Camelot and
as they com by the deelle there as the wownded kynyght rode and the lady
there he fownde the kynyght and the lady etyn with hym and or he wyste
hym self all sadde the sede // Wherfore sore he made grete sorow and wepte
passyngly sore and seyde alas thys dyffnyght I shalde salved hit I had
so ferre in my cheste that I wolde nat a tyde // Wherfore sore make ye such
doole seyde the lady I wote nat seyde kynge Pellynore but my cheste
wryth sore of the deth of thys that hyeth yondir for she was a passyng
fayre lady and a yonge // Dame wolde ye do by myne advise take þ̄ kynyght
and lette them be enbrced in an Hermytage and than take þ̄ ladyes
sede and bere hit with you vnto kynge Arthure So kynge Pellynor
toke thys dede kynyght on hys shyld and brought them to the Hermytage
and chargyd the Hermyte with the corse that syche shalde be done
for hym and take ye yo thys harneyse for youre payne // hit shall
be done seyde the Hermyte as I wolde answere to god And þ̄ with they

dexted and com there as the lady lay with a fayre paleffrey ꝑ ꝓvided
kynge Pellynore passynge sore whan he loked on hit for much hys
herte caste vnto that dyssyse And so by noone they com vnto Camelot
And the kynge and the quene was passyng fayne of hys comynge to
the cowrte and there he was made to sweye vpon the mꝭ cim̃ghtly
to telle the trouthe of hys queste frome the one ende to that oꝺ A kynge
Pellynor seyde quene Gwenyvꝰ ye were gretly to blame that ye sadred
nat thys ladyes hyll Madam seyde kynge Pellynore ye were gretely
to blame and ye wolde nat sadde youre owne hyll and ye myght
But sall youre dyssplesure was so fuerpons m̃ my queste ꝑ I wolde
nat a byde and that repentis me and shall do dayes of my lyff
Trwly ye ought sore to repente hit seyde ay for that lady was youre
owne doughter be gotyn of the lady of the lake and that kynght ꝑ was
dede was hir fadre and sholde hadde wedded hir and he was a ryght
good kynght of a yonge man and wolde a ꝓved a good man ẽ to ꝑ
cowrte was he cõmynge and hys name was Sir Aggres of ꝑ Lundis
and a kynght com be hymde hym and slew hym with a spere and hys
name was Tarquyne le sadreage a false kynght and a dyssherde and
she for grete sorowe and dole slew hir self with hir sherde and hir
name was Alyne and be cause ye wolde nat a byde and helpe hir
ye shall se youre beste frende fayle you when ye be in the grettist dis
tresse that en ye were oth̃r shall be and that penaunce god hath
ordayned you for that dede that he ꝑ ye shulde truste moste on of any
man on lyve he shall take you there ye shall be slayne aye forthyn
kith hit seyde kynge Pellynor ꝑ me shall me be tyde but god may
well for do destany Thus whan the queste was done of ꝑ holygrayle
kynge the holygrayl folowed Sir Gawayne and the queste of ꝑ bryght
holygrayl folowed Sir Tore kynge Pellynors son And the queste of ꝑ
lady that the kynghte to be a dray with at that tyme folowed kynge
Pellynor than the kynge stablyssed all the kynghtes and stuff pend
ynge sesse and londys and charged them nen to do outerage nor more

and all wayes to ſtande reſon And to gyff my dome vnto hym that aſkith my
doome vpon payne of forfeture of worſhip and lordſhip of kynge Arthure
for dowt mowe and all wayes to do ladyes damoſels and jantilwo-
men and wyddowes ſtrengthe ſtond in thy rygth and nede to enforce
them vpon payne of dethe Alſo that no man take no kattayles ne
wronge fulle gaweld for no lade ne for no worldis goodis So vnto
thys were all kynghtis ſworne of the table rounde both olde & yonge
And euery yere ſo were thee ſworne at the fyrſte feſte of Pentecoſte

Explicit the weddyng of kyng Arthur

So after thes quests of Syr Gawayne Syr Ector and kynge Pellynore tyll that he felle that Merlyon felle in dotage on the damesell that kynge Pellynore brought to courte and she was one of the damesels of the lady of the lake that hyght Nenyve But Merlion wolde nat lette her have ne reste but alle wayes he wolde be with her And ell she made hym good chere tylle she had lerned of hym all maner of thyng that she desyred and he was assoted vpon her that he myght nat be from her So on a tyme he tolde to kynge Arthure that he shold nat endure longe but for all his crafft he shold be putte in to the erthe quyck and so he tolde the kynge many thyngis that shold be falle but alle wayes he warned the kynge to kepe well his swerde and the scawberde shold be stolyn by a woman fro me hym that he moste trusted Also he tolde kynge Arthure that he shold mysse hym And yett had ye lever than all youre londis have me a gayne Sayde the kynge syn ye knowe of youre evil aduenture purvey for hit and putte hit a way by youre crafft that mysse aduenture happende hym hit wolde not be he departed fro me the kynge And vp on a whyle the damesell of the lake departed and Merlyon went vp her ennone where som ell she yeode and ofttyme hym wolde have had the prevaylyd a way by his subtyle crafft Than she made hym to swere that she shold neu do none vnfaumtemente vpon her yf he wolde have his will And so he swore Than she and Merlyon wente on yll see vn to the londe of Benwyke there as kynge Ban was kynge that had grete warre a yenste kynge Claudas And there he frabe vn kynge Bayard wyff a fayre lady and a good yonge name was Elayne And there he sawe yonge Launcelot And there the queene made grete sorowe for the mortal warre that kynge Claudas made on her londis Than

none gedyneſſe ſeyde ih. for this ſame cȳlde ȳonge launce-
lot ſhalle wt in this yere revenge yow on kyng Claudas
that all cryſtendom ſhalle ſpeke of hit and this ſame cȳlde
ſhalle be the moſte man of worſhip of the worlde and his
fyrſt name yo Galahad that I know I welle ſeyde ih. and
fyn ye ſhalle conferme hym launcelot that is trouthe ſeyde
the queene his name was fyrſt Galahad and Ayerlyon ſeyde
the queene ſhalle I lyve to ſe my ſon ſuche a man of prowſſe. yee
gentyl lady on my pelle ye ſhalle ſe hit and lyve many wyn
tres after. Than ſone after the lady and ih. departed and by
weyes ſhe ſhewed hir many wondyrs and ſo come into Cor
mayle and all wayes ſhe lay a boute to ſhame hir mayden
hode and ſhe was en paſſynge wery of hym and wolde
have bene delyvde of hym for ſhe was a ferde of hym for
cauſe ſhe was a devyls ſon and ſhe cowde not be ſkyſte of
of hym by no meane And ſo one a tyme Ayerlyon ded ſhew
hir in a roche where as was a grete wondir and wrought
by enchauntement that went vndir a grete ſtone. So bythe
ſubtyle worchyng ſhe made ih. to go vndir that ſtone to latte
hir wete of the mayles there but ſhe wrought ſo there for by
that he come nevr onte for all the crauſte ſhe cowde do and ſo
ſhe departed and leffte ih. And as kyng Arthure rode to Camme-
lot and helde there a grete feſte wt myrthe and joy And
ſone after he returned vnto Cardolle and p̄ come vnto Ar-
thure nelbe tydyngs that the kyng of Dennarbe and the
kyng of Iwelonde that was his brothir and the kyng of p̄e
wale and the kynge of Sorleyſe and the kyng of p̄e Ile of
longtaynſe all theſe v. kyngs wt a grete oſte was entrude in
to the londis of kyng Arthure and brent and ſlewe and diſ
troyed clene by fore hem bothe p̄e cuteis and caſtels that hit
was pite to here Alas ſeyde Arthure yet had I nevr reſte

one monethe syne / was kyng crowned of thys londe / now
shall / ned reste tylle / mete wt thy kynges / in a fayre felde
that / make myne a vow for my trwe kyege people shall
nat be destroyed / in my defaute yͤ fore go wt me who so
wolle and a byde who that wylle / Than kyng Arthure
lette wrvte vnto kyng Pellynor and prayde hym in all
haste to make hym redy wt such people as he myght
lyghtlyeste arere and to hyze hym after in haste. Than
all the barownes were wrothe prevaylyng that pe kynge
wolde depte so suddaynly but the kynge by no meane wolde
a byde but made wrytyng vnto them that were nat ther
and bade hyze them after hym such as were nat at that
tyme at that courte. Than the kynge come to quene
Gwenyu and seyde vnto her madame make you redy for
ye shall go wt me for / may nat longe mysse you ye shall
cause me to be the more hardy what aventure so be falle
me zette wolle / nat wryte my lady to be m uo soupar ye
Sir she seyde / am at youre comaundemente and shall be
redy at all tymes / So on yͤ morne the kyng and yͤ quene
depted wt such felyshyp as they had and come in to yͤ northe
in to a forveste he syde Humbir and there lodged them
So whan this worde come vnto the v kyngs a lowyn
seyde pt Arthure was be syde Humbir in a foreste. So
there was a knyght brought vnto one of yͤ v kyngs that
hatte hem such counseyle. ye knowe well that Sir Arthur
hath the flowre of chevalry of the worlde wt hym and
hath preved by the grete bataylle he did wt the .vj. kyngs
and there fore hyze ze vnto hym nyght and day tylle that
we be nyze hym for the lenger he tarryeth the bygger

ge is and we all the wyster and ge is so corageous of hym
self that ge is cond to the felde wt lytyll people and there
fore lette vs sette vppon hym or day and we shall slee dow
ne of his knyghtes that none shall helpe hym self Goo
vnto this counseyle these .v. kynges assented and so they passed
forth wt his oste thorow north walys and come vppon
Arthure be nyght and sette vppon his oste as the kynge
and his knyghtes were in there pauylyons So kynge
Arthure was warmed and leyde hym to reste wt his
quene Gwenyuere Sir seyde sir Bayuus it is nat best
we be vnarmed we shall haue no nede seyde Sir Gala
ne and Sir Gryffletz ye lay in a lytyll pauylyon by the
kynge So wt that they harde a grete noyse & many
cryed treson Alas seyde Arthure we be betrayed vnto
our mys felowys than he cryed So they were armed a
none at all poyntes Than come ye a wounded knyght
vnto the kynge and seyde Sir sawe youre self and my
lady the quene for oure oste is destroyed and slayne is
mych of oure people So anone the kynge and ye quene
and the .vj. knyghtes tobe his horses and rode toward
kamlu to passe ouer it and the water was so rowhe ye
they were afeyde to passe ouer it Now may ye chose
seyde kynge Arthure whether ye wolle abyde and take
the aduenture on this syde for and ye be taken they will
slee you yet were me leuf to dey in this water than to
falle in youre enemyes handis Seyde the quene and
there to be slayne And as they stode talkyng Sir
Bayuus sawe the .v. kynges comynge on horsebak by hem

selfe alone wyth his speyre / Sir Gawdis alyn towarde them / Lo seyde Sir Kayus yondir be the .v. kynges lette vs go to them and macche them / That were foly seyde Sir Gallayne for we ar but .iij. and they be fyve / That no tronth seyde Sir Grysslette no force sayd sir Kayus I wolle vndir take for .ij. of the beste of them and thou may ye .iij. vndir take for all the othir .iij. / And there w^t^ all Sir Kay lette his horse renne as faste as he myghte to encounter w^t^ one of them and stroke one of y^e^ kynges thorow the sheelde and also the body a fadom that y^e^ kynge felle to the erthe starke dede / That sawe Sir Gallayne and ran vnto a nothir kynge so harde that he smote hym downe and thorow the body w^t^ a speare that he felle to the erthe dede / Than Sir Grysslet ran to y^e^ .iij. kynge and gaff hym such a falle that his necke brake in sondir / Anone Sir Arthure ran to and othir and smote hym thorow the body w^t^ a speare that he felle to the erthe dede / Than Sir Kay ran vnto the .v. kynge and smote hym so harde on the helme that the stroke clave the helme and hede to the erthe. / That was well stryken seyde kynge Arthure and worshipfully haste y^t^ holde thy promysse therefore I shalle honoure the whyle that I lyve. And there w^t^ all they sette the quene in a barge in to Humbir. But all wayes quene Gwenyuere prayed Sir Kay for his dedis and seyde What lady that ye love and she love you natt a gayne she were grette blame and a mouge all ladyes seyde the quene I shalle bere yo^r^ noble fame for ye spake a grete worde and fulfylled hit worshipfully / And y^t^ w^t^ the quene depted / Than the kynge and the .iij. kynghtis rode in to the forrete for there they supposed to here of them that were astyrt

and there sonnde ꝑ moste ꝑty of his peple and tolde hem how ꝑ moste ꝑty of ꝑ .v. kyngs were dede and there for lette vs holde vs to gedyr̄ tyll hit be day And whan hit ofte came aspyed that ꝑ cristeynes be slayne they wolde make such dole that they shalde nat helpe hem self. And ryght as the kynge seyde so hit was ffor whan they fonde the .v. kyngs dede they made such dole that they falle downe of there horsis And there wt all cond̄ sir kyng Arthur but wt a fewe peple and sleave on the ryght honde and the lysste honde that welny ye ꝑ escaped no man but all were slayne to ꝑ nomb̄r of xxx̄ti ml. And whan ꝑ batayle was all ended the kynge kneled downe and thanked god meekely And than he taryed there for ꝑ quene And anone she was cond̄ and made grete joy of ꝑ and̄ comynge of ꝑ batayle There wt all come one to kynge Arthure and tolde hym that kynge Pellynore was wt sir .m. mylle wt a grete ost and seyde go vnto hym and let hym vnderstonde how we have spedde. So wt in a whyle kynge Pellynore cond̄ wt a grete ost and saleved the peple of the kynge and there was grete joy on ey̆ syde. Than the kynge let serch how many peple he had slayne and there was fonnde but lytyll paste .x. C. men slayne and .vij. kyngis of the table vonnde in ꝑ pauylyons Than the kynge lete rere and dobyse in the same place there as the batayle was done and made a fayre abbay t endelved hit wt grete lybelode and lete calle hit the abbay of La dale adventure but whan som of them come in to there contrayes ꝑ as the .v. kyngs were kyngs and tolde hem how they were slayne there was made grete dole. And all the kynge Arthurs enemyes as the kynge of Northgalis and the kyng of the northe hevde of this batayle they

were passynge gely and so p[ar]tynge retourned vnto Camelot/ in haste and whan he was come to Camelot/ and he called kyng Pellynore vnto hym and seyde ye vnderstonde well/ that/ we haue loste .vij. knyghtes of p[ar]este of the table romde and by youre adwyse we muste chose vnj. knyght of p[ar]este we may fynde in this courte Sir seyde Pellynore I shall counsayle yow after my conceyte the beste wyse Ther are in youre courte fulle noble knyghtes both of olde and yonge and be myne advyse ye shalle chose halfe of the olde and halfe of the yonge/ whych be the olde seyde kynge Arthure Sir me semyth/ kynge Vrpeance that hath wedded youre Syster Morgan le fay and the kynge of the lake. and Sir Gervyse de Nevell a noble knyght. and Sir Galagars the sonne. Thies ben well/ dayrsed seyde Arthure and ryght/ so shalle hit be Now whyche are the .iij. yonge knyghtes Sir the fyrste is Sir Gawayne youre nevew that/ is as good a knyght of his tyme as is ony in this londe And the secunde as me semyth/ beste is Sir Gryfflette le fyse de du that/ is a good knyght/ and full/ desyrous in armys/ And whan may he hym lyve he shall/ preve a good knyght. And the thirde as me semyth/ yet/ well/ worthy to be one of the table romde Sir kay the Senestiall/ for many tymes hath/ done full/ worshipfully. and now at youre laste batayle he did full/ honorably for to vndirtake to sle .v. kynges Be my fede seyde Arthure ye sey sothe he is beste worthy to be a knyght of romde table of ony that/ is reserved yet. And he had done no more prowesse this tyme dayes/ Now seyde kynge Pellynore chose yon of .v. knyghtes that/ I shall/ neve[n] whyche is moste worthy of Sir Bagdemagus or Sir Ywayn my son but/ for be cause he is my son I may not/

prayse hym but ellys and he were nat my son I must
say that of his age he is nat in this londe a bett bygger
than he is nor of better condycions and lothe to do ony wro
nge and lothe to take ony wronge // Be my fede seyde
Arthure he is a passyng good knyght as ony ye spake of
this day that wote I well seyde the kynge for I dare
sewe hym probed but he seythe but lytil but he dothe muche
more for I knowe none in all this counte and he were
as well borne on his modir syde as he is on youre syde
that is lyke hym of prowesse and of myghte And therefore
I wolle have hym at this tyme and leve Sir Bagdemag
gus tylle a nothir tyme // So whan they were chosyn by
the assent of the bavons To were there founden in hir
Segis eny bygger name pt here ar reherced and so were
they sette in hir Segis where of Sir Bagdemagus tylle
a nothir tyme was wondirly wrothe that Sir Gor was
avaunced afore hym and therefore soddenly he depted
frome pe counte and tobe his squyre wt hym and rode
longe in a foreste tylle they come to a crosse and there he
alyghte and seyde his prayers devoutely The meane
whyle his squyre founde writyn vppon the crosse that
Bagdemagus sholde nevir retourne vnto the counte a
gayne tylle he had wone a bygger of the table rounde
body for body // Loo seyde his squyer here I fynde writyng
of you therefore I rede you returne a gayne to pe court
That shalle I nevir seyde Bagdemagus tylle nevir spebe of
me ryght grete worship and that I be worthy to be a
bygger of pe rounde table // And so he rode forth there
by the way he founde a chaunce of holy hurbe that was
the figure of the Sancgreall and no bygger founde no
fucre tobyng but he were a good lyver and a man of

ꝓvesse. So as Sir Bagdemagꝰ rode to se many Adven-
tures So yt̄ happed hym to come to the rocke there as
the lady of the lake had put .iij. vnder ꝑ stone and there
he garde hym make a grete dole where fore Sir Bag-
demagus wolde gane holpyn hym and wente vnto ꝑe
grete stone and yt̄ was so gete that an hondred men
myght nat lyfte yt̄ vp. Whan Ayerlyon wyste that
he was ꝑ he bade hym leve yt̄ labourre for all was in
vayne for he myght nat be holpyn but by yt̄ ger that put
hym there and so Bagdemagus depted and did many
adventures and preved after a full good knyght & come
ayen to the courte and was made knyght of the rounde
table. So on the morne there be felle new tydyngis
and many other adventures

Than yt̄ be felle that Arthure and many of
his knyghtes rode on huntynge in to a grete fo
reste and yt̄ happed bynge Arthure and bynge
Bryence and Sir Accalon of Galle folowed a grete
harte. for they .iij. were well horsed and so they chaced
so faste that wt̄in a whyle they .iij. were more than
myle from her felyshep and at the laste they chaced so
fove that they slewe yt̄ horses vndr̄ hethe them and the
horses were so fine that they felle downe dede. Than we
we all .iij. on foote and en they saw the harte be fove them
passynge wery and inbeced. What shall we do seyde
bynge Arthure we ar harde be stadde lette vs go on foote
seyde bynge Bryence tyll we may mete wt̄ some lodgyng
Than were they ware of the harte that lay on a gre
mat̄ banke and a bracchette bytyng on his throte & mo
other houndis come after. Than bynge Arthure blewe
the pryce and dyght the harte. Than the bynge loked

a boute the worlde and sawe be fore hym in a grete wat
a lytyll shippe all apparayled wt sylke downe to the watr
and the shippe cam ryght vnto them and landed on the
sandis. Than Arthure went to the bawbe and lokyd in
and sawe none erthely creature there in. Thys seyde
the bynge com thens and let vs se what is in this shippe
So at the laste they went in to the shippe all .iij. at ones
and ryght ryche ly be ganged wt clothe of sylke. So by that tyme
they was dwyne nyght there suddenly was a boute them
an C. torchis sette vppon all the shippe bordis and ryght
gastly grete lyght and there wt all there come .iij. fayre
damesels and salued kynge Arthure on the knes and
called hym be his name and seyde he was ryght welcom
and sucke there as they had he sholde gane of the
beste than the bynge thanked them fayre. There with
all they ledde the bynge and his feleshyp in to a fayre
chambir and there was a clothe leyde ryche ly be seyne
of all that longed to a table and there were they serued
of all wynes and metys that they conde thynke of.
But of that the bynge had grete merwayle for he
wend sawes bettir in his lyfe as for one souper. And
so whan they had souped at ther leyser bynge Arthure
was lad in to a chambir a ryche ly be sene chambir sawe
he new none. And so was bynge Ywayne sewed & lad
in to suche a nothir chambir. And Sir Accolon was lad
in to the thirde chambir passyng ryche ly and well be
sayne and so were they leyde in ther beddis easyly. And a
none they felle on slepe and slepte merwaylously sore
all the nyght. And on the morne bynge Ywayne was
in Camelot a bedde in his wyndes & myn dame morgan le fay
and whan he woke he had grete merwayle how he com

there for on the dyn before he was .v. dayes journey
from Camelot and whan kyng Arthure a whyle he
sounde hym self and the preson kepyng a boute hym
many complayntes of wofull knyghtes what ar ye
so complayne seyde kyng Arthure we bene here .iij.
knyghtes prisoners and sore of vs hath layne here .iij.
yere and som more and some lesse. ffor what cause seyde
Arthure he shall telle you seyde the knyghtes. This
lorde of this castell his name is Sir Damas and he
is the falsyst knyght that lyvyth and full of treson
and a very coward as lyvyth and he hath a yonger
brother a good knyght of dysse and his name is Sir
Outlabe and this traytour Damas the elder brother
wolde gete hym no parte of his londis but as Sir Out-
labe kepyth thorow dysse of his londis and so he kepith
from hym a full fayne man and a ryche and the
Sir Outlabe dwellyth worshypfully and is well be
loved with all people and this Sir Damas owre mayster
is a dyvell be loved for he is wt oute mercy and he is a
coward and grete warre hath bene be twyxte them
But Outlabe hath ever the better and ever he proferyth
Sir Damas to fyght for the lyvelode body for body
but he wolde nat of his owne ellys to fynde a knyght to
fyght for hym / Unto that Sir Damas hath graunted
to fynde a knyght but he is so dyvell be loved and hated
that there is no knyght wolde fyght for hym and whan
Damas sawe this that there was nede a knyght wolde
fyght for hym he hath dayly layne a wayte wyth
many a knyght wt hym and taken all the knyghtes
in this contray to fest a stye he aventures he hath
taken hem by force & brought hem to his preson

and so take he vs̄ specially as we rode on owre adventu-
res and many good knyghtes hath deyde in this p̄son
for hunger to the nūbr of .xviij. knyghtes and yf ony
of vs̄ alle that have vs or hath bene wolde have fought
with yow this day Outlake he wolde have delyu̍de vs̄
Lord for be cause this Damas is so false and so
full of treson we wolde nede fyghte for hym to dye
for hit and we be so megre for hunger that vnneth
we may stonde on owre fete god delyu̍r yow for his g̃te
mercy And anone w̄t alle come a damesel vnto Arthure &
asked hym what chere I can nat sey sayde Arthure sir
seyde she and ye wolle fyght for my lorde ye shalle be delyu̍-
de oute of preson and elles ye astape nede w̄t p̄ylyss. Now
seyde Arthure that is harde yet had I leid fyghte w̄t a knyght
than to dey in preson Wyth this seyde Arthure I may
be delyu̍de and alle thes p̄soners I wole do the batayle.
yes seyde the damesell. Than I am redy seyde Arthure
and I had horse and armoure. ye shalle have none seyde p̄
damesell. dye semey̍ damesell I shold have sene yow in the
courte of Arthure Nay seyde the damesell I cam nere there
I am the lordis doughter of this castell. yet was she false
for she was one of the damesels of Morgan le fay. Anone
she wente vnto Sir Damas and tolde hym how he wolde
do batayle for hym And so he sente for Arthure and whan
he com he was well colowred and well made of his lymmes
that alle knyghtes that sawe hym seyde hit were pite that
suche a knyghte shold dey in preson Tho sir Damas and
he were agreed that he sholde fyghte for hym vppon this
covenaunte that alle the othir knyghtes sholde be delyu̍de
and vnto that was sir Damas sworne vnto Arthure and
also he to do the batayle to the vttermoste. And w̄t that alle the

pro. knyghtes were brought oute of the dumbe p̄son in to the
halle and delyuerde them and so they all abode to se the batayle
Now turne we vnto Accalon of Gaule that wyth sir
bobe he fonnde hym selfe by a depe welles syde wt wt in
halfe a foote in grete pelle of detth. And p̄ com oute of pt
fountayne a pype of sylver and oute of pt pype ran wat
all on fyre in a stone of Jasper. Whan sir Accalon sawe
this he blyssed hym and seyde Jhu̇ saue my lorde kynge
Arthure and kynge Vryence for thes damysels in this
shippe hath be trayed vs they were sendis vs no women
and yf I may astape this myn adventure I shall destroye
them all that I may fynde of thes false damysels pt fayth
this wt there inchamtementes. And ryght wt pt there
com a dwarfe wt a grete mouthe and a flatte nose et salewed
sir Accalon and tolde hym how he cam fro me quene Morgan le fay and she gretyth you well and byddyth you be
of stronge herte for ye shall fyght to morne wyth a
knyght at the towne of pryme and there fore she hath
sent the Excalebur Arthurs sworde and the scalbarde
and she byddyth you as ye love her that ye do that batay
le to the vttermoste wt oute ony mercy lyke as ye promy
sed her whan ye spoke laste to gedir in fryth. And what
damesell that bryngyth her the knyghtes hede whyche ye
shall fyght wt all she wolle make hym a quene. Now
I vnderstonde you seyde Accalon I shall holde that I have
promysed her now I have pe sworde sir whan sawe ye my
lady Morgan le fay tyght late seyde pe dwarfe. Whan Accalon tolde hym in his armys and sayde recomande me
vnto my lady the quene and telle hir all shall be done
that I promysed hir and elles I wolle dye for hir. Now I
suppose seyde Accalon she hath made all this enchaunte

enchauntemente for this batayle. Sir ye may well be lene this seyde the marssh knyght so þ come a knyght and a lady wyth vij squyers and saluwed accalon & prayde hym to a ryse & com and reste hym at his mannys // and so accalon mounted vppon a voyde horse and wente wt the knyght vnto a fayre mannys by a priory. and there he had passyng good cheve // Whan sir Damas sente vn to his brothr sir Outelake and bade make hym redy be to morne at þ houre of prymne and to be in the felde to fyght wt a good knyght for he had founden a knyght that was redy to do batayle at all poynts // Whan þ worde come to sir Outlake he was passyng gery for he was wounded a lytyll to fore throw bothe his thyghes wt a glayve and he made grete dole but as he was wounded he wolde a tabyn the batayle an honde // So this happed at þt tyme by the meanys of Morgan le fay accalon was wt sir Outlake lodged and whan he herde of that batayle and how Outlake was wounded he seyde þt he wolde fyght for hym be cause that Morgan le fay had sent hym Excalibur and the sheethe for to fyght wt the knyght on the morne // This was the cause sir accalon tok the batayle vppon hym // Whan sir Outelake was passyng glad and thanked sir accolon wt all his herte that he wolde do so much for hym and þ wt all sir Outlake sente vnto his brop sir Damas that he hadde a knyght redy that shalde fyght wt hym in the felde be the houre of prymne // So on the morne sir Arthure was armed and well horsed and asked sir Damas Whan shall we to the felde sir seyde sir Damas ye shall hyre masse and so Arthure herde a masse // and whan masse was done there com a squyre and and asked sir

Damas / yf / yis / knyghtis / were redy for owre knyghtis / to
redy in the felde / Than sir. Arthure mounted vppon
horsebak / and / were all the knyghtis and comons of / that /
contray and so by all / advyces there was chosyn .xv. good
men of / the contrey for to wayte vppon the .ij. knyghtis /
knyghtis / as Arthure was on horsebak / there com a damesel /
from Morgan le fay and brought vnto sir Arthure a
swerde lyke vnto Excalibur and / strawberde and seyde vn
to Arthure / she sendis / yow swerde for grete love
and / he thanke / hir and wente / hit / had bene so but / she was
false for / swerde and / strawberde was comfsete and
knyghtly and false

Than they dressed hem on .v. partyes of / the felde /
lette / horses / ren so faste that / ayther smote other
in the myddis of / shelde and / sperys / helde / the
bothe horse and man wente to the erthe and than they
sterte vp bothe and pulde oute / swerdis / The nexte
whyle that / they were thus at / batayle com / damesel /
of / lady in to the felde / put / yerbyn vndir the stone
and she com ayein for the love of / kynge Arthur / for she
knew how Morgan le fay had ordayned for Arthur / sholde
have bene slayne that / day and / fore she com to save his
lyf / and so they wente egerly to the batayle and gaff many
grete strokis but / alwayes Arthurs / swerde bote nat /
lyke Accalons / swerde and for the moste party ay / strok
that / Accalon gaff / he wounded sir Arthure sore that
hit / was vnnayle he stood and alwayes his blood felle
from hym faste whan Arthure behelde the grounde
so sore be bladde he was dismayde. And than he demed
treson that his swerde was chonged. for his swerde
bote nat / steele as hit / was wonte to do there fore

he dred hym sore to be dede for eu hym semyd that the
swerde in accalons honde was Excalibur ffor at euy
strok that accalon strok he dreve bloode on Arthure
Now lyght sayde accolon vnto Arthure hepe yᵗ well
yf ouer me. But Arthure answerde not a gayne but
gaff hym such a buffette on the helme that he made
hym to stoupe nyze fallyng to the erthe. Than Sir
accalon wyth dreve hym a lytyll and com on wyth
Excalibur on hyzt and smote sir Arthure such a buff
ette that he fylle ny to the erthe. Than were they bo
the wrothe oute of mesure and gaff many sore strokis
But all wayes Sir Arthure loste so mucle bloode yᵗ
hit was meruayle he stode on his feete but he was
so full of hyzthede that he endured the payne and sir
accolon loste nat a dele of blood yᵗ fore he wayte pas
synge lyzht and sir Arthure was passynge syeble and
verely to gane dyed But for all that he made comte
nance as he myzht welle endure and helde accolon
as shorte as he myzht. But accolon was so bolde
be cause of Excalybur that he wened passyng hardy
But all meid that he helde hem seyde they saue neuer
knyzht fyzht so well as Arthur ded conciderynge the
bloode that he had bled But all that peple were
sory that thes .ij. bretherne wolde nat accorde So all
wayes they fought to gedir as fers knyzhtis And at
the laste bynge Arthure wᵗdrew hym a lytyll for to
reste hym and Sir accolon called hym to batayle
and seyde hit is no tyme for me to suffir the to reste
and there wᵗ he come ferssly vppon Arthure But Arthur
there wᵗ was wrothe for the bloode that he had loste
and smote accolon on hyze vppon the helme so myzhtyly

That he

made hym wyze falle to the erthe and there wt Arthure
sworde bruste at the crosse and felle on the grasse amon
ge the bloode and the pomell and the swerd handyls he
helde in his honde. Whan Bruse Arthure sawe that
he was in grete feare to dye but alle wayes he helde
vp his shelde and loste no grounde nor batyd no chere
Than sir Accolon be gan wt wordis of treson and seyde
bryght/ pou art/ ou com and mayste nat/ endure and
also pou art/ wepynles and loste pou haste mych of/ thy
bloode and I am full/ lothe/ to sle the. therefore yelde
the to me recreaunte. Nay seyde Sir Arthure I may
nat/ so. for I promysed by the feythe of my body to do
this batayle to the vttermuste whyle my lyff/ lastith
and p̄fore I had leuir to dye wt honō than to lybe wt
shame/ and if/ that were possible for me to dye an C.
tymes I had leuir to dye so ouste than yelde me to the
for thoughe I hab/ wepon yett/ shalle/ I hab/ no worshippe
and if/ pou sle me wepynles thou/ shalt/ be thy shame
Welle seyde Accolon as for that/ shame I wolle/ nat/
spare. Now kepe the fro me for pou art/ but a dede man
And there wt Accolon gaff/ hym such/ a strobe that/ he
felle nyze to the erthe and wolde have had Arthure
to have cryed hym mercy But/ Sir Arthure preced
vnto Accolon wt his shelde and gaff/ hym wt the/ the
pomell/ in his honde suche a buffette that/ he reled
iij. stydes abake. Whan the damesell of/ the lake be
helde Arthure how full/ of grevesse his body was and the
false treson that/ was wrought/ for hym to have
had hym slayne she had grete pete that/ so good a knyght
and such/ a man of/ worshipp shulde so be destroyed. And
at the nexte stroke Sir Accolon stroke at/ hym such

a strok that by the damesels Incasamtemente þ^t the
swerde Excalibur felle oute of Accalons honde to
the erthe and there w^t all sir Arthure lyghtly lepe to
hit and gate hit in his honde and forth w^t all he ran
hit^t hit was his swerde Excalybur A seyde Arthure þ^u
haste bene frowe me all to longe and muche damage
haste pou done me and there w^t he assayed the stalworde
by his syde and suddaynly he sterte to hym and pulled
the stalwerte frowe hym and threw hit frowe hym as
fer as he myght throw hit // A sir knyght seyde kynge
Arthur this day haste þ^u done me grete damage with
this swerde Now ar ye com vnto youre dethe for I shalle
nat warrante you but ye shalle be as well rewarded
w^t this swerde or ellis we lepte as ye have rewarded me
for muche payne have ye made me to endure and muche
bloode have ye loste. And þ^n w^t sir Arthure raced on
hym w^t all his myght and pulde hym to the erthe and
than raced of his helme and gaff hym sucche a buffette
on his hede that the bloode com oute at his eyes nose
and mowthe Now wolle I se the seyde Arthure se me
ye may well seyde sir Accolon and hit pleasse you for ye
ar the beste knyght þ^t ever I founde and I se well that god
is w^t you But for I grupsed seyde Accolon to do this
batayle to the vttermyste and nere to be recreaunte while
I lyved there fore shalle I nere yelde me w^t my body what
mowthe but god do w^t my body what he wolle // Than sir
Arthure remembrede hym and thought he sholde have
saue this knyght // Now telle me seyde Arthure or I wolle
se the of what contrey ye be and of what counte // The
knyght seyde sir Accolon I am of the ryalle counte of kynge
Arthure and my name is Accolon of Gaule Than was

arthure more dismayde than he was to fore. Sonde for
than he remembrede hym of his sistir morgan le fay and
of the enchauntements of the shippe. I pray you
who gaff you this sworde and by whom ye had it. Than
sir accolon be thought hym and seyde no worde this
sworde for by myn gane gotyn my dethe / it may well
be seyde the kynge / Now sir seyde accolon I wolle tell you
this sworde hathe bene in my kepynge p^e moste pte of this
yere. mouthe and morgan le fay kyng Urryence wyff sente
it me yesterday by a dwarfe to the entente to sle kynge
arthure for he wotte for ye shalle vndirstonde p^t kynge
arthur p^e the man in the worlde p^t she hatyth moste
be cause he is moste of worship and of prowesse of ony of
his blode. Also she lovyth me oute of mesure ad p^ano
and I gif a gayne and if she myght bryng it a bonte
to sle arthure by his couenaunte she wolde sle his husbonde
kynge Urryence lyghtly and than had she devysed to ha
ve me kynge in this londe and so to reigne and she to
be my queene But that is nowe done seyde accolon for
am sure of my dethe / Well seyde kyng arthure I sele
by you ye wolde gane bene kynge of this londe yett
it had be grete damage to gane destroyed p^e londe
seyde arthure it is trouthe seyde accolon but now I
gane tolde you the trouthe where fore I pray you tell
me of whens ye ar and of what counte / A accolon
seyde kynge arthure now p^e lete the wete that I am
kynge arthure that p^u haste done grete damage to
/ whan accolon herd that he cryed on lowde sayre
sweete lorde gane mercy on me for I knew you nat
sir accolon seyde kynge arthure mercy p^u shalte gane be cau
se I sele be thy wordis at this tyme than knewest me

natt // But I fele by thy wordis yt̄ pou haste a greed to the deth of my pson and p̄ fore pou art a traytoure But I wyte the pe lesse for my sistr morgan le fay by qm̄ false craftis made the to a gre to qm̄ fals lust But I be sore avenged vpon qm̄ that all cryst endom shall spebe of qt̄ god knowyth I gane honoured qm̄ and worshipped qm̄ more than all my kynd st more gane I trusted qm̄ than my wyff and all my kyn after // Than kynge Arthure called the hepd of the felde and seyde sires Comyth ayder for here ar ore .ñ. knyghtis that gane foughtyn vnto grete damage vnto vs both and lyttly eche of vs to gane slayne oth and had ony of vs knowyn oth̄ here had had bene no batayle nother no strok stryken // Than all a lowde cryed Accolon vnto all the knyghtis and men that were st seyde a lowdis this knyght yt I gane foughten w̄t all w̄ the moste man of pesse and of worship in the worlde for qt̄ is hym self kynge Arthure owre all lyege lorde and w̄t myne hande and myne adventure gane I done this batayle w̄t ye lorde and kynge that I am w̄t holdyn w̄t all // Than all the peple felle downe on her knees and cryed kynge Arthure mercy mercy shall ye gane seyde Arthure here may ye se what soddeyn adventures be fallyn ouer you of arraunte knyghtis how that I gane foughtyn w̄t a knyght of myne owne vnto my grete damage and his both

But fynd be cause I am sore hurte and he both and I had grete nede of a lytyll reste ye shall vnd stonde this shall be the cryon be twyxte you .ij. bre thren as to ye Sir Damas for whom I gane bene champyon and wonne ye felde of this knyght yett

wolde I juge be cause ye Sir Damas ar called an er-
guleus knyght and full of vylony and nay wortht
of dede of youre dedis / Wherefore wolde I that ye
gesse vnto youre bur all the hole mayd w^t p^r apporte
naunce vndir this fourme that sir Outelake holde
the mayd of you and yerely to gyfe you a palfrey to
ryde vppon for p^t wolde be com you bettir to ryde on
than vppon a courser / Also I charge the sir Damas
vppon payne of dethe that p^u nede distresse no knyght
avaunte p^t ryde on p^r adventure / And also p^t p^u restore
thyse .xx. knyghtis that you haste kepte longe p^r sowers
of all thyse harnys that they be contente for and ony
of them com to my courte and complayne on the be
my fede p^u shalt dye p^r fore / Also sir Outlake as to
you be cause ye ar named a good knyght and full of
dede and trewth and saufly^m all youre dedis this shall
be youre charge I wolde gyfe you that in all goodlyhed
ye come vnto me and my courte and ye shall be a knyght
of myne and vf youre dedis be p^r after I shall so dyfferre
you by the grace of god p^t ye shall in shorte tyme be
in ease as for to lyve as worshipfully as youre bur
Damas God thonke youre largenesse of youre ~~gre~~
grete goodnesse and of youre bounte I shall be fromе
hens forewarde in all tymes at yo^r co^mandement
ffor sir Outlake as god wolde I was gute but late
w^t an adventurous knyght thorow bothe the thyghes
and elly^s had I done this batayle w^t you. God wolde
sayde sir Artgume that had bene so for than had nay I
bene hurte as I am I shall telle you the cause why
for I had nay bene hurte as I am had nay bene my
ne olvne sworde that was stolyn fromе me by treson

and this batayle was ordeyned a fore gonde to game
slayne me and so hit was brought to pe purpose by falsse
treson and by enchauntment // Alas seyde sir Outlake
that is grete pyte that ever so noble a man as ye ar
of yo[ur] dedis and gyffte that ony man or woman
myght fynde in pe hert to worche ony treson a zeyn
you // shall neuande them seyde Arthure Now telle me
seyde Arthure how far am I from Camelot Sir ye
ar .ij. dayes journey I wolde be at som place of worship
seyde sir Arthure that I myght reste me. Sir seyde
Outlake here by is a vyche abbey of youre eldest
foundacion of Kynge Ban .iij. myle hens // So the
kynge tobe his leve of all the people and mounted
vppon horsebak and sir Accolon with hym and whan they
were com to the abbey he lete vnarme his hede and serche
his wondis and sir Accolons bothe but sir Accolon
deyed with in iiij. dayes for he had bled so much blood
that he myght not lyve // But kynge Arthure
was well recouerde So whan Accolon was dede
he lette sende hym in an horse bere with .iij. knyghtis
vnto Camelot and bade bere hym vnto my lyst[er]
Morgan le fay and sey that I sende her hym to a present
and telle hir I have my swerde Excalybur and pe
scawberde. so ther depte with the body // The meane
while Morgan le fay had wente kynge Arthure had
bene dede. So on a day she aspyed kynge Uryence lay
on slepe on his bedde than she callyd vnto hir a mayden of her comseyle and sayde go feche me my lordis
swerde. for I have nede bettir tyme to ryse than
now. A madame seyde the damesell and ye ryse my
lorde ye can nede a skape. Cave pe not seyde Morgan

for now I se my tyme is beste to do hit and yf sone hyre
the paste and seeche unto the swerde Whan this da
meselle slepte and founde sir Uwayne slepynge upon
a bedde in a riche chambre Be she wente unto sir
Uwayne and a waked hym and bade hym a rise and
a wayte on my lady youre moder for she wolde fle
fro hyme youre fadir slepynge on his bedde for I go
to feeche hir swerde wille seyde sir Uwayne Go on yo
way and lette me slepe. Anone the damesell brought
the queene the swerde wt quykynge goodis and lyghtly
she to the swerde and pulled hit oute and wente
boldely unto the beddis syde and a wapped hom and
whene she myght se hym beste and as she herd
hym the swerde to smyte sir Uwayne lepte unto his
moder and caught his by the honde and seyde A fende
what wolte you do and yf thou hast my moder wt
this swerde I shalde smyte of thy fowle hede. A seyde
sir Uwayne men seyde that thou were a grete lyon
of a fende but I may say and certely fende have me
A fayre son Uwayne game mercy upon me I was
tempted wt a fende whene soone soone I cry the mercy
I wolle nevir more do so and sane my worshipp that thou
me hast. On this covenaunte seyde sir Uwayne I wol
for hir you so ye wolle nevir be a boute to do such dedis
ffor ay son and that I make you assurance

Whan come tydynge unto Morgan le fay that
Accolon was dede and his body brought
unto the chirche and how kyng Arthure
had his swerde a yen // But whan queene Morgan
wiste that Accolon was dede she was so sorowfull that
nye hir herte to brast. But by cause she wolde

nat/ tht/ were bno wyn onte ſhe bepte hir countenaunce
and made no ſemblaunte oft dole. Bnt/ Welle ſhe
wyſte and ſhe a bode tylle hir bropr Arthure come
thydr. pr ſholde no golde go for hir lyff // Than ſhe
Wente vnto pe quene Gwenybere and aſked hir
leve to ryde ſn to hir contrey // ye may a byde
ſeyde pe quene tylle yonre bropr pe kynge com he
me // I may nat/ abidaune ſeyde Morgan le fay for
I ſhall ſnch haſty tydyngſ // Well/ ſeyde the quene
ye may depte Wan ye Wolle // So wele and pe mone
or tht/ Was day ſhe tobe hir horſe and rode alle pt
day and moſte pt of pe nyght and on the morne
by none ſhe com to the ſame abbey off Nonys Wher
he as lay kynge Arthure and ſhe wyſte nat/ that/
he Was thare. And a none ſhe aſked Wher he Was
and they anſwerde and ſeyde how he Was leyde
hym on his bedde to ſlepe for he had but/ lytyll/
reſte thys iij. nyghtſ // Well/ ſeyde ſhe I charge
that/ none of/ you a Wake hym tylle I do And than
ſhe a lyghte off hir horſe & thought for to ſtele a
Way Excalibur his ſwerde and ſhe Wente ſtrayte
vnto his chambr and no man pt durſte diſobey
hir comandement/ and there ſhe found Arthur
a ſlepe on his bedde and Excalybur ſn his ryght
honde naked // Wan ſhe ſawe pt ſhe Was paſſyng
glad pt ſhe nyghte nat/ com by the ſwere wtonte
ſhe had a Waked hym and than ſhe wyſte Welle
ſhe had bene dede. So ſhe tobe the ſcawberde and
went/ hir Way to horſebak/ // Wan the kynge
a Woke and myſſed his ſcawberde he Was Wroth/
and ſo he aſked Who had bne bene there and they

seyde this fyst queene morgan le fay had bene ꝑ and had
ꝑnt ꝑ scawberde wt̄ his mantell and is gone alas seyde
arthure falsly haue ye vsacged me Sir seyde they all
we durst nat disobey yo̅r straytes commaundemente ¶ A
seyde the kynge lette feeche me ꝑ beste horse that may
be fownde and bydde sir Outlake arme hym all fast
and take a notbr good horse & ryde wt̄ me. So a none
the kynge and sir Outlake were well armyd and rode
after this lady And so they com be a crosse & fownde a cou
pe and they asked ꝑ pore man if ꝑ cam ony lady late
rydynge ꝑ way. Sir seyde this pore man ryght late com
a lady rydynge this way wt̄ a fourty horsed And so they
folowed faste and wt̄ in a whyle arthur had a syght of
morgan le fay than she chaced as faste as she myght whan
she aspyed hym folowynge her she rode a grete pace tho
row the foreste tyll she com to a playn And whan she sawe
she myght nat astape she rode vnto a lake there by and
seyde what so ever com of me my brother shall nat haue ꝑ
scawberde and than she kest thworow ꝑ scawberde in the
depthe of the water. So hit sanke for hit was gery of
golde and ꝑcious stonys Than she rode in to a valey
where many grete stonys were and whan she sawe she
muste be ouertake she shope her self horse & man by enchaun
mente vnto grete marbyll stonys And a none wt̄ all come
kynge arthure and sir Outlake where as the kynge
myght nat know his brother and ther met one knyght
from a nof ¶ A seyde the kynge here may ye se pe ven
geaunce of god and now am I sory this myssaventure is
be falle and than he lobed for the scawberde but hit wold
nat be fownde. So he turned to the abbey there she come
fro. So whan arthure was gone they turned all ther

lykneſſe as ſhe and they were be fore ſt ſeyde ſyrs now
may we go where we wylle // Than ſeyde Morgan le
fay ſawe ye oft Arthure my broþ yea ſeyde he man and
that ye ſholde have fonnde and we me myght a ſtered
of one ſtede for by his auenture Countenaunce wolde
have caused vs to have fledde I be leve you ſeyde the
quene // So anone as they rode ſhe mette a knyght
ledynge anoþ knyght on horſebake be fore hym bounde
hande and foote blyndefelde to have drowned hym in
a fountayne Whan ſhe ſawe this knyght ſo bounde ſhe
aſked what wolt ye do wt that knyght // Lady ſeyde
he I wolle drowne hym // For what cauſe ſhe aſked for
I fonnde hym wt my wyff and ſhe ſhall have yᵉ fame
dethe a none // Than were ȝyte ſeyde Morgan le fay
Now what ſey ye knyght is this trouthe yt he ſeyth of
you · Nay truly madame he ſeyth nat rygth on me
Of whens be ye ſeyde yᵉ quene and of what contrey
I am of the courte of kynge Arthure and my name
is Ayaneſſen cofyn vnto Accolon of Gaule ye ſey well
and for yᵉ love of hym ye ſhall be delyuerde and ye ſhal
have youre aduerſary in the ſame caſe yt ye were in
So this Ayaneſſen was louſed and the oþ knyght dom
de And anone Ayaneſſen vn armed hym & armede
hym ſelfe in his harneyſe and ſo mounted on horſebak
and yᵉ knyght a fore hym and ſo threw hym in the
fountayne and ſo drowned hym and than he rode
vnto Morgan a yen and aſked if ſhe wolde ony thyng
vnto Arthure Telle hym ſeyde ſhe that I reſcewed
the nat for the love of hym but for yᵉ love of Acco
lon and telle hym I ſeaue hym nat whyle I can ma
be me and myne in lykneſſe of ſtonys and lette hym

wete I can do mych more than I se my tyme. And so
she departed hir to the contrey of Gore and ꝑ was she
ryally receyved and made hir castels & townys stron
ge for alle wey she dyd mych hyng Arthure whan
ꝑ hynge had well rested hym at ꝑ abbey he rode vn
to Camelot and founde his quene and his barownes
ryght glad of his comyng And whan they herde of
his stronge adventures as ye be fore rehersed
they all had merveyle of ꝑ falsshede of Morgan le fay
many hyghte wysshed hir harme // Than come a ya
messen to courte and tolde ꝑ hynge of his adventure
Well seyde ꝑ hyng she is a hynde fyst & shall so be
avenged on hir and I lyve ꝑ all cristendom shall speke
of hit / So on the morne ꝑ cam a damesell on mes
sage fromme Morgan le fay to ꝑ hynge and she brought
with hir ꝑ ryche este mantell ꝑ ever was sene in ꝑ counte
for hit was sette all full of ꝑcious stonys as one myght
stande by a nay and ꝑ in were ꝑ ryche stonys that
ever ꝑ hynge saw And ꝑ damesell seyde to ꝑ fyst send yth
you this mantell and desyryth ꝑ ye sholde take this
gyfte of hir and what thynge she hath offended she wol
a mende hit at yo owne pleasure // Whan ꝑ hyng be
held this mantell hit pleased hym mych he seyde
but lytyll / Than come ꝑ damesell of ꝑ lake vnto
ꝑ hynge and seyde Sir I myste speke with you in ꝑ syte
sey on seyde ꝑ hynge what ye wolle // Sir seyde this
damesell putte nat vppon you this mantell tylle ye
have sene more and in no wyse late hit nat com on
yo nay on no hyghte of youre body tylle ye comande ꝑ
hynge ꝑ of to putte hit vppon hir / Well seyde the
hynge hit shall be as you counseyle me And than

he seyde vnto the damesell/ þt com fro me qd she/ damesell/ this mantell/ þt ye dame brought/ me I wolle/ sette/ vppon you. Sir she seyde sir/ wolle/ nat/ be seme me to were a kynges garmente // Be my fede seyde sir kynne ye shalle/ were it/ or it/ com on my bak/ or on ony mans bak þt were I // And so the kynge made to putte it/ vppon him. And forth/ wt alle she felle/ downe dede and ne spoke worde after and kente to calys // Than was þe kynge wondirly wroth/ more than he was to fore hande and seyde vnto kynge bryence my sistris wyff/ is alle/ day a boute to be trayne me and welle I wote or ye or my nevewe þe son is accomseyle wt him to shame me distroyed. But as for you seyde he kynge vnto kynge bryence I dene nat/ gretly þt ye be of comseyle for accolon confessed to me qd shame mowe þt she wolde shame distroyed you as welle/ as me þ fore I holde you excused But as for þe son sir bwayne I holde him suspecte there fore I charge you putte him oute of/ my courte. So sir bwayne was discharged. And began sir Gawayne wyste þt he made him redy to go wt him for wolde he bamyste/ my co/ syn sir gawayne shalle/ bamyste me. So they too depted & rode/ in to a grete foreste and so they com vnto an abbey of/ monkys and þ were welle/ logged // But/ whan þe kynge wyste þt sir Gawayne was depted from þe courte. There was made grete sorowe among alle/ þe astatis // Now seyde Gaheris Gawaynes bro/ þe shame loste. is good knyghte for þe love of/ one Bo on the morne they herde þ masse/ in þ abbey & so rode forth/ tylle/ they com to þe grete foreste // Than was sir Gawayne ware/ in a valey by a tuvelle

wyth fayre damesels & .ij. knyghtes armed on grete horses and the damesels wente to and fro by a tre. And than was sir Gawayne ware how the knyght a wyght sholde on that tre and on as the damesels com by hit they spotte vppon hit and sond thertre myre vppo the sholde / Than sir Gawayne and sir Vwayne wente and salewed them and asked why they did that dispyte to the sholde. Sir seyde the damesels we shall telle you

There is a knyght in this countrey that owyth this wyght sholde and he is a passyng good man of his hondis but he hatyth all ladyes and jantylwomen and therfore we do all this dyspyte to that sholde / I shall sey you seyde Sir Gawayne hit be semyth coyll a good knyght to dispyse all ladyes and jantyll women and paventure thorze he hate yon he hath sond cause and paventure he lovyth in sond of placis ladyes and jantyll women & ye be lobyd a gayne / and he be such a man of qwesse as ye spebe of now what is his name Sir they seyde his name is sir Ayrgaus the knyght son of Irelonde I trowe hym well seyde sir Vwayne he is a passyng good knyght as ony on lyve. for I save hym ones prebed at a justys where many knyghtes were gadred at that tyme that knyght no man wt stonde hym / I sayde sir Gawayne damesels me thynke ye ar to blame for hit is to suppose he that knyght that sholde that he wolde nat be longe fro and than may the knyghtes macche hym on gouesbak and that is more youre worshyp than thus to do. for I wolde a lyde no lenger to se a knyghtes sholde so dishonored. And wt sir Gawayne and sir Vwayne depted a lytyll fro them and than ware they ware where sir Ayrgaus com ryding on a grete horse streyte toward

hem and wyth pe. yey. dame sels sawe sir ywayns they
sledde to pe turnet as they were wylde pt som of hem
felle by pe way. Than pt one of pe knyghts of pe tornet
dressed his shylde and seyde on hyze sir ywayns defen
de the and so they rad to gedyrs pt the knyght knabe
his spreve on sir ywayns but ywayns smote hym so
harde pt he knabe his necke and his horsebak. That
sawe pe other knyghts of pe turnet & dressed hym to ywayns
that so egerly they mette pt this knyght of the turnet
was smyte downe horse & man dede

And than sir ywayns rode vnto his shylde and
sawe how hit was defoyled and sayde of this
pyte of me I am avenged But yet for the love
that gaff me this wyght shelde I shall were the and
gange myne where pt was and so he gonged hit a
bonte his necke. Than he rode streyte vnto sir Ga
wayne and to sir Uwayne and asked them what they
did pt they answerde hym and seyde they come fromme
kynge Arthurs conte for to se aventures. Welle
seyde sir ywayns here am I redy an aventured knyght
pt wolle fulfylle any aventure pt pe wolle desyre. And
so departyd from hem to fecche his nauntge late hym go
seyde sir Uwayne vnto sir Gawayne sir he is a passynge
good knyght as ony lyvynge I wolde not be myn wylle
pt ony of vs were macched wt hym fray seyde sir Gaway
ne nat so hit were shame to vs pt we were nat assayed
were he neuer so good a knyght. Welle seyde sir Uwayne
I wolle assay hym be fore you for I am wreth than ye
and yff he smyte me downe than may ye revenge me
So they. ij. knyghts come to gedyr wt grete hau
dom pt sir Uwayne smote sir ywayns that his spreve

chaste ſu pecis on the ſtelde and ſir ayan gans ſmote hys
ſo ſore þ horſe ſt man he bare to þe erthe. and hurte ſir
Gawayne on the leſte ſyde. Than ſir ayan gans turned his
horſe ſt rode thidir as he com fro ſt made hym redy wt
his ſpere/ whan ſir Gawayne ſaw þ he dreſſed his
ſtelde and than they feautirde þ ſpereys ſt they com
to gedirs wt all þ mygth of þ horſes þt eyþ wt mygth
ſmote oþ ſo harde ſu myddis þ ſtelds. But ſir Gaway-
nes ſpere brake but ſir ayan gans ſpeare helde ſt þ wt
ſir Gawayne and his horſe russhed downe to the erthe
and lyghtly ſir Gawayne wan on his feete ſt pulde
oute his ſwerde ſt dreſſed hym toward ſir ayan gans on
foote and ſir ayan gans ſaw þt he pulde oute his ſwerde
ſt he gan to com to ſir Gawayne on horſebak. Bu lyght
ſayde ſir Gawayne a lyght on foote or elſ ſwolt ſle
thyne horſe. Grauncy ſayde ſir ayan gans of yo̅ ſhuntyl
neſſe ye techſ me curteſy for ſuch is nat comendable
one knyght to be on horſebak and þ oþ on foote. and þ
wt ſir ayan gans ſette his ſpere a gayne a tre ſt a lyght
and tyed his horſe to a tre and dreſſed his ſtelde ſt eyþ
com vnto oþ egirly ſt ſmote to gedirs wt ſir ayan gans
þt ſir ſtelds flew ſu cantellys and they breſed þ helmys
ſt hawbirkſ ſt wounded eyþ oþ. But ſir Gawayne ſir
ſuch was. xv. of þ clok weyed en ſtrenger ſt ſtrenger. for
by than ſuch cam to the hollowe of noone he had. xij. tymes
his mygth encreſed. and all this a ſpyed ſir ayan gans
ſt had grete wondir how his mygth encreced ſt ſo they
wounded eyþ oþ paſſyng ſore. Bot whan ſuch was toward
evynſonge ſir Gawayns ſtrength fyebled ſt wore paſſyng
fayne þt vnnep he mygth dure no lenger. and ſir ayan
gans was than bygger ſt bygger. Bu knyght ſayde ſir

Syr Gawayne I have well felt yt ye ar a passynge goode knyght & a merbayloud man of myght as ony I felte ony whyle but lastyth and owre quarelles ar nat ryghte and yf fore but were pyte to do you ryghte for I fele ye ar passynge feble / Than seyde Syr Gawayne Jantyll knyght ye say yr worde yt I sholde sey yt yf yt they tolde of Syr Ffelmyr and eyr lyssed on and yt they swore to ged yer eyther to love on as bretherne. And Syr Syr Gawayne prayde Syr Gawayne to lodge wt hym yt nyght. And so they tobe yr horsis & rode towarde Syr Syr Gawayne man & as they rode by ye way Syr knyght seyde Syr Gawayne I have mervayle of you so valyaunte a man as ye be of dyvesse yt ye love no ladyes and dameselis Syr seyde Syr Syr Gawayne they name me wrongfully for why be the damesels of ye turrett yt so name me and on suche as they be I shall telle you for what cause I gate them. For they be forsserers & inchaunters many of them and be a knyghtes man so good of his body & as fulle of dyvesse as a man may be they wolde make hym a stirbe coward to have ye better of hym And this is the principall cause yt I gate them and all good ladyes and Jantyll women I owze them my servyse as a knyght ought to do for as yr boke reherseth Syr Syr Gawayne yt was this many knyght yt on mackled Syr Gawayne for all his dyvesse double myzte yt he had Syr Launcelot de lake Syr Tristrams Syr Bors de Gaynes Syr Percivale Syr Pellead Syr Syr Gawayne These .v. knyghtes had yr bettir of Syr Gawayne / Than wt in a lytyll whyle they come to Syr Syr Gawayne place was in a lytyll preyry and yt they a knyghtes & ladyes and dameselis unarmed them and gastely lobed to yr hurtes for they were all .iij. hurte and so they had good lodgyng

Wyth Syr

Dyargaus and good chere for whan he wyste þ they were kynge arthurs systers sones he made them all þ chere þ lay in his power. and so they soiourned there a vij. nyght & were well eased of þ wounds And at þ laste de-parted. Than sayde sir dyargaus we wolle not depte so lyghtly for I wolle bringe you thorow þ foreste. So they rode forth all. ij. and sir dyargaus tolde with him his grete tyste spere & so they rode thorow þ foreste and rode day be day well nye a vij. dayes or they founde ony aduenture. So at þ laste they came in to a grete foreste þ was named þ contrey & foreste of arroy and þ contrey is of stronge aduentures In this contrey seyde dyargaus cam neuer knyght fro hens was crystynde but he founde strange ad-uentures And so they rode & came in to a depe valey full of stones and þ by they sawe a fayre streme of watir a bo-uen þ by was þ lede of þ streme a fayre fountayne and ij. damesels sittynge þ by. And than they rode to them & ayþ saluted other. and þ eldyst had a garlonde of golde a boute her hede and she was ij. score wynter of age or more and her hayre was wrygght vndir þ garlonde. þ secunde damesell was of xxv. wynter of age with a Cercle of golde a boute her hede. The thyrde damesel was but xv. yere of age and a garlonde of flowres a boute her hede. Whan they knyghtes had so be holde the they asked them þ cause why they sate at þ fountayne. We be here seyde þ damesels for this cause if we may se ony of arrante knyghtes to teche them vnto stronge a-ventures and ye be ij. knyghtes aduentures and we be ij. damesels & þ fore eche one of you muste chose one of vs. And whan ye haue done so we wolle lede you vnto ij. fayre wayes & there eche of you shalle chose a way and his

strange

dameselle wt̄ yow and this day. xij. monethis ye muste
mete here a gayne and god sende yow pe beste of there
to ye muste plyghte yo trouthe. this is welle seyde seyde
Sir. ajarglans / Now shalle I chose of vs chose a dame
selle. I shalle telle you seyde Sir. Uwayne I am yongyste
of wayneste of you bothe pfore lette me gane peldyste
dameselle for she hathe seme muche and canneste helpe
me wham I gane nede. for I gane moste nede of helpe
of you bothe // Now seyde Sir ajarglans I wolle gane
pe dameselle of. xxti. wynt̄r age for she fallyth beste
to me // Welle seyde sir Gawayne I thanke you for ye
gane lefte me pe youngyste and pe fayreste I am is me
moste leryste // Than cam dameselle robe sir bryghte
by pe reygne of his brydelle and brought hem to the
iij. wayes where was made gamme to mete at the
fountayne pe day. xij. monthe and they were lyvynge
and so they lyghte dessed and cam bryghte sette his lady
be hynde hym // And sir Uwayne robe pe way that lay
weste. and sir ajarglans robe pe way pe lay sowthe / and
sir. Gawayne robe pe way pe lay northe // Now wolle
we be gynne at sir. Gawayne that helde pe way tylle
pe he com to a fayne maner where dwelled an olde
knyghte and a good housholder. and pe sir. Gawayne
asked pe knyghte if he knewe of any aventures // I
shalle shewe you to morne seyde pe knyghte mervelous
adventures So on the morne they rode all in same
to pe forneste of aventures tylle they com to a launde
and pe by they fownde a crosse and as they stode and loked pe
cam by them pe fayreste knyghte and pe semelyeste man
pe ever they saughe. but he made pe gruettyste dole pe ever man
made and than he was ware of sir. Gawayne and

salewed hym and prayde to god to sende hym muche worshyp. as for pt sayde sir Gawayne grauncy. also I pray to god sende you honowre and worshyp. I sayde pe knyghtis I may lay pt on hyde for sorow I shame comyth vnto me aft worshype

And there wythe he passed vnto pt one syde of pe launde and on pt oth syde saw sir Gawayne. pe knyghtis pt hoved and made hem redy wt her sheldis & wt her speris a gayuste pt one knyght that cam by sir Gawayne Than this one knyght feawtred a grete spere & one of pe. pe knyghtis encountrid wt hym. but this wofully knyght smote hym so harde pt he felle ouer his horse tayle So this dolorous knyght sued them all pt day the leste way he smote downe horse & man and all he ded wt one spere. and so when they were all. pe. on foote they went to the one knyght and he stode stone stylle & fusshyde hem to pulle hym downe of his horse & bounde hym honde & foote and tyed hym vndir pe horse bely & so led hym wt hem. A sqn seyde sir Gawayne this is a dolefully fyght to se the yondir knyghtis so to be entreted and yet scapyth by pe knyghtis pt he fusseryth hem to bynde hy so for he mabyth no resistence Tho seyde goste pt is tuouth. for & he wolde they all were to weybe for hym. Sir seyde pe damesell vnto sir Gawayne me semyth yit were pe worshyp to helpe pt dolorouse knyghtis for me thynkis he is one of pe beste knyghtis pt ever I sawe I wolde do for hym seyde sir Gawayne but yit semyth he wolde haue no helpe. Tho seyde pe damesell me thynkis ye haue no lyste to helpe hym Thus as they talked they sawe a knyght on pe oth

fyde of ye launde all armed save the hede And anon the
other fyde ther com a dwarff on horsebak all armed save ye
hede wt a grete mowth & a ffoute nose // And whan ye
dwarff com nyze the fyde where as this lady sholde
mete wt hym. And ye wt all she com forth oute of the
woode and than they be gan to stryve for ye lady for ye
knyght fyde the wolde have hir // Wolt we do welle
fayde the dwarff yondir is a knyght at ye crosse lette hir
be putt vppon hym & as the demeth hir. so shall hir be
// Wolt well fayde ye knyght And so they wente all.
vnto Sir Gawayne and tolde hym where fore they
stroffe Well sirres Wolt ye putt ye mater in myne
honde. ye sir they fayde both. Now damesell fayde
sir Gawayne ye shall stonde be twyxte them both
and whether ye lyste lette to go to the shall have yo
// And whan she was sette be twene them both she
leste ye knyght & went to ye dwarff // And than the
dwarff tobe hir vp and wente his way fyngyng. And
ye knyght wente his way wt grete mornyng // Than
com there .v. knyghtes all armed & cryed ow knyght sir
Gawayne knyght of ye counte of kynge Arthure and
be ye redy in haste & ryste wt me Do they ran to gedir
wt egre felle dowme And than on foote they drew there
swerdis and dud full actually // The meane whyle
be ye on knyght went to the damesell. and asked hir
why she abode wt ye knyght & fayde yf ye wolde abyde
wt me I wolde be yo fayethefull knyght And wt you
wolt I be fayde ye damesell. ffor I may nat fynde in
my herte to be wt hym for vyghte now gene was one
knyght ye stomfyted .v. knyghtes and at ye laste he
was cowardly ladde away. And ye fowre knyghtes .v.

go wythyle they fyghte // And Sir Gawayne fought
wt the other bryghte longe but at the laste they accorded bothe. And than the knyghte prayde Sir Gawayne
to lodge wt hym the nyghte So as Sir Gawayne wente
wt this knyghte he seyde what knyghte is he in this
contrey the moste downe the .xx. knyghtes. for whan
he had done so manfully he fusshed hem to bynde hys
hande & foote and so led hym away. & sayde the knyghte
that is the beste knyghte & thow in the worlde & the moste
man of prowesse and hit is the grettyste pyte of hym as
of ony knyghte lyvynge for he hath be fyued so as he
was this tyme more than .xx. tymes And hys name
hyghte Sir Pellead and he lovyth a grete lady in
this contrey and hir name is Ettarde and sythen
he lobed hir that was cryed in this contray a grete
Justis .iij. dayes and all this knyghtes of this con-
trey were the fayrest women and who that pryed hym
the beste knyghte sholde have a passyng good and a
Cercle of golde and the Cercle the knyghte sholde
gyff hit to the fayreste lady that was at the Justis. And
this knyghte Sir Pellead was fayn the beste of ony that
was there And there were .v. knyghtes but that were men
man that cam Sir Pellead met but he stroke hym downe
or elles frome hys horse and ony day of .iij. dayes
he stroke downe .xx. knyghtes and the .xx. knyghte and
hym the pryce and fayn wt all he wente that as the lady
Ettarde was at gaff hem the Cercle & seyde openly
she was the fayreste lady that there was and that wolde
he preve vppon ony knyghte that wolde sey nay // and
so he chose hir for hys lady & nem to love
or but her. But she was so prowde that she had scorne

of hym and seyde she wolde nevir love hym thoughe
wolde dye for hir where fore all ladyes & gentyll
women had sterne of hir that she was so provide. for
ther were fayrer than she and ther was none that was
but that sir Pellead wolde gane profyde hem love
they wolde gane shewed hym the game for his noble
prese and so this knyght gan yssed Ettarde to folow
hir in to this contray and nevir to leve her tyll
she lovid hym and this he wan have the moste party
wyse ther at logged by a pryory & ony wolde she sen-
dis knyghtis to fyght with hym and whan he hath
putt hem to the worse than wolde she fayn hem
wylfully to take hym prisoner be cause he
wolde gane a fyght of this lady and alwayes she dot
hym grete disspyte. for som tyme she mabyth hir knyght
to tye hym to his horse tayle and som tyme bynde hym
undir the horse bealy. Thus in the moste shamfull wyse
that she cowd thynke he is brought to hir and alle she
doth hit for to cause hym to leve this contreyt to
leve his lovynge. But all this can nat make hym
to leve for at the wolde a fought on foote he myght
gane had the bettir of the .x. knyghtis as well on foote
as on horsebak. Alas sayde sir Gawayne hit is grete
pyte of hym and astur this myght I wolde selle hym to
morow in this forest to do hym all the helpe I cand. So
on the morow sir Gawayne tokc his leve of his ost Sir
Carados and rode in to the forest and at the laste he
mette with sir Pellead makynge grete mone oute of
mesure so cade of hem salewed on and asked hym why
he made such sorow and abuyth above reherssyth Sir
Pellead tolde sir Gawayne But alwayes I suffir

ȝer knyghtis to fare so wt me as ye selfe yestir day I trustе
at ye laste to wynne ȝir lôve for ȝe knowe welle all ȝir knyghtis
sholde natȝ lyghtly wynne me & me lyste to fyghtȝ wt them
to ye vttirmoste // Wherefore and I lôved ȝiw natȝ so sore I
had ben dye an C tymes And I myghtȝ dye so ofte ratȝer
than I wolde suffir ye dispyte but I trustе ȝe wolle ȝave
ryte vppon me at ye laste for lôve cauȝtȝ many a good
knyghtȝ to suffir to ȝave ȝis entente but alas I am vnfor-
tunate // And wt ȝe made so grete dole wt vnneȝe ȝe
myghtȝ holde hym on his horsebak // Now sayde Sir
Gawayne lêve yô nôuyce and I shalle gruȝe you by ye
feyth of my body to do all yt lyeth in my power to gete
you ye lôve of yô lady and yt to I wolle plyȝte you my trowe
A seyd sir Pellead of what courte ar ye Ow I am of ye
courte of kynge Arthure and his sistir son and kynge Lotte
of Orkeney wad my fadir & my name is sir Gawayne &
my name is sir Pellead born in ye Est And of many sted
I am lorde and nere loved I lady nor damesel tylle nowe
and sir knyghtȝ syn ye ar so nye Iosyn vnto kyng Arthure
and ar a kyngis son thare fore be tray me natȝ but helpe me
for I may nevir com by ȝir but by som good knyghtȝ for he
is in a stronge castelle ȝave faste by wt in this .iij. myle
and ow all this contrey he is lady of // And so I may nevir
com to ȝir presence but as I suffir ȝir knyghtis to take me and
but if I ded so yt I myghtȝ have a fyghtȝ of ȝir I had bene dede
longe ar this tyme and yet sayne worde had I nevir none
of ȝir But whan I am brought to fore ȝir he rebukȝtȝ
me in ye foulyste maner and than they take me my horse and
harneyse and puttȝtȝ me oute of ye patis and he wolle natȝ
suffir me to ete nor drynke and alȝ prayes I offir me to be
ȝer prisoner // But yt wolle he natȝ suffir me for I wolde desire

no more wyth rayned ꝑ ende ſ̄ had ſo ꝑ ſ̄ myght hane a
ſyght of ſyr dayly well ſeyde ſyr Gawayne all this ſhalt
ſ̄ amende and ye wolt do as ſ̄ ſhalt deyſe ſ̄ wolt hane ye
armoure and ſo wolt ſ̄ ryde vnto ſyr caſtell ſ̄ tell hym that
ſ̄ hane ſlayne you and ſo ſhalt ſ̄ com wt ſyn hym to cauſe
hym to cheryſſhe me and than ſhalt ſ̄ do my treuthe that
ye ſhalt nat fayle to hane ye lóve of hym and there
And there wyth gawayne ſyr Gawayne pleyght his trouthe
vnto ſyr Pellead to be treuyſt feythfull vnto hym
ſo eche one pleyght ꝑ treuthe to oꝑ and ſo they chonged
horſe and harneyſe and ſyr Gawayne depted ſ̄ com to ye caſtell
where ſtood ſyr pauylyons wt oute ꝑ zate // and aſſone
as Ettarde had eſpyed ſyr Gawayne ſhe fledde ſyn tóward
the caſtell. But ſyr Gawayne ſpake on hyght and bade
hym abyde for he was nat ſyr Pellead ſ̄ am a noyſhyght
ꝑ hane ſlayne ſyr Pellead than do of ye helme ſeyde ye
lady Ettarde ꝑ ſ̄ may ſe yo vyſage So wyth ſhe ſaw ꝑ
hit was nat ſyr Pellead ſhe made hym a hyght ſ̄ had
hym ſyn to ſyr caſtell ſ̄ aſſed hym feythfully wheth he
had ſlayne ſyr Pellead and he ſeyde yee Than he tolde
hym his name was ſyr Gawayne of ye courte of kynge
Arthure and his fyſtyns ſon And how he had ſlayne ſyr
Pellead Truly ſeyde ſhe ꝑ is grete pyte for he was
a paſſynge good knyght of his body. But of all men on lyve
I hated hym moſte for I coude neu be quytte of hym ſ̄ for
ye hane ſlayne hym ſ̄ ſhalt be yo woman and to do ony
thynge that may pleaſe you // So ſhe made ſyr Gawayne
good cheve Than ſyr Gawayne ſayde ꝑ he lóved a
lady and by no meane ſhe wolde lóve hym Bete is to
blame ſeyde Ettarde and ſhe wolt nat lóve you for ye
ꝑ be ſo well borne a man ſ̄ ſuche a man of ſtreſſe there

no lady in this worlde to good for you / Wolle ye
seyde sir Gawayne promyse me to do what þ ye may do
be the fayth of yo body to gete me þ love of my lady.
yee sir & þ I promyse you be my fayth. / Now seyde sir
Gawayne gif yo selff þ I love so well. thare sone golde
yo promyse. I may nat chese seyde þ lady Ettarde but iff I
holde be for sworne and so she graunted hym to fulfylle
all his desyre / So it was in the monthe of may that
she and sir Gawayne went oute off þ castell and soumped
in a pauylyon and þ was made a bedde. And there sir
Gawayne and Ettarde went to bedde to gedyr. And in an
of pauylyon she leyde sir damesell. And in the tother pa
uylyon she leyde gte off hir bryght. for than she had no
drede off sir Pellead and þ sir Gawayne lay wt hir in þ
pauylyon. iij. dayes and. iij. nyghtf. And on the thirde day
on the morne erly sir Pellead comed hym for he hadde
nedd slepte. Than sir Gawayne promysed hym by þ feythe
off his body to com to hym vnto his pauylyon by þ pryo
ry wt in the space off a day and a nyght / Than sir
Pellead mounted vppon horse backe & com to the pauyly
on and þ stood vnder þ castell & founde in the fyrste pauy
lyon. iij. bryghtf in. iij. beddis and. iij. squyres lyggyng
at þ feete / Than went he to the seconde pauylyon &
founde. iij. lady women lyggyng in. iij. beddis / And
than he yode to the thirde pauylyon and founde sir Gawy
ne lyggyng in the bed wt his lady Ettarde and eythir clyp
pyng other in their armys / And whan he sawe that his lady
wolde nyze brast for sorow. And sayde alas þ euer a knyght
sholde be founde so falce. And than he tobe his horse and
nyghte nat a byde no lenger for pure sorow / And whan
he had rydden nyze halff a myle he turned a gayne & thought

for to slee hem bothe And whan he saw hem lye so bothe
slepynge faste þ̄ vnnethe he myght holde hym on horse
bak for sorow & seyde thus to hym self. thoughe thou
hyght be nevir so false I wolle nede slee hym slepynge
for I wolle nede destroy the gyse ordre of knyghthode &
þ̄ w̄ he dopted a gayne. And or he had ryden half a
myle he retorned a gayne & thought than to slee hem
bothe/ makynge þ̄ grettyst sorow þ̄ ev̄ man made. And
whan he come to þ̄ pavylyons he tyed his horse to a
tre and pulled oute his swerde naked in his honde &
wente to them there as they lay and yet he thought sha
me to slee hem & lepte þ̄ naked swerde oute avayne bothe
þ throtis & so tok his horse & rode his way. And whan
Sir Pellias com to his pavylyons he tolde his knyghte
& his squyer how he had spedde & seyde thus vnto them
for yonve good & trewe knyghte ye have done me. I shall
dyght you all my dayes for I wolle go vnto my bedde &
nevir a whyt tyll I be dede. And whan þ̄ I am dede I pra
ye you þ̄ ye take the harte oute of my body & bere hit
her be thyrte. ij. fyldi dyshes and telle her how I have
her lefte with þ̄ false knyght Sir Gawayne knyght so Sir
Pellias unarmed hym self and wente vnto his
bedde makynge inwardly dole & sorow. Whan Sir
Gawayne and Gyrarde a wode of her shape & sounde
þ̄ naked swerde oute avayne þ throtis. Whan she knew
hit was þ̄ swerde of Sir Pellias alas she seyde Sir
Gawayne ye have betrayde Sir Pellias and me
with all his he bene so vncurteyse vnto you as ye have
bene to hym ye had bene a dede knyght but ye have
dissayved me þ̄ all erthly dedes & dame shold may be ware
be you and me And þ̄ w̄ Sir Gawayne made hym

redy and wente ſn to the foreſte So the kn̄ȝt kepped the
dameſelle off the lake Kynybe mette wt a knyght off Sir
Pelleas that wente on hys foote ſn the foreſte ma-
kynge grete dole and ſhe aſkede hym the cauſe. and
ſo the wofulle knyght tolde her alle how hys mayſter ſ
Lorde was betrayed thorow a knyght & a lady & how
he wolde nedi a ryde oute off hys bedde tylle he be dede
Bringe me to hym ſayde ſhe anone & y wolle wara-
nte hys lyfe he ſhalle nat dye for-love. and ſhe that
hath cauſed hym ſo to love ſhe ſhalle be ſn mad ewylle
plyte as he is or elſe be longe to // ſor hys is no
joy off ſuche a grande lady the wolle nat have no mcy
off ſuche a valyaunte knyght anone the knyght bronte
hir vnto hym. and whan ſhe ſye hym lye on hys bedde
ſhe thought ſhe ſawe neu ſo lyghly a knyght // and the
wt ſhe threw an enchauntemente vppon hym & he felle
on ſlepe. and than ſhe rode vnto the lady Ettarde and
charged the no man ſholde awake hym tylle ſhe come
a gayne. So wt ſn. ij. owres ſhe brought the lady Et-
tarde thid̄r and bothe the ladyes fonde hym on ſlepe
loo ſayde the dameſelle off the lake ye ought to be aſhamed
for to murder ſuche a knyght and the wt ſhe threw ſuch
an enchauntemente vppon hym the that ſhe loved hym ſo ſore
that welle nyze ſhe was neve oute off hir mynde // a
lorde ſaid ſayde this lady Ettarde how is hit be fallyn
vnto me the I love now the I have hated moſte off ony
man on lyve the is the ryghteouſe Jugemente off god
ſayde the dameſelle // and than a none ſir Pelleas a-
waked and lokede vppon Ettarde and whan he ſawe hir
he thought ſhe ſ the fayreſt than he hated hir more than ony woman
on lyve. and ſayde away traytouresſe & come neſ ſn my

syghte. and whan she herde hym say so she wepte and made grete sorow oute of mynde // Sir bryghte pel-
lead seyde vnto the damesel of the lake take to horse and com-
forte me oute of this contrey & ye shalle have a lady
that wolde love you // I wolde welle seyde sir Pellead
for this lady Ettarde hath done me grete dispryte
and shame and yf she tolde hir that begynnyng & endyng
of how she had me purposed to have ryden a gayne
tylle she had bene dede. and now suche grace god hath
sente me that I hate hir as muche as I have loved hir
// Thanne yf forne seyde the lady of the lake / anone
Sir Pellead armed hym & tooke his horse & comanded
his men to brynge after his paveylons & his stuffe whyle
where the lady of the lake wolde assygne them / So this
lady Ettarde dyed for sorow and the damesel of the lake
reioysed sir Pellead and loved to gedyr during his lyfe
// Now turne we vnto sir Marhaute that rode with the
damesel of xxx. wynt of ayge Southwarde
and so they come in to a depe foreste and by fortune they
were myghted and rode longe in a depe way And at the
laste they com vnto a courtlage & there they asked har-
borow. But the man of the courtlage wolde nat logge them
for no tretyse that they coude trete // But this muche the
good man seyde and ye wolle take the aduenture of youre
herbeage I shalle bryng you that ye may be herbourde what
aduenture with that I shalle have for my harborow seyde Sir
Marhaute ye shalle wete whan ye com that seyde the good man
Sir what aduenture so euer be I pray the to brynge me
thidir. for I am wery my damesel & my horse both // So
the good man wente vppon his gate before hym in a lane
and with in an howre he brought hym vnto a fayre castel-

and than ye pore man called ye porter and anone he was
lette in to ye castell & so he tolde ye lorde how he had brought
hym a bryght arrainte and a dameselle wolde be lodged
wt hym / lette hym in seyde ye lorde. ffor ye may happen
he shall repente ye tyme to be there herborow gaue. So sir
Ywayne was let in wt a torche lyght & there was a gre
fyght off goodly men ye welcomed hym / and than his
horse was lad in to a stable and he & ye damesel were
brought in to ye halle & there stoode a myght duke and
many goodly men a boute hym / Than this duke asked
hym what he hyght & fro whens he com & wt whom he
dwelte // Sir he seyde I am a bryght off bryge Artours
and bryght off ye table rounde & my name is sir Yw-
ayne and borne I was in Irelonde That me repente
seyde ye duke for I love nat thy lorde nor none off thy fel-
wys off ye table rounde and therefore ease thy self this
nyght as well as ye mayste. ffor as to morne I and my
vij. sonnes shall macche wt you // Is ye no remedy seyde sir
Yw-ayne but yt I muste gane a do wt you & yo vij. sonnes
at onys // Do seyde ye duke for this cause I made myne
avowe. ffor sir Gawayne slew my seruyte some
in a recountre ye fore I made myne a vow yt ye sholde
neu bryght off bryge Artours courte lodge wt me or
com ye as I myght gane a do wt hym but I wolde reben
ysshe off my sonnes dethe. What is yo name sayde sir
Yw-ayne I requyre you telle me & yt yt please you
Wete ye well I am ye duke off Southe marche I seyde
sir Yw-ayne I gane gerde seyde yt ye gane bane longe
tyme a grete foo vnto my lorde Artoure and vnto his
knyghtis. What shall ye fele to morne seyde ye duke and
ye leve so longe / Shall I gane a do wt you seyde Sir

Sir Jan Gaunte ye seyde ye duke ye oste shalt ye not chose and
ye fore let take hym to his chambr and lette hym have
all ye tylle hym longe // So sir Jan Gaunte depted & was
led vnto his chambr and his damesel was led in tyll his
chambr. And on ye morne ye duke sente vnto sir Jan Gaunte
and bade hym make hym redy // And so sir Jan Gaunte a
rose & armed hym and than ye was a masse songe a fore hym
& brake his faste & so mounted on horse bak in ye contre of
of ye castell ye they sholde do batayle. So ye was ye duke all
redy on horsebak & clene armed and his .iij. sonys by hym
& euyche had a spere in his honde & so they encountirde
the one as the duke & his sonys brake ther speres vppon hym
// But sir Jan Gaunte held vp his spere & touched none
of them // Than come ye .iij. sonnes by couple and .ij. of
them brake ye speres and so did ye .iij. and all this whyle
sir Jan Gaunte towched hem nat // Than sir Jan Gaunte ran
to ye duke & smote hym downe with his speare that horse
& man felle to ye erthe & so he serued his sonnes // Than
sir Jan Gaunte a lyght downe & bade ye duke yelde hym
other he wolde sle hym // Than som of his sonnes reco
uirde & wolde have sette vppon sir Jan Gaunte Than sir
Jan Gaunte seyde sir duke Cese they sonys & elles I wolle
do ye vttirmust to you all // Than ye duke sye he myzt
nat escape ye batayle he cryed to his sonnes & charged them
to yelde them to sir Jan Gaunte and than they bueled alle a
downe & putte ye pomels of ye swerdis to the kynyght and
so he receyvid them and than they hove vp ye fadir on
his feete and so by ye comunal assent ymyssed to sir
Jan Gaunte wer to seeys vnto kynge Richard and ye vppon
at Whyt sonday nexte after to come he and his sonnes and
ye to putte them in ye kynges grace // Than sir Jan Gaunte

departed wt .iij. dayes sir Gawayne damesel brought hym
where as was a grete tournemente & the lady Bawse had
cryed and who yt dud beste sholde have a ryche Cercelet of
golde worthe of Besauntis and yt sir Gawayne dud so
nobely that he was redemed & had smeten downe .vij.
knyghtis & so yt Cercelet of golde was awarded hym
& Whan he departed thens wt grete honoure and so wt
iij. knyghtis damesel brought hym to an erlys pla
ce whos name was Sir Guyo. Whan he was
Brystrams knyght and this erle was but a yonge
man & late come to his landis And yt was a gyaunte faste
by hym yt kyghte Daulurd and he had an op brop sir Co-
maple that kyghte Daulad that sir Brystram slewe
whan he was onte of his wynde. So this erle made
his complaynte unto sir Gawayne that yt was a gyaunte
by hym yt destroyed all his londis & how he durste no
where ryde nor go for hym. Sir sayde he wolde
he to fyghte on horsebak other on foote. Nay sayde the
erle yt may no horse bere hym. Well sayde sir Gawa
ne than wolde I fyghte wt hym on foote. So on ye more
ne sir Gawayne prayde ye erle yt one of his men myght
bringe hym where ye gyaunte was and so one brought
hym where he syze hym fytte under a tre of holy and
many clubbis of yronne and it semed a boute hym
So this knyght dressed hym to ye gyaunte & put his
shylde before hym and ye gyaunte tobe and yronne
clubbe. & whan yt gyaunte saw hym he clave Sy-
r Gawayns shelde and yt he was mygrete & gret. for ye
gyaunte was a fly fyghter. But at ye laste sir Gaw-
ayne smote of his ryghte arme a bowen ye elbow & pan
ye gyaunte fledde & ye knyght after hym & so he drove

hym sw to a watir. but þe gyaunte was so hyze that he myght nat wade after hym. and than sir Gawayne made the erle Fergus mand to fecche hym stonys and wt þ stonys þe knyght gave þe gyaunte many sore stro kis tylle at þ laste he made hym falle downe in þe watir and so was he there dede // Than sir Gawayne went to þe gyauntes castell. And þ he delyuerde many knyghtis oute of þ gyauntis prison and yis ladyes & þ he had grete rychesse onde of rubijs & dayed of his kyst he was nevir poore man // Than he returned to þe erle Fergus the whyche thanked hym gretly & wolde gane yelyn hym half his londys but he wolde none take // So sir Gawayne dwelld wt þe erle nye half a yere. for he was sore bruisd wt þ gyaunte // So at þ laste he tobe his leve and as he rode by the way wt his damysel he mette wt sir Gawayne and with sir Awayne so by adventure he mette wt nyn knyghtis of arthurs courte The fyrst was sir Sagramore le desyrus Sir Ozanna le cure hardy Sir Dodynas le sauage and sir Felotte of lystynoyse and there sir Gawayne wt one spere smote downe these nyn knyghtis and quite them sore and so dep̄ted to mete at his day //

Now turne we vnto sir Awayne that rode westwarde wt his damesell of. my store sayn tir of ayge and there was a turnemente nyze the marche of walys and at þ turnemente sir Awayne smote downe xxti knyghtis þ sore was gyffyn hym þe pryce and that was a Jarfancon and a whyght stede trapped wt clothis of golde // So than sir Awayne ded many straunge adventures by the meanys of þe

Olde damesel.

olde damesel

and so she brought to a lady þt was called þe lady of þe roch the whyche was cuntayse So þ was su þt countrey .ij. knyghtf þt were bretonne and they were called .ij. ye lond knyghtf. Thatt one knyght su. Edwarde of the rede castell and þt oþ su Gew of þe rede castell. And these .ij bretonne had disherytes þe lady of þ stocke of a Baron nere of londis by þ extorsion. And as this knyghte was lodged wt this lady she made hm complaynte to hym of thes .ij. knyghtf madam seyde su Uwayne they ar to blame for they do a yenste þe ryze ordr of knyght hode and þe oth þt they made and if ytt lyke you I wolle spek wt hem be cause I am a knyght of kyng Arthurs and to entrete them wt fayrenesse/ and if they wolle nat I shalle do batayle wt hem for goddis sake and þi þe fence of yo ryght Grauncy seyde þe lady & þ as I may nat acquyte you god shalle So on þe morne þe .ij knyghtf were sente fore þt they sholde spek wt þe lady of þe stocke and wete you well they sayled nat. for they com wt an C. horsed But when this lady sawe them in suche maner so bygge she wolde nat suffre su Uwayne to go oute to them vppon no suvete ne of fayre langage. but she made hym to spek wt them on a towre But fynally thes .ij. bretonne wolde nat be entreted and answride þt they wolde kepe þt they had Well seyde sir Uwayne than wolle I fyght wt one of you and þ þe þt ye do this lady wronge That wolle we nat seyde they for if we do batayle we .ij. wolle fyght bothe at onys wt one knyght. And þ fore yf ye lyste to fyght so we wolle be redy at what owre ye wolle assygne and yf ye wyne vo su batayle

ſhe to game hir londis a gayne / ye ſay well ſey
de ſir Iwayne Wherefore make yon redy & yͤ ye
be gare to morne ſir yͤ defence of this ladyes ryght
Dowas yͤ ſybarneſſe made on bothe ptyes yͤ no
treſon ſholde be wrought. And ſo yes knyghtf dept
& made them redy. And yͤ nyght ſir Iwayne had gͤte
chere & on yͤ morne he a vose erly & harde maſſe and
brake his faſte & ſo rode in to yͤ playne Wt oute yͤ ga
tis Where ſtoved yͤ .y. bretherne a bydyng hym Do
they ran to gedres paſſynge ſore yͤ ſir Edwarde & ſir
Gew brake yͤ ſperes vppon ſir Iwayne and ſir Iwayne
ſmote ſir Edwarde that he felle oñ his horſe and yette
his ſpeare braſte nat / And than he ſpurred his horſe
and com vppon ſir Gew and ouȝ thrue hym. But they
ſone recouerde and dreſſed yͤ ſchyldes & drewe oute yͤ ſwerdf
& bade ſir Iwayne a lyght & do his batayle to yͤ vttarance
Than ſir Iwayne devoyded his horſe delyuerly & put his
ſchylde be fore hym & drewe his ſwerde and ſo they threſte
to gedres and eythir gave oth grete ſtrokis And there yes
.y. bretherne wounded ſir Iwayne paſſyng grevouſly yͤ pe
lady off yͤ rocke Wente he ſholde game deyed / And thus they
fought to gedres .v. owres as men outraged off off reſon
And at yͤ laſte ſir Iwayne ſmote ſir Edwarde vppon the
helme ſuche a ſtroke yͤ his ſwerde bebed vnto his cauell
bone. And than ſir Gew abated his corrage. But ſir Iwayne
preſſed faſte to game playne hym / Than ſaw ſir Gew and
knaled a downe & yelded hym to ſir Iwayne and he of his
Jantyneſſe reſceyved his ſwerde & tolde hym by yͤ gonde &
wente in to the caſtell to gedres Than this lady off yͤ
rocke was paſſyng glad and ſir Gew made grete ſorow
for his bretherne dethe. But this lady was reſtored a yen

of all the londis. And sir Gew was comaunded to be at the
coute of kynge Arthure at the nexte feste of Pentecoste
So Sir vwayne dwelled with this lady nyze halfe a yere
for he was longe or he myght be hole of his grete hurtis
And so whan he drew nyze the tome day that sir Gallwayne sir
Agarante and sir vwayne made to mete at the crosse way
Whan ey kynght drew hym thyder to holde his grayse that
they made. And Sir Agarante and sir vwayne brought the
damesell with Gew. But sir Gallwayne had loste his damesell
Rygght so at the .xv. monthis ende they mette all .iij.
kynghtis at the fountayne and thence damesell. But
the damesell that sir Gallwayne had conde sey but lytyll wor-
shyp of hym So they depted fro me the damesell and rode
thorowe a grete foreste and there they mette with a messynge
re that com from kynge Arthur coute that had sought hem
well nyze a .xv. monthe thorow oute all Ingelonde Walis
and Scotlonde and chaunged yche ey kynghte fynde sir Gallwayne
and sir vwayne to haste hem vnto the coute agayne. And
whan were they all glad. And so they prayde sir Agarante
to ryde with hem to the kynge coute And so with xv. dayes
they come to Camelot and the kynge was passyng glad of
the comyng and so was all the coute Whan the kynge made
hem to sware vppon a boobe to telle hym all the adventures
that had be falle them .xv. monthe be fore and so they ded. And
that was sir Agarante was well knowyn. for he were kynghtis
that he had maccied a fore tyme and he was named one of the
beste kynghtis lyvyng So a gayne the feste of Pentecoste
cam the damesell of the laake and brought with hir sir Pelleas
And at the fyze feste of the was grete Jousting of all kynghtis
that were at that Justis Sir Pelleas had the pryce and Sir
Agarante was named nexte But sir Pelleas was so

stronge þ̄ þ̄ myght but ſette bygghtſ ſtonde ſyrn a buſſette w̄
a ſpere and at þ̄ nexte ſaſte ſir Pellead and ſir ayan gaut
were made bygghtſ of þ̄ rounde table. ſſor þ̄ were .ij. Segis
wyde for .ij. bygghtſ were ſtayne þ̄ .xxij. moñ. and grete
Joy had bynge Arthure of ſir Pellead and of ſir ayan gal-
te But Pellead loved neu aſtir ſir Barrayne But as
ge ſpared þym for þ̄ love of þ̄ kynge but oftyn tymes at
Juſtis at tornementſ Sir Pellead quytte ſir Barrayn
for ſo yt is regarſyth in the booke of ſſrenſſh. So ſir Thyſ
tramd many dayes aſtir ſought w̄ ſir ayan gaute In a
ſlande and þ̄ they did a grete batayle But þ̄ laſte ſir
Thyſtramd ſlew þym. So Sir Thyſtramd was ſo wōn
ded þ̄ vnnethe he myght recou and lay at a ſyuerye
galſſ a yere and ſir Pellead was a worſſhyppfull
bygght and was one of þ̄ .iij. þ̄ encheued þ̄ Sankgreal
and þ̄ damyſel of þ̄ laake made by her meanes that neu
he had a do w̄ ſir launcelot de laake ſſor where ſir launce
lot was at ony Juſtis or at ony tornemente ſhe wolde
not ſuffir þym to be þ̄ that day but yſſ yt were on þ̄ ſyde
of Sir launcelot Here endyth this tale as þ̄ ſſrenſſhe
booke ſeyth ſſro the marryage of kynge Vther vnto kyng
Arthure that regned aſtir þym & ded many batayles
and this booke endyth where as ſir launcelot and
Sir Thyſtramd com to courte. Who that wolle make
ony more lette þym ſeke opō bookis of kynge Arthure
or of Sir launcelot or Sir Thyſtramd ſſor this was
drawyn by a bygght preſoner Sir Thomas dalleon
that god ſende þym good recou dmen & ē

Explicit

Hyt be ffelle Whan kyng Arthur had wedded
quene Gwenyuere and fulfylled the rounde
table and so after his meruelous byggyngis
and he had vanquyshed the moste pty of his
enemyes Than sone after com Sir Lam
celot de Lake vnto p̄ courte and Sir Tristrams come
that tyme also And than so hit be felle that p̄ Emperour
of Rome Lucius sente vnto Arthure messyngers c̄omaun
dynge hym for to pay his trewage p̄ his auncetryes Came
payde before hym Whan kynge Arthure wyste what
they wente he lobed vp w̄t his gray yen and angredly
p̄ messyngers passyng sore Than were this messyn
gers a ferde and bulyd stylle and durste nat a wyse
they were so a ferde of his grymme countenaunce Than
one of p̄ kyngis messyngers spake a lowde and seyde
crowned kynge mysse do no messyngers ffor we be com
at his c̄omaundemente as fortymes sholde Than
spake p̄ conquerour vn̄to hym wrothly and seyde kynge
Why feryst p̄ my countenaunce there be in this halle
ar they were sore aggraued p̄ durste nat for a dente
dom of londis lobe in p̄ face Than seyde one of p̄ Se
natours so cryste me helpe I was so a ferde when I
lobed in thy face that myne harte wolde nat serue for
to sey my message But sythen hit is my wylle for to sey
myne erande Than bede Lucius the Emperour
of Rome and c̄omandis p̄ vppon payne p̄ wolle falle
to sende hym p̄ trewage of this yerely that thy fadir
Vther Pendragon payde or ellys he wolle be vpon p̄ alle
thy realmys p̄ p̄ wyldyst Than seyde Arthure
Arthure but for all thy bryn wordys I wolle nat be to
old hasty And p̄ fore p̄ and thy felowys shalle abyde here

vij. dayes and shall calle vnto me my conceyle of my
moste trusty knyghtf and dewlf and tegeaunte kyngf
and erlys and barownys and of my moste wyse doctowrs
/ And whan we have tabyn owre avysement ye shall
have yo answere playnly suche as I shall abyde by
Whan p noble kynge comaunded Sir Cleges to lobe
that thes men be setled and shued wt p beste t there be
no deputes spared vppow them t nor cayde nor corse
fauth no thynge. ffor they ar fully royall peple. And
thowze they have grebed me at my courte yet we muste
remembir on owre worshyp. So they were led in to
chambyrs & served as rychely of deputes t myghty be
gotyn So p stomaynes had p of grete meibayle
Whan p kynge vnto counsayle called his noble
knyghtf. And wt in a towne there they assembled p
moste pty of p knyghtf of p rownde table Whan p
kynge comaunded hem of there beste conceyle
Sir seyde Sir Cador of Cornwayle as for me I
am nat glay of this message for we have be many
dayes rested from p lettyrs of Lucius the Emperowre
lybis me well. ffor now shall we have warre & wor
shyp. Be cryste I love welle seyde p kyng sir Cador
this message lybis the but yet they may nat be so an
swerde for p spytevous speche qwerby so my herte
that thinge to roome wolle I nede pay Therefore
conceyle me my knyghtf for cryste lobe of hevyn
ffor this mache have I fownde in p Cronycles of
this londe t sir Belyne and sir Bryne of my blode
eldars that borne were in Bretayne and they hath
occupyed p Empyre. vij. store wynterys And after
Constantyne owre kynne man conquered it and dame

Elyne yᵉ son of Angelonde was Empour of Roome
and he wonde the crosse yᵗ cryste dyed vppon. And
thus was yᵉ Empyre kepte be my kynde eldres & thus
came we eydence I nowe to yᵉ Empyre of Roome
Than answerde kynge dugwyssanne vnto arthure
Sir pou ouzte to be a lorde alle obeir cristen kynges for
of kynghode and of noble conceyle yᵗ we alle way
In the And Scotlonde had neu stathe syne ze were
crowned kynge And whan yᵉ Romaynes rayned
vppon vs they rawnsomed oure eldres and rafte vs of
oure lybes Therefore I make myne avow vnto
myelde mary and vnto Ihu cryste that I shalle be aven
ged vppon the Romaynes and to fay yᵉ thy fyghte I shalle
brynge yᵉ ferse men of armys fully. xxᵗⁱ. aᵈ. of tryed
men I shalle pesse hem my wages for to go and warre
on the Romaynes & to dystroy hem and alle shalle be wᵗ
In. m. aygred to go where yᵉ lybes Than yᵉ kyng of
lytelle Brytayne sayde vnto kynge arthure Sir an
swere thes alyaunces and gyffe them yᵉ answere and
I shalle somen my people and. xxᵗⁱ. aᵈ. men shalle ze
have at my costis and wages kyng fey welle sayde yᵉ
kynge arthure Than spake a myghty deuke that
was londe of weste walys Sir I make myne avow
we to god to be revenged on the Romaynes. And to
have yᵉ valiande and yᵉ to vanquysshe wᵗ victory yᵉ
vyscounte of Roome for onys as I paste on pyl
grymage alle by the poynte Tremble than yᵉ vysco
unte was In Dulbayne and tolde vp my kynghtys
& rawnsomed them vnresonable And than I complay
ned me to the potestate yᵉ pope hym selfe but I had
no thynge ellys but pleasaunte wordys of reson at

Boone myght/ & none gane and so I yode my way sore
rebuked and þ sore to be avenged & wolde a were of my
wyghteste walffenyd and of myne owne fyve wagis
bryngе you .xxti. af// Than sir Ewayne and gio son
Ider tgat/ were were cosyns vnto þ conquerour yet we
re tgey cosyns bothe tEwayne and tgey gelde Sr. clouds
& dygayle and all/ tge oute Iles. Du seyde tgey vnto
kynge Arthure gere are made owre avowes vntoo
Crysste manly to ryde yn to Lumbardy and so vnto aje
layne wallys and so ouer tge poynte Tremble yn to þ
vale of vyterbe and þ to vytayle my bryght/ and for
to be avenged on tge Romayns we shall/ bryng tge
xxxti. af. of good men/ bodyes // Than leepe yn yong
Sr. Launcelot de lake w a lyght/ herte & seyde vnto
kynge Arthure thonge my loudly marche nygh tgyne
enemyes yet shall/ I make myne avow afftr my po
wer. þ of good men of armys afftr my bloode tgat
many I shall/ bryng w me .xxv. af. gelwys yn haubr
eos attyred þ shall/ nede fayle you wheyles owre ly
ves lastyth// Than lowze sir Bawdwyn of Bry
tayne and carpyd to þ kynge I make myne avow
vnto þ vernacle noble. for to bryng w me .x. af
good men/ bodyes þ shall/ nede fayle whyle tgere
lyves lastyth// Now I thanke you seyde tge kynge
kynge w all/ my trew herte I suppose by þ ende be
come & dalte þ Romayns had bene bettr to gane
lefft þ pronde message // So whan þ xij. nygh
wad atte an ende tge Senatours be soughth þ kynge
to gane an answere & it/ was well seyde þ kynge // Now
sey ye to yonne Emperour tgat I shall/ yn all/ haste me
redy make w my leeue kynght and by þ leve of Rome

holde my Kounde table and I wolde bringe w^t me the beste people of xv. Realmys And w^t gan ryde on p^e mountaynes In the mayne londis and myne doune p^e valleys of Aquitayne the pronde and lytle rydeth to Roome w^t my Royallyst bygghte // Now ye have youre answere. Sygg. yon p^t ye were gone fro fromme this place to the porte p^t ye shalle passe on. And I shalle gyve you .vij. dayes to passe vnto Sandwyche

Now spede you I counceyle you that spare nat youre horsis and lobe ye go by Watlynge strete and no way ellys and where nyghte falle on you lobe ye thare abyde be hit falle on towne I take no kepe for hit longyth nat to none alyaunce for to ryde on nyghte and may ony be fonde a spere lengthe oute of p^e way and p^t ye be I'm p^e watt by the .vij. nyghtis ende there shalle no golde vnbrigod pay for youre Raunsone // Sir seyde this Sir Natonnes this is an harde condityte we be seche you that we may passe sauffly. Care ye nat seyde the Kynge youre condityte is able. Thus they passed fro Carleyle vnto Sandwyche wande that hadde but .vij. dayes for to passe thorow p^e londe and so Sir Cador brought hem on ther wayes. But the Sauatonnes spared for no horse but spyred ther fomeyes fromme towne to towne. And by p^e sonne was sette at ye .vij. dayes ende they com vnto Sandwyche so blythe were they ned and so the same nyghte they tobe p^e watr and passed I'm to Flaundres a dstr p^t on p^e grete mountayne p^t dygghte Godarde and so astr thorow Lumbardy and thorow Duspayne and sone astr they come to the Empire Lucius and

ſ they ſhewed hym ꝑ lettyrs of kynge Arthure and
how he was ꝑ gastfullyſt man that ever they cowde loke
Whan ꝑ Empour Lucius hadde redde ꝑ lettyrs and
undr stoode them welle of theire credence he saved as
a man were rased of his wytte / wente ꝓ Arthure wold
gane obeyed you & ſued you vnto yo londe. for so he be
ſemed of ony kynge crystynde for to obey ony Senato
ꝓ nt ſente fro my ꝓſone Sir sayde ꝑ Senatours lette
be ſuche wordis for ꝑ we gane eſcaped on lyve we may
thonke god ever. ffor owre wolde nat passe a yen to do that
message for all yo wrode londis. and ſ ſove Sures
truſte to owre saweys ye ſhalt fynde hym yo vttr enu
myes and sebe ye hym and ye lyſte for ꝓfit to this londis
wolt he com & ꝓ ſhalt ye fynde w nt in this halfe yere
for he thynkys to be Empour hym ſelfe. ffor he seyth
ye have occupyed ꝑ empyre w grete wrouge for all
his trew amcettres ſanſſ his fadr Uther were Emp
ourres off Rome and of all ꝑ londaynes that we save en
he is the Royallyſt kynge ꝑ kynghtlow erthe / ffor we
save on Rowndys day at his rounde table. yo. kynges
and ꝑ fayryſt felyſhip of knyghtes and w hym that dures
on lyve and ꝑ to off Wyſedome and off fayne ſpeche and
all Royalte and treſſe they fayle of none Where
fore Sir be my counſayle reyſe up yo lyege peple and
ſende kynges and dewkes to lobe vnto yo marchis and ꝑ
the mountaynes off Almayne be myghtyly kepte / Be
Eſtr ſeyde the Empour caſte me for to paſſe Almayne
and ſo furth in to fraunce and ſ be reyſe hym his londis
I ſhalle bryngе w me many gyauntys off Geane that one
off them ſhalle be worthy an C. off knyghte and pleyns paſ
ſage ſhalle be ſurely kepte w my good knyghte / Whan ꝑ

Empour sante fro thens his messyngers of wyse olde knyght
vnto a Contrey callyd Ambage and Arrage and vnto ally
fundr to yude to Armony that the Reuer of Enfrate
rennys by. And to Assy Anfryke and Europe the large
and to Ertayne and Elampe to the oute yles to Arrabe
to Egypte to Damaske and to Damyake and to noble
doubis Reulys. Also p̄ kynge of Cappados and p̄ kyng
of Tars and of Turke and of Pomme and of Pampoy
le and oute of Preter Iohñis londe. Also p̄ sowdon of
Surre and frome Nero vnto Nazareth and frome Ga
vese to Galely there come Barysyns and be com sidgettis
vnto Rome So they come glydyng in Galyes Also there
come p̄ kynge of Cypres and p̄ Grekis were gadrede
I goodly arayed w̄t p̄ kynge of Iacidony and of Calabe
and of Catelonde Botge kyngs and dukes. And the kynge
of Portyngale w̄t many thousande Spayniardis Thus
all the kyngs and dukys and Admyrallys nobles assem
bled w̄t xxv. kyngs at onys and so they com vnto Rome w̄t
grete multytude of peple. Whan p̄ Empour vnderstood
p̄ comynge he made redy all his noble Romayns I all
men of Warre be tweyte hym and Flamdyns. Also he
had gotyn w̄t hym fyfty Gyantys that were engendrede
w̄t feendis and all tho he lete ordeyne for to a Wayte on his
p̄sone and for to breke p̄ batayle of p̄ frunte of Arthurs
knyghtis But they were so muche of p̄ bodyes p̄ horsys
myght nat bere them. And thus p̄ Empour w̄t all his
horrible peple drew to passe Almayne to dystroy Arthurs
londys that he wan thorow Warre of his noble
knyghtis And so Lucius com vnto Cullayne and p̄ by a
Castelle he Segys I wanne hit w̄t in a Whyle I fessed
hit w̄t Barefyns. And thus Lucius w̄t in a Whyle destryed

many fayre contrayes / þ arthure had wonne be fore of þ
myghty kynge Claudas so þis lucius hym dispeched a brode
his oste Eyghty myle large and commaunde hem to mete
wt hym in Normandy in the contray of Constantyne and
at Barflete there ye me abyde for the doughery of
Bretayne / shall thorowly dystroy this /

NOw leve we Sir lucius and speke we of kyng ar-
thure that comaunded all þt were vndir his obey
saunce after the dead of Duke Gyllary þt all shulde be
assembled for to holde a parlement at yorke wt in þ walles
and þ they concluded shortly to a veste all þ shypped of this
londe and wt in xv. dayes to be redy at Sandwych / how
euery oon seyde arthure / purpose me to passe many pelles
wayes and to occupye pe Empyre þt myne eldres afore
gane claymed þ fore / I pray you counseyle me þt may
be beste and moste worshyp Thise kynges kynghtes ga
thirde hem vnto counsayle / were condescended for to
make .y. chrysstaynes that was Sir Bandwen of Bre-
tayne and auncient / and honorable kyght / for to comfor
le and comforte Sir Cadore son of Cornwayle þt was
at þt tyme called Sir Constantyne that after was kynge
after arthurs dayes And þ in the presence of all þ lordis
the kynge receyved all þ rule vnto thes .y. lordis and
quene Gwenyvere and Sir Trystramys at þt tyme he left
wt kynge Ban of Cornwayle for þ love of Isabeale
Isode where fore Sir launcelot was passyng wrothe
Than quene Gwenyn made grete sorow that the
kynge and all þ lordys shulde so be depted and þ she
fell downe on a swone and the ladyes bare hir to hir
chambir Than þ kynge comaunded hem to god / be
leste þ quene / in Sir Constantynes and Sir Bandewens

gondis and all/ Inglonde holy to rule as them selfe
semed beste / And whan þ kynge was and gone sail/
he seyde In derynge of all þ lordis / þt I dye In this
Iurney here / and make þ Sir Constantyne my trew ayre
for þ arte nexte of my kynd save Sir Cadore thy fadir
and þ fore if þt I dey / wolde þt ye be crowned kynge
/ tyght so he sought/ and his buyght towarde Sande
wyche where he fonde be fore hym many galyard
buyghtis. for þ were þ moste pty of all/ þ vonde ta
ble redy on po bankis for to sayle whan þ kynge lyked
/ Whan In all haste þt myght be they shypped þ gonnis
& harneyse & all/ maner of ordynaunce þt fallyth for
þ were & tentys and pabylyons many were trussed
and so they shotte fro me þ bankis many grete carykis
and many shippes of forestage wt coggis and galeyes
& shrynesse full noble wt galeyes & galyottys bolyng
wt many Ores. And thus they strekyn forth In to
the streamys many sadde gnudenbes.

Here folowyth the dreme of kynge Arthure.

And the kynge was In his Cog and lay In his Ca
bane he felle In a slomberyng & dremed how a
dredfull Dragon and dreuche mucke of his mouthe
& com flegyng owe wynge oute of þ weste pties and
his hede hym semed was enamyled wt Asure and his
shuldris shone as þ golde & his wombe was lyke may
led of a merveylous hew and his tayle was full of
tatyrs & his feete were florysshed as they were fyne
sable. And his clawys were lyke clene golde wt an
hydeouse flame of fyre þ flowe oute of his mouth lyke
as þ londe & þ watir had flawmed all on fyre. Whan
hym semed þ com oute of þ oryent a grymly Beare

all blak in a clowde and his pawys were as byg as a
poste he was all to tongeled wt hugernde lokys and he
was the fowlyst beste that ony man sye he stowed and
moved so rudely that merveyle hit were to telle / Than
the dredfull dragon dressyd hym a yenste hym to come
in the wynde lyke a ffaucon & fuersely strykis the Beare
and agayne the gresly Beare kuttis wt his grysly tuskys
that his breste and his brayne was bloode & hit nayled
all on the see / Than the worme wynde away & fleu
vppon hygh and com downe wt such a bourze & towched
the beare on the rydge that fro the toppe to the tayle was xx.
foote large & so he rentyth the beare & bowyd hym
vp clene that all the felle on ponder bolge the flesh and the
bonys and so hit slotered a brode on the see / Anone the
kynge wated of his dreme & in all haste he sente for
a Philozopher and charged hym to telle what hym
fyred his dreme / Sir seyde the Philozopher the Dra
gon the dremyste of be tokynd thow owne thone that
thou have sayled wt thy syker kynghth. and the colowne
of his wyngys in thy kyngdomes that the haste wt thy
kynghth wonne. And his tayle that was all to tatered
hym fyred yo noble kynghth of the Rounde table. and
the Beare that the dragon slowe above in the clowdis
be tokynd sum tyraunte that turmentis thy people of
the art lyke to fyght wt sum Tyraunte boldely in Batay
le be thy selff alone / Thow shalt sone of this dredfull
dreme drede the. but a lytyll and cave nat now sir con
quer rowne but comforte thy selff / Than wt in a
whyle they had a fyght of the bankys of Normandy
and at the same tyde the kynge arryved at Barflete &
founde the redy many of his grete lordis as he had

comaunded at Cryſtemaſſe be fore hym ſelfe and
Than come ꝑ aid huſbande man oute of the
contrey and tallyed vnto ꝑ kyng wondꝛfull
wordys and ſayde ſir here is a foule Gyaunte of
Gene that tormentyth the people mo than .v. C.
many mo of oure chyldren ꝑ hath bene gyltyman-
ce all this .vij. yeres and yet is ꝑ ſette nede cold but
in ꝑ contrey of Conſtantyne he hath kylled all oure
bodyes chyldren and this nyght he hath cleyfte the
dukes of Bretayne as he rode by a ryuer wt hed
ryche bryght ſt ledde hym vnto yondꝛ mounte to ly
by hym whyle hym lyſt laſtyth
many folkys folowed
hym mo than .v. hundꝛd Baronnes and backelers
and bryght full noble but and he ſlyked wondꝛly
lowde ꝑ ꝑ ſorow of ꝑ lady coud ſhall ne nede She
was thy couſyn wyff Sꝛ Iowell the gaude a man
ꝑ ne ralle myze of thy bloode how as ꝑ ante oure
byddyng bynge reaue on this lady and on thy byege
people ſt revenge vs as a noble conquerronne ſholde
alas ſeyde bynge Arthure this is a grete myſcheffe
I had leuꝛ than all the realmys I welde vnto my
coronne ꝑ I had bene be fore thaꝛ fre ybe a fur-longe
way for to gane reſcowed that lady and I wolde
gane done my payne How felow ſeyde Arthure
woldiſt ꝑ leu me where ꝑ carle dwellyd I trowe I
ſhall trete wt hym or I fur paſſe Sꝛ conquerour
ſeyde the good man be holde yondꝛ .ij. fryth for ꝑ
ſhalte ꝑ fynde ꝑ carle be yonde ꝑ colde ſt-rendus
and treſoure oute of mꝫbꝛ ꝑ mayſte ꝑ ſyberly fyn-
de more treſoure as I ſuppoſe than is in all ſpaunce
aſtꝛ The bynge ſeyde good man pees ſt carpe

to me no more thy sothe sawys gaue greued sore
my herte // Than he turnyd towarde his tentys
& carpys but lytyl // Than þe kynge seyde vnto
Sir Kay Ihu conceyle I to Sir Bedwere þe bolde
thus seyde he lobe þe ye .y. astir wynsonge be sure
ly armed & yo beste horsis. for I wolle ryde on
pylgrymage þwayly and none but we .ij. and
whan my lordis is servyd we wolle ryde to seynte
wychaels mounte where merbayles ar shewed // A
none Sir Arthure went to his wardrop & caste
on his armoure bothe his Besserawnte and his Bas
net wt his brode shylde. And so he buskys hym tyll his
stede þon þe bente lobed. Than he sterte vppon losse &
sesitys þe bridylle and stures hym stonthy & sone he
fyndis his hyngtf. .y. full clenly arayed. And than they
trotted on stylly to gedir on a blythe contray full of mad
ny myrry byrdis. And whan they com to þe forlonde
Arthure and they a lyght on his foote // Now fastenyd
seyde Arthure owre horsis tp none nyze of. for I wolle
seche this seynte be my self a lone and spede wythin this
mayster wan þ kepys this mountayne // Than the
kynge yode vp to þe creste of þ Cragge. And than he
conforted hym self wt þ colde wynde and than he yode
forthby .ij. welle stremys. And þ he fyndys .ij. fyres
flamand full hyze. And at þ one fyre he fonnde a care
full wydow wepynande his handys sittande on a gra
ve þ was new marked // Than Arthure salued his
sise kynge a gayne and asked hir why she sate so wepyng
// Alas she seyde carefull hyngth you carpys on lownde
you is a werlow wolle destroy vs bothe I holde þ vnhappy
wrecche doste þ on this mountayne // Sonne here were

ſuche ſyſſty ye were to feeble for to macche hym alle at
onys? Where to be yo ꝑ announe hit may ꝑ lytyll availe
for he nedyd none of weppyn but hys bare fyſte // Have us
a douches dede ꝑ fayr yſſt ꝑ lyved he hath murthered that
myſde t onte ony mercy he forced hir by fyltth of hym
ſelff and ſo aftir ſlytte hir vnto ꝑ navyll // Dame ſeyde
ꝑ kynge I com fro ꝑ conqueroꝝ ſir Arthure for to trete
w t ꝑ t tirraunte for hys kyege peple // ffy on ſuche tretyſe
ſhe ſeyde pan for he ſettyd nought by ꝑ kynge nor by no
man elly d // But ꝑ ſame knave brought Arthure wyff dame
Gwenyvere he wolde be more blyther of hir than yon
kaddyſte geſſyn hym halfendele frannce and but yff yon
kaue brought hir pryſe hym nat to wyfe lobe what he
hath done vnto .xv. kyngſ he hath made hym a coote full
of ꝓcious ſtonys and ꝑ bordoned ꝑ of rich the berdis .xv.
kyngſ and they were of ꝑ ꝑ grettyſt blood ꝑ dwed on er ꝑ
othir farmeſad he none of yor realmys // This ꝓſente was
ſente hym to this laſte Cryſtemaſſe they ſente hym ſu fay
the for ſayng of ꝑ pepte. And for Arthure wyff he lodyd
hym here for he hath more treſoure than en had Arthure
or ony of hys eldere / And now ꝑ ſhalt fynde hym at ſoupere
w t .vj. knabe chyldrne. And ꝑ he hath made pylyll t ponder
w t many ꝓcious wynes and .vj. fayre maydens ꝑ t turnyd the
broche. That bydis to go to hys bed for they .vj. ſhall be dede
w t in .vj. owres or ꝑ fyltth nd fulfylled t hys fleyſhe aſſyd
// Well ſeyde Arthure I wolle fulfylle my meſſage for alle
yo grynd wordis // Than ſaue ꝑ to yondir kyng t ꝑ flamyd
ſo hyge and ꝑ ꝑ ſhalt fynde hym ſyberly for ſothe // Than he
paſſe forth to ꝑ creſte of ꝑ hylle t hyge where he ſate at
hys ſoupere a lone gudlyng on a hyne of a large man t
there he beheld hys knode londys by ꝑ bryght ſyne and

brebelyd hym somyd and .iij. damesels turned .iij. brochis
and þ on was .xij. chyldir but late borne and they were
brocched in maner lyke birdis / Whan the kyng be hylde
þt syght his herte was nyze bledyng for sorow / Than
he bayleseth hym wt mygtfull wordys. How he that alle
weldys yeff þ sorow theese þ þt sytt for þ art þ fowlyste
fleyte þt on was fommed so fendly þ fedyst the . þ deuil
hane thy soule And by what cause þ carle hast þ kylled
þes cristen chyldern þ haste made many martyrs by mon
theryng of this londis / Therefore þ shalt hane thy mede
therefor dyrchael that owyth this monute. And also why
haste þ slayne this fayre douches / Therefore shese
þ doggyssh for þ shalt dye this day thorow þ dynte of my
hondis / Than þ gloton gloomed and grand full foule
he gad beth lyke a grayhounde he was þ foulyst wyzte
þt on man lyue and þ was ned fuche one fommed on erþ
for þ was ned debil. Su helle more horryblyar made for
he was fro þ hede to the foote .v. fadom louge and large
and þ wt sturdely he sterte vppon his leggis straught a
clubbe su his honde all of clene wond. Than he swappis
at þ kynge wt þ byd wappyn he cumyssed downe wt the
club. the Coronal donne to þ colde erþ. the kyng conde
hym wt his shylde streches a boye dyn su fommede su
the myddis of his forehede þt þ flyppid blade vnto the
brayne reches / yet he shappis at siu Arthure but þ
kynge shunty a lytyll and reches hym a dynte dyze
vppon þ hamese and þ he swappis his Genytiottys su
sondir Than he vored and brayed and yet dugmely he stry
kes and fayled of siu Arthure and þ erþ quitis þt the butte
su to the swarffe a large fwede lengthe and more // Than
the kynge sterte vp vnto hym straught hym a bussette

and slue his baly / in sundr̄ parte went þe gore þt þe grasse
and þ̄ gronde all soule was be gone / Than he haste
away þ̄ clubbe and caught þ̄ kynge / in his armys & gan
led þ̄ kynge so harde þt he crusshed his ribbes Than þ̄
balefully mayden wronge his hondis and kneled on þ̄
gronde & to crystē called w̄t þ þ̄ warlow wrath Arthure
vndr̄ and so they walteryde & tumbylde on þ̄ craggis and
bussches and eythr̄ cleyght op fully faste in þ̄ armys and
op̄ wayles Arthure was a boven and op̄ wayle vndr̄ &
so they nere lefte tyll they fylle þ̄ ad þ̄ floode marked But
and sir̄ þ̄ walter kynge Arthure hitt his kynn w̄t a sporte dagger
vp to þ̄ hyltys and in his fallynge þ̄ braste of þ̄ grymly
ribbys iij. eyn at onys and by fortune they felle there
ad þ̄ ij kyngis a boode w̄t theire horsis / Whan Sir Kay
saw þ̄ kynge and the gyaunte so clevght to gyder / Alas
sayd sir Kay we arefor lete for ad yondr̄ is our londe ou
fallen w̄t a fende hit is nutt so seyde þ̄ kynge but helpe me
sir Kay for this conqueste hane I clagged oute of þ̄ yon
dr̄ clowys / In fayth seyde Sir Bedwere this is a
foule carle and caught þ̄ conqueste oute of þ̄ kynges armys
and there he seyde I shall myght pell yondr̄ and dyspoyle
be of such a mabyng that ad god wolde suffr̄ hym to
a byde in pevn and I ffor quite such that seruyd
I shall I wolle nede sette for none be þ̄ fayth of my body
Than kynge than longhyt at Bedwere words & seyde
this conqueste hane I longht unto my grete dam
gere But stryke of his hede and sette hit on a trom
choone of a spere and gesse hit to thy guarde that is
veryste horsed and bere hit vnto sir Howell þt is in
harde bondis and bydde hym be mery for his enemy
is destroyed and after Barflete lette brace hit on a

Barbycan that all ye comyns of this countrey may hit be holde And than ye. y. go up and feeche me my shelde my swerde and ye boystouse clubbe off stroud. And yf ye lyste ony tresoure take what ye lyst for ye may fynde tresoure oute off nubu. Do I gaue the Curtysly I kepe no more. for this was a sweyst Graunte and myghty off strengthe. ffor I mette nat wt suche one this xv. tymes Dauss onys in ye mouute off Amabe I mette wt suche an off. but this was ferser that had I neuer founden had nat my fortune be good Than ye buyste feeched the Clubbe and ye coote and all ye remenaunte and tobe wt hem what tresoure that hem lybed. Than ye kynge & they sterte vppon ye horsys and so they rode fro thens ye as they come fro. And a none ye clamoure was gouge a boute all ye countrey. And than they wente wt one voyse to fore ye kynge and thanked god that hym ye enemy was destroyed All thanke ye god seyde Arthure and no man ellys looke ye the goddys be shylded that none playne off this yte And than he comaunded his cosyn sir Gowelly to make a lyste on ye same cragge in ye worshippe off seynte Aychael. On ye morne frome Barflete remeuyde ye kynge wt all his gruete batayle proudly arayed And so they shoote on ye streyns in to a fayre champayne And ye they domme in a valey they pyghte vp hir tentys. And eyn at ye mete while come .y. messyngard that one was ye Marchall off ffraunce ye seyde to ye kynge how ye Emperoure was com in to ffraunce and hath destroyed muche off owre marchis and is com in to Burgayne and many borowys hath destroyed and hath made gruete slaughtir off ye noble people & where that he rydyth all he destroyes And now he is comyn

Sir to bowse ffraunce and þe bremys all cleane Now all
the bowse lepers botge bendys and op. And þe peerys off
Parys towne and fledde downe Sir to þe lowe contrey towarde
Coone and but yf þe helpe them þe sumer they muste yelde hem
all at ones botge þe bodyes and towns they can none other
succo but medys they muste yelde them in haste
Than þe kynge bydde Sir Boyce now bowse the
blythe. And Sir Lyonel and Sir Bedwere lobe þt
ye fare wt Sir Gawayne my nevew wt you and take as many
good knyghtf and lobe þt ye ryde streyte vnto Sir Lucius and
sey I bydde hym Sir haste to remeve oute off my londys. And
yf he wolle nat so bydde hym dresse his batayle and lette vs
redresse owre ryghtf wt owre handis. And þt is more wor
shyppe than thus to ov̄ryde mayst̄lesse men When a
none Sir all haste they dressed hem to horse bak the noble
knyghtf / and when they com to þe greve wood they sawe
be fore hem many provide pavylyons off sylke off dyverse
colowres þt were sette Sir a medow be syde a ryver and the
Emperowr pavylyon was Sir þe myddys wt an Egle display
ed on losse // When thorow the wood owre knyghtf rode
tylle þt they com vnto the Emperowr tente / But be
hynde them they lefte stuff off men off armys Sir a boysse
mente and þe lefte Sir þe boysshemente Sir Lyonel and
Sir Bedwere Sir Gawayne and Sir Boyce went wt the
message / So they rode worthyly Sir to þe Emperowr tente
and spake bolde at ones wt gawte wordys / Now gesse þe
sorow Sir Emperowr all they sowdyars þe a boute / sowrely
ocupyest pou wt wrouge the Empyre ship off Coome that
is kynge Arthures heritage be hynde off his noble Elders
there labbed none but Uther his fadir. Thare fore þe kyng
comandyth þe to ryde oute off his londys op ellys to fyght

for all and bryghtly hit wynne, ye sey well seyde ȳ Emp̄
as youre lorde hath yow comaunded But telle yō lorde
I sende hym gretynge. but I gane no sor of youre touchyd
thus to rebuke me ſt my lordys But sey youre lorde
I wolle ryde downe by Sayne and wynne all ȳ to longe
and after ryde vnto Roone and wynne hit or elles. hit
be semyd p̄ elle seyde Sir Gawayne that ony such an
Elfe sholde bragge suche wordys for I had lefer than
all fraunce to fyghte a yenste p̄ op̄ I seyde Sir Bors
than to welde all bretayne or Burgayne the noble
Than a bryghte ȳ knyghte Sir Gayus ȳ was cosyn
vnto p̄ Emperour he seyde thes wordys. Thes englyshe
Bretons be braggars of kynde. for ye may see how
they boste and bragge as they durste bete all p̄ worlde
Than gradd Sir Gawayne at his grete wordys
and wt his bowerly bronde ȳ bryghte semed he strobe
The dethe of Sir Gayus ofte p̄ hede of Sir Gayus the knyghte and so they turned
ȳ horsis and rode on watyrs and woodys ſu to they
come ny p̄ busſhemente p̄ Sir lyonell and Sir Bedwere
were kaynge stylle Than p̄ romaynes folowed faste
on horsebak and on foote on a fayre champeyne vnto
a fayre wood Than turnys hym Sir Borce with
a freyshe wylle and save a gay knyghte all floryshed in
golde ȳ bare downe of Artours knyghtes wondirfull nay
Than Sir Borce asspyed hym he haste su feautir
a spere and gredis hym thorow oute p̄ body that his
gutts fylle oute and p̄ knyghte to p̄ gronde ȳ greſly
grouyd Than preced su a bolde baronne all su pur-
puylt arayed he thereſte su to p̄ prece of kyng Artours
knyghtes and frusshed downe many good knyghtes and he
was called Calleborne the strengyste of all ynd

and Sir Bors turned hym to stare hym thorow the brode shylde and the brode of his breste that he felle to the erthe as dede as a stone Than Sir ffeldenake the myghty that was a prayssed man of armys he gunde to Sir Gallwayne for gresse of Sir Gayus and his othir felowys and Sir Gawayne was ware and drew Galantyne his swerde and hytt hym such a busshette that he clebed hym to the breste and than he cam to his coursar and wente to his feres Than a rych man of Rome one of the Senatours called to his felowys and bade hem returne for yondir ar shrewed messengers and bolde boosters ffor we folow them ony farther the game shall be owrys And so the Romaynes returned hyghtly to there tentys and tolde the Emperour how they had spedde And how the marshall of Rome was slayne and mo than .v. dj. of the felde dede But yet one they wente and kepte owre busshemente brake on bothe sydys of the Romaynes And the bolde Bedwer and Sir Lyonel bare downe the Romaynes on eny syde There owre noble knyghtis of mery Ingelonde bere hem thorow the helmys and brynyghte shelde and flesh hem downe And the bolde knyghte returned vnto the Emperour and tolde hym at rome worde his men were destroyed .x. dj. by bataylle of tyred knyghtis for they ar the bryghtyst men that ever we saw in felde But alwayes Sir Bors and Sir Gawayne frely followed on the Romaynes ayen vnto the Emperours tentis Than oute ran the Romaynes on eny syde bothe on horse and foote to many oute of nombir But Sir Bors and Sir Bers were formeste in the frunte and freyshly fawhte as ony dud ony knyghtis But Sir Gawayne was on the ryghte honde and Sir Hestor the myghty But there were so many hym a gayuste the myghty that helpe the hadde nede But was fayne to turne on his horse otherwhile his lyffe

The dethe of Sir ffeldenak

muste ge lese Sir Bors and Sir Bewell þe good barons
wes fonzte as .i. boor3 þt myght no farr3 passe / But at þe
laste thonze they lost were they were yolden et taken and
saued þ lyues zet þ stale stode a lytell on syde wt Sir Gallay
ne þt made sorow oute of mesure for thes .i. lordys / But
than cam in a freyste knyght clenly arayed Sir Jwes Sir
Wraynes son a noble man of armys he brought .v. C. good
men in ganbulf attyred. And wan he wyste Sir Bors
and sir Bewel were cesed of were alas he sayde this is to
nuage shame et ou nuge losse / ffor wt bynge Arthure and
he know þt thes .i. knyghtes bene this loste he wolde nedys nuay
be tylt this be reuenged. A fayre knyght sayde sir Gawayn
you moste nedis be a good man for so is thy fadir in bnowe
full well thy modir in sugelonde was þ borne alas thes
wraynes this day gane chaced vs as wylde harys et they
gane ouer nobly cayssten taken in the felde þ was nedi
a bettir knyght þt strode vppon a stede / loo where they lede
oure lordys ou yonder brode launde. I make myne avowe
seyde Sir Gawayne I shalt nedis se my lorde Arthure but yf
I rescow hem þt so lyghtly ar ledde vs fro / Whan is knyghtly
frobyn seyde sir Jwes et pulde vp his bridyls et galowed
ou þ champayne. there was mysthynge of speris et swap
ynge of swerdis. And sir Gawayne wt galauntyne his swerde
and many wondyrs. Whan he thweste thorow þ prece vnto
hym þt lad sir Bors and bare hym thorow vp to þ eyghtys et
lad e away sir Bors strayte vnto his ferys / Whan sir Jwes
þ ponge sir Wraynes son he thweste vnto a knyght þt had sir
Bewell þt þ brayne and þ blode cleud ou his swerde / he
was a proude Senatour preced after sir Gawayne et gaff
hym a grete busset / Whan sawe sir Jwes and after rydyth
et had slayne þ Senato but þt he yelded hym in haste yet

he was lothe to be yolden but yᵗ he nedys muste And wᵗ yᵗ sir
Idrus ledde hym oute of yᵉ preesse vnto sir Lyonell and vnto
Syr Lovel Idrus his brothir and comaunded hem to kepe hym
on payne of theire hedis. Than yᵗ he gan a passyng harde
stowre. for yᵉ romaynes ded wepe and bygged Whan Sir
Gawayne yᵗ aspyed he sente forthe a knyght vnto kyng Arthu
re and telle hym what sorowe he endure. how he hade
taken yᵉ chefe chaunceler of Rome. and xl. senatowre full noble of odir pronde princis we knowe
nat theire namys and pray hym as he is owre lorde to re
ceyve hys be tyme for owre pisoners may pay ryche ransome oute of
mine and telle hym yᵗ I am wounded wondirly sore Whan
yᵉ messyngere com to yᵉ kyng he told hym thes wordys the
kynge thanked cryste clappyng his handys and for thy trew
nesse he I may lyve many wyntyrs yᵗ was neid no knyght bett
e to awarde. But yᵗ is no golde vndir god yᵗ shall save yᵗ lyvys
I make myne avow to god. and sir Gawayne be in ony perel
of deth for I had leve yᵗ yᵉ Emperowr and all his chyff lordis were
smetyn I to helpe thaim owt of yᵉ rounde tables were bytt
erly wounded So forth yᵉ pisoners were brought before
Arthure and he comaunded hem I to be kepyng of yᵉ Conestablys
warde surely to be kepte as noble pisoners So wᵗ I will
le com in yᵉ forewarde I shall for to say Sir Bors Sir
Bedwere Sir Lyonell and sir Gawayne that was sore wom
ded wᵗ all his noble felyschepp they loste no man of worschippe
So anone yᵉ kyng lete ransake Sir Gawayne anone he
his syghe and sayde fayre Cosyn me thynkis of thyne harte
and yᵗ I myghte glad they harte other fare yᵉ bettir wᵗ
I I shulde presente yᵉ wᵗ his hedys thorow wode pon and thus
rebuked Than was lytyll a wayle sayde sir Gawayne for
theire hedys had they lovne I had wolde my selfe a thei were

ſſame to ſſe knyghtſſ whan they be yolden Than was ſſoo
ſſ game amonge ye knyghtſſ of rounde table and ſſpake of ſſ ye gre
ſſ beſſe ye ye meſſyngers bed ye day tyerow dedys of armys Do
on ye morne whan ſſir was day ye kyng called vnto hym ſſir
Cador of Cornwayle and ſſir Clarrus of Clerecounte a clene
man of armys And ſſir Cloudres Sir Clegis ·y· olde noble
knyghtſſ and ſſir Bors Sir Berell noble good men of armys
And alſſo Sir Bryan de les ylyes and ſſir Bedwere ye bolde
And alſſo ye called ſſir launcelot ſſ̄ kepyng of all peple and
ſeyde ſſ pray ye Sir as ye lovys me take gede to tyes ye knyghtſſ
ſſ boldely lede tyes ſſoners vnto Paryſſe towne ye for to be
kepte ſſurely as they me love whyll ſſame And yſſ ony ſſe forowe
be falle moſſe ſſ aſſkye tyes ſſ̄ me as ſſ̄ me helpe Than
ſſir launcelot and ſſir Cador ſſ̄ tyes ye knyghtſſ attyred vnto
ſſ ye felyſſhyp ·x· ayſſ̄ be tale of bolde men arayed of ye beſte of
ye company And than they vnfolde Banerſſ̄ let ye be diſſplayed
Now turne we to ye Emperour of Rome ye wyſſe by aſſkye
whetyer tyis ſſoners ſſholde wende He callyd vnto
hym ſſir Edolf and ſſir Edwarde ·y· myghty kyngſſ And Sir
Deytowe of lybye and Senatoꝛs many And ye kyng of Gur
re and ye Senatoure of Rome Gallyne all tyes turned
towarde Troyes ſſ̄ many grete knyghtſſ to be trappe ye kyngſſ
ſſondrs men ſſ̄ were charged ſſ̄ ye ſſoners Than ar oure
knyghtſſ paſſſſed towarde paryſſe a buſſſſhemente lay be fore tyes
ſſ Dyty ye men of armys Now lordis ſeyde ſſir launcelot
ſſ pray you herkyns me a whyle ſſ drede ye ſſ̄ tyis woodys
be leyde a fore vs many of owre enemyes Therefore
be myne adwyſſe ſende we my good knyghtſſ ſſ aſſente me
ſeyde Sir Cador and all tyey ſeyde ye ſame ſſ were dyſſgyſſ
ed ye Sir Claryon and ſſir Clement ye noble ſſ tyey ſſholde
dyſcow ye woodys bolde ye dalys ſſ ye downys Do forth ſſ rode

thes my knyghtes & assyred in the woodis men off armys ry-
dyng on sterne horsys Than Sir Clegys cryed on lou-
de to yt ony knyghtes kyng opon cayser yt dare for his lordis love
yt he serkyth reconutir wt a knyght off yt rounde table he he
kyng off knyghtes here is his reconuter redy And Sir he
answeryd angrily a gayne and seyde thy lorde wenys wt
his knyghtes to wynne all yt worlde I trow yo courage shal-
be aswaged in shorte tyme ffye on yt cowarde seyde Sir
Clegis as a cowarde yt frekyste for by thu myne armys
am knowyn thorow oute all Inglonde and Bretayne and
I am com off olde Baronnes off Auncetry nobile and Sir
Clegis is my name a knyght off yt table rounde. And frome
Troy Brute brought myne eldars / Than be semeste
well seyde yt kyng to be one off yt good be thy knyghtes browys
but for all yt yt cause comeone opon sey yt shall none yt is here
medyll wt yt this tyme / Than sir Clegis returned fro yt
tyche kyng and rode streyghte to Sir launcelot and vnto
sir Cadore and tolde hem what he had seyde seyne in the
woodis off yt fayryste fyghte off men off armys to yt vmbur off
Sixty ds. And yt fore lordyngis fyghte you be glorys off ellys
shame for shame chose whych ye lykys Nay be my fayth
sayde sir launcelot to turne is no tyme for hem all olde
knyghtes off olde grete worshyp yt were nedi shamed. And as
for me at my counsyll off my blode we ar but late made
knyghtes yett wolde we be lothe to lese yt worshyp yt oure
eldyrs gane desyryd. ye sey well seyde sir Cador and all
thes knyghtes off youre knyghtly wordis comfortis vs all
and I suppose here is none wolle be glad to retrayne. And as
for me seyde sir Cador I had lefe dye this day than onys to
turne my bak ye sey well seyde sir Bors ce lette vs sette on
hem frevsshly and yt worshyp shall be ourres and cause oure

kynge to gouerne vs for ever and to gyffe vs lordshyppis
of landys for oure noble dedys and ye shalle fyghte
the dobyl fame that bouys of who save onyf kynggtis
for lycoure of goodys tylle all be done of knowe who shal
fame the bettir he dothe that kynggtly so shall me helpe
yan
anone Sir lamcelot and Sir Cador the .ij. myghty Dukis
dubbed kynggtis worshipp to crynne Jonete was the fyrste
a shuster fulle noble Sir Gectimer and Sir Alydube bothe
of shiglonde borne and sir Gamerel and sir Gardolf fulle gar
dy men of armys also Sir Gawry and Sir Gurygall that
good men were bothe Now felowys sayde Sir lamcelot
and sir Cador the kinge Comaundyr sir Bedwere and sir Berel
take with you sir Raynolde and sir Edwarde that ar sir Boulon
dis chyldir of lobe the ye take kepe to thes noble prisoners what
chaunce so vs be tyde save them of yo selfe this comaundement
we gesse you as ye wolle vs answere to oure soudayne lorde
and for ony stowre the eir ye se vs be stadde stondys in yo
stale of sterte ye no ferp. and yf ony be falle the ye se oure charge
is to muche than recou yo selfe vnto som bydde castell of than
ryde you faste vnto oure kynge and pray hym of socco as he
is oure kynde lorde and than they frunysshed forth all at
onys of the bowrelyest kynggtis the eir brake brede with no than
v.C. at the fornyste frunte of caste the spreares in sunder all at
onys and save trumpetis the was no noyse ellys Than the
Romaynes ofte stemebred alytyll and the lorde the was kynge
of Lybye that lad all the fornyste route Releste his spere in fe
autyr of bare his course aryn to sir Berel and strabe hym
thorow the gorge that he and his horse felle to the grounde of
so he was brought oute of his lyff Alas sayde sir Cadore
now carefull is myne herte the now hetis dede my Cosyn the
Sleste loved he alyght of his horse and tolde hym in hys
The dethe of Sir Berel

armys And p̄ comaunded knyghtȳ to kepe well p̄ corse Thā
p̄ kynge craked grete wordys on lowde & seyde one of yon prow
de knyght ys leyde full lowe youdr kyng seyde sir Cador
campis grete wordis But & I may lyve or this dayes ende I
shall countr w̄t youdr kynge so Cryste me helpe Du seyde sir
launcelot meve you nat to sore but take yo̅ spead & yo̅ londe
& we shall you not fayle Thā sir Cador Du launcelot and
sir Bors the good men of armys thos .ij. feaūtyed p̄ spearys
and thrieste in to p̄ myddys & than thorow onte p̄ grete ost thy
se of .ij. tymes And whan p̄ spearys were brokyn they swange
onte p̄ swerdis & slowe of noble men of armys no thā an .C.
And thā they rode a yen to there fays Thā a lowde the
kynge of lybye cryed vnto sir Cador Well gane ye revenged
p̄ dethe of yo̅ knyght for I gane loste for one knyght and .C. by
vij. store And there w̄t p̄ batayle be gan to ioyne & grete
slaught p̄ was on p̄ fayrest pty but thorow p̄ noble prowesse
of kyng Arthurs knyghtȳ ȳ were takyn & lad for ded also
many p̄t grevyd sore sir launcelot Du Cador and Du Bors
p̄ kynsmā Thē kynge of lybye he held p̄ dedis and sterte on
a sterne horse and vnbely closed owre knyghtȳ & drove
downe to p̄ grounde many a good man for p̄ was Du Aladu
be slayne and also sir Astamō sore wowmded and Du Gerarde
and sir Gerygale gerym to pecis and Du Lovell was takyn
and Du Lyonell als And nere had sir Elegis Du Clermon
de had nat bene w̄t p̄ knyghtlode of Du launcelot the neyve
made knyghtȳ had be slayne enychone Thā sir Cador ro
de vnto p̄ kyng of lybye w̄t a swerde well stelyd & smote hy
an hyze vppon p̄ hede p̄t p̄ brayne folowed How haste thow
seyde sir Cador corme baote a gayne wande and p̄ delyth gane
thy bonys p̄t end p̄ were borne Thā p̄ Soudan of Surre
was wood wrothe for p̄ dethe of p̄t kynge gruēd kyrn at this

The dethe of .ij. knyghtȳ Du Aladube Du Gerarde & Du Gerygale

The dethe of p̄ kyng of lybye

herte and reconforted his people and sette sore on owre
knyghtis // Than sir Launcelot and Sir Bors encountyrd
with kyng Ione and with xi. a worthy as tellyth the romaynes
they had slayne of the Sarazens no thynge. xl. And sir Lay
the kene had taken a Captayne and Edwarde had taken .xv.
Erlys and the Duke of Burgoyne yelde kynd up vnto Sir
Launcelot and the Duke of Sauoye yelde kynd vnto sir
Cador // Whan the romaynes and the Sarazens aspyed how pe
game yode they fledde with all kyn myght to hyde there hedis
// Thanne owre knyghtis folowed with a freysshe fare and slew
downe of the Sarazens. And folowed with a freysshe fare / And
Sir Launcelot ded so grete dedys of armys that day that sir Cador
and all the romaynes had mervayle of his myght for that was
nor kynge Capser nor knyght that day myght stonde kynd
ony buffette the fore was he honoured dayes of his lyff for
neuer ere or that day was he proved so welle for he and Sir
Bors and sir Lyonel was but late a fore at an hyze feste
made all. iij. knyghtis // And thus were the romaynes and
the Sarazens slayne adowne clene save a fewe were reco-
vride by hym to a lytyll castell. And than the noble knyghtis
of the romayne table there as the felde was toke vp kyn good
bodyes of the noble knyghtis and garte sende them vnto kyng
Arthure hym to the erthe to be caste. So they all rode vnto
Barbyse and be lefte the peuens the xxx. prouestes
than they were delyuerde hym to kepe saufly garde. Thanne
eny knyght tobe a spene and drawe of the colde wynde and
than ferfely hym a bayde returned vnto kynge / Whan
the kynge his knyghtis fawe he was than meruelously reioy-
ced and clepyght knyght be knyght hym his armys and sayde all
the worshyp hym the worlde ye welde be my fayth // Where
was neuer kyng sauff my selff that welded owre fuch knyghtis

Sir seyde Sir Cador there was none of vs that fayled other
But of the bryghtode of Sir launcelot / that were vnayle
to telle it of his bolde dedis we preued fully noble bryght
But of alle other he of grete strengthe of his ayge sir
launcelot hath no felowe / Whan the kyng herde sir Cador
say suche wordis he seyde kynne be serryd for to do suche dedis
/ and sir Cadore tolde Arthure alle the batayle of the good knyghtis
were slayne. The kynge of lybye and he slew the fyrste
knyght on oure syde that was Sir Berell and sir Aladuke
was and of a noble man of armys and sir Ayamer. and sir
Ayoner that were .ij. brethryn with sir Ayanaduke and Sir
Ayandyss. .ij good knyghtis / Than the kynge with a bendes
wyped his yen it sayde yo courage it yo hardynesse were
gone had you destroyed. for it ye had turned agayne ye
had loste no worshyp. for I calle it but foly to a lyde with
knyghtis bene ouermacched. / Not so sayde sir launcelot
the shame sholde ellis gane bene owres. That is trouthe
seyde sir Kegis and Sir Bors for knyghtis ons shamed
becomys it nat new / Now lete Sir Arthure and his no
ble knyghtis and speke we of a Senatoure that astaped fro
the batayle / Whan he com to Lucius the Empour of Rome
he seyde Sir me thynk the what doste the here / sir this man
chis and to oure men poore pepte the shalt wynne thy
ellys it is the dele with kynge Arthure and his doughty knyght
the wynnys nanght ellys but grete strokys oute of mesure. for this day one of Arthurs knyghtis was worth
in batayle an C. of ours / Sye on the seyde Lucius for
cowardly the prebyste yff my barons me grebe thy wor
dys grevethe me nought more / Than he called to hym
his counceyle men of noble blode / So by all their
advyse he sente for the knyght the knyght Sir Leomye he

dressed hys people & hyze hym he bade & take hym off the beste/ mend of armys many sad hundreth/ys & go be fore and we wolle/ folow after / But/ the kynge of the contynge was fully warned & thus/ to Sessoyne he dressid hys people & forstalled the tenaynes from the hyd castels & the walled townes/ And the sir Lyllers the valyaunte made hys avow ayen by fore the kynge to take of to sle the vycounte of/ Stone or ellys to dye thare fore /

Than the kyng comanded Sir Cadore to take he de to the rerewarde and take rerebys off the rounde table & the beste hyrdes/ sauff Sir Lamcelot/ & Sir Bors & many mo other/ Sir Kay Sir Clegis shall/ be pals and sir Ayarnobe Sir Ayrgaulte shall be with me/ in fewyst all/ thes with mo of shall/ a wayte vppon my psone / Than kynge Arthure dispcled all/ hys oste in dyuse ptyes that they sholde nat/ astape but to fyght/ them be fore/s/ Whan the empour was entyred/ in to the vale of Sessoyne he myght/ se where kyng Arthure roved/ in batayle with baners displayed on ayy syde was he be sette the he myght/ nat/ astape/ but/ of to fyght/ of to yelde hym the was none of boote / Now/ se well/ seyde sir Lucyus yonder traytour/ gath/ be trayed me / Than he redressid hys bryght/s on dyuse ptyes & sette vp a dragon with eghte/ hedys many one enwed with Babyl/ and than he lete blow vp with trumpetts & with tabourd/s the all/ the vale dyndled and than he lete crye on lowde with trumpetts and with tabourd/s the all/ the vale dyn ned and than he lete cry on lowde the all/ men myght/ here

Syrs/ ye know well/ the the honour & worshyp gath/ vs folowyd the tenaynes/ and this day lete vs/ nevir be loste for the defaute of/ harte for/ I se well/ by yondyr ordynaunce this day shall/ dye much/ people/ & the fore

Do dowtyly

so doughtly that day at the felde ayenys Than arose the
welsshe kynge was so wyze that he gerde Sir lucyus Than
he dressed hym to the vycomte his avow for to holde
his armys were fully clene and that hit was a doleffull
dragon and hit to the walwande he pykys hym with styff
spere hit gonde and that he mette with the valyaunte vyl
lard hym self that was vycomte of Rome and that he smo
te hym thorow the shorte rybbys with a spear that the bloode
braste oute on eyther syde and so fylle to the erthe and
nevir spake no wordys after // Than the noble Sir lyon-
ne boldely approched and gyrde thorow oute the Empowred
batayle where was the thyckest prece and slew a grete
londe by the Empowrs standard and than flow to the Ba-
nere and strake hit thorow oute with his bryght favorde
and so tabyth hit hym and rydyth with hit away vnto his
felyshyp Than Sir launcelot lepe forth with his stede
evyn strayght vnto Sir lucyus and sir his way he
smote thorow a bryge that stoode altho nexte hym at
his name was Jacomde a Barezen full noble and than
he russhed forth vnto Sir lucyus and smote hym on
the helme with his favorde that he felle to the erthe and sythe he
rode thryse on hym on a rowe and so tore the Baner of
Rome and rode with hit away vnto Arthure hym self and
all seyde that hit save that was nevir knyght and more
worshyp hym his dayes Than dressed hym Sir Bors
vnto a sterne knyght and smote hym on the vmbrell
that his necke braste Than he soyned his horse vntyl
a sterne Gyaunte and smote hym thorow bothe sydys
and yet he shove on his way tumyng vp knyghtis
Be than the bolde men of Inglonde and of Bretayne
be gan to shote and these other Romaynes and Barezens

sholde wt dartis & wt crosse bowys. þt he gan a stronge
bataylle on ey syde and mucche slaughter on þt tornay-
ned qty and þe doucche men wt quarelld and mucche
harme for they were wt þt tornayned wt sir bowys off
ffarne // and þe grete gyauntf off Gene kylled dowme
many knyghtf wt clubbys off steele crusshed oute sir
braynes. also they shwatte oute þ braynes off many
comseud When arthure had aspyed þ gyauntf worshp
he cryed on lowde þt knyghtf myghty here & seyde say-
ne lordys lobe yo name be nat loste lese nat youre
worshyp for youdr bare legged knabys and ye shal-
se what I shalle do as for my trew pte he toke there
oute Excalyber and gundys towarde Galapad that
grand tyrn moste he but tyrn of by the hed clenly
þt he soudr // Now ant þ off a fyne seyde þ kyng kyde
vnto owre ferys and than he strabe off his hede swyf-
tely // Whan come yn Sir Cadore and Sir kay Sir
Gawayne and good Sir launcelot Sir Bors Sir ly
onel and sir Ector de ayrys and Sir Astamore the
good knyght t ned fayled his lorde Sir Pellead
and sir Ayrgault that were shed men off armys
all the grymly knyghtf sette vppon þ gyauntys
and by þ dyntys were dalte and þ done yoldyn
they had felled hem starke dede off fyfty alle to the
bare erthe Do forth they wente wythe þ kynge the
knyghtf off þ rounde table was nen kyng nor knyghtf
and better yn god made þ worlde they kepte on wt longe
swerdys & shwapped thrown braynes shyldys nor no shene
armys myght hem nat wt stonde tylle they kepte on the
erthe .xx. & .ij. at onys Whan þ knyghtys neled a lytyl
for they were sore wery nebubled // But kyng Arthure

wt ꝺꝛyce bryggtꝭ proceꝺ ſoꝛe aſtꝛ. Whan Sꝛ. Kay Sꝛ. Cleges and Sꝛ. Bedwere the kyche encountyꝛꝺ wt them by a cheſſ ſyde ſt yt they. my. by good meanys ſhowe ſuꝺ t peace mo than. v. C. And alſo Sꝛ Kay roode vnto a kyng of Ethyope and bare hym thoꝛow ſt as he turned hym a gayne towarde ꝺꝛyꝛ ſtayꝛꝺ a tyꝛꝛaunte ſtrake hym be twyxte yᵉ breſte ſt yᵉ bowellyꝭ. And as he was qwte yet he turned hym a gayne ſt ſmote yᵉ todꝛw on yᵉ hede t to yᵉ breſte qwt vaugte and ſeyde thonge I ſey of thy deute thy prayſyng ſhall be lytyll. Whan Sꝛ. Cleges and Sꝛ. Bedwere ſaw that Sꝛ. Kay was qwt they ſaved wt yᵉ tomaynes as gray houndꝭ doth wt harꝭ. And than they returned a yen vnto noble kynge Arthure and tolde hym how they had ſpedde Sꝛ kyng ſayde Sꝛ. Kay I gaue ſerued yᵉ longe now kyng me vnto ſom berydyꝭ for my fadred ſake and comaunde me to dame Gwenyuere thy goodly qweue and grete wel. my worſhyppfull wyff t recommaunded me nere and byd hir for my love to worche for my ſoule. Whan kynge Arthure ſtoꝛ.ouꝛthe at his gerte and ſeyde yᵉ ſhall lyve for ay my gerte thynke and yᵉ wt yᵉ kynge hym ſelff pulled oute the tronchoune of yᵉ ſpeare t made leche to leche hym ſyberly and ſonde noy lyon. nor hungyꝭ. noy bowellꝭ that were attamed. And than yᵉ kyng qwthe hym in hys owne tente wt ſyber kyngtꝭ and ſayde I ſhall revenge thy qwrte ſt I may a wyght rede. Whan yᵉ kynge in this malancoly metyꝭ wt a kynge and wt Excalybur he ſmote his hab in ſunder. than in t haſte he metyꝭ wt a notheꝛ ſt grete hym in yᵉ waſte thoꝛow bothe ſydes. Whan he ruſſhed here t there thoꝛow yᵉ thyckeſt pres more than. xxtie. tymes. Whan Sꝛ. Launcelot Sꝛ. Gawayne and Sꝛ. Lobel yᵒ ſon gerde oute one yᵉ ſome gaude ayene kynge the Empeꝛoure

hym self/ ſu a launde ſtode. Anone as ſir Lucyus ſawe
Sir Gawayne he ſayde all on hyghte yͤ art welcom I wyſ
ſor yͤ ſelfyſt/ after ſorow gete yͤ ſhalt/ be ſone ouermacched
Sir launcelot/ was wroth/ at hys grymme wordys and
runde to hym wt his ſwerde a bouen vppon hys bryghte
helme yt yͤ blaylyng bloode felle downe to his feete/ and
Sir Gawayne wyth his longe ſwerde leyde on faſte yt
ny. amerallys ſeyde thorow yͤ ſyute of his houdis and
ſo lobel/ failed nat/ ſu yͤ pres he ſlew a kynge & a duke yt
kynghte were noble Whan yͤ romaynes beleved whan
they ſye hir lorde ſo ramped they chaced and choppedde
downe many of owne kynghte good and ſu that/ rebukyng
they bare yͤ bolde Bedwere to the colde erthe ſtryght a
wande ſwerde he was merveylouſly wounded/ yet/ ſir
launcelot/ and ſir lobel/ reſtowed hym blyve. wt yt come
ſu kynge Arthure wt yͤ kynghte of yͤ table/ wounde and
reſtowed yͤ ryche men that/ nedwere lyke to aſcape
at yt tyme for oft tymes thorow eidy grete hardyneſſe
ne ſhewed yt hath/ bene yͤ deth/ of many lyd kynghtes for
thouze they ſpeke fayre many one vnto oth yet/ whan
they be ſu batayle eyth wolde beſte be prayſed

How kynge Arthure ſlew yͤ Empo-
rour lucyus

Anone as kynge Arthure had a ſyghte of yͤ Empour
lucyus/ for kynge nor for Captayne he tarved
no lenger and eythir wt her ſwerdys ſwapped at other ſo
Sir lucyus wt his ſwerde hit Arthure on thwarte yͤ noſe
& gaff hym a wounde wyde vnto yͤ kynge Sir Arthure
was wroth/ and gaff hym a nop wt that yͤ myghte yt ſu his
arme was lefed that/ frome yͤ creſte of his helme vnto
yͤ bare pappys hit/ wente a downe and ſo ended yͤ Empo
Whan yͤ kyng mette wt Sir Cadore his bene Conſyn
and prayde hym kylle downe clene for love of ſir kay

my fostred brop. And for þe love of Sir Bedwer þt longe
gatt me fred. Therfore fore save none for golde nothr for
sylu. ffor they þt wolle accompany them wt Barezeus the
man þt wolde save them were bytyll to prayse and þfore
ye dome & save nop getyn nothr cryston. Whan Sir
Cadore Sir Clegis cauzte to hem fwerdys. And sir launce
lot Sir Bors Sir lyonel Sir Bors Sir Ector de marys
they whyrled thorow many men of armys. And sir Gaway
ne Sir Bagerys Sir lobelle and Sir ffloremu qs brothr
þt was gotyn of Sir Brandyles fystr vppon a mountay
ne. Alle thes bryggtf rusfled forth fu a fraute wt many
mo bryggtf of the Rounde table that here be not reher
sid. They hurled on hyllys valeyes & clowys and flow
downe on ey gonde wondrfully many that thousandis
fu an hepe lay thrubelyng to gedr. But for all that the
romanes and þe Barezeus corde do op ffrebe to holde
them self þ was none saved but all yode to the fwerde for
ow bynge. In tyme rode fu the thyckeste of þe pres and
rampyd downe lyke a lyon many Senatos noble he
wolde nat a byde vppon no powre mans for no mans off
thyng & ey he slow slyly & slypped to a nop tylle all wer
slayne to the nmbr of a. C. thr and yet many a thousande
askaped thorow ther fwerdys. And than belebyd the
bynge wt his noble bryggtf & renfabed on all þ feldis
for his bolde baronns and tho þt were dede were bur
ryed as þ bloode asked and they þt myghty be saved there
was no salve spared nop no deputed to deve þt myghty
be gotyn for golde op fylu. And thus he lat save many
bryggtf þt wente nere to record. But for Sir Kayes reco
vir and off Sir Bedwer the ryche was nere man lu
dr god so glad as hym self was. Whan þ bynge rode

strenyte ſ as ꝑ Empowre lay ſt gerte lyſſte ſtynd
vp lowdely w baronnes fulle bolde and ꝑ Salvdon
of Surre and of Ethyope the kyng. and of Egypte
and of Jude ij. kuyghtſ fulle noble wythſ. xxij. of
kyngſ were tabyn vp alſ. and alſo Xxty Senatour
of Roome thatſ were honowred fulle noble men ſt alle
ꝑ eldeſt The kynge let bawme alle theſ w many
good ſtuffys and ſettyen lette lappe hem ſu Xxty folde
of Bendeſ large and thaw lete lappe hem ſu lede ꝑ
for chauffynge of chongynge theyſ ſholde nei ſabowre
and ſyttyen lete cloſe thend ſu cheſtyſ fulle clenly a
rayed ſt ꝑ band a bowynd oid ꝑ bodyed and ꝑ ſkyldyſ
turned vpſwande ꝑ awey man myghte knowe of what
contray theyſ were Do on the morne theyſ founde
ſu the feldſ. xij. Senatours of of Roome. when theyſ
were brought to the kynge he ſeyde theſ wordis
Flow to ſaue yo lyvyſ ſ tabe no force grete w thatſ
ye wolle meve on my meſſage vnto grete Roome and
preſente theſ corſes vnto the ꝓvnde Potyſtate and
aſtw hym my lettyrſ ſt my hole entente ſt telle hem
ſu haſte theyſ ſhalle ſe me and ſ tvow theyſ wolle be ware
how theyſ bonde w me ſt my kuyghtſ Then ꝑ Empowr
hym ſelfe was dreſſed ſu a charyot and xiij. kuyghtyſ
ſu a charyot ſewed aſtw of and ꝑ Senatour com aſtw by cow
plyſ ſu a conde Flow ſey ye to the Potyſtate ſt alle
ꝑ lordyſ aſtw ꝑ ſ ſende hem ꝑ tribet thatſ ſ owe to Roome
for thiſ xij ꝑ tvow tribet ꝑ ſ and myne eldeſt hane
loſte thiſ xij. ſtone wyntyn and ſey hem as me ſemeth
ſ hane ſentſ hem the hole ſume and yſ theyſ thynke hitwat
ſ owe ſ ſhalle a mende hit when ꝑ ſ com for ſuche treſon
ye muſte they take as happyng vs have Do on ꝑ morne

thes Senatours sayled vnto Rome and aft[er] .xv. dayes
they come to the Potestate and tolde hym how they hadde
brought þ[e] taxe and þ[e] trewage off .x. store wynters botte
off Ingelonde Irelonde and off all þ[e] eyght londys ffor kyng
Arthure comaundyd you nor tribet nor taxe ye wer no
me asste vppon payne off youre hedys but yff yo[u] tytil be
þ[e] trewer thand enioyth ony off yo[u] eldere And for these
causys we haue foughtyn in ffrannce and þ[e] vs is foule
gapped for all is chopped to þ[e] dethe bothe þ[e] bettir & þ[e] worse
therfore forsrede you store you wyth stuff for wan is at
honde ffor in the maneth off May thid myghtfull be falle
in the Contrey off Constantyne by þ[e] clere stremys and þ[e]
hyred vs w[i]t his buyghtis & feled them þ[a]t were quite þ[a]t
same day and to bery them that were slayne
Now turne we to Arthure w[i]t his noble buyghtis þ[a]t
entyth streyte in to lusshburne and so therovre
ffLaundres and than to Lorayne he lauzte vp all þ[e] lordshep
pryd and shitten he drew hym in to Almayne and vnto
Lumbardy the wyde and sette lawys in þ[a]t londe that dured
longe after And so in to Duskayne and þ[e] tirraunt[is]
destroyed and there were Captaynes fulfilled be the kepte
Arthurs comyng and alle streyte passages stew muche of
his people and þ[a]t they vytayled and garnysshed many good
townys But þ[e] was a cite kepte fine defence agayne
Arthure and his buyghtis And þ[a]t wrathed Arthure and seyde
all on hyght Wolle wynne this towne or elys many a
doughty shall dye And than þ[e] kynge approched to þ[e] walles
w[i]t oute shelde saufe his bare harneys Dir seyde sir ffloz
ence foly þ[e] workeste for to nyze so naked this pleonse cite
and thow be a feende seyde kyng Arthure I rede þ[e] faste fle
for they wyne no worshyp of me but to waste þ[e] toolys

ffor þ shalle ned garlot gane gappe by the helpe of oure lord
to hylle a crowned kynge þ w^t Cleyne ys a noynted // Than
the noble knyghtis of þ rounde table approched vnto the cite
and þ gorgis large. they rowled on a fruite streyght vnto
þ barbycan and þ they sterte downe all^t be fore them stondyng
and in þ bray þ bridge they came and had nat þ garnysone
bene they had wonne w^t in þ yatis and þ cite wonne thorow
wyghtnesse of handis // And than oone noble knyght w^t
drew them a lytyll and went vnto þ kynge and prayde hym
to take his baronage and than he pyght his pauylyoun of
palle and plantyd all a boute the Sege and þ he lette sett
vp suddenly many engynes // Than þ kynge called vnto
hym sir ffloreus and seyde these wordis my folkis were
febble for wantynge of vytayle and were by be forest full
fayre and þ as oone soonest may and I and sue they
gane gruete store of beste and tyders shalle þ go to ffornes
that forested And w^t þ shalle go sir Gawayne and Sir
Wyshande w^t sir Walagrue in worshypfull knyghtis w^t alle þ
wyseste men of þ weste nauacis // also Sir Clermount
and sir Clugis that were comly in armys and þ Captayne
of Cardyff that is a knyght full good // Now go ye
and warne alle this felyshep þ it be done as I comande
// So w^t þ forthe yode sir ffloreus and his felyshep was
sone redy and so they rode thorow holtys and hethis thorow
forestis and hyllys and than they com in to a fayre
medow þ was full of fayre flowres and þ thes noble knyghtis
bayted her stedis // And in þ nexte nyght of þ day Sir Gawayne
gate his good wondyrs for to sehe // Than was he
ware of a man armed walkynge a paas by a wood syde
by a reuer syde and his shelde braced on his sholdir and he
on a stronge horse rydyng w^t oute man wyth hym save a

boy a lowe þ bare a grymme speare Þe knyght bare
in his shelde of golde glystrand .iij. Gryffons in Babylt
and charbuckle þe cheff of Tyrlid . Whan sir Gawayne was
ware of þ gay knyght Þan he gripped a grete speare and
rode streyght towarde hym on a stronge horse for to mete
w þ sterne knyght where þ he proved Whan sir Gawayne
com hym nyze in englyshe he axted hym what he was .
And þ on knyght answerde in his language off Tursayne
and sayde Whor pryckyst þ pylloure þ þ fers þ so large þ
no pray prove Whan þ lyes þ for my þsoner þ shalt be for
all thy pronde lokys Þan spekyste proudly seyde sir
Gawayne but I counseyle þ for all thy grymme wondis þ
þ grype to the thy gere or more greame falle
Than gan they launce they handyde by evanys off armys
and com on spredyly w full syber dyntes and there
they shotte thorow sheldys and mayles and thorow there
shene shuldys they were thorow borne the brede of an
hande Þan were they so wrothe þ away wolde they nat
but wathly russhed onte þ swerdys and dyttys on þ hel
mys w gatefull dyntys and stabbid at ther stonakys w
swerdys well steled so freyssly yo five men sygh on the
gromde Whyle þ flawnyge fyre flowe onte off ther hel
mys Þan Sir Gawayne was gretid wondirly sore
for wyght he swerde Galantyne and grymly he stroke
and cleve þ knyghtis shelde in sundir t thorow onte the
thycke haubirke made off fine mayles and þ rubyes that
were ryche he russhed hem in sundir þ men myght be gol
de þ lyne and longe Þan gnoned þ knyght for his grymme
wondis and grucchid to sir Gawayne and awarde hym
stroke and brastyth the neve brace and þ wamm brace
bothe and but thorow awayne þ Gawayne sore greved for

so wrothed þat wounde þ̄ þat wyght chonged and þ̄ wt all
þat armure was all bloody be tene / Than þ̄ knyght tal
bed to Sir Gawayne and bade hym bynde vp þat wounde
or thy ble chonge for þ̄ all be bledis þat horse & thy bryght
wedys. for all þ̄ barons of Bretayne shall nat thy blood
stanche // Sir wyg þ̄ is quite wt this blade bleed shal.
ge end Be god sayde Sir Gawayne but gredys me but
lytyll yet shalt þ̄ nat feare me for all thy grete words
Now trowyste wt thy talkynge to tame my herte But
yet þ̄ be tydys tene or þ̄ pte fense but þ̄ telle me þu gas
te wyg may stanche my bledynge. What may I do and
I wolde so þ̄ wolde fayre wt me t I myght be fayre cryst rude
and be com nesse for my myssedis // Now may I sayn be
secge and I shall be com cryste and þu god stedfastly be
leve & þ̄ mayste for thy maugode gane made to thy sonle
I graunte seyde Sir Gawayne Do god me helpe to fulfil
fylle all thy desyre þ̄ gaste gretly hit desyred. Do þ̄ say me
þ̄ lotly wgat þ̄ sought here this sengly thy self a lone and
wgat lorde or legeaunte þ̄ art vndir Sir he seyde I hyght
Priamus and a prynce is my fadir & he hath bene ye
belt vnto Rome and old redyn vncle of sir lowdis. &
my fadir is com of Alysaundirs bloode t was oon leder of
kynge. and of Ector also was he com by þ̄ tyght lyne
t many mo were of my kynrede bothe Judas macabeus
and denbe Josue and ayre I am also nevote of Alysaundir
and of Anstryse and of all þ̄ oute Iles yet wolde I be lane
on thy lorde t þ̄ be lawyst on and take þ̄ for thy labo tres
I now. for I was so gaute þ̄ my herte I helde no man
my pere So was I sent I þ̄ to this weare by þ̄ assente
of my fadir wt. xij. score knyght and now I gane enco
untred wt one hath geedyn fyghtyng my fylle Where

fore sir bygght for thy kyngs sake telle me thy name
/ Sir seyde Sir Gawayne I am no bygght but I came
be brought vp in the wardrope w^t the noble kyng Arthure
wyntyrd and dayed for to take gode to his armoure
all/ his op^r wedis and to poynte all/ the paltoks t^t longe
to hym selff and to dresse doublettis for deubys at Erlys
and atte yole he made me yoman and gaff me good gyfft
tys more than an C. pounde and horse & garneyse wyche
and yff I kane happe my dede to sue my lyege lorde I
shall be well/ holpyn in haste / a sayde Sir Perimus
and his knavys be sone his bygghtis ar passynge good
Now for thy kyngs lone of heven and for thy kyndys
love wher^e the knave op^r bygght telle me thy name/ be
god seyde Sir Gawayne Now well I telle the sothe I am kno
wyn in his contre & lyd in his chambir and tolked w^t the
tyrcheste of the rounde table and I am a knyght dubbed wyth
his owne hondis the fore gracche nat good sir ask me this
grace to be happened but as the goodnesse of god t^t lente
me this strengthe / Now am I bettir pleased sayde Sir
Perymus than the gaddest gyfft me the prouynce of gryffe t^e
t^e ryche for I had leur kane be tornd w^t my wylde horse
than ony yoman had suche a loose wone of me op^r elis ony
page op^r grycher sholde wyne of me the prycer in this folde
gotyn / But now I warne the sir bygght of the rounde table
kene as by the deube of Lorayne w^t his knyghtis and the doughe
tyeste of Dolphyne landys w^t many hyze duchameis &
many lordis of Lumbardy and the garneson of godarde &
men of Westwalle worshypfull kyngs and of Syssoyne
and of Bontholonde Danezyns many vnkouthe and theue
named ar in tolkyd Pryti.a. of fyfty men off armys
Ther fore but the hyze the fro this hethe kit wolle kanne

vs both and sone be we ryde redy lyke to recou3 But ta
ke yͤ rede m gayneman yͭ se no sorne blow for and se
do thaw loke yͭ se be kellyn ou3 pecis for sone holys at thy
sonde a C of good knyghtis yͭ ar of my retynew and to
a wayte vppon my psone ffor and yͤ be raught wͭ yͭ rouz
ramson noy rede golde wolt they no ne asse Thaw
Sir Gawayne rode oid a wat for to gyde gynd selfe and yͭ
worshypfull knyght gyn folowed sone wounded ryght so they
rode tylle they com to yͤ ferys yͭ were baytand gyr gorlys
In a low medow where lay many lordys lenyng on there
shyldys wͭ lallyng and lapping of many lowde wordys
A none as sir Wyschande was ware of sir Gawayne yͭ
aspyed yͭ he was ryght he went toward gym wepyng
ryght wryngyng his hondys Thaw Sir Gawayne tolde
gynd how he had macched wͭ yͭ myghty man of strength
there fore grete yow nat good Sir for thouz my shylde
be now thirled yͭ my sholdir shorne yett thys knyght Sir
Pryamus hath many grone wounded Bute he hath salwys
he seyth yͭ wolt hele vs bothe But gare vs nedy note In
londe were thaw ye were fore by aid gonne astir none I
trow nyt wolt noy vs all Thaw sir Pryamus and Sir
Gawayne a lyght bothe yͭ lette gyr gorlys bayte In yͤ fayre
medow Thaw they lette brayde off gyr basnettys yͭ gyr brode
shyldys thaw eythir bled so mucle yͭ eny man had wondir yͭ
they myght sitte In yͤ sadyls or stonde vppon erthe Now
sertis me seyde Sir Pryamus my wyatt yͭ hangys by the
gurdyll off my gayneman for nyt is full off yͤ flowre off yͤ
my good watyrs yͭ passis from paradyse yͤ myghtyll frunyte
In fallys yͭ at one day fede shall vs all Putt yͭ watir In
oure fleyssh where yͤ hyde is tanned stre shall be gode wͭ
In my gomes Thaw they lette clense yͤ wondys wͭ colde

wyghte wyne and than they lete a noyse thens wt batayne
old & old and holer men than they were wt in dawnes space
was neu lyuyng syn god ye worlde made So wan they
were clensed & hole they brocht barelyd & brought them
ye wyne wyth brede & bratayne & many nyese kyndys And
wan they had etyn Sir Gawayne seyde lordyngs go to ar
mys And wan they were armed & assembled to gedyr wt
a clere Clarion callyd them to gedir to counceyle And sir
Gawayne of ye case hem tellyd Now tell vs sir Pryamus
all ye hole purpose of youre pryce kyngh Sire seyde
Sir Pryamus for to restow me they have made a vowe
of ellyd manfully on this molde to be marred all at onys
This was ye pure purpose wan I passed thens at sir pel
lyd to prest me vppon payne of ye lyfe Now good men
seyde Sir Gawayne grype vp yo gerth & yt we dylfed
go this a way yt wolt gresse owre lyuge And Sir ffloreus
sid this fyght shalt have a lyde for to kepe ye stale as a knyght
noble for ge was chosyn & chargyd in chaumbir wt ye kynge
chyffan of this chalke and chefyff of vs all And whether he
wolt fyght of fle we shall folow after ffor as for me for all
youre folkys shave for sake hem shall I nem A sadir seyde
ffloreus fulle fayre now ye spebe for I am but a fauntelyn
to frayste men of armys and yt I ony foly do ye fawte mvst
be yowed Where fore lese nat youre worshyp my wyth
vs but fynyshe & ye ar owne allyr governoure ye fore worde
as ye lyfe Now fayre lordys seyde Sir Pryamus
Lete youre wordys I warne you be tyme for ye shall fynde
in youre woodys many fellys knyghtys they wolt putte
furth beystys to bayte you oute of mubir and ye ar fraylid
in this fraythe nat paste Ihc & yt is feythfully to seyne
to fyght wt so many for flavlottys and fayre men wol helpe

vo but a lytyll. for they wolde slyde them in haste for all ye hye
wordys ye sey wolle seyde Sir Gawayne so god me helpe
Now sayre sone sayde Sir Gawayne vnto Florens wolde
ye take your felyshyp of ye beste prouyd men to ye nũbr of a
C. knyghtis and pstly prove yo selfe yondir pray wyne I as-
sent me wt good hert seyde Florence
Than Sir Florens called vnto hym Sir Florydas wt
v. score knyghtis & forth they slynged a faste trolle
and ye folke of ye beste knyghtis. Than folowed after Sir Flo-
rens wt noble men of armys fully .vij. C. And one Sir Fe-
rraunte of Spayne before on a fayre stede ywas fostred
in farmagot ye fende was his fadir he slyttys towarde
Sir Florens and sayde whoy flyeste ye false knyght. Than
Sir Florens was sayne and in feautyr castis his spere
a-tydys towarde ye wonght stresteys no lenger and fulle
but in ye forehede he slyttys Sir Ferraunte and brake
his neckebone. Than Ferraunte his cosyn had grete ca-
re and cryed fulle lowde ye faste slayne a knyght at hym
a noynted ye or this tyme founde neuer frayste ye myght a
byde hym a busshette ye fore ye shalle dey ye shalle none of yo
astape. Flye on ye seyde Florydas ye vregued wreche and
yeuyl to hym he slyngis wt a swerde ye alle ye sleysshe of his
flanke he slappys in sundir ye alle ye fyltht of ye freyste and
many of his guttys fylle to ye erthe. Than knyghtly rydis
a-wayne for to restorue ye Baronne ye was borne in ye
rodis a rebell vnto Cryste he preced in prondly and
after his pray wyndys. But ye Kayne seychande of
ye rounde table on a rede stede rode hym a gayneste and
the feeste hym thorow ye shylde cryn to ye herte. Than he
vomed fulle rudely but rose he ned more Than alle
his feerys mo than .v. C. felle vppon Sir Florence and

How Sir Flo-
rens slew Sir
Ferraunte

ond ḣis .v. sone knyghtis. Than Sir Florens and Sir Florydas in feautir bothe castyd yr spearys and they felled .v. at yr fyrste attir yr fyrste entre and sone they assayled on folke and brake brondys & bestys and felde many a doune

Than Sir Pryamus yr pryse knyght receyved yr gamys he yode to Sir Gawayne and thes wordys seyde thy pryse men ar sore be gone and put vndir. for they ar on sette wt barejens no than .v. C. now wolde yu fusfir me for the lone of thy god wt a smalle rte of thy men to succoure hem be tyme Sir gracch ye natt seyde Sir Gawayne yr geve is there owne for they mowe haue gyftys full gretes I granted of my lorde there fore lette them knyghtis whyche hem lyste yr fryesse knyghtis for som of hem sought natt yr fylle of all this .v. wyntyr there fore I wolle natt stryve with my stale halfe my steede lengthe. but yf they be stadde with more stuff than I se hem a gayuste. Do by yt tyme was Sir Gawayne ware by yr woodys syde men comynge woodly wt alle mand of weepon. for yr rode yr Erle of Ethelwolde gayng ond eyr halfe many hole thousandys and yr dense of doucheuen dressys hym hynd astir & passis nt Pryamy knyght. Than Gawayne the good knyght he chered his knyght and sayde greve you natt good men for youdir gte syghte and be natt a bayssed of youdir boyes yu thir knyghte weedis for it we sey ghte yu fayth yr felde wonnys. Than they hales up yr brydyls and be gan walop and by yt they com nygh by a londys lengthe they rowbed doune wt hem gedys many sautyll knyghtis a more solyan sonstynge was neid seue on erthe. Than yr ryche men of yr rounde table rad thorow yr thyckeste wt hir strongs speryd yt many a rayuke for yt probesse vau yu to yr grevys & dryste no bu bys but knyghtis bene of harte syghte more yd this felde

but fledde Be god seyde Sir Gawayne this gladyth my
herte þ yonder gadlyngis be gone for they made a grete
nwbn Now ar they fledde fro þ felde when they were
fyrst nwbred by .xx. myle In feyth for all þ grete boste
When Jubeaunce of Geane a myghty gyaunte he fear
tines this speare to Sir Garrarde a good knyght of walys
he smote þ walyshe knyght down to þ herte When one
knyght myghtyly medeled with sir myddylwarde
but anone al all assemble many Sarasyns were destro
yed for þ soudaynes of Dessoyne were salued for ever By
þ tyme Sir Pryamus the good prynce in þ presence
of lordys Royall to his penownce he rode and lyghtly
hir gentyls and rode w þ Royall vnyght of þ rounde
table and streyte all his retynew folowed hym after
oute of þ wode they folowed as shepe oute of a folde
and streyte they rode to þ felde and stood by þ hyndelor
de and sythyn they sente to þ deuke thes same wordis
Sir we haue bene thy Sowdyars all this day wynt and
now we for sake þ for þ love of owre hyege lorde Arthure
for we may w owne worshype wende where we lyst
for garneson nor golde haue we none resceyued Sye
on you þ dayrll haue yo bouyd for suche Sowdyars
I sette but a lytyll Then þ deuke dressyd his dowch
tyest streyte vnto sir Gawayne and to Sir Pryamus
So they .ij. gripped þ speares and at þ gayngyste in he
gurdyth with his noble myghtf and þ sir Pryamus
metyth w þ tharmesse of Hoyses loude stumpyth
hym thorow Then Castelayne a chylde of kyng
Arthurs chambr he was a warde of Sir Gawaynes
of þ weste marchis he chasid to Sir Cheldrake that
was a chyftayne noble and w his spere he smote thorow

The devise of þ marquesse

Cheldrake

Chelbrake and so þ^t cheff þ^t chylde chased by chaunce off armys
Wut than they chaced þ^t chylde þ^t he nowhere myght a scape
ffor one w^t a sworde the halse off þ^e chylde he smote in too Wha
Sir Gawayne hit sawe he wepte wyth all his herte & sithand
by he bernte for sorow. Wut anone Gotelake a good man off
armys for Chastelayne the chylde he chongyd his mode þ^t þ^e
wete watir wente downe his chyldys Than sir Gawayne
dressid hym^t to a dewke rydys and Sir Dolpchyn the dewke
droff garde a gaynste hym Wut Sir Gawayne hym dressyth
w^t a grete spreve þ^t þ^e gromden gede droff to his herte yette
he gate hit oute & wan to and o^n one Sir Gandolff an hardy
man off armys and slyh in he latte hit slyppe thorow & sodey
nly he fallyth to þ^e erthe yet he slow in the slade off men off
armys no than Dyoty w^t his hondys Than was Sir
Gawayne ware off þ^e man þ^t slew Chastelayne his chylde &
sowyth w^t his sworde he smytyth hym thorow slow and þ^e
hadyth ascaped w^t outyn scathe þ^e scorne had bene owned &
astir Sir Gawayne dressid hym unto þ^e route and russhyth
on helmys & rode streyte to þ^e rereward and so his way
holdyth and Sir Pryamus hym all^y nerte & dydynge hym
his wapes and þ^t they hurtelyth and bowyth downe bethin
knyghtis many & Sir ffloryence on þ^e off syde and what he myght
There þ^e lordys off lorayne and off hungardy both were ta
kyn and lad away w^t owne noble knyghtis. ffor suche a chek
owne lordys chaved by chaunce off þ^t ever þ^t they were so a
vanced for hit avayled hem ey What Sir ffloryence and
Sir Gawayne had þ^e felde downe than they sente before .v.
score off knyghtis and ther prayed & his p^sioners passyth hem
astir. And Sir Gawayne in a streyte passage he holdyth tyll
all þ^e prayes were paste þ^t streyte pattge þ^t so sore he dredith
So they rode tyll they þ^e cite sawe and sotely þ^e same day w^t

Dise dethe of Chastelayne

Dise dethe of Sir dolpchyn

a salute hir was gotyn Than Sir Florence and sir Gawayne harborowed surely ye people et sytten turnyd to a tente and tallyth ye kynge all ye tale truly ye day how they traveyled and how hir fose men save welle all and sole of thy foomen ar brought oute of lyff et many worshypfull ye sonnes ar yolden sn to oure handys But Castelayne thy chylde is escaped of ye dede yette sleve he a chefftayne hys owne handys this day

Now thanked be god sayde ye noble kynge but I nev vayle muche of ye bowrely buyght ye stondyth by ye for hym semyd to be a straungere for ye whiche we none lybe Sir seyde Sir Gawayne this is a good man of armys he macched me sore this day sn ye mornyng and had nat his helpe bene et had I fonndon And now we ye yolden vnto god et to me Sir kyng for to be com Cristen and on good belave And whan he is Crystynde and sn the faythe he lovyd We have lyvyth nat a better buyght nor a nobler of hys handis Than ye kynge sn caste crystynde hym sayre and lette conferme hym Pryamus as he was a sone and lyghtly lete dubbe hym a knyght w et his handys And made hym buyght off ye table rounde and a none ye kynge lette cry a salute vnto ye towne and ye was rengynge of baddys et brekynge of walys ye payne ye ye people had was pyte to se Than ye duches hir dressed w et dameselis ryche and ye countes off Clarysyn w et hir clene maydyns they kneled sn ye kyttyl ye ye kynge gobyth and be soughth hym of socowre for ye sake off oure lorde and sey vs som good worde And Cetyl thy people or ye cite suddenly be w et a salute wonne for than shalt dye many a soule et grevand ye men The kynge off walys lyffte vp his vysere w et a knyghtly countenaunce and kneled to hir myldely w et fulle meke words

and seyde shall none myssedo you madam þ to me longis
for s graunte the Martyrs and to thy chesse maydens vn
to thy chyldern and to thy chyss men sn chambr that to
þe longis But thy deube w sn damger my drede ys
þe lesse But ye shall game lybelode to leve by as to thyne
astate fallys Than Antiochus sendyth on eche syde wyth
straynge lordis for to ese of þ sawte for þ cite was yolden
and þ w þ deube w eldyst sonne com w þ keyes & kneled
downe vnto þ kynge and be soughte hym of his grace
and þ he cesed þ sawte by assente of his lordis and the
deuke was dressed to don w þ kyngs doue buyghte. ffor to
dwelle sn damger and dole dayes of his lyss Than þ
kynge w his crowne on his hede rode vnto þ cite and the
castell and þ Captaynes & conestablys knelt hym for lorde
and þ he delyde and dalte by fore dyuse lordis a doune
for þ denches and hr chyldryn Than he made wardeyn
to welde all þ londis and so sn Lombardy & lumbardy he lodged
as a lorde sn his owne and sette lawys sn þ londis & hym
beste lybed and than at laumas he rode vnto lusterne
he soughte and lay at his keyser w lybyngs nowe Than
he mevyd on þ mountaynes and dothe many vnayles
and so gothe sn by Godarte that Garethe sone wynnyd
Than he lobyd in to lumbardy and on lowde spekyth
in pondir lybynge londis as lorde wolde dwelle sr ffle
rence and Sr ffloridas that day passed w .v.C. good men
of armys vnto þ cite of vrbyn they soughte at þ gaynyste
and leyde þ a buyssheme as hem beste lyked So þ com
oute of þ cite many hundrethis and skyrmyssed wyth
owne fore ryders as hem beste semed Than brake oute
owre buyssheme and þ brydge wynnyd and so rode
vnto þ bowrwys w baners dysplayed Than fledde

muche folke oute of mbr for feede of Sr ffloryence and his feed knyghtes. Whan they hasted vp a land a bowe þ gatis and of Sr ffloryence m sayth so sayne were they nere. Whe kynge than lokyth out and lokyth to þ walles and sayde se be yonder kygne þ cite is wone Whan he lete make a cry throwe all þ oste that vppon payne of lyff & lyme and also lesynge of his goodes þt no lyege man þt longyth to his oste sholde lye be no maydens ne ladyes nor no burgesis wyff þt to the cite longis. So whan this conquerour com in to þ cite he passed in to þ castell and þ he londis and comforted þ cite full men w^t many knyghtly wordis & made there a Captayne a knyght of his owne contrey & þ comon accorded þ tyll Whan þ sonayned of dyllayne herde þt þ cite was wone they sente vnto kynge Arthure grete somys of Sylu Wyth horsys well chanyed & he sought kym ad sonayne to have mthe of þ peple and seyde they wolde be sugect vntyll kym for ay and yelde kym kuyse & seurte surely for kis londys bothe for Pleasaunce and Petresayute and for þ porte Trembyll and so meekly to gyff for dyllayne a myllyon of golde and make homage vnto Arthure all kis lyff tymes. Whan þ kynge by his counceyle a condyte hem sendys so to com in and know kym for lorde. Whan to Tussayne he turned whan he tyme semed & there he wynnys tollys and tollnys full fyre and all he wasted in his warrys þ he a way rydys. Whan he spedys towarde Spolite w^t his spedfull knyghtys and so vnto Vyterbe he bytayled his knyghtis and to þ vale of Vyscounte he debysed þ to lygge in þ Auentmouse vale amonge Vynys full and þ he sugeonys that

soudayne wt solace at his gate for to wete wheder the Senatoure wolde hym of fauo be sebe But sone after on a Saturday sought vnto kynge Arthure all the Senatoures were on hybe and of the cuntrey Cardynalles that dwelled in the conte and prayde hym of pece and yfynd hym full large and he sought hym as a soudayne moste gloriouse vndir god for to gyffe them leyence for vij wekys large that they myght be assembled all and than in the cite of Dyon that is Rome called to crowne hym kynge kyndely wt Cryssemed handys wt Septure for sothe as an Emperoure sholde / I assente me fey de the kynge as ye haue devysed and comly be Cryssmed to be crowned have ast to reigne in my astate and to kepe my rounde table wt the rentys of Rome to rule as me lyketh And than as I am avysed to gete me on the sadde see wt good men of armys to deme for his dethe that for vs alleon the noode dyed When the Senatours had this answere vnto Rome they trussed and made redy for his coronacyone in the moste noble wyse and at the day assigned as the Romaynes me tel lyth he was crowned Emperour by the Popys handis wt all the royalte in the worlde to welde for ay Here they suggestyon the sesen tyll after the tyme and stabelyssed all the londys from Rome vnto Fraunce Gascoyn londis Rentys vnto kynghtis that had them well deserued the was none that playned on his pte wyse notefor poore Than he comaunded Sir launcelot and Sir Bors to take kepe vnto the fadyrs landys the kynge Ban the kynge Bors welded the fadyrs lote the ye take seynge in all the brode londis and cause youre lyege men to know you as for the kynde londe suffe

mad yo sonayute to be alledged wt yo subiectf nor the
sonaygne of yo pſone and londys // also p myghty
kynge Clandas / gyff you for to pte be twyxte you
elyn for to mayntene yo kynrede t be noble knyzth
So t ye and they to p rounde table make yo repeyre
Sir launcelot and Sir Bors de gaynys thanked
p kynge fayre and sayde p ger tf a kynge shulde en
be his owne // Where art p Priamus thy sea is yet
be kynde / there I make p and gyff p dewbedom of
lowayne for en vnto p and thyne ayres And whan
we com m to Ingelonde for to purvey the of horse
mete and a ſ li quarterly for to mayntene thy
knamtf so p leve not my felyship thus gyffte yo
thyne owne // The knyght thanked p kynge wt
a kynde wylle and sayde as longe as I lyve my s
vyce is youre owne / Thus p kynge gaff many
londys there was none p wolde ase t myghte
playne of his pte ffor of bychesse & welth they
had all aboyer wylle // Than the knyghtf & lordis
t to p kynge longis Called a counsayle vppon a
fayre morne and sayde Sir kynge we be seche
the for to here vs all we ar vndr youre lordship
welle stuffid blyssed be god of many thyngf and also
we kane wyssh wedd we wolde be seche youre
good grace to take vs to sporte vs wt our wyffis
for worshyp be cryste this iourney is welle ouercom
ye say welle seyde p kynge for I nowze is as good
a s a feste for to attemte god and unche I holde
hit not wysedom / and p fore make you all redy
and turne we m to Ingelonde // Than there was
trusshynge of harneyse wt carryage fulle noble and p

kynge tobe hys leve of ye holy fadr ye Pope and Pa
tryarkys and Cardynalys and Senatours and fulle
wyche and beste good gouernance in ye noble cite and
alle ye contrays of Rome for to warde and to kepe on
payne of deth ye nyll no wyse hys comandements be
brokyn. Thus he passyth thorow ye contreyes of alle
ytyes and so kynge Arthure passed on ye see vnto
Sandwyche haven. Whan quene Gwenyuere her
de of hys comynge she mette wt hym at London
so did alle ye ouenys and noble ladyes for ye was
ordeyned a solempne metyng in one cite to gedyr for
alle maner of tydynges they brought wt hem at ye full
Here endyth ye tale of ye noble kynge Arthure
that was Emperour hym selff thorow dygnyte of hys
hondys. And here folowyth after many noble
tales of Sr. launcelot de lake

Explycit the noble tale be twyxt kynge
Arthure and Lucan the Butler of Rome

Sone after that kynge Arthure was com from
Rome in to Ingelonde than alle ye knyghtys
of ye rounde table resorted vnto ye kynge & made
many festys and tornementys. And som ye were ye
were but knyghtes encreased in armys and worshyp
ye passed alle ye ouer of here felowys in ghesse and noble
dedys and ye was well proved on many. But in
especialle hit was ye yed on Sr. launcelot de lake
for in alle tornementys justys & dedys of armys both
for lyff and deth he passed alle ye knyghtes and at
no tyme was he ouercom but yff hit were by treson

of/ inchauntenesse// ¶ Do this Sir lancelot/ encreased so mer-
vayllously in worshyp and honoure. Wherefore he is the
fyrste knyght that the fayreste booke makyth mencion of after
kynge Arthure com fromme Rome Where fore euene Gwe
nyvere had hym in grete fauour a boven all/ other knyghtis
and so he loved the quene a gayne a boven all/ other ladyes dayes
of/ his lyff/ and for hir he did many dedys of armys & saved
her fromme the fyre thorow his noble chevalry// ¶ This Sir
lancelot/ rested hym longe with play & game and than he
thought hym self/ to preve in straunge adventures. And
bade his nevew Sir lyonell/ for to make hym redy for we
nyste go seke adventures. Do they mounted on the horses
armed at/ all/ rygh[t]s and rode in to a depe foreste and so
in to a playne. Do the wedir was hote a boute noone. And
Sir lancelot/ had grete luste to slepe. Than Sir lyonell/
aspyed a grete appyll/ tre that stoode by an hedge and seyde
Sir yondir is a fayne shadow that may we reste vs & owre
horsys that is trouthe seyde Sir lancelot/ for this nyght yeve
I was so sleepy as I am nowe. Do that they alyted & tyed there
horsys vnto sondry trees And Sir lancelot/ layde hym
downe vndir this appyll/ tre and his helmet vndir his hede
and Sir lyonell/ waked whyles he slepte. Do Sir lancelot/
slepte passyng faste & in the meane whyle com .iij. knyghtis
rydynge as faste as they myght ryde/ & the followed
them .iij. but/ one knyght// And whan Sir lyonell/ hym
selfe thought he sawe men so grete a knyght nor so well/
fare-ynge and well/ appareyld vnto all/ rygh[t]s. Do
in a whyle this stronge knyght had ouertakyn one of the .iij.
knyghtis & the smote hym to the colde erthe that he lay stylle
And than he rode vnto the seconde knyght & smote hym so that
man & horse felle downe And so streyght vnto the thirde knyght

and smote hym be hynde his horse and a spere length
And than he alyght downe & rayned his horse on the
bryght & bounde all. iij. knyghtis faste wt ye rayned off the
owne brydelys // Whan Sir lyonell had sene hym do thus
he thought to assay hym and made hym redy and prively
he tooke his horse and thought nat for to awake sir lance
lot and so mounted vppon his horse & ouertoke ye strong knyght
he bade hym turne and so he turned & smote Sir lyonell so
harde ye horse & man he bare to the erth. And so he alyght
downe & bounde hym faste & threw hym on to his owne
horse as he had sayed ye ouer. iij. and so rode wt hem tyll
he com to his owne castell // Whan he warned them and
bete them wt thornys all naked and after put them in depe
prison where were many mo knyghtis yt made grete dole
Do whan Sir Ector de marys wyste yt Sir launcelot
was paste oute of ye countre to sefe adue adventures he was
wrothe wt hym self & made hym redy to sefe sir launcelot
And as he had redyn longe in a grete foreste he mette
wt a man was lyke a foster. fayre felow seyde Sir Ector
doste yu know this countrey or ony adventures yt beue nyze
here houde. Sir seyde the foster this countrey know I well
and here by wt in this myle is a stronge man and well
dyked. And by ye mans on the lyfte houde yu se a fayre founde
for horse to drynke off and on ye founde ye growyth a fayre
tre and yu on goughe ye many fayre sqyldys ye weldes som
tyme good knyghtis and at ye body of ye tre gongyth a basyn
of cuyr and latyne and stryke vppon ye basyn wt ye butte of
thy spere. iij. tymes & sone after yu shalt have new tydyngis
and ellys caste yu the fayreste knyght ye can fynde thus
many yeres that I passed thy nowe this foreste // Gramer
cy seyde Sir Ector and depted & com vnto this tre & sawe

many fayre speches and amonge them all he sawe his
brothers speche Sir Lyonell and many mo þ he knew that
were of his felowshyp of þ rounde table þ were sore grieved
his herte stemyssed to revenge his broþ / Than a none
Sir Ector bete on the bashyn as he were woode and than
he gaffe his horse drynke at þ fonde and þ com a knyzte
be hynde hym and bade hym com oute of þ water and make
hym redy Sir Ector turned hym shortly and sir Kaylot
caste his spere and smote þ of knyzht a grete busshette þ
his horse turned tayle a bowte / Than was well done
seyde þ stronge knyzhte and knyzhtly þ caste stryken me
and there with he russhed his horse on sir Ector and cauzht
hym under his ryzht arme and bare hym clene oute of
þ sadyll / and so rode with hym away in to his castell and
threw hym downe in myddyll of þ floure / Than this
seyde Brandyn seyde vnto Sir Ector for þ gaff done this
day more vnto me than ony knyzht and this .xij. yere
Now wolde I graunte þ thy lyff so þ wolde be sworne to
be my true prisoner Nay sayde Sir Ector that wolde I
nedy gruse the but I wolde do myne advauntage pat
me repentis seyde Sir Brandyn Than he gaff vnto
me hym and bete hym with thonges all naked and sythyn
put hym downe in to a depe dongeon and þ he knewe
many of his felowes / But when sir Ector sawe Sir
Lyonell than made he grete sorow Alas broþ seyde sir
Ector how may this be and where is my brothir Sir
Launcelot Fayre broþ I lefte hym on slepe when that
I fro me hym yode vndir an appil tre And what is he
com of hym I can nat telle you / Alas seyde þ prisoner
but yf Sir Launcelot helpe vs we shall nedy be delyuerde
For we know now no knyzht þ is able to macche with

onne mayst̄r. Tarquyne

Now lete we this knyght stondyng and speke we of Sir launcelot de lake that lyeth vndr̄ a appil tre slepyng a boute ye none. So ther com by hym .iij. quene myd̄ of a grete astate and for ye gete sholde nat̄ myze hem ye rode. iij. knyght a boute hem & bare a cloth̄ of grene sylke on .iij. spery̅s be tayne hem & ye sonne / and ye quenys rode on .iij. whyte mulys // Thus as they rode they herde a grete horse be syde them grymly myze // Than they loked & were ware of a slepynge knyght̄ lay all armed vndr̄ and appil tre. And a none as they loked on his face they knew well̄ it̄ was Sir launcelot / and be gan to stryke for ye knyght̄ and wyl of hem seyde they wolde haue hym to sir lowe // we shall̄ nat̄ stryke seyde Morgan le fay that̄ was kyng Arthurs sister / shall̄ yute an inchauntement̄ vppon hym ye he shall̄ nat̄ a wake of all̄ this .iij. owres. & than / wolle lede hym a way vnto my castell̄ // And whan he is surely w̄in my holde / shall̄ take ye inchauntement̄ from hym and than lette hym chose whyche of vs he wolle haue vnto wyf̄. So this inchauntemente was caste vppon Sir launcelot̄ and than they leyde hym vppon his shylde & bare hym so on horse bak̄ be tayne .ij. knyght̄ & brought̄ hym vnto ye castell̄ Chartot̄ & there they leyde hym in a chambr̄ colde & at̄ nyght̄ they sente vnto hym a fayre damesselle w̄ his sonne redy / dyght̄. be that̄ ye inchauntement̄ was paste // And whan she com she salewed hym & asked hym whyche of ow / can not̄ sey fayre damesel. seyde Sir launcelot̄ for / wote not̄ how / com in to this castell̄ but̄ it̄ be by inchauntemente // Sir seyde

sche ye muste make good chere & yf ye be suche a knyght
as ye seyde ye be I shalle telle you more to morne be
tyme of the day Grauncy sayde dameysel seyde Sir
launcelot of yo^r good wylle and so she departed. And there
he laye all that nyght w^t oute ony comforte // And on
the morne erly com thyder .iij. queenys passyngly well
besene and all they bydynge hym good morne & he
them a gayne // Sir knyght they .iij. queenys seyde
we muste vnderstonde we arte owre systemere. And we
know well that we arte Sir launcelot du lake synge
Ban is sone and be cause that we vnderstonde youre
worthynesse that we arte the noblest knyght lyvynge
and also we know well he can no lady game they lobe but
one and that is queene Gwenyvere & now we shalle hir lobe
lose for euer & she thyne. ffor hit be hobyth we now to
chose one of vs. ny. ffor I am queene Morgan le fay
queene of the londe of Gore. And there is the queene of
North galys and the queene of Estlonde and the queene
of the Oute Iles Now chose one of vs why the that the
wolte game to they game or elys to dye in this pre
son // This is an harde case seyde Sir launcelot that
or I muste dye or to chose one of you // yet had I lyed
dye in this preson than to worshyp than to game one of
you to my damonne magre myne hede. And therfore ye
be answeryd I wolle none of you for ye be false en
chamters And as for my lady dame Gwenyvere
were I at my lyberte as I was I wolde prove hir on
youres that she is the trewyste lady vnto hir lorde lyvynge
// Well seyde the queenys ye this yo^r answere that ye wolle
refuse vs // ye on my lyff seyde Sir launcelot refused
ye bene of me / So they departed & leffte hym there alone that

made grete sorow Do after that noone com ye damesel
vnto hym wt his dyner & asked hym what cheve / The
damesel seyde Sir launcelot nedeth yelle Sir he seyde
yt me repenteth but & ye wolle be ruled by me I shalle
helpe you oute of this dystresse and ye shalle have no
shame nor velony so yt ye wolle my gyde Fayre
damesel I graunte you but sore I am of thes quenys
crauntes a feede for they have destroyed many a
good knyght Sir seyde she yt is sothe and for the
reuerence & bonute that they have of you they wolle
have yo love and Sir they sey yowre name is sir
launcelot du lake the floure of knyghtes & they be passyng
wrothe wt you yt ye have refused hem But sir and
ye wolde promyse me to helpe my fadir on tewys
day next comynge yt hath made a turnemente be
twyxte hym & ye kynge of Northgalys for ye laste
tewysday paste my fadir loste ye felde thorow my
knyghtes of Arthurs courte. And yf ye wolle be there
on tewysday next comynge & helpe my fadir and
to morne be preyme by ye grace of god I shalle delyu
you clene Now fayre damesell seyde sir launce
lot telle me yo fadyrs name and than shalle I
gyfe you an answere Sir knyght she seyde my
fadyrs name is kynge Bagdemagus that was
foule rebuked at ye laste turnemente I knowe
yo fadir welle seyde Sir launcelot for a noble kyng
and a good knyght and by ye fayth of my body yo
fadir shalle have my seruyse and you bothe at that
Sir she seyde grauncy & to morne lobe ye be redy
be tymes & I shalle delyu you & take you yo armoure
yo horse shelde & spere & here by wyth in this .x.

myle to an abbey of whyght monkys and I pray you to a
lyde me & thydir I shall / bringe my fadir vnto you & all this
shall be done seyde Sir launcelot / as I am trew knyght & so
she depted & come on ye morne erly & founde hym ryght by //
pat she brought hym oute of .xxx. lockys and take hym his armo
and his owne horse & lyghtly he sadyld hym & take his spere
in his honde and so rode forth / and seyde damesell / I shall
nat fayle by ye grace of god // and so he rode vnto a grete
foreste all ye day and neu conde fynde no hyze way and so
ye nyght fell on hym and than was he ware vn a glade of a
pauylyon of rede sendele Be my feyth / seyde Sir launcelot /
vn yt pavylyon will I lodge all this nyght / and so he yalyght /
downe & tyed his horse to ye pavylyon and yer he vnarmed hym
& yer he founde a bed & layde hym yr in and fell on slepe sadly
// Than was he ware how there com a knyght / yt ought yt pavyly
on he went yt his leman had layne vn that bed & so he leyde
hym a downe by Sir launcelot / and take hym vn his armys &
he gan to kysse hym. And when Sir launcelot felte a rough
berde kyssyng hym he sterte oute of ye bedde lyghtly & ye other
knyght ast hym and eythir of them gate other by the hondis
and oute at ye pavylyon done went ye knyght of ye pavylyon
and Sir launcelot folowed hym and yer by a lytyll sled Sir
launcelot wounded hym sore nyze vnto ye dethe. And than he
yelded hym to Sir launcelot / and so he graunted hym so yt he
wolde telle hym why he com vn to ye bed / Sir seyde ye knyzte
this pavylyon is myne owne // and as this nyght I had assig
ned my lady to have slepte with hym and now I am lyke to dye
of this wounde / That is me repentyth / seyde Sir launcelot /
of youre harte but I was a dred of treson. for I was late be
tyled and ye love com on yo way vn to youre pavylyon and
take youre reste and as I suppose I shall stanche yo blode

and so they wente bothe on to ye palyon. And a none Sir Launcelot stauncshed his bloode Therewt all com ye kynges lady & was a passynge fayre lady And whan she syed ye kynge Bellens was sore wounded she cryed oute on sir Launcelot and made grete dole oute of mesure // Pease my lady & my love seyde Sir Bellens for this knyght is a good man and a knyght of aventures And yf he tolde hir all ye case how he was wounded. And whan ye yelded me vnto hym he lasshe me goodly and hath stauncshed my bloode // Sir seyde ye lady I wolde fayne wete what knyght ye art and what is youre name ffayre lady he sayde my name is Sir Launcelot du lake so me thought ere he yonne spreche seyde ye lady for I shall sene yon oftyn or this and I know you bettir than ye wene but now wolde ye gryse me of youre curtesye for the harmys yt ye have done to me and to my lorde Sir Bellens & whan ye com vnto kyng Arthurs courte for to cause hym to be made knyght of ye rounde table for he is a passyng good man of armys and a myghty lorde of londys of many outesles ffayre lady sayde Sir Launcelot latte hym com vnto the courte yt next hyze feste and lobe ye com wt hym & I shall do my power & the preve hym doughty of his handis he shall have his desyre So wt in a whyle ye nyght passed & ye day shone // Than Sir Launcelot armed hym and tobe his horse and so he was tauzte to ye abbey. And as sone as he come thyder ye doughty kyng Bagdemagus herde a grete horse trotte on the pamente And she than a rose & yode to a wyndowe & ye she sawe Sir Launcelot and a none she made men faste to take his horse from hym and lette lede hym into a stable and hym self vnto a chaumbir and vnarmed hym And this lady sente hym a longe gowne and com hir self & made hym good chere and she seyde he was ye knyght in ye worlde that

was moste welcom vnto hym / Whan he all thaste sithe sente for hym fadir Bagdemagus that was with in .xij. myle of the abbey and a fore dym he come with a fayre felyshyp of knyghtis with hym and whan the kynge was a lyghte of his horse he yode streyte vnto Sir launcelotte his chambir and there he founde his doughtir and than the kynge tolde hym in his armys and eythir made of good chere / Whan Sir launcelot made his complaynte vnto the kynge how he was betrayed and how he was brought vnto sir lyonell where sithe was depted from hym he wyste not where and how his dought had delyuerde hym oute of prison Therefore while I lyve I shall do hir seruyse and all hir kynrede / Than am I sure of yo helpe seyde the kynge on tewysday next comyng / yee Sir seyde Sir launcelot I shall not fayle you for so gane I promysed my lady youre dought / But Sir what knyghtis be the of my lorde kynge arthurs that were with the kynge of Northgalys / Sir quod Sir gadove de laporte and Sir gordred and Sir Gahalantyne that all for saved my knyghtis for agayuste hym ben .iij. and non none of myne myght here no strenghe Sir seyde Sir launcelot as I here say the turnement shall be here with in this .iij. myle of this abbay / But Sir ye shal sende vnto me .iij. knyghtis of youres suche as ye truste and loke the .iij. knyghtis gane all wayght sheldis of no picture on the shyeldis and ye shall sende me an oth of the same sorte that we .iij. wyll ryde out of a lytyll wood in myddys of bothe the tyes com that we shall falle on the frounte of youre enemyes and grieve hem the we may and thus shall I not be knowyn what man a knyghte I am / So they tolde the reste the knyghtis and thus was on the sonday and so the kynge depted and sente vnto Sir launcelot iij. knyghtis with .iij. wayght shyeldys and on the tewysday they lodged hem in a lytyll leved wood be syde the

as the

as þ^e^ turnemente sholde be / And there were stassoldys and towrys þ^t^ lordys and ladyes myght be holde at gyff the pryse / Then com in to þ^e^ fylde the kynge of Northgalys w^t^ xx. score helmys and than þ^e^ .iij. kynggtis of kyng Arthurs stood by them selff / Then com in to þ^e^ felde kynge Bagdemagus w^t^ .iij. score helmys and than they feautred þ^r^ sperys and come to gydyrs w^t^ a grete dayssche and þ^r^ was slayne of kynggtis at þ^e^ fyrste recountur .xij. kynggtis of kynge Bagdemagus pte and .vj. of þ^e^ kynge of Northgalys syde and party and kynge Bagdemagus his party were serve sette a syde. And a bak

Wyth þ^t^ com in Sir Lamcelot and he there in w^t^ his spere in þ^e^ thyckyst of the pres and þ^r^ he smote downe w^t^ one spere v. kynggtis and of .iij. of them he brake þ^r^ backys and in that thyrange he smote downe þ^e^ kynge of Northgalys and brake his thygh in þ^t^ falle / All this seme doynge of Sir Lamcelot saw þ^e^ .iij. kynggtis of Arthurs and seyde youdir is a spyrytde geste there fore shall neve ons at hym / So they encountred and Sir Lamcelot bare hym down ne horse and man that his sholdir vente oute of ioynte Now sir he fallyth me seyde Sir Ayoudred to stirre me for Sir Ayador hath a sore falle / And than sir Lamcelot was ware of hym and gate a spere in his honde and mette w^t^ hym. And Sir Ayoudred brake his spere vppon hym / And Sir Lamcelot gaff hym suche a busshette þ^t^ þ^e^ arson of þ^e^ sadil brake and so he drove ouer þ^e^ horse tayle that his helme smote in to the erthe a foote at more þ^t^ myze his nek was brobe and þ^r^ he lay longe in a swone / Then com in Sir Galantyne w^t^ a grete spere and Sir Lamcelot a gayne hym in all þ^t^ they myght dryve that bothe her sperys to brest hym to þ^e^ hondys and than they flange oute w^t^ her swerdys

and gaff many sore strokys // Than was Sir Launcelot wrothe
oute of mesure. And than he smote sir Gahalantyne on ye thet
me ye his nose eyes & mouthe braste oute on blode & there
with his stede kynge low & with ye his horse ran a way with hym
and he felle downe to ye erthe. And anone with all Sir Launcelot
gate a speare in his honde and or ever ye speare brake he bare
downe to ye erthe. wher. kynghtis som horse & man and som ye
man & nat ye horse and ye was none yat he hitte surely but ye
he bare none armys that that day And than he gate a spere
and smote downe. xvj. kynghtis and ye moste pty of hem nevir
than cam after. And than ye kynghtis of ye kyng of Northgalys
pty wolde souste no more and ye the gre was gyven to kyng
Bagdemagus Do erthin pty depted vnto his owne And sir
Launcelot rode forth with kynge Bagdemagus vnto his castel
and ye he had passynge good chere bothe with ye kyng & with his
doughtir and they yfyrde hym grete yestis // And on ye morne
he tobe his leve & tolde the kynge yt he wolde sekë his
evotyn. Sir Lyonell that went fromë hym whan he slepte
So he tobe his horse & be tanzte hem all to god And there
he seyde vnto ye kyngis doughtir yf yt ye kane nede ony tyme
of my knyse I pray you let me kane knowleche & I shall
nat fayle you as I am trewe kynght And so sir Launcelot
depted and by adventure he com in to ye same foreste there he
was taryinge his slepe be fore And in the myddys of an
hyze way he mette a damesel. rydynge on a whyght pal
frey and yerthin saleved ye fayre damesel. seyde Sir
Launcelot know you in this contrey ony adventured nere
hande Sir kynght seyde ye damesel here ar adventures
nyze and yf ye durste preve hem / Why sholde I not preve
seyde Sir Launcelot for for yt cause com I hydir. Welle
seyde she yf ye wyll / well to be a good kynght. And yf yon

dame mete wt a good knyght & shall bringe yt where is ye beste knyght of ye myghtyeste of all ye londe // Do ye wolte telle me thy name and what knyght ar ye dameselle as for to telle you my name & take no grete force truly my name is Sir Launcelotte du lake Sir ye be semyd welle ye me is adventured fast by ye fallyth for the // ffor-sothe by dwellyth a knyght yt wolle nott be ouermacched for no man I know but ye do ouermacche hym. And his name is Sir Turquyn And as I understonde he hath in his preson of Arthurs coute good knyghtf. xl. score and .xij. that he hath wonne wt his owne handys // But when ye have done yor journey ye shall promyse me as ye ar a trewe knyght for to go & helpe me & ouer dameselle yt ar dystressed dayly wt a false knyght // All ytonne entente dameselle & desyre I wolle fulfylle so ye wolle bringe me vnto this knyght // Now sayne knyght com on yonne way and so she brought hym vnto ye londe and ye tre where hynge ye basyn // So Sir Launcelot sette his horse hymbe & lyttell he bete on the basyn wt ye butte off his spere tylle ye bottum felle oute and longe and he so but he sye no man // Than he rode endlonge ye gatys off ye mad wyze halfe an owrd // And than was he ware off a grete knyght yt thoffe and horse a fore hym and ouergwarte ye horse lay an armed knyght bounden And ay as they com nere and nere Sir Launcelot thought he sholde know hym // yan was he ware yt his was Sir Gaheryes Gawaynes bro-ther a knyght off ye table vonnde // Now sayne dame-selle seyde Sir Launcelot I se yonder a knyght faste bounden that is a felow off myne and brothe he is vnto Sir Gawayne and at ye fyrste be gynynge I promyse you by the leve off god for to restore yt knyght But yff his mayster

fytte ꝑ bettr̄ in his sadyl / I shall delyu̇r all ꝑ ꝑsoners ꝑt he
hath out of daungere for I am sure he hath .v. brethr̄
of myne ꝓsoners w̄ hym but by ꝑ tyme ꝑ eyther had
sene of they gryped theyr speres / vnto them Now
fayre knyght seyde Sir launcelot put ꝑ wounded knyght
of ꝑt horse and lette hym reste a whyle & lette
vs too preve owre strengthis for as yit is enfourmed
me ꝑ doyste and haste done me grete despyte & shame
vnto knyghtis of ꝑ rounde table and ꝑfore now defende
de ꝑ And ꝑ be of rounde table seyde Tarquyn I defye
ꝑ & all thy felyshyp That is ouermuche seyde sir launce
lot seyde of the all thyis tyme

And than they put theyre speres in ꝑ restys and
come to gedyr w̄ owr horsis as faste as they
myght ren and ayther smote o͡ther in myddys of ꝑ shyeldis
that both ꝑ horsys backys braste vndr them & ꝑ knyghtis
were both a stoned and as sone as they myght they
avoyded ꝑ horsys & toke ꝑ shyeldys be fore them & drew
oute ꝑ swerdys And com to gydr egrely and eyther gaff
o͡ther many stronge strokys for theyre myght notwithstondyng
non armeyse holde ꝑ strokis And so w̄in a whyle
they had both many grymme wondys & bledde passyng
grevously Thus they fared .iij. owres & more traysyng
& rasyng eyther other where they myght gitte ony bare
place Than at ꝑ laste they were bretthed both
and stode lenyng on theyr swerdys Now felow seyde
Sir Tarquyne holde thy honde a whyle and telle me
that I shall aske of the Dey on seyde Sir launcelot Than
Sir Tarquyn seyde ꝑ art ꝑ bygyyst man ꝑ ever I mette
w̄ all & ꝑ beste bretthed and as lythe one knyght ꝑ I gate
a bobyn all o͡f knyghtis so be hit ꝑ pou be not he I wolde

lyggyth a corde w^t the And for thy love I wolle delyu^r all
p^e p^sonerꝭ that I have Thatꝭ .vij. score and .vij. so pou
wolde telle me thy name and p^u^st I wolle be felowys to
gedyrꝭ and neu^r to fayle p^e whyle I lyve ye sey wellꝭ seyde
Sir launcelot but sythyn thtꝭ is so that I have thy fr^e
seruyce and may have Whatꝭ knyghtꝭ is that p^t pou ha
tyste a bovyn all thynge feytfully seyde Sir Berquyn
his name is Sir launcelotꝭ de lake for he slowe my bro
thr Sir Curadoꝭ at p^e dolerous towre p^t was one off p^e
beste knyghtꝭ on lyve and p^u fore hym I excepte off alle
knyghtꝭ for may I hym ouy^rmete the tone shalle make
an ende I make myne a vow And for Sir launcelottis
sake I have slayne aw .C. good knyghtꝭ & as many I ha
ve maymed all vttr-ly that they myghte neu^r aftr helpe
thym self and many have dyed in preson & yette have
I .vij. score & .vij. and all be delyu^rde so pou wolte telle
me thy name so be thtꝭ that pou be natꝭ Sir launcelotꝭ
Now se I wellꝭ seyde Sir launcelotꝭ that suche a man
I myghte be I myghte have peas and suche a man I myght
p^t there sholde be mortall warre be twyxte vs and
now Sir knyghtꝭ at thy requeste I wolle that pou wete
& know p^t I am Sir launcelotꝭ du lake kynge Bannys son
off Benwyke and verry knyghtꝭ off p^e table Rounde and
now I desyre p^e t do thy beste A seyde Sir Berquyne
pou arte to me moste welcom off ony knyghtꝭ for we shal
neu^r depte tylle p^e tone off vs be dede Than they wente
led to gedyrꝭ as .ij. wylde bullys russhynge & lasshyng
w^t ther shyldis & swordys p^t som tyme they felle bothe on
p^e nosys Thus they fowghte stylle .ij. owrys and more
and neu^r wolde have reste and Sir Berquyne gaff sir
launcelotꝭ many wondys p^t all p^e grounde p^e as they

Dethe of Sir Lamorak by Sir Launcelot

fauyte was all be sparcled w^t bloode / Than at ye laste Sir Sergynye weyed faynte and gaff sam wyatt a babbe & bare hys shylde low for wery Thatt affyed Sir launcelot and kepte vppon hym fersly and gate hym by ye bavonne of hys helmette & pluckede hym downe on hys knees & anone he vaced off hys helme & smote hys necke in sundir / and whan Sir launcelot had done this he yede vnto the damesell & seyde damesell I am redy to go w^t you where ye wolle have me but I have no horse Fayre sir seyde this wounded knyght take my horse. and than lette me go vnto this mayd and delyu^r all these p^risoners So he tobe Sir Galeryns horse and prayde hym nat to be grevede Nay fayre lorde I wolle p^r ye/have hym at yo^r co^mmaundemente for ye have bothe savede me & my horse And this day I sey ye are p^re beste knyght in p^re worlde for ye have slayne this day vi of my knyghtes p^re myghtyeste man and p^re beste knyght except you that e^n I save / But fayre Sir seyde Sir Galeryns I pray you telle me yo^r name Sir my name is Sir launcelot du lake that ought to helpe you of ryght for kynge Arthurs sake and in especiall for my lorde Sir Gawayne his sake yonne owne broth^r. And whan p^r ye com w^t in yondir mayd I am sure ye shall fynde there many knyghtes of p^re kynde table for I have seene many of p^r shyldes p^r I know longyng on yondir tree. There is Sir hayes shylde and Sir Galyhudds shylde and sir Bryan de lyste noyse his shylde and sir Alydukes shylde & many mo p^r I am nat now avysed off And Sir Agrauayne and also my too bretheryne shyldis Sir Ector de marys and sir lyonelle where fore I pray you grete them all frome me & sey p^r I bydde them to take such stuff p^r as they fynde that in ouy^r wyse my too bretheryne go vnto p^re courte and abyde me there tylle that I com ffor by p^re feste off Pentecoste I caste me to be p^r ffor as at this tyme I muste ryde w^t this damesell for

to save my p̄myse and so they departed fro me Gaheryes and Gaheryes yode in to the mañ and p̄ he fownde a yomañ porter kepyng many keyes / Than Sir Gaheryes threw p̄ porter vn to p̄ grounde and tooke p̄ keyes from hym & hastely he opynde p̄ preson dore and p̄ he lette all p̄ p̄soners out and eny mā lowsed op̄ all p̄ bondys / and whan they sawe Sir Gaheryes all they thanked hym for they wente p̄ he had slayne Sir Terquyne be cause p̄ he was wounded / Not so sone seyde Sir Gaheryes but was Sir launcelot that slew hym worshypfully & dis owne handys and he gretys you all well and prayeth you to haste you to p̄ courte. and as vnto you Sir lyonell and Sir Ector de marys he prayeth you to a byde hym at p̄ courte of kynge arthure / That shall we nat do seyde dis bredre we wolle fynde hym and we may lyve. Do shall I seyde Sir kay fynde hym or I com to p̄ courte as I am trew knyght / Than they sought p̄ house p̄ as p̄ armo was and than they armed them and eny knyght fownde hys owne horse and all that longed vnto hym. Do forth & then com a foster w. iij. horsys lade w fatte venyson and a none Sir kay seyde here is good mete for vs for one meale for we had not many a day no good repaste. And so p̄ venyson was rosted sodde and baken and so after soupe sone a bode p̄ all nyght / But Sir lyonell and Sir Ector de marys and Sir kay rode after Sir launcelot to fynde hym yf they myght /

Now turne we to Sir launcelot that rode w p̄ damesell in a fayre kyrke way Sir seyde p̄ damesell here by this way haunteth a knyght p̄ distresseth all ladyes and gentylwomen and at p̄ leste he robbyth them op̄ kyeth by them / What seyde Sir launcelot is he a theef and a knyght and a ravysshere of women he doth shame vnto p̄ order of knyghthode & contrary vnto his oth & is no pyte p̄ he lyve / But fayre damesel-

ye shall ryde on before yowre selfe and I wolle kepe my selfe in
conte and yf ye trouble yow of dystresse you I shall be yo
restowre and kenne hym to be ruled as a knyght. So thys
mayde rode on by the way a soufte amblynge pace and w
in a whyle com onto a knyght on horse bak. ryte of the woode
and his page w hym and ye put the damesell from hir
horse and than she cryed. w that com Sir launcelot as
faste as he myght tylle he com to the knyght saying a false knyght
and traytowre vnto knyghthode. Who did kenne the to distresse
ladyes damesels and fayre women. When the knyght
sy Sir launcelot thus rebukynge hym he answerde nat
but drew his swerde and rode vnto Sir launcelot and Sir
launcelot threw his spere from hym & drew his swerde
and strake hym such a buffette on the helmette that he clafe
his hede and neck vnto the throte. Now haste you thy
paymente to longe the haste desired that is trouth seyde the
damesell. Forthe as Perquyn wacched to dystresse good
knyghtes. So did this knyght attende to destroy and dystresse
ladyes damesels & fayre women and his name was sir
Peryde de foreste sauage Now damesell seyde sir launcelot
wolle ye ony more knyse of me. Nay sir she seyde at this
tyme but all myghty ihesu blisse you where som eu ye ryde
or goo for the curteyst knyght the arte and mekyste vnto all
ladyes and fayre women that now lyvyth. But one thyng
Sir knyght me thynkyth ye lak. ye that ar a knyght wyth
leos this that ye wolle nat love som mayden of fayre womans
for I cowde neu[er] gete sey that eu ye loved ony of no man of
degre and that is grete pyte. But wyt you wel that ye
love quene Gwenybere and that she hath ordeyned by enchaun
tement that ye shall neu[er] love none of but sir noy none of dame
selle ne lady shall reioyce you where ye be many in this londe

Here Sir launcelot slew the lyon de foreste Sauage

of hyze astate and lowe þt make grete sorow. ffayre da
meselle seyde Sir launcelot I may nat warne peple to
speke of me wyat yt pleasyth them. Bute for to be aved
yd mad I tyynke yt nat for than I muste conche wt hir
and leve armys & tournementis batellys and adventures
And as for to seye to take my plesaunce wt amoꝰ þt wolle
I refuse in ꝯcipall for drede of god. ffor bysyde þt bene
adventures sholde nat be advoutrers notwy
stondyng for than they be nat happy nor fortunate vnto þe
werrys for or they shalle be ꝯcom wt a symplere knyght than
they be hem selfe or þ ellys they shalle slee by vnhappe and ꝙ
cursednesse bettir men than they be hem selfe. And so who
þt vsyth amours shalle be vnhappy and all tyynge vnhappy
þt is a boute them. And so sir launcelot and she depted. And
than he rode in a depe foreste .iij. dayes & more and hadde
strayte lodgynge. So on the thirde day he rode on a longe
brydge and þ sterte vppon hym suddenly a passyng foule
carle and he smote his horse on the nose þt he turned a
boute and asked hym why he rode on þt brydge wt oute lycen
ce why sholde I nat ryde this way seyde Sir launcelotte
I may not ryde be fyde vpon shalle not chose seyde þe carle
and layssed at hym wt a grete club shodde wt iron Than
Sir launcelot drew his swerde and put þe strobe a bache
and clave his hede vnto the pappys and at þe ende of the
brydge was a fayre vyllage and all peple men and wo
men cryed on Sir launcelot and sayde sir knyght a worse
dede dyddyst þ neu for tey self for þ caste slayne the
offyeff porter of owre castelle. Sir launcelot lete hem
sey wyat they wolde and streyte he rode in to the castelle
And wyan he come in to the castelle he alyghte & tyed his
horse to a rynge on the walle & þ he sawe a fayre greue

Here sir launcelot shewth of Gyaunt in a castel of tyntagil

counte and thydir he dressid hym for þ hym thought was a fayre place to feyght in Do he lokid a bonte hym and sye muche peple in dorys and in wyndowys that sayde fayre knyghte pon arte unhappy to com here

A Lone wt all þ com vppon hym .ij. grete Gyauntis well armed all save thare hedy wt .ij. horryble clubbys in þ handys Bu launcelot put his sheylde be fore hym t put þ strobe a way off þ one gyaunte and wt his sworde he clabe his hede in sundir Whan his felowe sawe þ he was a way as he were woode and Bu launcelot astir hym wt all his myghte and smote hym on the sholdir and clave hym to þe nabyll Thand sir launcelot went in to þ halle and þ com a fore hym .xx. score of ladyes t damesels and all kneled unto hym t thanked god and hym off his delyuerance ffor they seyde the moste pte off vs have bene here this .vij. yere prisoners and we have wondrid all man off flesh wondyr for our mete and we ar all grete gentyl women borne and blyssed be þ tyme knyght þt ever you were borne for you haste done the moste worshyp þt ever ded knyght in this worlde þt wolle we bere recorde and we all pray you to telle vs yo name þt we may telle our frendis who delyuerde vs oute off preson ffayre damesellys he seyde my name is Bu launcelot du lake A sir seyde they all well mayste þ be he for ellys save yo selff as we demed þ myghtis nedi knyght have þ bettir off thes sygnutis for many fayre knyghtis have assayed and here have ended and many tymes have we here wyssched after you t thes .ij. Gyauntis dredde nedi knyght but you Now may ye say seyde Bu launcelot unto yo frendys and gretf them all fro me and yff þ I com in ony off yo marchys shew me such

chere as ye shall cause. And what treasure that is in this
castel I yeff it you for ayewarde for yo^u goodnesses And
that londe that is owners of this castel I wolde ye ressayved it
as is right ffayre Sir they seyde the name of this cas-
tell is called Tyntagyll and a duke ought this some tyme
that had wedded fayre Igrayne and so after that she was wed-
ded To Uther pendragon and he gate on hir Arthure Well
seyde Sir Launcelot I understonde to whom this castel longith
And so he departed fro me them and he tanght hem vnto god
And than he mounted vppon his horse and rode in to many
straunge contreyes and thorow many watyres & valeyes and
ayell was he lodged And at the laste by fortune hym hap-
pynd a yenste nyght to com to a fayre comtelage and ther
in he founde an olde lantylwoman that lodged hym w^t goode
wyll & that he had good chere for hym and his horse And what
tyme was his oste brought hym into a gavret on the gate to
his bedde Ther Sir Launcelot vnarmed hym and set his
harneyse by hym and went to bedde & anone he felle on sle-
pe // So after that com one on horse bak and knokked at the gate
in grete haste whan Sir Launcelot herde this he a vose up
and lokked oute at the wyndowe and sygh by the moone lyght
iij. knyghtes com ryding after that one man and alle iij. layssh-
nge on hym at ones w^t swerdys and that one knyght turned
on hem knyghtly a gayne and defended hym. truly seyde sir
Launcelot yondir one knyght shall I helpe. for it were
shame for me to se iij. knyghtes on one and yff he be slayne
I am gretter of his deth And that w^t he tobe his harneys and
went oute at a wyndowe by a shete downe to the iij. knyghtes
And than Sir Launcelot seyde on knyght turne you knyghtis
vnto me and lete this feyghtyng w^t that knyght. And than
they iij. lefte Sir Kay and turned vnto Sir Launcelot and

assayled hym on eny honde // Than Sir kay dressh hym to
hane holpen Sir launcelot kay sir sayde he I wolle none of
yo helpe yf ye wolle hane my helpe lette me a lone
at hem Sir kay for yt pleasure of yt knyght suffyrd hym for to
do his wylle and so stoode on syde // Than anone wt iii. vij.
strokys Sir launcelot had stroyhym hem to the erthe and than
they all. iij. cryed Sir knyght we yelde vs vnto you as a
man of myght mabeleo. as to that I wolle nat take youre
yeldyng vnto me But so yt ye wolle yelde you vnto thys
knyght and on yt covenaunte I wolle save youre lyfys and
ellys nat // ffayre knyght yt were vs lothe ffor as for that
knyght we chaced hym hydir and had on com hym had nat
ye bene Therefore to yelde vs vnto hym hit were no
reson / Well as to yt avyse you well for ye may chose whych
ye wolle dye of lyfe for and ye be yolden hit shall be vnto
Sir kay / Now fayre knyght they seyde in savyng of oure
lyfys we wolle do as yt comaundys vs / Than shall ye sey
de Sir launcelot on Whytsonday nexte comynge go vnto ye
courte of kynge arthure and yr shall ye yelde you vnto quene
Gwenyvere and putte you all. iij. in hir grace at mercy
and say that sir kay sente you thydir to be hen prisoners. Sir
they seyde hit shall be done by the feyth of oure bodyes and
we be men lyvyng and there they sware eny knyght vppon
his swerde and so Sir launcelot suffyrd hem to depte and
than Sir launcelot cnocked at yr gate wt yr pomell of his swer
de and wt yt come his oste and in they entyrd he at sir kay Sir
seyde his oste I wente ye had bene in yo bed / So I was Than
I arose and lepe oute at my wyndow for to helpe an olde
felowe of myne / So whan they come nye the lyght Sir
kay knew well hit was Sir launcelot and yr wt he kneled
downe and thanked hym of all his kyndenesse that he had

Here sir launce
lot bete .iij. knyght
& restowed yr kay

golpyn hym thyse frome ꝑ dethe/ Dn̄ he seyde/ I gane no thyng done but ꝑ me ought for to do And ye ar welcom and here shall ye repose you & take yo reste Whan sir Kay was vnarmed he asked after mete Anone ꝑ was mete sette forthym and he ete strongly. And whan he had souped they wente to ꝑ beddys and were lodged to gydyrs in one bed Doun ꝑ morne Sir Launcelot/ arose erly and lefte Sir Kay slepyng And Sir Launcelot/ tok Sir Kayes armoure and his shylde and armed hym and so he wente to the stable & sadylde his horse & tobe his leve of his oste and depted. Than sone after arose Sir Kay and myssid Sir Launcelot/ and than he aspyed ꝑ he had his armoure and his horse Now be my fayth/ I know welle ꝑ he wolde greve som of ꝑ coute of kyng Arthure for on hym knyghtis wolde be bolde & deme ꝑ thei ar lo/ and ꝑ wolde be fyle them and by cause of his armoure & shylde I am sure I shall ryde in preasse and than sone sir Kay depted & thanked his oste

Now turne we vnto Sir Launcelot/ that had ryddyn longe in a grete foreste and at ꝑ laste he com vnto a low contrey full of fayre kyns and fayre medys & be fore hym he sawe a longe bryge and .ix. pabylyons stood ꝑon of sylke and sendell of dyuse hew and vnto ꝑ pabylyons hynge .ix. whyte shyldys on tronncheons of spreys & grete longe spercs stood vpryght by the pabylyons and at eny pabylyon dore stode .ix. freysh knyghtis and so sir Launcelot/ passed by hem and spake no worde // But whan he was paste ꝑ .ix. knyghtis knew hym and seyde that was ꝑ prowde Sir Kay he wenyth no knyghtis so good as he and ꝑ contrary is ofte tyn probed // Be my fayth/ seyde one of ꝑ knyghtis his name was Sir Gawtere/ wolde ryde after hym & assay hym for all his pryde and ye may be holde how that I spede So Sir Gawtere armed hym and hynge his shylde vppon his

sholde & mounted vppon a grete horse and gate his speare/ and his shelde & walkpte after Sir launcelot/ and whan he come nyze hym he cryed a lyde pe proude knyght Sir kay for pou shalt nat passe all quyte So Sir launcelot turned hym & eyther feautyed pe speryd and com to gedyr wt all pe myghty and Sir Gawters speare brake but Sir launcelot smote hym downe horse and man and whan he was at pe erthe his brethyr sayde yonder knyght is nat Sir kay for he is far bygger than he I dare lay my lyde seyde Sir Sylmere yonder knyght hath slayne Sir kay and hath tabyn his horse and harneyse whych sir be so of no seyde sir Raynolde lette vs mounte on oure horsys and reskow oure brethr Sir Gawtere ffor payne of dethe we all shall have worbe now to macke pt knyght for ell me seemyth by his pshone his is sir launcelot of Sir Tristrams of Sir Pellias pe good knyght Than anone they toke pe horsys and oon tolde sir launcelot and sir Sylmere put forth his speare and rade to Sir launcelot and Sir launcelot smote hym downe pt he lay in a swoge Sir knyght seyde Sir Raynolde pe arte a stronge man and as I suppose pe haste slayne my .v. brepne ffor the whyche my herte sore agaynste the and yff I myght wyth my worshyppe I wolde not have a do wt the but nedys I muste take suche pte as they do and pe fore knyght kepe thy selfe and so they partyde to gydyr wt all pe myghty & all to hewe bothe theire speares and than they drew his swerdys and lasshed to gydr egerly Anone pe all a vose Sir Gawtere and come vnto his brop Sir Sylmere and bade hym a vyse and helpe we oure brethr Sir Raynolde pt yondr merveylously macchyth yondr good knyght Where wt all they parteled vnto Sir launcelot and whan he sawe them com he smote a sore stroke vnto Sir Raynolde that he felle

off his horse to the grounde and than he caste to þ^e other .ij. brethrne and at .ij. strokys the strabe cam downe to the erthe / Wyth that Sir Raynolde gan up sterte w^t his hede all blody and com streyte unto Sir launcelot / Now let be seyde Sir launcelot / I was not far fro me the whan þ^u were made knyght Sir Raynolde and also I know þ^u arte a good knyght & lothe I were to sle the Dranncy seyde sir Raynolde of yo^r goodnesse and I dare say as for me & my brethrne wolde not be lothe to yelde yo^w unto you w^t þ^e we knowe yonne name. ffor welle we knowe ye ar not / Sir Kay as for that be as be may. ffor ye shalle yelde you unto dame Gwenybere and loke that ye be þ^er on Whytsonday and yelde you unto his^r as p^rsoners and sey þ^t Sir Kay sente you unto his^r / Than they swore his^r sholde be done and passed forth / Sir launcelot and eche one of the brethrne halpe oþ as welle as they myght / Do sir launcelotte rode ju to a depe foreste & þ^er hym ju a slade he sey .iij. knyghtes hobynge under an obe and they were of Arthurs conte one was Sir Sagramour le desyrus and Sir Ector de marys and Sir Gawayne and Sir Wayne and anone as these iij. knyghtes had aspyed Sir launcelot they wende by his armys that it had bene Sir Kay / Now be my fayth seyde Sir Sagramoure I wolde preve Sir Kayes myght and gate his spere ju his honde & com towarde Sir launcelot than sir launcelot was ware of his comyng and bare hym welle and feautred his speare a gayuste hym & smote sir Sagramond so sore þ^t horse & man wente bothe to the erthe / lo my felo wys seyde Sir Ector yondir may ye se what a bussette he hath gyffen me thrughyth þ^e myght yo^w unclo bygger than I was / Sir Kay Now shalle ye se what I may do to hym

Here Sir launcelot ouercam iij brethrne upon a brydge

Do Sir Ector gate his speare in his honde & walopte towarde sir launcelot and Sir launcelot smote hym hym

thorow ye sheylde and his sholdir that man & horse wente to
ye erthe and ech his spere helde // Be my faythe sayde Sir
launcelot Iwayne youdir is a stronge knyght and I am
sure he hath slayne kay and I se he his grete strengthe
but wolle be harde to macche hym And ⁊ with all sir Iwayne
gate his speare and rode towarde Sir launcelot And Sir
launcelot knew hym well & lette his horse renne on the
playne and gaff hym suche a busshette ⁊ he was a stoned
& longe he wyste nat where he was Now se I welle
seyde Sir Gawayne I muste encountir with ⁊ knyght & dressed
his sheylde & gate a good speare in his honde & late renne
at Sir launcelot with all his myght & eyther knyght smote oyr
in myddys off ye sheylde But Sir Gawaynes speare brast
and Sir launcelot charged so sore vppon hym ⁊ his horse
reised vp so downe and mucche sorow had Sir Gawayne to
avoyde his horse and so Sir launcelot passed on a pace and
smyled & seyde god gyff hym hym joy that this speare made
for ye cam next a better in my honde Whan ye .iij. knyghtis
wente eche one to oyr and comforted eche oyr and seyde what
sey ye by this geste seyde Sir Gawayne that with one spere
hath felde vs all .iij. we commande hym to ye devyll they
seyde all for he is a man off grete myght ye may say that
well seyde Sir Gawayne that he a man off myght for I
dare sey my hede that is Sir launcelot I know hym well
by his ryding latte hym go seyde Sir Iwayne for whan
we com to ye courte we shall wete Whan had they mucht
sorow to gete ye horsis a gayne Now leve we ye & speke
we off sir launcelot that rode a grete while in a depe fo-
reste & as he rode he sawe a blak bracchette sekyng a man
ab out had beue in the seaute off a white dere & there with
he rode after ye bracchette and he sawe lye on the grounde

Here sir launce-
lot with one spere sm-
ote downe Sir
Bagdemus & Ector
Sir Iwayne & sir
Gawayne

A large

a large feaute of blode And thā Sir launcelot rode
faster and ouertoke the bracchette lobed be fyde hī and so ſhe
went thorow a grete marys And ouer Sir launcelot folo
wed And thā was he ware of an olde man & thā hī
rad the bracchette and so ouer a brydge So Sir launcelot
rode ouer the brydge that was olde & feble & whan he com
me the myddys of a grete halle the ſeye lye dede a knyght
the was a ſemely man And the bracchette lyched his wondis
And the with all com ouer a lady wepyng and wryngyng
hir handys And ſayde knyght to mucke ſorow haſt you
brought me Why ſey ye ſo ſeyde Sir launcelot I dede
neuer thy knyght no harme for hyder by the feaute of
blood this bracchet brought me And the ſoue fayre lady
be nat dyſpleaſed with me for I am full ſore a grebed
for your grefaunce Truly Sir ſhe ſeyde I truſte hit
be nat ye that haue ſlayne my huſbonde for he the
dyd the dede is ſore wounded and is nedy lyttly to be hole
that ſhall I enſure hym What was youre huſbonds
name ſeyde Sir launcelot Sir his name was called
Sir Gylbert the baſtarde one of the beſte knyghtys
of the worlde and he that hath ſlayne hym I know
nat his name Now god ſende you bettir comforte ſeyde
Sir launcelot and so he depted & went in to the foreſte a
gayne & the he mette with a damoſell the whyche knew hym
well & ſhe ſeyde on lorde well be ye fonnde my lorde
And now I requyre you of your knyghtode helpe my brop
the is ſore wounded & nedy ſtyntyth bledyng ffor this day he
fought with Sir Gylberte the baſtarde & ſlew hym in play
me batayle and there was my brop ſore wounded And
the is a lady a Barones the dwellyth in a caſtel here by hyde
And this day ſhe tolde me my brops woundys ſholde nedy

be gole tyll I conde fynde a kynggh wolde go in to ye chapel
perlus and ye he sholde fynde a swerde & a blody clothe yt the
wounds kynggh was lapped in and a pece of ye clothe & ye
swerde sholde gele my brod wt ye gis wounds were sevded
wt ye swerde & ye clothe Dthis is a mervelouse thyng seyde sir
launcelot but what is yo brothers name Dw she seyde sir
gelyot de logyres that me repenteth seyde Dir launcelotte
for he is a felow of ye table romde and to gis helpe I wolde
do my power Dthan she sayde Dir folow ye evyn thus by
ye way & yt wolle bringe you to the chapel perlus & there I
shalle abyde tyll god sende you a gayne and yf you spede nat
I know no kynggh lyvynge that may encheve ye adventure
Rygght so Dir launcelot departed & whan he com to the
chapelle perlus he a lyght downe & tyed his horse un
to a lytyll gate and as sone as he was in ye chyrche yerde
he sawe on the frumbe of the chapel many fayre ryche shyldis
turned up so downe and many of the shyldis Dir launcelot
had sene kynggh bere by forehande wt that he sawe by hym
ye stonde a .xxvti. grete kynggh more by a yerde than any
man yt ever he had sene & all they grenned & gnasted at Dir
launcelot and whan he sawe ye countenaunce he dredde hym
selfe and so put his shylde be fore hym and toke his swerde
in his honde redy unto batayle & they all were armed all
in blak harneyse redy wt ther shyldis and ther swerdis redy
drawyn And as Dir launcelot wolde have gone thorow
than they sparted on eny syde of hym and gaff hym ye way
and ye wt he wened bolde & entryde in to the chapel & there
he sawe no kynggh but a dyme lampe brennyng and pan was
he ware of a Corpus hyllid wt a clothe of sylke Dthan sir
launcelot stouped downe & kutte a pese a way of ye clothe and
than his fared unto hym as ye grounde had quaked a lytyll

there wt all he feared and than he sawe a fayre swerde lye by ye dede knyghtes and ye gate in his honde and kyed kynn oute of the chapelle. Anone as ever he was in the chapelle yerde all ye knyghtes spake to kynn wt grymly voyces and seyde knyghtes Sir lancelot lay t swerde fro me or ye shalbe dede wherby t I lyve or dye seyde Sir lancelot wt no wordes grete gete ye hit a gayne for swe sygght for hit ye lyst. Than vyght so he passed thorow oute them & by yonde ye chapelle yarde ye mette kym a fayre damesell & seyde Sir lancelot leve t swerde be kynde the or ye wolte dye for hit I leve hit not seyde Sir lancelot for no thretyng. Ho seyde she and ye dyddyste leve t swerde quene Gwenybere sholde ye neu se. Than were I a foole & I wolde leve this swerde. Now sauyelle knyghte seyde ye damesel I requyre ye to kysse me but onys Nay seyde Sir lancelot that god me forbede. Welle Sir seyde she and ye haddyste kyssed me thy lyfe dayes had be done and now alas she seyde I haue loste alle my labour for I ordeyned this chapelle for the sake & for Sir Gawayne and onys I had kynn wt in me & at ye tyme he fought wt this knyght t ye yet thy dede in yonder chapelle Sir Gylberte the bastarde and at t tyme he smote ye kynge of Sir Gylberte and Sir lancelot Now I telle ye I haue loved ye this vij. yere & may no man haue thy love but quene Gwenyu and sythen I myght nat voyde the no thy body on lyve I had kepte no more joy in this worlde but to haue thy body dede. Than wolde I haue balmed hit and served hit & so to haue kepte hit my lyve dayes & dayly I sholde haue clypped ye & kyssed ye dispyte of quene Gwenybere ye sey welle seyde Sir lancelot sith ye presse me fro me so shrewdly I shalle crafty and ye wt alle he tobe his horse & so departed from hit and as ye booke seyth. When Sir lancelot was departed she tobe suche sorow ye she seyde wt in a fourtenyte & hir name was

called Gallaves the forseres lady of ye castell. Wyg̃uond and a no
ne Sir lancelot mette wt ye damesel. Sir ayelyottis fystu and
whan she saw hym she clapped hir hondys & wepte for joy and
than they rode in to a castell ye by where lay Sir ayelyot and
a none as Sir lancelot sye hym he knew hym but he was
passyng paale as ye erthe for bledynge. Whan Sir ayelyot
saw Sir lancelot he kneled vppon his knees & cryed on hyze
a lorde Sir lancelot helpe me anone // Than sir lancelot
lepe vnto hym & towched his wondys wt Sir Gylbardys
swerde and than he wyped his wondys wt a pte of ye bloody
clothe ye Sir Gylbarde was wrapped in and anone an holy
man in his lyff was he new and than ye was greta joy be twene
hem and they made Sir lancelot all ye chere ye they myghte
And so on the morne Sir lancelot toke his leve and bade
Sir ayelyot hyze hym to the courte of my lorde Arthure for
his dramyte nyze to the feste of penteceste & ye by the grace of
oure god ye shall fynde me and ye wt they depted // And so Sir
lancelot rode thorow many stronge contrayes ou̇ mowes
& walees tyll by fortune he com to a fayre castell & as he
paste be yonde ye castell hym thought he herde bellys ryng
& than he was ware of a faucon com ou̇ his hede flyeng to
warde an hyze elme & longe lymes a boute her feete and she
flowe vnto the elme to habe hir perche the lymes ou̇ cast a
boute a lowze // And whan she wolde haue tane hir flyght
she kynge by ye leggis faste and Sir lancelot syze how he
kynge & he helde ye fayre faucon Perygot and he was sory
for hir // The meane whyle came a lady oute of a castell &
cryed on hyze a lancelot lancelot as thow arte flowre of
all knyghtf helpe me to gete me my fauke for & my fauke
be loste my lorde wolde destroy me for I kepte ye fauke and
she skypped fro me and yf my lorde my husbande wete hit

Here Sir lancelot heled sir ayelyot de logyres & sle Gylbarde ye bastardis swerde

ge is so hasty þ ge wyll sle me // What is yo lordis name
seyde Sir lamcelot Sir sge seyde his name is Sir Pgelot
a knyght þ longyth vnto þ kynge of Nontgalys // Welle
fayre lady syn þ ye knowe my name & requyre me of knyzt
hode to helpe I wolle do what I may to gete youre ganbe & yett
god knowyth I am an vnlle chymber and þ tre is passynge
hyze & fowe bowys to helpe me w all // And þ w sir lamce=
lot a lyght & tyed his horse to the same tre and prayde þ lady
to vnarme hym // And so whan he was vnarmed he put of
all his clothis vnto his squyre & his brecche and w knyght &
grete force he clambe vp to the faucon and tyed þ lamer to
a grete rotyn boyst & threwe þ ganbe downe w þ buyst and
anone þ lady gate þ ganbe in hir honde // And þ w all com
onto Sir Pgelot onto of þ grecys suddenly þ was hir hus=
bonde all armed & w his nabed swerde in his honde & sayde
a knyght Sir lamcelot now I ganne founde þ as I wolde
he stondyng at þ boole of the tre to sle hym // A lady seyde
Sir lamcelot Why ganne ye be trayed me Pge gatis done
seyde Sir Pgelot but as I comanmded hir & þ fore þ is none
other boote but thyne oure is com þ you wnste dye // What
were sgame vnto þ seyde Sir lamcelot þ an armed knyzt
to sle a nabed man by treson þ gettyste none os grace seyde
Sir Pgelot and þ fore helpe thy selff and þ can // Thruly
seyde Sir lamcelot that sgall be thy sgame but syn þ wolte
do none os tabe myne garneys w the and gange my swerde
þ vppon a bowze that I may gete his and than do thy beste
sle me & þ can // Nay seyde sir Pgelot for I knowe þ bettir
than þ wenyste þ fore þ gettyste no wepyn & I may hope
þ þ fro // Alas seyde Sir lamcelot that eid a knyght sgolde
dey wepynles & there w the wayted a bove hym and vndir
hym and on hym a bove his hede he sawe a rowzsbyde a

bygge bowze leveled and p̄ w̄t he brake hit off by the body and than he com lowar and a wayted how his owne horse stode and suddenly he lepe on p̄ farther syde of his horse froward p̄ knyght and than Sir Ywayn layssed at hym egerly to have slayne hym But Sir launcelot put a way p̄ stroke w̄t the rowzshyld and p̄ w̄t tobe hym on p̄ hede p̄ downe he felle in a sowze to the grounde Do than Sir launcelot tobe his sworde oute of his honde and strake his necke in .ij. pecys Alas than cryed p̄ lady why haste p̄ slayne my husbonde I am nat causer seyde sir launcelot But w̄t falsshede ye wolde have had me slayne w̄t treson and now hit is fallyn on you bothe and than she sowned as thoughe she wolde dey and p̄ w̄t Sir launcelot gate all his armoure as well as he myght and put hit vppon hym for drede of more resette for he dredde hym p̄ the knyghtis castell was so nyze hym and as sone as he myght he tobe his horse and lepted and thanked god that he had escaped p̄ harde adventure Do sir launcelot rode many wylde wayes thorow out monyes marres many wylde wayes and as he rode in a valay he sey a knyght chasyng a lady w̄t a naked sworde to have slayne hir and by fortune as this knyght sholde have slayne this lady she cryed on Sir launcelot and prayde hym to rescowe her Whan sir launcelot sye that myschyef he tobe his horse and rode be twene hem sayynge knyght sye for shame why wolte p̄ sle this lady shame vnto p̄ and all knyghthode What haste p̄ to do be twyxte me and my wyff I wolle sle her magre thyne hede What shalle ye nat sayde Sir launcelot for na thyng we wolle have a do to gydyr Sir launcelot seyde p̄ knyght p̄ doste nat thy pte for this lady hath be trayed me hit is noi so seyde p̄ lady truly he seyth wronge on me and for by cause I love cheryshe my cousyn Jarmayne

and he is / solowse be thrytte me and thym and as / I mitte answere to god þ was nedfull sone be thrytte wt none suche thynge / But / sir seyde þe lady as þu arte called þ worshyp fullyest knyght of the worlde / I requyre þe of thre thynge / hode bepe me & save me ffor what som euer he sey he wolle / me for he is wtoute mercy / Gane ye no doute that shalle nat lye in his power / Sir seyde þe knyght in yo fyght / I wolle be ruled as ye wolle / Gane me and so Sir lamcelot / rode on þe one syde & she on þe oþ syde And he had nat redyn but a whyle but þ knyght bade Sir lamcelot / turne thy / & loke be hynde thym and seyde Sir yondre come men of armys after thym rydynge And so sir lamcelot / turned thym and thought / no treson and þ wt was the knyght and þe lady on one syde & suddenly she swapped of / þe ladyes hede / / and whan Sir lamcelot / had asspyed thym what he had done he seyde and so called thym traytowre þu haste shamed me fore ever and suddenly Sir lamcelot / a lyght of / his horse & pulde oute his swerde to sle thym and þ wt all he felle to þe erthe & grypped Sir lamcelot / by the thyghes & cryed mercy / ffye on the seyde Sir lamcelot / pou shamefull / knyght / pou mayste Gane no mercy þ fore anyse & fyghte wt me Pray sayde þe knyght / I wolle nedis anyse tylle ye graunte me mercy Now wolle / I proffyr þe fayre / I wolle / warne me vnto my shynte and my swerde in my honde and yf þu can sle me quyte be þu for ever Pray sir þt wolle / I nedis / Well seyde Sir lamcelot / take this lady and þe hede and bere vppon the and here shalt þu swere vppon my swerde to bere this alle / wayes vppon thy bak & nedis to reste tylle þu come to my lady quene Gwenyn Sir that wolle / I do by the feyth of my body / Now what is youre name Sir my name is Sir pedyuere pu a shamefull /

Here sir lancelot made sir Pedyvere be ye dede body of ye lady to quene Gaw nybere

owre were ye bonne seyde Sir lancelot/ Do Sir Pedyvere
depted wt ye lady dede and ye dede to gydw and sownde the
quene wt kynge Arthure at wyncheste and yt he tolde alle
ye trouthe/ Sir knyght seyde ye quene this is an horrybble
dede & a shamefulle and a grete rebuke vnto Sir lancelot/ but nat wythstondyng his worshyp is knowyn in
many dyuerse contrees// But this shalle I gyffe you in ye
name mabe ye as good shyffte as ye can ye shalle bere
this lady wt you on horsebak vnto the pope of Rome &
of hym resseyve youre penaunce for yor foule dedis & ye shalle nevir reste one nyght yt as ye do an oth and ye
go to ony bedde ye dede body shalle lye wt you/ Thus oth
he yt made it so depted and as hit tellyth in the frenshe
boobe whan he com vnto Rome/ The pope yt bade hym
go a gayne vnto quene Gwenyn and in Rome was this
lady buryed by ye poppis comaundement and aft this
knyght Sir Pedyvere felle to grete goodnesse & was
an holy man and an hermyte/ Now turne we vn
to Sir lancelot/ in labe that com home .xv. dayes be
fore ye feste of Pentecoste and the kynge and alle the
comte were passyng fayne// and whan Gawayne
Sir Awayne Sir Dagonnette and sir Ector de
mares sye Sir lancelot/ in bayed armes than they
wyste well yt hit was he that smote hem downe alle
wythe one spere/ Than yt was lawzyng & smylyng
a monge them and evir now and now com alle yt knyzte
home yt were pfons wt Sir Bercuyn and they alle de
nowmed Sir lancelot// whan Sir Galeryes herde
hym speke he sayde I sawe alle ye batayle from ye begy
nynge to ye endynge and yt he tolde kynge Arthure
alle how hit was and how sir Bercuyn was ye strongeste

knyghtȝ þ̄ en he saw except Sir launcelot and þ̄ were many knyghtȝ bare hym recorde .iij. score // Than Sir kay tolde þ̄ kyng kynge how Sir launcelot rescowed hym whan he sholde haue bene slayne & how he made þ̄ .iij. knyghtȝ yelde hem to me & nat to hȳ and þ̄ they were alle .iij. & bare recorde and by sothe seyde Sir launcelot kay Sir launcelot take my harneyse and lesste me how I rode in goddys pece & no man wolde haue a do wt̄ me // Anone þ̄ wt̄ com iij. knyghtȝ thatt sought wt̄ Sir launcelot at þ̄ longe brydge and þ̄ they yelded them vnto Sir kay and sir kay for sothe them and seyde he sought wel wt̄ hem But I shalle ease yo̅ herte seyde sir kay youche saue sir launcelot that ow̄ cam you // Whan they wyste þ̄ they were glad And than sir ȝelyot de logrys com to me and tolde hym and the kynge how Sir launcelot had saued hym frome þ̄ dethe and alle his dedys was knowyn how þ̄ queny̅s Sorseres .iij. had hym in preson and how he was delyuerde by þ̄ kynge Bagdemagus sonne of alle þ̄ was tolde alle þ̄ grete armys that Sir launcelot had be twyxte the .v. kyngȝ that ys for to say pe kynge of Northegalys and kyng Bagdemagus alle the trouthe Sir Galahaltyne had telle and Sir ȝador de la porte And Sir ȝowdred for they were at þ̄ same turnemete

Than com in þ̄ lady þ̄ knew Sir launcelot whan that he wounded Sir Bellens at þ̄ ȝabylyon and þ̄ at þ̄ requeste of sir launcelot Sir Bellens was made knyght of the rounde table And so at that tyme Sir launcelot had the grettyste name of ony knyght of þ̄ worlde & moste he was honoured of hyze & lowe

Explicit a nobile tale of Sir launcelot du lake Here folowyth Sir Gareth ys tale of Orkeney þ̄ was callyd Bewmaynes by

Sir kay

In arthurs dayes whan he helde ye rounde table moste plenou re hit fortuned the kynge comaunded that ye hyze feste of pen tecoste sholde be holden at a cite and a castell in the dayes that was called kynke kenadonne vppon ye sondye in marches nyze wa lys / So cus ye kynge had a custom that at ye feste of pente coste in especiall a fore of festys in the yere he wolde nat go ye day to mete vnto that he had herde of sawe of a grete mer vayle / And for ye custom all man of strange adventures com by fore arthure as at ye feste be fore all of festy And so sir Gawayne a lytyll to fore ye none of the day of pentecoste a spyed at a wyndowe .iij. men vppon horse bak and a dwarfe vppon foote and so the .iij. men a lyghte and ye dwarf lepte ye horsis and one of ye men was hyzar than the tothir tweyne by a foote and an halfe / Than sir Gawayne went vnto ye kyng and sayde sir go to yo mete for here at hande comyth strange adventures So ye kynge went vnto the mete wt many of kynghtes and ye were all ye knyghtes of ye rounde table ouleslat ony were presoners of slayne at recountyrs Than at ye hyze feste en more they sholde be fulfylled the hole nũbr of an .C. et fyfty for than was ye rounde table fully couplysshed / Lyzt so com in to the halle .v. men well be sayne and ryche ly and vppon ye sholdyrs ye lenest ye goodlyest yonge man and ye fay reste ye en they all sawe and he was large and longe et brode in the shuldyrs well vysaged and the largyste et ye fayreste handis ye en man sye / But he serued as he nyght nat go no thir bere hym self but yf he lened vppon ye shuldyrs / Anone as ye kynge saw hym ye was made pead and bone et nyght so they yode wt hym vnto the hyze deyse wt oute seyynge of ony wordys / Than that yonge nuncle man pulled hym a bak and easyly streyght vp nyght seynge ye moste noble kynge kynge arthure god yow blysse and all yo fayre felyshyp et

In especiall the felyshyp of þ table rounde / and for this cause
I come hydr to pray you and requyre you to gyff me .ij. gyfftys
And they shall nat be vnresenable asked but that ye
may worshypfully graunte hem me and to you no grete
hurte nor losse and þ fyrste dome and gyffte I wolle aske
now at þ tother .ij. gyfftys I wolle aske this day .xv. monyth after
sore sou eu ye holde yo hyze feste Now aske ye seyde kyng
Arthure and ye shall have yo askynge Now sir this is my
petycion at this feste that ye wolle gyff me mete & drynke
sufficiauntly for this .xv. monthe and at þ day I wolle aske
myne of .ij. gyfftys Dy fayre son seyde kyng Arthure aske
bettyr counseyle þ for this is no bute a symple asbyng for
myne herte gydyth me to the grettly þ þ arte com of men
of worshyp and gretly my conceyte fayleth me but þ shall
preve a man of ryght grete worshyp Dn he seyde þ of be
as be may for I have asked þ I wolle aske at this tyme Well
seyde þ kynge ye shall have mete & drynke I nowe I nevr
for bade nyt my frende nor my foo But what is thy name
I wolde wete Dn I can nat tell you Bgat is inbayle
seyde þ kynge þ you knowyste nat thy name and þ arte one
of þ goodlyest ponge men þ eu I saw Bgan þ kyng be tok
hym to Dn kay the styelwarde and charged hym þ he had of all
maner of metys & drynkys of the beste and also þ he had all maner
of fyndynge as thoughe he were a lordys sone Bgat shalle
lytyll nede seyde Dn kay to do suche coste vppon hym for I
vnderstande he is a vylayne borne & neid wolle make man for
& he had be com of gantyll men he wolde have axed horse &
armo but as he is so he asbyth and sythen he hath no na
me I shall gyff hym a name whyche shall be called Beaw
maynes that is to say fayre handys and m to þ kychyn I
shall bryng hym and þ he shall have fatte knowes eny day

that he shall be as fatte at ye. xij. monthes ende as a porke hog
bygght so the. ij. men lepted & lefte hym wt Sir Kay yt scornyd
and mocked hym Where at was Sir Gawayne wrothe & in especiall Sir launcelot bade sir Kay leve his mockyng for
dave kay my hede he shall preve a man of grete worshyp
lette be seyde Sir Kay that may not be by reson for as he is
so he hath asked yette he wave seyde Sir launcelot Do ye
gaff yᵉ good knyght Brumor Sir Dynadans wrothe a name
& ye called hym la cote male tayle and yᵗ turned yon to dug
astirwarde as for yᵉ seyde sir Kay this shall nevir ffyve none
suche ffor Sir Brumor desyred evir worshyp and this desyrythe
evir mete & drynke & brothe vppon payne of my lyffe he was
fosterde vp in som abbey And how som evir that was they say
led mete & drynke & so hydir he is com for his fustynaunce
And so Sir Kay bade gete hym a place & sytte downe to
mete Do Brumayne went to the halle dove & sette hym
downe amonge boyes & laddys & yᵉ he ete sadly And than
Sir launcelot after mete bade hym com to his chambir and
yᵉ he sholde have mete & drynke / nowe And so ded Sir Ga-
wayne but he refused them all for he wolde do none of
but as Sir Kay comaunded hym for no dyvr But as tow
dyng Sir Gawayne he had reson to proffer hym lodgyng
mete & drynke for yᵗ offer com of his blonde for he was
nevir kyn to hym than he wyste off But yᵗ Sir launcelot
ded was of his grete gentylnesse & curtesy Do this he
was putt in to yᵉ kychyn & lay nyghtly as yᵉ kechen boyes
dede And so he endured all yᵗ. xij. monthe & nevir displeased
man nor chylde but all wayes he was mebe & mylde But
evir whan he saw ony justyng of knyght yᵗ wolde he se if
he myght and evir Sir launcelot wolde gyff hym golde to
spende & clothis And so ded Sir Gawayne And where yᵗ

were ony mastryes doynge þ at wolde ge be and þ nyght
none caste barre nor stone to hym by .ij. yardys Than
wolde Sir Kay sey how lyketh yon my boy of the bycthyn So
this paste on tyll þ feste of Whytsontyde and at þ tyme
þ kynge hylde hit at Carlyon in the moste royallyst wyse
þ nyght be lyke as he dud yerely But þ kyng wolde no
mete ete vppon Whytsonday vntyll he harde of sum adven-
tures Than com þ a squyre vnto þ kynge and seyde sir ye
may go to yo mete for here comyth a damesell wt som strange
adventured Than was þ kyng glad & sette hym downe
tyght so þ cam a damesell vnto þ halle & salewed þ kyng
and prayde hym of succourne for whom seyde the kynge
what is þ adventure Sir she seyde I kame a lady of gte
worshyp to my lustir & she is be seged wt a tyrraunte þ she
may nat oute of hir castell and by cause yer sir she called the
noblyst knyght of þ worlde I com to you for succourne
what is youre lady called & where dwellyth she and who
is he & what is his name þ hath be seged her Sir kynge
she seyde as for my ladyes name þ shall nat ye knowe for
me as at this tyme but I lette you wete she is a lady off
grete worshyp & of grete londys and as for þ tyrraunte
þ be segyth her & destroyeth hir londis he is kallyd þ rede
knyght off þ rede launds I knowe hym nat seyde þ kyng
Sir seyde Sir Gawayne I knowe hym well for he is one
of the valeste knyghtis of the worlde men sey þ he hath vn-
mennys strengthe and fromd hym I astapyd onys full harde
wt my hyst Fayre damesell seyde kynge there bene knyght
here that wolde do his power for to reskowe yo lady But
by cause ye will not telle his name nor where she dwellyth
þ fore none of my knyghtis þ here be nowe shall go wt you
be my wylle Than unste I sebe forthest seyde þ damesell

// So wt thes wordys com Bewmaynes before the kyng
while the damesell was yn and thus he sayde Sir kyng
god thabe you I kame bene thos. xij. monyth yn yo kychyn
& kame had my full fustynamce and now I wolle asse
my iij. gyfftys yt bene be kynde // asse on now vppon
my pell seyde the kynge // Sir this shalle be my fyrst iij.
gyfftes of the. I gyfftis yt ye wolle graunte me to kame
this adventure of this damesell for ays be longyth
vnto me // Thou shalte kame ays seyde the kyng I grau-
te ays the // Than sir this is yor gyfftes yt ye shalle gra-
nte me the Sir launcelot du lake shalle make me kyght
for of kym I wolle be made kyght & ellys of none and
whan I am paste I pray you lette kym ryde after me
& make me kyght whan I requyre kym // All this
shalle be done seyde the kynge // Ffy on the seyde the damesell
shalle I kame none but one yt is yo kychyn knave Than
she wexed angry and anone she tobe his horse and wt
yt ther com one to Bewmaynes & tolde kym his horse & armo
was com for kym & a squyer had brought kym all thyng
yt neded kym yn the rychyste wyse // There at the counte
had muche merthayle from whens com all the gere So
whan he was armed ther was none but ferre so goodly a
man as he was And ryght so he com yn to the halle & tobe
his leve of kyng Arthure and Sir Gawayne and of Sir
launcelot and prayde kym to kyze after kym and so he
departed and rode after the damesell

But the wente many after to be holde how welle he
was horsed and trapped yn clothe of golde but
he had wyth shreave nor shylde Than Sir kay seyde all
openly yn the halle I wolle ryde after my boy of the kychyn
to wete whedir he wolle bnow me for his better // yet seyde

Sir launcelot and Sir Gawayne a byde at home // Do
Sir kay made hym redy & tok his horse & his speare
& rode after hym // and ryght as Beawmaynes on tobe
p̄ dameselle bygth so com Sir kay and seyde Beawmaynes
what sir know ye nat me // Than he turned his horse &
knew hit was Sir kay that had done all p̄ dyspyte to hy
as ye have herde be fore // Than seyde Beawmaynes
yee I know you well for an vn gentyll knyght of p̄ comte
& p̄ fore he ware of me // There w̄t Sir kay put his spe
re in p̄ rest & ran stroyght vppon hym // and Beawmay
nes com as faste vppon hym w̄t his sweare & w̄t a foyne
thrueste hym thorow p̄ hyde p̄t Sir kay felle downe as he
had bene dede // Than Beawmaynes a lyght downe and
tobe Sir kayes shylde & his speare & sterte vppon his
owne horse & rode his way // all p̄t saw Sir launcelot
& so did p̄ dameselle & than he bade his squyre sterte vp
pon Sir kayes horse & so he ded Wh p̄t Sir launcelot was
com and anone he profyrde Sir launcelot to fyste & ay
made hem redy & com to gyder so fersly p̄t eyth bare of downe
to the erthe & sore were they brused // Than Sir launcelot
a rose and halpe hym fro me his horse and than Beawmay
nes threw his shylde fro me hym & prosyred to fyght with
Sir launcelot on foote So they russhed to gyders lyke .ij.
boris traysyng & trauysyng & foynyng p̄ mountenaunce of
an howre // and Sir launcelot felte hym so bygge that he
merbayled of his strength the for he fought more lyker a
gyaunte than a knyght and his fyghtyng was so passyng
durable & passyng orelond ffor Sir launcelot had so much
a do w̄t hym t̄t he dred hym self to be shamed // and seyde
Beawmaynes feyght nat so sore yo quarell & myne is nat
grete but we may sone have of Trewly p̄t is trouth seyde

Here Beaw
maynes had
all moste slay
ne Sir kay

Beaumaynes but yt doth me good to fele yᵒ myght and yet my lorde I shewed nat yᵉ vttermance In goddys name seyde Sir lamcelot for I promyse yon be yᵉ fayth of my body I had as muche to do as I myght have to save my self fro yon vnshamed and yᵗfore have ye no doughte of none erthely knyght hope ye so ꝑ I may ony whyle stonde a pred knyght Do as ye have done to me seyde Sir lamcelot and I shall be yᵒ warrannte Than I pray yon seyde Beaumaynes gesse me yᵉ order of knyghthod Sir than muste ye telle me yᵒ name of yᵉ knyght and of what kyn ye be borne Sir so ꝑ ye wolle nat dyscon me I shall telle you my name Nay sir seyde Sir lamcelotte and ꝑ I promyse yon by yᵉ feyth of my body vtterly yt be opynly knowyn Than he seyde my name is Gaweyne and brothir vnto Sir Gawayne of fadir syde & modir syde And sir I am more gladder of yon than I was for evrme thought ye sholde be of grete bloode & that ye cam nat to yᵉ courte nowᵗ for mete nowᵗ dryuke Than Sir lamcelot gaff hym yᵉ order of knyghthode and than Sir Gaweyne prayde hym for to depte and so he to folow the lady So sir lamcelot depted fromē hym & com to Sir kay and made hym to be borne homē vppon his shylde & so he was keled garde wᵗ yᵉ lyff and all men scorned sir kay and in especiall Sir Gawayne and Sir lamcelot seyde ꝑ yt was nat his ꝓpre to rebuke no ynge man for full lytyll knowe ye of what byrth he is com of & for what cause he com to yᵉ courte and so we love of Sir kay and turne we vnto Beaumaynes Than ꝑ he had on tabyn yᵉ damesell anone she seyde what doste yᵘ here yᵘ stynkyst all of yᵉ kychyn thy clothis bene bawdy of yᵉ grece and talow What wenyste yᵘ seyde yᵉ lady ꝑ I wolle a low the

These for

the for yondir knyght, that pon kylde Kay truly for pon
slewyst hym vngatteryly & cowardly þ̄ fore thynne a gay
ne þ̄ bawdy kychyn knave I know þ̄e well for Sir Kay na
med the Beawmaynes what art þ̄ but a lusshe & a thynner
of brochis & a ladyll waysshere Damesell seyde sir Be
awmaynes sey to me what ye wolle yet wolle nat I go fro
pon what som ēu ye sey ffor I gane vndir take to bynge
arthure for to encheve yo̅ aventure & so shall I fynysshe it
to the ende oþ̄ ellys I shalle dye þ̄fore ffye on þ̄e kychyn
knave wolde þ̄ fynysshe myne aventure pon shalle anone
be mette w̅t alle þ̄ pon woldyst nat for alle þ̄e brothe þ̄ ēu pon
soupped onys to lobe hym in the face ad̄ for þ̄ I shalle assay
seyde Beawmaynes So rydyght thus as they rode in þ̄ wood
þ̄ com a man flyeng alle þ̄ ēu the nyght who̅ wolde þ̄ seyde
Beawmaynes a lorde he seyde helpe me for gere by in a
flade ro̅. vj. theffis þ̄ gane takyn my lorde & bounde thym
fore & I am a ferde lest þ̄ they wolle sle hym Bringe
me thydir seyde Beawmaynes and so they rode to gydres
vnto they com þ̄ as was þ̄e knyght bounden & streyte he rode
vnto them & strake one to the dethe and than an oþ̄ & at þ̄
thirde strobe he slew þ̄ thirde and than þ̄ oþ̄. iij. fledde and
he rode after them & ouertoke them and than they. iij. turned
a gayne and assayled Sir Beawmaynes harde but at þ̄e
laste he slew them & retu̅ned & vnbounde þ̄e knyght and þ̄e
knyght thanked hym & prayde hym to ryde w̅t hym to his
castell þ̄ a lytyll be fyde and he sholde worshyppfully re
warde hym for his good dede Sir seyde Beawmaynes
I wolle no rewarde gane. Sir this day I was made knyght
of noble Sir launcelot and þ̄fore I wolle no rewarde ha
ve but god rewarde me and also I must folowe they
damesell. So whan he com nyze to hir he bade hym

ryde vttr for yon smellyst all of yᵉ kychyn What wenyst yon
yᵗ I gane soy of yᵉ for all this dede for yᵗ yon gaste done is but
mysse gappe But yᵘ shalt se sone a fygght yᵗ shall make the to
turne a gayne ⁊ yᵗ lyghtly // Than yᵉ same knyght rode
astr yᵉ dameselle ⁊ prayde hr to lodge wᵗ hym all yᵗ nyght
And be cause hit was neve nyght yᵉ dameselle rode wᵗ hym
to his castell ⁊ yᵗ they had grete cheve And at sonper yᵉ knyght
sette Sr Beawmaynes a fore yᵉ dameselle ffy fy than
seyde she sr knyght ye ar vncurtayse to sette a kychyn
page a fore me hym semyth better to stybe a furyne than
to sytte a fore a dameselle of hyze parage // Than yᵉ knyght
was a shamed at hr wordys ⁊ tobe hym vp ⁊ sette hym
at a syde bonede ⁊ sate hym selfe be fore hym So all that
nyght they had good cheve ⁊ myrry reste And on yᵉ morne
the dameselle tobe hr lebe ⁊ thanked yᵉ knyght ⁊ so depted
⁊ rode on hr way vntyll they come to a grete foreste ⁊
yᵗ was a grete ryver ⁊ but one passage ⁊ yᵗ were redy .ij.
knyghtys on the farther syde to lette yᵉ passage // What seyst
yon seyde yᵉ dameselle wolt ye macche youdr .ij. knyghtys
ov̄ all yo turne a gayne Nay seyde sr Beawmaynes wolt
nat turne a yen and they were .vj. mo And yᵗ wᵗ all the russhed
vnto yᵉ watr ⁊ in myddys of yᵉ watr eythr brake her spe
ryes vppon ov̄ to yᵗ ovdys And than they drewe yᵗ swerdis
⁊ smote egrly at othr And at yᵉ laste Sr Beawmaynes
smote yᵉ othr vppon yᵉ helme yᵗ his hede stoned and yᵗ wᵗ
all he felle downe in the watr ⁊ yᵗ was he drowned and
than he spored his horse vppon the londe ⁊ yᵗ wᵗ all yᵉ toyᵗ
knyght felle vppon hym brake his speare And so they drew
hr swerdys ⁊ soughte longe to gydrys But at yᵉ laste
Sr Beawmaynes clebd his helme ⁊ his hede downe to
yᵉ shuldyrs And so he rode vnto yᵉ dameselle ⁊ bade hr ryde

Here sr Beawmaynes slew yᵗ knyght at a passage

fruth on thy way Alas sche seyde that euer such a bycchyn
payge sholde gane the fortune to destroy such .ij. knyghtis
yet the wenyste thou haste done doughtyly that is nat so
for the fyrste knyght his horse stumbled & the he was throw
ned in the water & nere hit was be thy force nor be thy myzte
and the laste knyght by myn happe hath camyste be hynde
hym & by myne fortune the slewyst hym // Damesell
seyde Beaumaynes ye may sey what ye wolle But
whom som euer I gane a do with all I trust to god to serue
hym or I and he depte and the fore I recche nat what ye
sey so that I may wynne yo lady // Fy fy foule bycchyn hndbe
hath he knyghtis that shall a bate thy boste // Fayre
damesell gyffe me goodly langgage & than my care is
paste For what knyghtis sone euer they be I care nat ne
I doute hem nought // Also seyde sche I sey hit for thyne
availe for yett mayste thou turne a yen with thy wor
shyp for & thou folowe the arte but fayne for I se all that
euer the doste is by myne aduenture & nat by grues of
thy goodyes // Well damesell ye may sey what ye wolle
But where som euer ye go I wolle folow you // So thei
Beaumaynes rode with the lady tylle euynsonge & euer sche
chydde hym & wolde nat reste So at the laste they com
to a blak launde & there was a blak pauylone & there on hynge
a baud & on the ouer syde there hynge a blak shylde & by hit
stoode a blak speare grete & longe and a grete blak
horse coued with sylke and a blak stone faste by Also
there sate a knyght all armed in blak harneyse and his
name was called the knyght of the blak launde // This
damesell whan sche saw the knyght sche bade hym ride
downe that valey for his horse was nat sadeled // Then
sche seyde Beaumaynes for all way ye wolde gane

me a coward. So when ye blak knyght saw hym he seyde
dameselle fayne ye brought this knyght from ye courte
of kynge Arthure to be yo champyon / Nay fayre knyght
this is but a kychyn knabe ye was fedde in kyng Arthurs
kychyn for almyse / Than sayde ye knyght why combrest
ye me in such array for it is shame to ye bere you compa
ny Sir I can not be delyuerde of hym for wt me he rydyth
magre my hede God wolde seyde she to ye ye wolde smyte
hym from me or to sle hym yt ye may for he is an vnhap
py knabe & vnhappyly he hath done this day thorow mysse
happe for I saw hym sle .ij. knyghtes at ye passage of ye Watr
et or dedis he ded be forme ryght mervayllouse & thorow
vnhappynesse / Dhat vnmanlyed me seyde ye blak knyght
ye ony man of worshyp wolde fayne a do wt hym. Sir they bue
we hym nat seyde ye dameselle And for by cause he rydyth
wt me they wene ye he be som man of worshyp borne / Dhat
may be seyde ye blak knyght how be it as ye say ye he is
no man of worshyp borne he is a full lykly person & full
lyke to be a stronge man but this muche shall I graunte
you seyde ye knyght I shall put hym downe on foote & his
horse & harneyse he shall love wt me. for it were shame
to me to do hym ony more harme / When Sir Beawmay
nes harde hym say thus he seyde sir knyght ye arte full lar
ge of my horse & harneyse I late ye wete it coste ye nought
& therfor you lyke well other coyte this launde wolde I passe
magre thyne hede & horse ne harneyse gettyst ye none of
of myne but yf ye wynne hem wt thy handys ye fore latse
what ye canste do Boyste ye that seyde ye blak knyght I
yelde thy lady fro the for it be semed me a kychyn knabe
to ryde wt such a lady / Thou lyest seyde Beawmaynes
I am a gentyll man borne & of more hyze lynage than

pon and thatt wolde I prebe on thy body // Than in grete
wrethe they departed yͤ horsis & com to gydyrs as fitt had be
me thynkyr & yͤ blak bryghtt speare brake and Beawmay
nes thruste hym thorow bothe sydis & yͤ wt his speare
brake & yͤ truncheon was left stylle in his syde But he
wnpeled yͤ blak bryghtt drew his swerde & smote many
egir strokys off grete myghtt & mvrte Beawmaynes fullt sore
but att yͤ laste yͤ blak bryghtt wt in an owre & an halff he
felle downe off his horse in a swonne & yͤ dyed // And than sir
Beawmaynes ly hym so wellt horsed & armed than he a lyzt
downe & armed hym in his armys and so take his horse and
rode after yͤ damesell // Whan she sawe hym com she seyde a
way lychyn knave onte off yͤ wynde for yͤ smelle off thy bawe
dy clothis grevythe me // Alas she seyde yͤ ever such a knave
sholde by my sse happe sle so good a bryghtt as yͤ hast done
but allis thyne vnhappynesse // But here by is one yͤ shalt
pay yͤ allt thy paymente And yͤ sore yett I vede yͤ flee tht may
happyn me seyde Beawmaynes to be betyn off slayne But
I warne yon fayre damesell I wolde nat sle away notwith
lede yͤ company for allt yͤ ye can sey for-ever ye sey yͤ they
wolde sle me other bete me but how som ever tht happenythe
I ascape & they lye on the grounde // And yͤ sore tht were
as good for yon to holde you stylle thus allt day rebukyng
me for away wylle I nat tylle I se yͤ vttrmste off this jour
nay or elles I wolde be slayne other thorowly betyn yͤ sore
ryde on yͤ way for folow you I wolde what som ever happyn me
Thus as they rode to gydyrs they sawe a bryghtt come
brybande by them all in grene bothe his horse & his
harneyse And whan he com nye yͤ damesell he asked hir of
yͤ my brothir yͤ blak bryghtt yͤ ye slane bronghtt wt you slay
nay sche seyde thus vnhappy lychyn knave slayne thy brothir

The deth off yͤ blak bryghtt slayne by yͤ handis of Beawmaynes

thorow vnhappynes / Alas seyde ye greene knyght / to grete pyte ye so noble a knyght as he was sholde so vnhappyly be slayne & namely of a knaues hande as ye say ye he is / A traytoure seyde ye greene knyght ye shalt dye for slayng of my broth̄r he was a full noble knyght and his name was Sir Perarde I defye ye seyde Sir Beaumaynes for I latte ye wete I slew hym knyghtly & nat shamfully. Where with all ye greene knyght rode vnto an horne ye was greene and his knyghe vppon a thorne and ye he blew .iij. deth notes and anone ye came .ij. damesels & armed hym lyghtly And than he toke a grete horse & a greene shylde & a greene spere and than they ran to gyders wt all ye myghtes & brake ye speres vn to ye bondes and than they drewe ye swerdes & gaff many sad strokes & eyth of than wounded on full yll And at ye laste at an vnthwarte stroke Sir Beaumaynes wt his horse strake ye greene knyghtes horse vppon ye syde yt he felle to ye erthe And than the greene knyght voyded his horse delyuly and dressed hym on foote / Than sayde Beaumaynes and ye wt all he a lyghte and they russhed to gyders lyke .ij. myghty bem pes a longe whyle & sore they bledde both / Whych than̄ came ye damesell & seyde my lorde ye greene knyght why for shame stonde ye so longe fyghtynge wt yt lyghtly knabe Alas his shame yt can̄ ye were made knyght to se such a lad to macche you as ye wede growyth on ye corne / ye wt ye greene knyght was a shamed & ye wt all he gaff a grete stroke of myghty & clabe his shylde thorow / Whan Beaumaynes sawe his shylde clouen a sunder he was a lytyll a shamed of yt stroke and of his langage And than he gaff hym such a buffette vppon ye helme yt he felle on his knees And so suddenly Beaumaynes sprange hym on the grounde grobelynge And than the greene knyght cryed hym mcy

And yelded hym vnto Beuvmaynes And prayde hym nat
to sle hym / Alle ys sayne seyde Beuvmaynes for pou
shalt dye but yf this dameselle / þ cam wt me pray me to
save thy lyff And þ wt alle he vnlaced his helme lybe as
he wolde sle hym / Sye vppon the false bycorn prayge
I wolle nede pray the to save his lyff for I wolle nat be so
vnmesse sayne thy danuger / Than shalle he dye seyde Beu
vmaynes Nat so gaudy þ̃ baudy bnave seyde þ dameselle that
þ̃ sle hym / Alas seyde þ grene knyght suffr̃ me nat to
dye for a fayre worde spekyng / Fayre knyght seyde the
grene knyght save my lyfe & I wolle for gyff the þ dethe of
my brothr̃ and for ev̄ to be com thy man And xxti knyghtes
that hold of me for ev̄ shalle do you serbyse / Sayne þ debyles
name seyde þ dameselle þ sache a baudy bycorn bnave shol
de gane xxti knyghtes synge & thyne Bn knyght seyde
Beuvmaynes alle this a vaylyth þ̃ nought but yf my dame
selle spede to me for thy lyff And there wt alle he made a sem
blaunte to sle hym / Nay be seyde þ dameselle þ̃ baudy bycorn
bnave sle hym nat for and þ̃ do þ̃ shalt repente hit / Dame
selle seyde Beuvmaynes yo charge is to me a pleasure and
all youre commaundemente his lyff shalle be save & ellis nat
/ Than he sayde sr̃ knyght wt þ grene armys I relesse þ
quyte all this dameselle requeste for I wolle nat make hir
wrothe for I wolle fulfylle alle þ she chargyth me / And
than þ grene knyght bueled downe & dud hym homage
wt his swerde / Than sayde þ dameselle me repentis of
this grene knyghtes damage and of yo brothers deth the
blak knyght for of yo helpe I had grete mystr̃ / For I
de me sore to passe this foreste / Nay drede you nat seyde
þ grene knyght for ye alle shalle lodge wt me this nyght
and to morne I shalle helpe you thorow this foreste / Bo thy

Here sr̃ Beuvmaynes on come þ grene knyght

tobe þ gorþ̄ rode to þis man þ was faste by And eu̇ þis
dameselle rebuked Beuuaynes and wolde nat suffre hym
to sitte at hir table but as þ̄ grene knyght tobe hym sitte
w̄ hym at a syde table dameselle merueyle me þ̄nne hyt
seyde þ grene knyght why ye rebuke þis noble knyghte
as ye do for I warne you he is a full noble man and I knowe
no knyght þ̄ is able to macche hym þeue fore ye do grete
wronge so to rebuke hym for he shall do you rpght goode
seruyse. ffor what som eu̇ he make hym self he shall ꝑue
at þ̄ ende þ̄ he is com of full noble blood and of kynge lyna
ge // ffy fy seyde þ̄ dameselle nay is shame for you to sey thy
self worshyp truly seyde þ̄ grene knyght nay were shame
to me to sey hym ony dyshonorshyp for he hath prebid hym
self a better knyght þan I am and many is þ̄ noble knyght
þ̄ I haue mette w̄ all in my dayes // And ner on this tyme
fonde I no knyght his macche And so þ̄ nyght they yode
vnto reste And all nyght þ̄ grene knyght comaunded
xxti. knyghtes prevyly to macche Beuuaynes for to kepe
hym from all treson they all arose and herde þ̄ masse and
brake þ̄ faste And þan they tobe þ̄ gorþ̄ and rode þ̄ way //
And þ̄ grene knyght conueyed hem þorow þ̄ foreste // þan
þ̄ grene knyght seyde my lorde Sir Beuuaynes my body
and this xxti. knyghtes shall be all way at yo̅ somond bothe
erly and late at yo̅ callynge and whatsu̇ þ̄ eu̇ ye wolle sende
vs. ye sey well seyde Sir Beuuaynes whan þ I calle vp
pon you ye muste yelde you vnto kynge Arthure And all
yo̅ knyghtes is þ̄ I so̅maunde you // We shall be redy at
all tymes seyde þ̄ grene knyght // ffy fy vppon þ̄ sir
the knyght name seyde þ̄ dameselle þ̄ eu̇ ony good knyght
sholde be obedyent vnto a kyngys knave // So þan departed
the grene knyght and þ̄ dameselle And þan she seyde vnto

Bellmaynes why folowyste ꝑ me lytyll knaue caste a
way thy shylde & thy spere and fle away yette / comseyle
ꝑ be tyme or ꝑ shalt sey wygght sone alas ffor & ꝑ were as
wygght as Sir launcelot / Sir Tryst[illegible] or the good knyght
Sir lamerok / ꝑ shalt not passe a pace here ꝑ for called ꝑ pace
pelus // Damesell seyde Bellmaynes who is a fer de
let hym fle for hit were shame to turne a gayne fyght /
shame tydyng so longe wt you . Well seyde she / ye shall sone
wete ꝑ wolle or wolle not / / So wt ꝑ a while they sawe
a wyght towre as ony snowe well macched alle a
bout & double dyked & of ꝑ towre gate ꝑ henge a fyfty
shyldis of dyuers colowres and vndir ꝑt towre ꝑ was
a fayre medow and ꝑ ꝑ was many knyghtes & squyres
to be holde scaffoldis & pabylons for ꝑ vppon the morne
sholde be a grete turnemente and ꝑ lorde of ꝑ towre
was wt in his castell & lokked oute at a wyndow & sawe
a damesell a dwarff and a knyght armed at alle poyn
tis / So god me helpe seyde ye lorde wt ꝑt knyght wolle
I juste for I se ꝑt he is a knyght auenture and so he armed
hym & horsed hym hastely whan he was on horsebak
wt his shylde & his spere hit was all rede bothe his
horse & his harneyse / alle ꝑt to hym be longed // and
whan ꝑt he com nyze hym he wente hit had be his bro
ꝑ blak knyght // and than lowde he cryed & seyde bro
ther what do ye here in this marchis / Nay nay seyde
ꝑ damesell hit is nat ffor this is but a lytyll knaue
ꝑt was brought vp for almys in kynge Arthurs courte
// Alle ꝑ lesse seyde ꝑe rede knyght I wolle sprete wt hym
or he depte / & seyde this damesell this knaue hathe
slayne yo bro and Sir Kay named hym Bellmaynes
and this horse & this harneyse was thy brothers ꝑ blak

Here ſir Bewmaynes oncom ye rede knyght

knyght / Alſo I ſaue the brothir the grene knyght and com of his kondyt / But now may ye be wrouged on
hym for I may neuir be quyte of hym // Wyth this
knyght departed in ſundir and cam to gydir all that they myght
dryue And ayther of ye horſis felle to the erthe / Than
they auoyde theire horſis and put ye ſhyldis before them
and dreu ye ſwerdis and eyther gaff other ſtrokis now here
now there thaſyng thaſyng and foynyng thaſyng and hurlyng
lyke .ij. borys yt ſpace of .ij. owris // Than ſhe cryde on
hyght to ye rede knyght Alas yon noble rede knyght yͤ
the wyght worſthyp hath and more folowed yt lette neu a
hyeſyn knabe endure ye ſo longe as he doth / Than ye
rede knyght wexed wroth and doubled his ſtrokis and hurte
Bewmaynes wondirly ſore yt the bloode ran downe to
ye gromde yt ſyght was wondir to ſee yt ſtrounge bataylle / yet
at ye laſte Bewmaynes ſtrake hym to ye erthe / And as he
wolde haue ſlayne ye rede knyght he cryed mercy noble
knyght ſle me nat and I ſhall yelde me to the wyth fyfty
knyghtis wt me yt be at my comaundemente and for gyff the
all ye diſpyte yt yon haſte done to me and ye deth of my
brothir the blak knyght and ye wrynyng of my brothir
ye grene knyght / All this avayled nat ſeyde Bew
maynes but yf my dameſell pray me to ſaue the lyff
and yt wt he made ſemblaunte to ſtrybe off his hede // Let
be ſir Bewmaynes and ſle hym nat for he is a noble knyght
and nat ſo hardy vppon thym he hede but yt ye ſalle hym
Than Bewmaynes bade ye rede knyght to ſtonde vp
and thanke this dameſell now of the lyff / Than ye rede
knyght prayde hym to ſe his caſtell and to repoſe them
all yt nyght / So ye dameſell graunte hym and yt they had
good chere But alwayes this dameſell ſeyde many

foule wordys vnto Beuuaynes wqere of ye rede knyght
had grete merbayle and all ye nyght ye rede knyzt made
my store knyghtys to Macche Beuuaynes tqat he sholde ha
ve no shame nor vylony And vppon ye morne tqey ger de
masse and dyned et ye rede knyght com be fore Beuuaynes
& qus my store knyghtys et he qe profyred hym qus omage and
feawte at all tymes he et qus knyghtys to do hym servyse
Tqanne you seyde Beuuaynes but tqus ye shall gra
unte me tqan I calle vppon you to com be fore my lorde
kynge Arthure and yelde you vnto hym to be qus knyzt
Sir seyde ye rede knyght I wolle be redy et all my felyshyp
at yonne somond So sir Beuuaynes depted and ye da
meselle and en she rode chydyng hym in the fowleste ma
ner wyse tqat she cowde

Damesell seyde Beuuaynes ye ar vncurteyse so
to rebuke me as ye do for me sempte I shane done
you good kynyse et en ye tquetyn me I shall be betyn wyth
knyghtys tqat we mete but en for all yo boste tqey all
all lye in the duste or in the myre and for fore I pray
you rebuke me no more And tqan ye se me betyn or
yoldyn as recreaunte tqan may you bydde me go from
you shamfully but erste I let you wete I wolle nat depte
from you for tqan I were worse tqan a foole And I wolde
depte from you all the wqyle ye I wyne worshyp Well
seyde she nyght sone shall mete the a knyght ye shall pay
the all thy wagys for he is ye moste man of worshyp
of ye worlde except kyng Arthure I wolle well seyde
Beuuaynes the more he is of worshyp ye more shall
be my worshyp to shane a do wt hym Tqan anone
tqey were ware wqere was a fore tqem a Cyte wyth
and fayre and be twyxte tqem and ye Cyte a myle and

more there was a fayre medow þt semed new mowyn &
þ̄in was many pavylons fayre to be holde // lo seyde
þe dameselle yondir is a lorde þt owyth yondir Cyte &
his custom is when þe wedir is fayre to lye in this
medow to juste and to turnay and eu̇ þ̄ is a boute hym
v.C. bryghtis & jantylle men of armys and þ̄ is alle ma-
ner of gamys þt ony jantylle man can devyse // Thatt
goodly lorde seyde Bewmaynes wolde I fayne se // yon
shalle se hym tyme I nowe seyde þe dameselle // and so
as she rode nere she a spyed the pavelon where the
lorde was // lo seyde she syre þ̄ yondir pavylyon þt
is alle of þe colowre of jude and alle man of thyng that
þ̄ is a boute men & women & horsis trapped shyeldis &
spervis was alle of þe colowre of jude and his name is
Syr Dar-jaunte of jude the moste lordlyest bryghtt þt
eu̇ þe lobyd on // Jhu may welle be seyde Syr Bewmay-
nes But be he neu̇ so stonte a bryghtt in this folde I
shalle a byde tylle that I se hym vndir his shyelde // a
foole seyde she þe were bettir to flee be tymes // Why
seyde Bewmaynes and he be suche a bryghtt as ye ma-
ke hym he wolle nat sette vppon me wt alle his men
for and þ̄ com no more but one at onys I shalle hym
nat fayle whylys my lyff may laste // fy fy seyde þe
dameselle þt owr suche a stynkyng kychyn knave sholde
blowe suche a boste // Dameselle he seyde ye ar to bla-
me so to rebuke me for I had leu̇ do .v. batayles than
so to be rebuked // lat hym com and than lat hym doo
his worste // Syr she seyde I mvayle what thon art
and of what kyn̄ pon arte com for-boldely pon stretyst
and boldely þe caste dome þt gave I sene Thore fore I
pray þe save thy self and þe may for thyne horse & pon

gane had grete trabayle & I drede þt we dwelle owr
longe frome the seege · ffor yit is geue but .vij. myle
and all pelous passage we ar paste sauff all only þt
passage and geue I drede me sore last ye shall caccge
som grute þ fore I wolde ye were geue þt ye were nat
bruised notwr grute wt this strongе bygght · But I
lat you wete this Sir Persaunte off inde is no thyng
off myght nor strenyth vnto þ bygght þt lyeth at the
seege a boute my lady dos for that seyde Beumaynes
be dos be may for sytthen I am com so nye this bygght
I wolle preve his myght or I depte frome hym & ellis
I shall be shamed and I nova wt drawe fro hym · And
þ fore dameselle gane ye no doute by the grace off god
I shall so dele wt this bygght þt wt in .ij. owrys aft none
I shall delyu hym and than shall we com to þ seege
be day lyght · Whan merbayle gane I seyde þ dame
selle what man a man ye be for yit may neid be oþ
but that ye be com off shantylle bloode · ffor so fowle &
shamfully did neu woman rebyke a bygght as I gane
done you and eu curteysly ye gane shuffyrde me and
þt com neid but off shantylle bloode · Dameselle seyde
Beumaynes a bygght may lytylle do þt may nat suffir
a shantylle woman for what som eu ye seyde vnto me
I take none hede to yo wordys for the more ye seyde
the more ye augred me and my wrettche I wreke
vppon them þt I had a do wt all the myssayyng that
ye myssayde me in my batayle fmrtyened me much
and caused me to thynke to shew & preve my selffe
at þ ende what I was for yaventure thonze yit
lyst me to be fedde in hyngе artuse coute I
myght gane had mete in off peace but I ded yit

for to preve my frendys and yt shall be knowyn a nop
day whych yt be a lantyll man borne or none ffor I latte
yow wete fayre dameselle I shall done you lantyll manys
dyyse and peventure bettr dyyse yet wolle I do or I depte
frome you Alas sche seyde fayre Bewmaynes for gyff
me all yt I shall myse seyde or done a yenste you wt all my wyll
seyde he I for gesse but you for ye dud no thyng but as ye shol
de do for all youre cryll wordys pleased me Dameselle
seyde Bewmaynes syn but lyte you to sey thus fayre un
to me wote ye well but gladdyth myne herte gretly and
now me semyth yt is no knyght lyvyng but I am able I now
for hym Wyth this Sir Persaunte of Inde had assyyed
them as they shyed in yt fylde and knyghtly he sente unto them
whych he cam in ward or in pece They to thy lorde I take no
force but whych as hym lyste Do yt messyngere wente a
yen unto sir Persaunte and tolde hym all this answere well
than I wolle shall a do wt hym to the utterance and so he pur
veyde hym & rode a yenste hym Whan Bewmaynes sawe
hym he made hym redy & mette wt all there myghtf to gedr
as faste as yt horse myght iren and bwaste yt spearys eythr in
other pecis and yt horsis felle downe to the erthe and delyvrly they
avayded yt horsis and put yt shyeldis be fore them and drew yt
swerdys and gaff many grete strokys yt som tyme they stombled
so to gydr yt they felle grovelyng on the grounde Thus they
fought other & more yt there shyeldes & habirgons were all
for hewyn and in many placis wounded Do at yt laste Sir
Bewmaynes smote hym thorow yt coste of the body & than
he retyred hym here & yt and manfully mayntayned his batayle
longe tyme And at yt laste thought hym lothe were Beaw
maynes smote Sir Persaunte a bovyn upon yt helme yt he
felle grovelynge to the erthe and than he lepte upon hym

Here sir Bewmaynes ocom Sir. persamite of Jude

ontp̄ parte and vnlaced hys helme to haue slayne hym // pā Sir. Persamite yelded hym and asked hym mercy. Wyth̄ p̄ com p̄ damesell̄ & prayde hym to save hys lyff. Sr̄ wolt̄ well̄ he seyde for ht̄ were pyte this noble knyght̄ shulde dye Grāncy seyde Sir. Persamite for now I wote well̄ ht̄ was ye that slew my brop̄ the blak̄ knyght̄ at p̄ blak̄ thorne he was a full̄ noble knyght̄ hys name was Sir. Peravde also I am sure p̄ ye ar the that wan myne op̄ brop̄ p̄ grene knyght̄ hys name was Sir. Ptholope also ye wan my brop̄ p̄ rede knyght̄ Sir. Perymones and now sir ye haue wonne me. Wherfore I shall̄ do for to please you ye shall̄ haue homage and fealte of me & of an C. knyghtes to be all̄ wayes at̄ yo comaundemente to go and ryde where ye wolt̄ comaunde vs And so they went vnto sir. Psamides paphlyon and Branbe wyne & ete hyp̄cis and aft̄warde Sir. Psamite made hym to reste vppon a bedde vntyll̄ supper tyme and aft̄ souper to bedde a yen̄ So whan Sir. Bewmaynes was a bedde Sir. Persamite had a doughtē a fayre lady of ydm̄ were oft̄ ayde and p̄ she called hir vnto hym & charged hir & comaunded hir vppon hys blyssyng to go vnto p̄ knyghtis bed & lye downe by hys syde and make hym no straunge chere but good chere and take hym in yo armys & kysse hym & lobe p̄ this be done I charge you as ye wolt̄ haue my lobe and my good wylle So sir. Persamtis doughtē did as hir fadr bade hir and so she yode vnto Sir. Bewmaynes bed and prybyly she dispoyled hir and lepde hir downe by hym and than he awoke & sawe her and asked her what she was // Sir. she seyde I am sir. Persamtis doughtē p̄ by the comaundemente off my fadr I am com hyder Be ye a pusell̄ or a wyff. Sir. she seyde I am a clene mayden God defende me seyde he than p̄ ell̄ I shulde defoyle you to do Sir. Persamite suche a shame Wherfore I pray you fayre damesell̄ aryse oute of this bedde

of ellys I wolde Sir sche seyde I com nat hydir by myne owne
wylle but as I was comaunded Alas seyde sir Bewmay
nes I wore a shamefull knyght & I wolde do youre sadir
ony dyshonorshyp but so ge byste ger me so sche depted & com
vnto sir Persaunte qui sadir and tolde hym all how sche
had sped. Truly seyde Sir Persaunte what som ewer ge
be ge is com of full noble bloode and so we leve gem pt
tylle on the morne And so on the morne pe damesell
and Sir Bewmaynes gerde masse & brake theire faste &
so tobe pt leve Fayre damesell seyde Sir Persaunte wo
thin warde ar ye away ledynge this knyght Sir sche sey
de this knyght is goynge to pe castell daungerous pt as
my syster is beseged Ha ha seyde Sir Persaunte pt is
the knyght of the rede launde whyche is the moste pe
ryste knyght pt I know now lyvynge and a man that is
wythin outen mercy and men sey that ge hathe vij. mai
nes strengthe god save you Sir Bewmaynes frome that
knyght for ge dothe grete wronge to pt lady and pt is grete
pyte for sche is one of pe fayreste ladyes of pe worlde &
me semyth pt yo damesell is youre sister. yo hath yo name
lyonet Sir so I knyght and my lady my syster knyght dame
lyones Now shall I telle you seyde Sir Persaunte This
rede knyght of pe rede launde hath layne longe at pt
seege welle nye this .vij. yeres and many tymes ge myght
have had hir & ge had wolde but ge longyth the tyme
to this entente ffor to have Sir Launcelot du lake to do ba
tayle wt hym or wt sir Tristraus other Sir Launcelot
de galys or sir Gawayne and this is his tarryynge so
longe at the seege Now my lorde seyde Sir Persaunt
of ynde be ye stronge and of good herte for ye shall ha
ve a do wt a good knyght. lete me dele seyde sir Bewmaynes

Sir seyde

Sir seyde this damesell lyonet I requyre you that ye wolle
make this I autyll man knyght or ellis ye shyght wt ye
rede knyght I wolle wt all myne herte seyde sir Pssamte
and ye please hym to take the order of knyghthode of so
symple a man as I am Sir seyde Bewmaynes I thanke
you for I am bettir spredde ffor certayly y noble knyghte
Sir launcelot made me knyght Sayde Sir Pssamte
of a more renomed man myght ye nat be made knyghte
of ffor of all knyghtis he may be called cheff of knyghthode
and so all y wolde seyne that be wryte my knyghtis is de
ffyed clerely knyghthode Thatt is Sir launcelot du lake
Sir Tristrams de lyones and sir launcelot de galys thes
bene now y renowne yet y be many of noble knyghtis
as Sir Palomydes the Saresyn and Sir Baptist this bo
then also Sir Blebleris and sir Blamor de ganys this bo
then also Sir Bors de ganys and Sir Ector de marys
and Sir Percivale de galys thes & many mo bene noble
knyghtis but y be none that bere the name but thes .iij. a
bovyn seyde thave fore god spede you welle seyde Sir Pss
saumte fore and ye may macche that rede knyght ye shalle be
called the .iij. of the worlde Sir seyde Bewmaynes
I wolde fayne be of good fame and of knyghthode and I
latte you wete I am com of good men for I dare say my
fadir was a noble man and so that ye wolle bere shilde
close and this damesell I wolle telle you of what kynne
I am com of The wolle nat discon you seyde they bolde
tylle ye comaunde vs by the fayth we owe to Sir Truly than sayde he my name is Sir Gaweth son of Orkeney &
kynge lott was my fadir and my modir is kyng arthurs
sistir hir name is dame Ayorgawse and sir Gawayne ys
my brothir and sir Agrauayne and Sir Gaheris and I

am yongeste of hem all And yette wote nat hynge
Artheure noo Sir Gawayne what I am So the boobe
seyth that the lady that was be seged had worde of hym fisti
comyng by the dwarff at a bygge with hym and how he had
passed all the pelous passages What maid a man of he
seyde the lady he is a noble bygge truly madam seyde
the dwarff and but a yonge man but he is as lyhtly a
man as ony ye saw ony What is he of What hyne
seyde the lady is he com of whom was he made bygge
madam seyde the dwarff he was hyng sou of Orkeney
but his name I wolle nat telle you as at this tyme but
wete you welle of Sir launcelot was he made bygge
for of none of wolde he be made bygge and sir kay
named hym Beaumaynes how a staped he seyde the lady
frome the bretayne of Sir persaunte madam he seyde
as a noble bygge sholde First he slew .ij. breyne
at a passage of a watir And seyde she they were .ij. good
bygges but they were murtheryed That one bygge
Sir Gaynde le Brense and that of bygge Sir Arnolde
le Brense Than madam he reconutred at the blak bygge
and slew hym in playne batayle and so he tobe his hors
and his armoure and fought with the greue bygge at
waune hym in playne batayle and in lyke wyse he
fyred the rede bygge and after in the same wyse he served
the blew bygge and wanne hym in playne batayle
Than sayde the lady he hath ouercom Sir persaunte of
Inde that is one of the nobleste bygges of the worlde
Truely madam seyde the dwarff he hath wonne all
these .iij. breyne and slayne the blak bygge and yet
he did more to fore he ouertheew Sir kay at lesse
hym nye dede vppon the grounde Also he did a

grete batayle wyth/ Sir launcelot/ and þ they dep̄ted
on eyn̄ hondis. And þan Sir launcelot/ made hym̄ bwyght

Dwarff seyde þ lady I am glad of þis tydyngis Wher
fore go þ vnto an hermytage of myne here by and bere
w̄t þe of my wyne in too flagons of syluer they ar of .j. ga
lond And also .j. caste of brede w̄t þe fatte venyson I bake
ſt deynte foules. And a cuppe of golde here I delyu̾ þ that
is ryche of p̄cious stonys And bere all this to myne her
mytage and putt hit in þ hermytis hondis And hyttheyn̄
go þ to my ſiſtir and grete her welle and comaunde me
vnto thatt I antyll bwyght and pray hym̄ to ete ſt drynke
and make hym̄ stronge And say hym̄ I thanke hym̄ of his
curteſy and goodneſſe that he wolde take vppon hym̄ ſuche
labur for me þ ned ded hym̄ bownte nor curteſy Also pray
hym̄ that he be of good herte and corrage hym̄ ſelff for he
ſhall mete w̄t a full noble bwyght but he is nor of curteſy
bownte nor antylneſſe for he attendyth vnto no thyng but
to murth And that is þ cauſe I can nat prayſe hym̄ nor love
hym̄ So this dwarff depted ſt com to Sir Perſaunt where
he fonnde þ dameſell lynet and Sir Bewmaynes And þ
he tolde them all as ye haue herde And þan they bode þ here
But Sir Perſaunte bode an amblynge habeney and convey
ed them̄ on þ wayes And þan he toke he them vnto god And
so w̄t in a lytyll while they com to the hermytage And there
they dranke þ wyne and ete þ venyſon and the foulys babyn
And so whan they had repaſted them̄ well the dwarff retō
ned a yen w̄t his veſſelle vnto the caſtell And þ mette with
hym̄ þ rede bwyght of þ rede launds and aſked hym̄ from
whens he com and where he had bene Sir ſeyde þ dwarff
I haue bene w̄t my ladyes ſiſtir of þ caſtell and ſhe hath bene
at hynge Arthurs courte ſt brought a bwyght w̄t her Than

Ja compte qd̄ trabayle but̄ lorme for tḥought̄ ſḥe qd̄ brought̄
w̄t ꝑ Sir̄ launcelot̄ Sir̄ Tryſtraund Sir̄ lamerok̄ otḥr̄
Sir̄ Gawayne / wolde tḥynke my ſelf̄ good / nowe for tḥem
all̄ tḥt̄ may well̄ be ſeyde p̄ dwarff̄ but̄ tḥis bnyght̄ hatḥ
paſſed all̄ p̄ pelonſe paſſages and ſlayne p̄ blak̄ bnyghte
and op̄ .ij. mo and wonne p̄ grene bnyght̄ tḥe rede bnyght̄
and p̄ blew bnyght̄ tḥan w̄ ꝺe one of tḥes̄ my. tḥat̄ / ḥane be
fore reherſyd / ꝺe w̄ none of tḥes̄ ſeyde p̄ dwarff̄ but̄ ꝺe
w̄ a bnyght̄ ſon wḥat̄ w̄ tḥis name ſeyde p̄ rede bnyght̄ of
p̄ rede launds tḥat̄ wolle / nat̄ telle you but̄ Sir̄ Bay ou ſon
ne named ḥym Bewmaynes / care nat̄ ſeyde p̄ bnyght̄
wḥat̄ ſom euꝛ ꝺe be for / ſḥall̄ ſone delyu̅ ḥym and yf̄ / ou̅
macche ḥym ꝺe ſḥall̄ ḥane a ſḥamfull̄ deth̄ as many otḥr̄
ḥane ḥad / Tḥat̄ were ꝓyte ſeyde p̄ dwarff̄ and tḥt̄ w̄ ꝓyte
p̄ ye mabe ſnche ſḥamfull̄ warre vppon noble bnyghtf̄
Now leve we tḥe bnyght̄ and p̄ dwarff̄ & ſpeke we of
Bewmaynes tḥat̄ all̄ nyght̄ lay in tḥe ḥermyta
ge and vppon p̄ morne ꝺe and p̄ dameſelle lynet̄ gande p̄
maſſe and brake p̄ faſte and tḥan tḥey tobe p̄ ḥorſis & rode
tḥorow oute a fayre foreſte and tḥan tḥey com to a playne
and ſaw where was many paveylons and tentys and a fay
re caſtell̄ and p̄ was muche ſmoke & grete noyſe and
wḥan tḥey com neve p̄ ſege Sir̄ Bewmaynes aſpyed on
grete treed as ꝺe rode pow p̄ ḥynge full̄ goodly armed
bnyghtf̄ by tḥe neche and p̄ ſtrykis a boute p̄ neckys w̄t p̄
ſwerdis and gylte ſporys vppon p̄ helys / and ſo p̄ ḥynge
nyze a fourty bnyghtf̄ ſḥamfully w̄t full̄ ryche armys Tḥan
Sir̄ Bewmaynes a bated qd̄ countenaunce and ſeyde
wḥat̄ mentyth̄ tḥis / ſḥayne Sir̄ ſeyde tḥe dameſelle a bate
nat̄ youre chere for all̄ tḥis fyghte for ye muſte corrage
youre ſelf̄ op̄ ellys ye bene all̄ ſḥente / for all̄ tḥeſe

bnyght com hydir to this sege to reskow my sistir dame Lyo
nes and whan ye rede bnyght of ye rede launde had on com
gen he gaf to this shamefully defyed oute mercy and
pyte and in the same wyse he wold sue you but yf ye qnyte
you the bettir Now sir defende me seyde Sir Bewmay
nes fromme such vylans defyed and shondeshyp of dammyd
for ratlyn than I sholde so be faryn with all I wold rayr be slayne
in playne batayle Do were ye bettir seyde ye dameselle
for trust nat yn hym is no curtesy but all gotyn to ye defyed
of shamfull mortur and ye is pyte seyde ye dameselle for
he is a full lykly man and a noble bnyght of prowes
and a lorde of grete londis and of grete possessiouns
Truly seyde Sir Bewmaynes he may be well a good
bnyght but he wyth shamefully onstrongyd and hit is
nedeyle that he endure yt so longe that none of the
noble bnyghtis of my lorde Arthurs hane nat dalte
with hym and than they rode vnto the dykes and sawe
them double dykes wyth full warly walles and there
were was grete noyse of mynstralsy and ye see bete
vppon that one syde of ye walles where were many
shyppis and marynars noyse with hale and how and also
ye was faste by a Pygamonne tre and yon hynge an hor
ne the grettyst that en they sye of an Olyaunts bone
and this bnyght of ye rede launde hath honged hit vp
yon to this entente that yf ye com ony auenture bnyghte
he muste blowe that horne and than wold he make hy
redy and com to hym to do batayle But pray you
seyde ye dameselle blow ye nat ye horne tylle hit be hyghe
none for now hit is a boute pryme and now encreseth
this myght that ad men say he hath vij. mennys strength
A fy for shame sayde dameselle sey ye neuir so more

to me // ffor and he were as good a knyght as ey was
ony I shall neu fayle hym in his moste myght for of
I wold wynne worshyp worshypfully otherwyse dye knyghtly
in the felde and the kyng he shoued his house streyte to the Sy
gamowre tre and so blew the horne egerly that all the seege
and the castell range therof // And than there lepe oute ma
ny knyghtes oute of the tentes and pauylyons and they
in the castell lobed ouer the walles and oute at wyndowes
// Than the rede knyght of the rede launde armed hym
hastely and too baronnes sette on his sporys on his helys
and all was blood rede his armes shene and shylde
and Erle buckled his helme on his hede and than they
brought hym a rede spere and a rede stede and so he rode
in to a lytell vale vnder the castell that all that were in
the castell and at the seege myght be holde the batayle //
Tho seyde the damesell lyuet vnto Sir Bewmaynes
lobe ye be glad and lyght for yonder is yo dedly ene
my and at yonder wyndow is my lady my sistir dame
Lyones where seyde Bewmaynes yonder seyde the
damesell and poynted with her fynger // Than is trouth
seyde Bewmaynes Ihe be remyth a fayre knyght
that ey I lobed vppon and truly he seyde I aske no bet
ter quarell than now for to do batayle for truly she shall
be my lady and for her wolde I fyght // and ey he lobed vp
to the wyndow with glad countenaunce // and than lady
dame Lyones made curtesy to hym downe to the erth
goldynge vp bothe her handes // Wyth that the rede
knyght calle vnto Bewmaynes and seyde Sir knyght
leve thy be goldyng and lobe on me I counsayle the
for I warne the well she is my lady for her I fame
dowe many stronge batayles // Bessh pon so fame

dame seyde Beaumaynes me semyth that was but waste labowre for she lovyth none of thy selyshyp and pou to love that lovyth nat the ne but grete foly for to vndirstonde that she were nat wyght glad of my comynge and wolde be avysed or and bataple for hir But vndirstonde by p̄ segynge of this castell she may forbere thy selyshyp and p̄ fore wete p̄ well pou rede knyght and love hir and wolt reserve hir other elles to dye p̄ fore Sayst p̄ that seyde p̄ rede knyght me semyth pou oughtyste of reson to be ware by youdir knyghtis that p̄ fawyste gange on youdir treis ffy for shame seyde Beaumaynes that ey p̄ sholdyste sey so or do so evyll for m that p̄ shameth thy selff and all knyghthode and p̄ mayste be sure p̄ wolf no lady love the that knowyth the st thy wylled custome And now pou wenyste that p̄ fyght of the gonged knyzth shulde feare me fay truly nat so t shamefull fyght can fyte me to game corage and hardynesse a yenst p̄ muche more than wolde game a gayuste the and pou were a well rulid knyght dyabe p̄ redy seyde p̄ rede knyght and talke no more wt me Than they putt p̄ sperys in p̄ reste st conn to gedyr wt all the myght t they had botte and aythir smote o n the myddys of p̄ shyeldis p̄ the paytrels shursyngly and crowpers braste and felle to the erthe botte and the raynys of p̄ hydyls in there hondys And so they lay a grete while sore a stonied that all that were in the castell and in the sege wente p̄ nedyr had bene broste Than many a straunger st otherr seyde p̄ the straunge knyght was a bygge man and a noble souster for or now we save nevi no knyght macche the rede knyght of p̄ rede laundys thus they seyde botte wt sh and wt onte Than lyghtly st delyuly

they avoyded ye gorstis and putt ye shyldis a fore them and drew there swerdys and ran to gydyrs lyke .ij. ferd lyons and eythr gaff othr suche .ij. bussettys vppon ye helmys that they reled bakwarde botge .ij. stredys and then they recouerde botge and hew grete peces off othrys harneyse and ye shyldys ye a grete parte felle in the fyelded

And then thus they fought tyll itt was paste none and neu wolde stynte tyll att ye laste they lacked wynde botge and then they stoode wagging stageryng pantynge blodyngе, that all that be helde them for the moste pty wepte for pyte. So when they had rested them a while they yode to batayle a gayne trasyng trasynge soynynge and rasynge as .ij. borys and at som tyme they tobe ye bere as itt had bene .ij. rammys and horled to gydyrs that som tyme they felle grouelyngе to the erthe and att sond tyme they were so a mated that eythr tobe opr swerde in the stede of his owne and thus they endured tyll euynsonge. Bt that ye was none that be helde them myght know whether was lyke to wynne ye batayle and there armoure was so for hewyn that men myght se ye nakyd fleshe and mony places they were nakyd but in ye nakyd places they did defende and ye rede knyghte was a wyly knyght in fyghtyng and that tangyth them maymed to be wyse but he aboughte itt full sore or he did assaye his fyghtynge. and thus by assente of them both they graunted eythr othr to reste and so they sette them downe vppon .ij. molle hyllys there be fyxed ye fyghtynge place and eythr of them vnlaced othr helmys ytt tobe ye colde wynde for eythr of ye pagis was faste by them to cowle and they called them to vnlace ye harneyse ytt to sette them on a gayne att there comaundemente. And

than Sir Beaumaynes wyth his helme vnlaced off the
lobes vpto the wyndowe and ye he sawe ye fayre lady
dame lyones and she made hym swete countenaunce that
his herte wexed lyghte and ioly and ye wt he bade ye rede
knyght off ye rede launds make hym redy and lette vs do
anne batayle to the vttermaunce / wolle wette seyde ye knyght
and than they laced on ye helmys and avoyded ye pagys
yt yede to ordeyns and foughte sweyssyly / But ye rede knyght
off ye rede laundys awayted hym at and ouerthwarte and
smote hym wt that his swerde felle oute off his honde
and yette he gaff hym a noy buffette vppon the helme yt
he felle grovelynge to the erthe and ye rede knyghte
felle on hym for to holde hym downe / than cryed the
maydyn lynet on hyghte and seyde a Sir Beaumaynes wyth
vs thy conveyaunce be cowd alas my lady my sistir be goldyth
the and she shrewis and wepyd so that hit mabyth myne
herte sory / than Sir Beaumaynes herde his sey so he a
brayded vp wt a grete myghte and gate hym vppon his
feete and lyghtly he lepe to his swerde and gryped hit in
his honde and doubled his pace vnto ye rede knyght and ye
they foughte a new batayle to ordeyn / But Sir Beaumaynes
than doubled his strokys and smote so thycke that his swerde
felle oute off his honde and than he smote hym on the helme
that he felle to the erthe and Sir Beaumaynes felle vppon
hym and vnlaced his helme to haue slayne hym and than
he yelded hym and asked mercy and seyde wt a lowde voyce a
noble knyght I yelde me to thy mercy / than Sir Beaum-
nes bethought hym on his knyghthode that he had made to be
honged shamfully and than he seyde I may nat wt my worshyp
to save thy lyff for the shamefull dedys yt you haste caused
many full good knyghtis to dye Sir seyde ye rede knyght

here sir Beaumay-
nes ouercam ye rede
knyght off ye rede
laundys

golde youre hande & ye shall knowe the cause why I putte
hem to so shamefull a deth // Bey on seyde Sir Bewmaynes
Sir I loved onys a lady fayre & she had hir brethre slayne
and she tolde me hit was Sir launcelot du lake of his eldyr
Sir Gawayne and she prayed me as I loved hir hertely that
I wolde make hir a promyse by the fayth of my body bytyght
gode for to labowre m avenge hir daily vntyll it I had mette w^t
one of them and all that I myght on cowe I sholde put them
to vylany dethe // And so I enfowred her to do all the vylany vnto
Arthurs knyghtes and yt I sholde take vengeaunce vppon all
these knyghtes and Sir now I wolle telle the yt euy day my
strength the encreseth tylle none vntyll I hane .iij. mennys
strength // Whanne I sawe yt many erlys and barownes & noble
knyghtes and prayde that knyght to save his lyff & take hym
to yo^r presoner And all they felle vppon yr knees and prayde
hym of mercy yt he wolde save his lyff And sir they all seyde
hit were fayre of hym to take omage and feaute and late
hym holde his londys of you than for to sle hym for by
his dethe ye shall hane none advauntage And his myssededys
that be done may not be vndone And yf ye wole make
ye a mendys for all ptyes and we all wolle be cow youre
men and do you omage and feaute // Fayre lordys seyde
Bewmayned wete you well I am full lothe to sle this knyght
neuthelesse he hath done passynge ille and shamefully But
m so mucche all yt he did was at a ladyes requeste I blame
hym the lesse and so for yo^r sake I wolle release hym yt he shall
hane his lyff vppon this covenaunte yt he go in to this castelle
and yelde hym to the lady And yf she wolle for gyff & quyte
hym I wolle walle w^t this he make hir a mendys of all yt trespasse
yt he hath done a yenst hir and hir landys // And also
whan this is done that he goo vnto yo^r courte of kyng Arthure

and thatt he asse Sir launcelott mercy & Sir Gawayne for þ
dyell wylle he hatt had a yenst them / Sir seyde the vede
knyght all thyng wolle I do as ye comaunde me & fyrst assu-
rance and bowowrd ye shall have / So whan þ assurance
was made he made hym omage and feaute and all the erlys
& barons with hym And than þ mayden lynet com to Sir
Bewmaynes and warned hym and serched his wondis
and stanched the blood and in lyke wyse she did to þ vede
knyght of the vede launds And þ they suggeoned .v. dayes
in theire tentys / and eu þ vede knyght made all his lordis
and knauttys to do all the plesure vnto Sir Bewmaynes
that they myght do / And so in a whyle þ vede knyghte
yode vnto þ castell and putt hym in her grace and so she
resseyved hym vppon suffyciaunte suretè So that all her
kentys were well restored of all þ she conde complayne
/ And than he depted vnto the counte of kynge Arthure and
there openly the vede knyght putt hym self in þ mercy of
Sir launcelott and of Sir Gawayne and þ he tolde openly
how he was on cum & by whom and also he tolde all the
batayles from þ begynnyng to the endynge / Sir
lucy seyde kynge Arthure and Sir Gawayne we merbayle
muche of what blode he is com for ye is a noble knyght
hane ye no merbayle seyde Sir launcelott for ye shall
vyght well know that he is com of full noble blode and
as for hys myght & hardynesse þ bene but full few now
lyvynge þ is so myghty as he is and of so noble prowesse
/ but sempyll by you seyde kynge Arthure that ye know his
name and from whens he com / I suppose I do so seyde Sir
launcelott or elys I wolde not hane yeffyn hym the kyng
order of knyghtode but he gaff me suche charge at þ tyme
that I wolle nevr discon hym vntyll he requyre me or elis

qñ he knewyn openly by sowd of ¶ Now turne we vnto Sñ Bewmaynes that desyred dame Lyuet that he myght se his lady / Sñ she seyde I wolde ye sew qñ payne // Than Sñ Bewmaynes all armed tok his horse & his spere and rode streyte vnto the castell And whan he cam to the gate he fownde ỹ men armed and pulled vp ỹ draw brygge and drew ỹ portcolyse // Than he merveyled why they wolde nat suffir hym to entr̃. and than he lokked vp to a wyndow & ỹ he sawe fayre dame Lyones that seyde o gentyll knyght go thy way Sñ Bewmaynes for as yet ỹ shalt nat have holy my love vnto the tyme ỹ pon be called one of ỹ nũbr̃ of the worthy knyghtis. And therefore go & labowre in worshyp this .xij. monthe and than ye shall hyre newe tydyngis / Alas fayre lady seyde Sñ Bewmaynes I have nat deserved ỹ ye sholde shew me this straungenesse and I hadde wente I sholde have had ryght good chere wt̃ you & vnto my power I have deserved thanke and well I am sure I have bought yo̅ love wt̃ pte of the beste blode wt̃ in my body // Fayre cuntreyse knyght seyde dame Lyonesse be nat displeased nor be nat ou̅ hasty for wete you well yowre grete travayle nor yo̅ good love shall nat be lost for I conseyder yo̅ grete labowre & yo̅ hardynesse yo̅ bounte & yo̅ goodnesse as me ought to do // And therefore go on your way and loke ỹ ye be of good comforte for all shall be for yo̅ worshyp & for the best And pde a .xij. monthe wolle sowe be done and trust me fayre knyght I shall be trewe to you and neu̅ be trayn you but to my dethe I shall love you and none o̅r And ỹ wt̃ all she turned from ỹ wyndowe And Sñ Bewmaynes rode a mayllarde from ỹ castell mabyngs grete dole And so he rode now here now there he wyste nat where he tyll nyght was dumbe nyght // And pau

that happened hym to com to a pore mannys house and p^t he
was herborowde all that nyght // But Sir Bewmaynes
had no reste but walowed & wrytthed for the love of the
lady of p^t castell // And so vppon the morne he tobe his
horse & rode vntyll hydyrw and than he com to a brode
water & p^t he a lyght to slepe & leyde his hede vppon hys
shylde and he tobe his horse to the dwarff & comaunded the
dwarff to wacche all nyght // Now turne we to p^e lady
of p^e same castell p^t thought moche vppon Bewmaynes
and than she called vnto hir Sir Gyrygamoure hir brop^r
and prayde hym in all manr as she lowed hir gentely p^t
he wolde ryde after Sir Bewmaynes and eu̇ ȝane ye
wayte vppon hym tyll ye may fynde hym slepyng for I
am sure in his hede he wolle a lyght a downe in som
place and lay hym downe to slepe & p^f fore ȝane ye poure
wayte vppon hym in preuy maner & take his dwarff and
com p^o nay wyth hym as faste as ye may // for my
sistr Lyuet telleth me p^t he can telle of what kynrede he
is com of & in p^e meane whyle I and my sistr wolle ryde
vntyll p^o castell to wayte whan ye Gyrygamo^r yon the
dwarff and than wolle I ȝane hym in examynacion my
selfe for tyll p^t I knowe what is his right name and of
what kynrede he is comyn shalle I nede be myrry at my
gentr // Bisshr seyde sir Gyrygamo all this shalle be done
after yo^r entente and so he rode all that day and the
nyght tyll he had lodged hym and whan he sawe Sir
Bewmaynes faste on slepe he com stylly stalkyng be
hynde p^e dwarff & pluckede hym faste vndr his arme
and so rode his way w^t hym vntyll his owne castell
// And this Sir Gyrygamoure was all in blak his armo^r
& his horse & all p^t tyll hym longyth // But eu̇ as he rode

wt the dwarff towarde pe castell/ he cryed vntyll hys lorde
and prayde hym of helpe and pytie/ a wobe Sir Beawmay
nes and wp he lepte lyghtly and sawe where pe blak knyght
rode his way way wyth the dwarff/ so he rode oute of
his syght// Than Sir Beaumaynes dyd on his helme
& buckeled on his shylde and tobe his horse & rode after
hym all pe en he myght thorow mores & fellys & grete
slough pt many tymes his horse & he plunged on theym
bedyn in depe myres/ for he kneve nat pe way but tobe
pe grayneste way in pt woodenesse/ Thus many tymes
he was lybe to perysshe and at pe laste hym happened to
com to a fayre grene way and pe mette wt a poore
mayd of the contray and asked hym where he mette nat
wt a knyght vppon a blak horse & all blak harneyse and
a lytyll dwarff sittynge be hynde hym wt hely cheve
Sir seyde the poore mayd here by me com Sir Bryu
gamoure the knyght wt sucke a dwarff and therfore
I rede you nat to folow hym for he is one of pe pryste
knyghtis of pe worlde and his castell is here nere hon
de but .v. myle Where fore me thynke you ryde nat
after Sir Bryngamo but yff ye owe hym good wylle
So lefte we Sir Beaumaynes ryding toward pe castell
and spake we of Sir Bryngamoure and pe dwarff anone
as pe dwarff was com to pe castell dame Lyonesse and dame
Lynet his syster asked pe dwarff where was his maister bor
ne and of what lynage was he com and but yff pt telle
me seyde dame Lyonesse pou shalt neu a scape this castel
but en geve to be presonere as for that seyde pe dwarff
I feare nat gretly to telle his name & of what lynne
he is comyn of Wete you well he is a kynges sonne and
a quenys and his fadir kynge Lot of Orkeney

and qd̄ madm̄ is sistw to ~~kyng~~ kyng Arthure and he is bro3t to Sir Gawayne and qs name is Sir Gareth of Orkeney and now I haue tolde you qs right name I pray you fayre lady lat me go to my lorde a gayne for he wolle nede oute of this contrey tyll he haue me a gayne and yf he be angry he wolle do harme on pt he be stynted & worche you wrake in this contrey. & for that be as be may / & Ray seyde Sir Gryngamore as for pt thretynge we wolle go to dynere & so they wasshed and wente to mete & made hem merry & well at ease by cause pe lady lyonesse of the castell pelus was pt they made pe gretter ioy / Truly madam seyde lynet vnto qm sistw well may he be a hyngry sow for he hath many good taches for he is curtyse & mylde and the moste sufferynge man pt euer I mette w̄t alle ffor I dare sey pt was neu̇ gantyll woman reryled man in so foule a maner a I haue rebuked hym and at alle tymes he gaffe me goodly & mebe answerd a gayne And as they sate thus talkynge pe cam Sir Gareth in at pe gate w̄t hys swerde drawyn in his honde and cryed a lowde pt alle pe castell myght here pe trayto̅ knyght Sir Gryngamore delyu̇ me my dwarff a gayne or by the faythe pt I owze to god and to the hyghe ordr of knyghthode I shalle do the alle pe harme pt may lye in my power / pan Sir Gryngamo̅ lokyd oute at a wyndow and seyde fr Gareth of Orkeney leve thy bostynge wordys for pe gettyst nat thy dwarff a gayne / Than commanded knyght seyde Gareth bryng hym w̄t the and com & do batayle w̄t me & ryme hym & take hym / So well I do seyde Sir Gryngamore and we hyste but for all thy grete wordys pon gettyst hym nat a fayre

lady seyde dame lynet I wolde ye gadde yis dwarff a gayne for I wolde ye were nat wroth for now ye hatth tolde me all my desyre I kepe no more of ye dwarff and also bycause ye hath done muche for me & delyuerde me fro me ye rede bryght of ye rede launds and ye fore bycause owe yow my seruyse a fore all bryght lybynge and bete yow well yat I lobe yow by fore all other bryght lybynge and full fayne I wolde spede wt yow But in no wyse I wolde nat ye wyste wat I were but as I were a nother straunge lady Well sirr seyde Sr. Brynganore sytthen that I knowe no yo wylle I wolle obey me now vnto yow And so ye wente downe and seyde Sr. Gawetth I cry you mercy and all ye I haue myse done I wolle amende yat at yo wylle & ye fore I pray you ye wolde a lyght & take suche chere as I can make you in this castell Dame I haue my dwarff seyde Sr. Gareth yee Sr & all ye pleasure ye I can make you for as sone as yo dwarff tolde me wat ye were & of wat kynde ye ar com & wat noble dedys ye haue done in this marches than I repented me of my dedys Than Sr. Gareth a lyght and ye com yis dwarff & take his horse and my felow seyde sir Gareth I haue had muche aduentured for thy sake and so sir Brynganore take yow by ye honde & ledde yow in to ye halle where yis owne wyff was And than com forth dame lyonesse a mayde lyke a princes & ye she made yow passyng good chere & ye yiu a gayne And they had goodly langage & lovely countenaunce and Sr. Gareth thought many tymes sithe wolde ye ye lady of this castell yelid were so fayre as she is And ye was all mayd of gamys & playes of daunsyng & lyngynge and eu more sir Gareth be helde ye lady and ye more he lobed on her ye more he brenned in love ye he passed yow selff fayne in his reson & forth forward yis nyght they yede vnto soper and Sr. Gareth nyght nat ete for his love was so goote ye he wyste nat where he was

all thes lobis

all thes lokyd a sprad Sir Gryngamo and than after soper
he called his sistir dame Ignoresse vntyll a chambir and seyde
fayre sistir I thank well I spred yo countenaunce be thyrte yo
at this knyght and I wold sistir pt ye wete he is a full noble
knyght & yf ye can make hym to abyde here I wold do hym all
pleasure pt I can for and ye were bettir than ye ar ye were
well be wared vppon hym fayre broy seyde dame Ignoresse
I vnderstonde well pt the knyght is a good knyght & com he
is oute of a noble house natwithstondyng I wold assay hym bettir
how be it I am moste be bolde to hym of my cuntely maner for
he gate had grete labo for my lobe and passed many daungerous
passagis bycause so Sir Gryngamo went vnto sir Gawetyn &
seyde Sir make ye good chere for ye shall fame none of cause
for this lady my sistir is yowred at all tymes yor worshyp
saved for wete yo well she lobyth you as well as ye do hir
& bettir yf bettir may be and I wyste pt seyde Sir Gawetyn
there lybed nat a gladder man than I wolde be vppon my
worshyp seyde Sir Gryngamoure trwste vnto my promyse
and as longe as hit lybyth you ye shall fuggecomme to me
and this lady shall be wyth vs dayly & nyghtly to make yo
all pe chere that she can I wold well seyde Sir Gawetyn for
I came gmysed to be myze this contray this yong mountse & wot
I am sure bruge dutsure and oy noble knyghtis wold fynde
me where pt I am wyth in this yong mountse for I shall be sowght
& founden yf pt I be on lyve and than Sir Gawetyn went
vnto the lady dame Ignoresse and kyssed hir many tymes and
eythir made grete joy of oy and pt she gmysed hym hir lobe
sertaynly to lobe hym and none of dayes of hir lyff Than
this lady dame Ignoresse by the assent of hir broy tolde Sir
Gawetyn all pe trowthe what she was & how she was pe same
lady that the bad batayle fore and how she was lady of pe castell

pelnd and þ she tolde hym how she cansid hir brop to take a way his swarff / ffor this cause to know the straune what was yo name and of what kyn ye were com and than she lette sette be fore hym his syster lynet that had rydden wt hym many a wylsom way / Than was Sir Gaweyn more gladder than he was to fore and than they trouthe plyght op to love and nei to fayle whyle þ lyff lastyth / and so they braute bothe in hoote love þt they were acorded to a bate þ lustyd secretly / and there dame lyonesse comcayled Sir Gaweyn to slepe in none op place but in þ halle ft þ she promysed hym to com to his bed a lytyll a fore mydnyght / This comceyle was nat so prudyly kepte but it was vndirstonde for they were but yonge bothe ft tendir of ayge and had nat vsed suche crauftis to forne / Wherefor þ damesell lyonett was a lytyll dysplesed ft she thought his sist dame lyonesse was a lytyll on hasty þt she myght nat a byde his tyme of marpage and for sauyng of his worshyp she thouzt to a bate þ hoote lustis and she lete ordayne by his subtyle crauftis that they had nat there entent nepthir wt othir as in her delyt vntyll they were maryed and so his paste on at after supper was made a clene avoydaunce þt eny lorde ft lady sholde go vnto his reste / But Sir Gaweyn seyde playnly he wolde go no further than the halle for in suche placis he seyde was conbenyaunte for an arraunte knyght to take his reste in / and so þ was ordayned grete comforth ft þ on fetyr beddis and þ he leyde hym downe to slepe and wt in a whyle came dame lyonesse wrapped in a mantell furred wt Ermyne and leyde hir downe by the sydys of Sir Gaweyn and þ wt all he gan to chyppe hir ft to byssi hir and þ wt all he lokid be fore hym ft sawe an armed knyght wt many lyghtis a boute hym ft this knyght had a lounge gysarme in his honde ft made a fryme countenaunce to smyte hym / when Sir Gaweyn sawe hym

com ſyn tha⁊ wyſe he lepte oute of his bedde and gate ſyn his ſwarde a ſwerde ⁊ lepte towarde ye knyght // And whan ye knyght ſawe ſyr Gareth̄ com ſo fersly vppon hym he smote hym wt a ſpyne thorow the thycke of ye thygh tha⁊ ye wounde was a ſhafftemounde brode ⁊ had cutte a too many vaynes ⁊ ſynewys And ye wt alle Syr Gareth̄ smote hym vppon ye helme ſuche a buffette tha⁊ he felle grovelyng And than he lepe on hym ⁊ vnlaced his helme ⁊ smote off his hede fro the body And than he bled ſo faſte ye knyght not ſtonde but ſo he ley de hym downe vppon his bedde and ye ſowned and lay as he had bene dede // Than dame lyonneſſe cryed alowde ye ſyr Gyrygamour̄e harde hit ⁊ com downe And whan he ſawe ſyr Gareth̄ ſo ſhamfully wounded he was ſore displeaſed ⁊ ſeyde I am ſhamed ye this noble knyght is thus diſhonoured // Syr ſeyde Syr Gyrygamo how may this be ye this noble knyght is thus wounded // Brothr ſhe ſeyde I can nat telle you for hit was natt done by me nor be myne aſſente for he is my lorde and I am his And he muſte be myne huſbonde // Therefore brothr I wolle ye wete I ſhame nat to be wt hym nor to do hym alle ye pleſure ye I can // Than ſeyde Gyrygamo and I wolle tha⁊ ye wete hit and Gareth̄ bothe tha⁊ hit was nedi done by me nor be myne aſſente this vnhappy dede was nedi done And ye they ſtanched his bledyng as welle as they myght ⁊ grete ſorow made Syr Gyrygamo and dame lyonneſſe And forthe wt alle com dame lyonett and tobe vp the hede in the ſyght of them alle and anoynted hit wt an oyntemente ye as hit was ſmyttyn off And ſyn the ſame wyſe he ded to the other parte ye as the hede ſtode And than ſhe ſette hit to gyder ⁊ hit ſtode as faſte as ev hit ded And ye knyght arooſe lyghtly vp ⁊ ye dameſelle lyonett put hym in hir chambr alle this ſaw Syr Gyrygamo and dame lyonneſſe And ſo ded Syr Gareth̄ and

welle he aspyed that sir was dame lyonett that rode wt hym thorow ye pelonse passages // A welle dame sell seyde sir Gawetes I wente ye wolde nat have done as ye have done / thy lowde Sir Gawetes seyde lyonett all that I have done I wolde a wolde hit and all shall be for yo worshyp & wo all and so wt in a whyle Sir Gawetes was nyze hole and waxed lyghte and jocounde and sange & daunced / Thatt a grayne Sir Gawetes & dame lyonesse were so goote in brennynge lobe that they made ye ~~covenaunte~~ covenaunt at the .v. nyghte after that she sholde com to his bedde and be cause he was wounded a fore he leyde his armes & his swerde nyght his beddis hyde / and nyghte as she pmysed she com / and she was nat so sone in his bedde but she aspyed and armed hir nyghte comynge towarde the bed and anone she warned Sir Gawetes & lyghtly thorow the good helpe of dame lyonesse he was armed and they fowled to gyderyng wt grete fire & malyce all a boute the halle and ye was grete lyghte as hit had be ye tenbre of .xx. torches bothe by fore and be hynde / So Sir Gawetes straynes hym so that his olde wounde braste a yen on bledynge but he was hote and corragyous and tobe no kepe but wt his grete force he strake downe the knyghte & voyded his helme and strake of his hede // Thenne he drew ye hede vppon aw .C. precis and when he had done so he tobe vp all the precis and threw them oute at a wyndow in to the dyches of the castell and by this done he was so fayne that sumetyme he nyghte stonde for bledynge and by that he was all moste vnarmed he felle in a dedly sowne in the flowre // Thenne dame lyonesse cryed that Sir Gyngalmore sholde hed and when he com and fownde Sir Gawetes in ye plyghte she made grete sorow and ye she awaked Sir Gawetes and gaff hym a dryncke & releved hym wondirly welle // But

the sorow that dame lyonesse made ye may no tunge telle
for she so fared wt hir self as she wolde have dyed // Tyll
so come this dame sell lyonett before hem all and she had
sette all the gobbettis of ye hede ye Sir Garetis had thrown
out at the wyndow and ye she a noynted hit as she ded to
fore and put them to the body in ye fyght of hem all // Well
dame sell lyonett seyde Sir Garetis I have nat defyned all
this dyssyte ye do vnto me Sir knyght she seyde I have
no thynge done but I wolle a vow hit And all ye I have
done shall be to yo worshyp and to vs all // Than was
Sir Garetis stanched of his bledynge but ye leechis seyde
ye was no man ye bare ye lyff sholde heale hym thorowly of
of his wondes but yf they heled them that caused ye stroke
by enchauntemente So lefte we Sir Garetis there with
Sir Gryngamo and his Systers and turne we vnto kyng
Arthure that at ye nexte feste of Pentecoste there cam
ye grene knyght fyrst knyght wt hym and yelded them all
vnto kynge Arthure Than there com the rede knyght
and his brop and yelded them to kynge Arthure with
iij. score knyghtis wt them // Also ye com ye blew knyght and
his brop and yelded hem to kyng Arthure and ye grene
knyghtis name was Sir Partholype and ye rede knyghtis
name was Sir Perymones and ye blew knyghtis name
was Sir Persaunte of Inde thes iij. kynges tolde kynge
Arthure how they were ou com by a knyght ye a dame sell
had wt hir ye she called hym Sir Bewmaynes Than seyde
ye kynge I mervayle what knyght he is ye of what lynage
he is com here he was wt me a. yer. monthe ye poorely
and shamefully he was fostred And Sir Kay the scorne named
hym Bewmaynes So ryght as ye kynge stode so talkyng
wt thes iij. kynges ye com Sir Launcelot du Lake and tolde

the kynge that there was com a goodly lorde with .v. C. kynyghtys
with hym / And the kynge was at Carlyon for that was the feste
holde And thidir com to hym this lorde and salewed the kynge
with goodly mawe / What wolde ye seyde kynge Arthure and
what is yor Crawde Sir. he seyde / and called hym rede knyght
of the rede launds but my name is Sir. Ironsyde And Sir.
wete you well hydw / am sente vnto you fro one a knyght
that is called Sir. Bewmaynes for he wanne me in playne
batayle and gande for gande And so ded neu knyght but he
that ete had the bettir of me this. yer. Wherfor And / am com-
maunded to yelde me to you at yor wylle / ye ar welcom
seyde the kynge for ye gane bene longe a grete foo of ow-
res to me & to my courte and now / truste to god / shall
so entrete you that ye shall be my frende Sir. bothe /
& thes .v. C. kynyghtys shall alle wayes be at yor sommons to
do you suche seruyse as may lye in owre powers / / / gra-
mercy seyde kynge Arthure / am mucche beholdyng vnto
the kynyght that hath so putte his body in deboure to wor-shyp
me & my courte / And as to the Sir. Ironsyde that is called
the rede knyght of the rede launds that arte called a pelouse
knyght and yf the wolde holde of me / shalle worshyp the
state that the knyght of the table ronnde but thar the munste
be no man mortherer / Sir. as to that / game made
my promyse vnto Sir. Bewmaynes ne wolde nowe to vse such
customs. ffor alle the shamefulle customs that / vsed / ded but
at the requeste of a lady that / loved And the sothe / munste goo
vnto Sir. launcelot and vnto Sir. Gawayne and as-
thew for gyffnesse of the dyssh wylle / shad vnto thew
for alle the that / putte to dethe was alle only for the love of
Sir. launcelot and of Sir. Gawayne Thes bene the
seyde the kynge be sothe the now may ye sey to thew what

ye wolde / And than ge kneled downe vnto Sir Launcelot
and to Sir Gawayne and prayde them of forgeffneffe
of ayd enmyte yt ge had a yenfte them / Than goodly
they feyde all at ones god forgyffe you yt we do And we
pray you yt ye wolde telle vs where we may fynde Sir
Bewmaynes ffayre lorde fayde Sir Ironfyde I can nat
telle you for yt is full harde to fynde hym for fuche yong
ge knyghtf as ge is / than they be in yt adventures bene
wont a bydyng in no place / But to fey the worfhyp yt the
vede knyghte of yt vede launde / And Sir Perfaunte
and ayd breyne feyde by hym yt was merbayle to hy
re / Well my fayre lordys feyde knyge Arthure wete
you well I fhall do you goud for the love of Sir Bew
maynes and as fone as en I may mete wt hym I fhal
make you all wppon a day knyghtf of yt table rounde
And as to the Sir Perfaunte of Inde yn laft bene en
called a full noble knyght and fo hath en more thy
ny. breyne bene called / But I merbayle feyde the
kn knyge yt I here nat of yt blak knyght yo buoy ge was
a full noble knyght / Sir feyde Partolype the grene
knyght / Sir Bewmaynes flew hym in a recountre
we the wyche fpere and name was Sir Perarde that was
grete pyte feyde yt knyge and fo feyde many knyghtf for
thes. iiij. bretheryne were full well knowyn in knyge
Arthurs courte for noble noble knyghtf for longe tyme
they had holdyn werre a yenfte the knyghtf of yt rownde
table. Than Partolype the grene knyght tolde yt kyng
that at a paffage of the watir of Jordayne yt encountrd
Sir Bewmaynes wt too breyne that en for the moste pty
kepte that paffage and they were. ij. dedly knyghtf and yt
ge flew the eldyft buoy in the watir fmote hym wppon

the gede sneke a bussette þt he felle downe in þe watr and þ was he drowned and qs name was Sir Garrarde le Brewse and aftr he slew the ost brogh vppon þe londe qs name was Sir Arnolde le brewse Do than the kynge went to mete and were sned in the beste man and as they sate at the mete þ com in the qwene of Orkenay wt ladyes and knyghtes a grete nūbr and than Sir Gawayne Sir Aggrabayne and Sir Gaheryes a rose & went to gr modr & salewed gr vppon þ knees and asked gr blyssynge. ffor of. yu. were be fore they had not sene gr Than she spake vppon knyght to gr brogh kynge Arthure Where gane ye done my yonge son Sir Gareth for he was here a nongyst you a. yer. nonthe and ye made a bychyn knabe of knm þ whyche is shame to you all Alas where gane ye done my nowne dere son þt was my joy and blysse A dere modr seyde Sir Gawayne I knew knm nat. Rotht seyde þ kynge that now me repentys but thanked be god he is previd a worshypfull knyght as ony þt is now lyvyng of qs yerys and I shall noon be glad tyll þt I may fynde A brothr seyde þ qwene ye and yo selff grete shame whan ye a nongyst you kepte my son in the bychyn and fedde knm lyke an hogge ffayre fystr seyde kynge Arthure ye shall wyght well wete that I knew knm nat nor no more and Sir Gawayne notht qs bretne. but sythe that is so seyde þ kynge that he thus is gone from us all we mvste shape a remedy to fynde knm also Systr me semyth ye myght have done me to wete of qs comynge and than I had nat done well to knm ye myght have blamed me for whan he com to yo courte he cam kemynge vppon too men ys sholdrys as thought he myght nat have gone and than he asked

me · iij · gyfftys and one he asked that same day ſt that was that I wolde gyff hym mete I nowze ꝑ · xij · monꝑ and the oꝑ · ij · gyfftys he asked that day · xij · monꝑ and that was that he wyght hane ꝑ aduenture of ꝑ damesel lyonett and ꝑ thꝑde that Sir launcelot ſholde make hym knyght when he desyred hym and ſo I graunted hym all my desyre and many in this courte merbayled that he desyred ſuſtynaunce for a · xij · monꝑ and ꝑ by we deuised many of vs that he was nat cond ounte of a noble houſe // Sir ſayde the quene of Orkeney vnto kynge Arthur ſer brop wete you well that I ſente hym vnto you wyght well armed and horſed and worſchypfully be ſeme of his body and golde ſt ſylu plente to ſpende / hit may be ſo ſeyde ꝑ kyng but ꝑ of ſarre we none ſave that ſame day that he departed frome vs knyght tolde me ꝑt ꝑ com a dwarff ryder ſuddenly and brought hym armo and a good horſe fulle well and ryche ly be ſeyne and ꝑ all we had merbayle frome when ꝑt ryche ſſe com than we demed all that he was com of men of worſchyp // Than ſayde ꝑ quene all that ye ſay we be leve hit for or ſyttyng he was growyn he was feythfulle and trew of his promyſe // Than I merbayle ſeyde ſhe that Sir kay dud mok and ſcorne hym and gaff hym to name Beaumaynes yet Sir kay ſeyde ꝑ quene named hym more vyghtfully than he wende for I dare ſay he is as fayre and candid man and he be of lyue as ony ly vynge // Than ſeyde Arthure lat this language now be ſtylle and by the grace of god he ſhall be ſomde and he be wt in this · xij · realmys and lette all this paſſe and be myrry for he is ſlyed to a man of worſchyp and that is my ſoy // Than ſeyde Sir Gawayne and kis breyne vnto kynge Arthure Sir and ye wolle gyff vs leve we wolle

go sche owre brop̄ ¶ Nay sayde Sir Launcelot that shalt not nede And so seyde Sir Bawdwyn of Brytaygne for as by owre advyse the kynge shalt sende vnto dame Lyonesse for as by owre advyse a messyngere and pray hir that sche wolle com to the courte in alle haste p̄ sche may fynde ye nat sche wolle com And thaw sche may gyffe yow p̄ beste counceyle where ye shalle fynde Sir Gareth that is well seyde of you seyde p̄ kynge ¶ So thaw goodly lettyrs were made & p̄ messyngere sente forth p̄ nyghte & day vnte tylle he com to the castelle ye lous And thaw p̄ lady dame Lyonesse was sente fore p̄ as sche was w̄t Sir Gryngamo hir brop̄ and Sir Gareth And whaw sche vnderstoode the messyngere sche bade hym ryde on hys way vnto kynge Arthure And sche wolde com after in alle p̄ moste goodly haste ¶ Thaw com vnto Sir Gryngamo and to sir Gareth and tolde hem alle how kynge Arthure hadde sente for hir ¶ That is be cause of me seyde Sir Gareth Now adyse ye me seyde dame Lyonesse what I shalle seye & in what maner I shalle rule me dyr lady & my lorde seyde Sir Gareth I pray yow in no wyse be ye a knowyn where I am ¶ But well I wote my modir is p̄ and alle my brep̄ne & they wolle take vppon hem to sle me I wolle p̄ they do ¶ But thus madam I wolle ye seye & avyse p̄ kynge whaw he questyons w̄t you of me ¶ Than may ye seye thus yo avyse that and hit lyke hys good grace ye wolle do make a cry a yenst the assumpcion of owre lady that what knyght p̄ prevyth hym beste he shalle welde you and alle yo lande ¶ And yf so be p̄ she be a wedded maid that wynes p̄ degree he shalle have a corownalle of golde sette w̄ stonys of vertu to the valew of a. m. li and a whyght parfaucon ¶ So dame Lyonesse depted and to com off ¶ And to bresse this tale ¶ Whaw sche com to kynge Arthure sche was nobly resseyved and p̄ sche was fore questyonde of the kynge &

of the quene of Orkeney and she answerde where Sir Gareth was she conde not tell. But thus muche she seyde vnto kynge Arthure Sir by yo^r avyse I wolde lete cry a turnemente that shalde be done be fore my castell at y^e assumpcion of oure lady and y^e cry shalde be this that yon my lorde Arthure shalde be there and yo^r knyghtes and I wolde pardey that my knyghtes shalde be a yenste yonder and that I and myne I shalde kyve of Sir Gareth this is well avysed seyde kynge Arthure and so she departed and the kynge and she made grete dyvysion to the turnemente. Whan dame lyonesse was com to the yle of Avylyon that was y^e same yle there as Sir Bryan of Strangarnou dwelled that she tolde hem all how she had done. What pryse she had made to kynge Arthure alas seyde Sir Gareth I shame me so sore wounded with vnhappynesse sith I cam in to this castell that I shalde nat be able to do at that turnemente lyke a knyght for I was nere thorowly gole syk I was hurte. Be ye of good chere seyde y^e damesell lyonett for I vndirtake w^t in this .xv. dayes to make you as gole and as lusty as ever ye were. And than she leyde an oynemente and salve to hym as hit pleased hir that he was nere so freyshe nor so lusty as he was tho. Than seyde the damesell lyonett sende you vnto Sir Persaunte of Inde and assure hym that he be redy y^t w^t gole assomond of knyghtes lyke as he made his pryse. Also that ye sende vnto Sronsyde that is knyghtes of y^e rede launds and charge hym y^t he be y^t w^t you with his gole some of knyghtes and than shalde ye be able to macche with kynge Arthure and his knyghtes. So this was done and all knyghtes were sente fore vnto the castell pelous. Than the rede knyghte answerde and sayde vnto dame lyonesse sh to Sir Gareth ye shalde vnderstonde y^t I shame bene at y^e courte of kynge Arthure and Sir Persaunte of Inde and his brother

and ꝑ we ſhall done owre omage as ye comaunded vs alſo ſeyde Sir Gareth ſhall take vppon me wt Sir Perſaunte of Inde and gif hym bredyne to holde ꝓty a gayneſte my lorde ſir launcelot and the knyghtis of ꝑ courte and this ſhall I done for the love of my lady dame lyoneſſe and you my lorde ſir Gareth ye ſhall well done ſeyde Sir Gareth Butt wete ye well we ſhall be full ſore macched wt the moſte nobleſte knyghtis of the worlde ꝑ fore we muſte purvey vs of good knyghtis where we may may gete hem ye ſey well ſeyde Sir Perſaunte and worſchyppfully and ſo the cry was made in Ingelonde Walys Scotlonde Irelonde ſt Cornuayle and in all the owte Iles And in Bretayne and many contrayes that at owre lady day the aſſumpſion nexte folowynge ſholde com to the caſtell Pelus be ſyde the Ile of Avylon And ꝑ all knyghtis what they com ꝑ ſholde chooſe whether hem lyſte to be on ꝑ tone ꝓty wt the knyghtis of ꝑ caſtell or ꝑ to be wt kyng Arthur on ꝑ tother ꝓty And. ij. monthis was to the day that ꝑ turnamente ſholde be And ſo many good knyghtis ꝑ were at ſir large helde hem for the moſte ꝓty all thoſe tyme a yenſte kyng Arthure and ꝑ knyghtis of the rounde table and ſo they cam in the ſyde of caſtell And Sir Eppynogrys was ꝑ fyrſte ſt he was ꝑ kyngis ſon of Northumberlonde And Sir Palamydes the ſaraſyn was a noȝ and Sir Safere and Sir Segwarydes bothe bredyne but they bothe were cryſtynde and Sir Galegryne and Sir Bryan de les Iles a noble knyght and Sir Grimmor ſt Grimmorſon ij. noble knyghtis of Scotlond and Sir Carados of the dolowred towre a noble knyght and Sir Terquyne of Inde and Sir Arnolde and ſir Gauter ij. bredyne good knyghtis of Cornuayle alſo ꝑ com Sir

Tryſtrams de lyones and wt kyng Sir Dynas þ Seneſchall and Sir Sadok/ But/ this Sir Tryſtrams was nat/ at/ þt tyme kynght/ of/ þ rounde table/ but/ he was at/ that/ tyme one of/ þ beſte kynghtes of/ þ worlde and ſo all/ theſe noble kynghtes accompanyed kenge wt þ lady of/ þ caſtell/ & wt þ rede kynght/ of/ þ rede launds/ But/ as for Sir Gareth/ he wolde nat/ take vppon hym but/ as other meane kynghtis

Than turne we to kynge Arthure that/ brought/ with/ hym Sir Gallayne Agrauayne Gaheris this brem and than this nebelys as Sir Ywayne le blaunche mayned and Sir Agglobale Sir Bor Sir Percibale de galys Sir Launcelot/ de galys Than com Sir launcelot/ du lake wt this bretne nebelys & cosyns as Sir lyonell/ Sir Ector de mares Sir Bors de gaynys and Sir Bleoberys de gaynes Sir Blamo de gaynys and Sir Galyhodyn Sir Galyhud and many mo of/ Sir launcelottis kynne and Sir Dynadan Sir lacote male tayle this brother a kynght/ good and Sir Dagramoure le desyrus Sir Dodynas le Saveage and all/ þ moste pty of/ þ rounde table Also þ cam wt kynge Arthure theſe kyngs the kyng of/ Irelonde kynge Angwyſſantis & the kynge of/ Scotlonde kynge Carados and kynge Vrgens of the londe of/ Gore and kynge Bagdemagus and this son Sir Agellyagantis and Sir Galahalte the noble prynce all/ theſe princes and Erlys Barollus & noble kynghtes as Sir Brandyles Sir Ywayne les Avoutres and Sir Ewy Sir Bedyvere & Sir Agelyot/ de logres Sir Petypace of/ Winchilſe Sir Gotlake all/ theſe com wt kynge Arthure and no þt be nat/ here reherſid/ Now leve we of theſe kynghtes and kyngs and lette vs ſpeke of the grete away þt was made wt in the caſtell/ and a bonte þ caſtell/ for this lady dame Lyneſſe ordayned grete away vppon Sir Pty for Sir noble kynght/ yis

for all man of lodgynge and vytayle that cam by londe and by water that þ lacked no thynge for gre ꝑty nor for þ otherꝑty but þ was plente to be had for golde & sylu for kynge arthure and all his knyghtes and than þ cam the herbygeours from kynge arthure for to herborow hym & his kynghtes denbis erlys barons knyghtes / Than Sir Gawayne ꝓyde dame lyonesse and þ rede knyghtes of þ rede launde and Sir Persaunte and his breyne and Sir Gryngamor that no wyse þ sholde nowe of them telle his name for to make no more of hym than of þ leste knyghte þ þ was for he seyde I wolde nat be knowyn of neythir more ne lesse notwithstandyng þ he gyrynge nor at þ endyng / Than dame lyones seyde vnto Sir Gawayne Sir I wolde leve with you a ryng of myne but I wolde pray you as ye love me gentely lette me gane hit a gayne Than the turnemente is done for þ ryng encreseth my beawte mache more than hit is of my selfe and the vertu of my ryng is this þ that is grene wolde turne to rede and that þ is rede wolde turne in lyknesse to grene and that þ is blewe wolde turne to wayghte and that þ is wayghte wolde in lyknesse to blew and so hit wolde do of all man of coloured. Also who þ berythe this ryng shalle lose no bloode and for grete love I wolde gyffe you this ryng / Than cry seyde Sir Gawayne myne owne lady for this ryng is passynge mete for me for hit wolde turne all man of lyknesse that I am in and þ shalle cause me þ I shalle nat be knowyn / Than Sir Gryngamor gaffe Sir Gawayne a bay courser þ was a passynge good horse also he gaffe hym good armo & sure and a noble swerde þ sone tyme Sir Gryngamor hadde wan
this
vppon and gethym tyrraunte and so ey knyght made hym redy to þ turnemente and kynge arthure was

comyn .xl. dayes to fore the assumpcion of oure lady and þ
was all maner of royalte of all maner of mynstralsy þt myght
be fownde also þ same queue Gwenybere and the queue
of Orkeney Sir Gareth̄s moy and vppon þ assumpcion
day whan masse & matyns was done there was ordeyned
wt trumpettis comaunded to blow to the felde and so þ com
onte Sir Eppynogrys the bryght son of Sortchumbir londe
fro me þ castell and þ encountyrde wt hym Sir Dagrauamond
le desyrous and eythir of them brake there spere̅s to theire
gaudis and than com in Sir Palomydes onte of þ castell
and þ encountyred wt hym Sir Gawayne and eythir of them
smote of so harde þt bothe good bryghtis & þ horsis felle to the
erthe and than the bryghtis of eythir pty rescowed of pan
cam in Sir Safer and Sir Segwarydes brethre to Pala
mydes and þ encountyred Sir Agrauayne wt Sir Safer
and sir Gaheryes encountyred wt Sir Segwarydes So Sir
Safer smote downe sir Agrauayne and Sir Agaleghtyne
a bryght off þ castell encountyred wt Sir Wayne le blanche
maynes and smote downe Sir Agalegtyne that he had all
moste broke his necke Than Sir Bryan de les Isles and
Gwillmor and Gwillmorson bryghtis off þ castell encountyrde
wt Sir Agglobale and Sir Tor and smote them off þ castell
downe Than com in Sir Carados off þ dolorous tolbre
and Sir Terquyne bryght off þ castell and þ encountyrd
wt hem Sir Percivale de galys and Sir Lamerok his brop
and þ they smote downe eche othir hors & man to the erthe
& eythir pty es rescowed of & horsed them a gayne and sir
Arnolde and Sir Gawter bryghtis off þ castell encountrd
wythe Sir Brandyles and Sir Kay and thes .iij. bryghtis
encountyrde myghtely & brake þ spere̅s to theyre gaudis
Than com in Sir Tristrams Sir Sadok and sir Dynas

knyghtes of ye castell and ye encountred wt Sir Tristrams Sir Bedyvere and Sir Bedyvere was smytten to the erthe bothe horse & man and Sir Sadoke encountryde wyth sir Petypace and ye Sir Sadoke was outthrowyn and ye Sir Mayne les aventures smote downe Sir Dynas ye Seneschall wth an com in Sir Persaunte of Inde a knyght of the castell & ye encountryde wt hym Sir launcelot du lake and ye he smote Sir Persaunte horse and man to ye erthe Than come in Sir pertolype frome ye castell and ye encountryde wt hym Sir lyonell and ye Sir pertolype the greue knyght smote downe Sir lyonell brothir to sir launcelot and all thes was marked wyth noble gervodis who bare hym beste & ye namyd And than com in to the felde sir Permones the greue knyght Sir persauntis brothir ye was a knyght of ye castell and he encountryde wyth sir Ector de marys and aythir of hem smote ovr so harde that hir sperys and horsys and theyr felle to the erthe And than com in the rede knyght of the rede launds and sir Garethe frome the castell and ye encountryde wt hem Sir Boros de gayuys and Sir Bleoberys and ye ye rede knyght and Sir Boros smote ovr so harde t hir sperys braste and ye horsys felle grobelynge to the erthe Than sir Blamo brake an ovr spere vppon Sir Garethe but of that strobe Sir Blamo felle to the erthe That saw Sir Galyhudys and bade Sir Garethe kepe hym and Sir Garethe smote hym anone to the erthe Than sir Galyhud gate a spere to avenge his brop and in the same wyse Sir Garethe served hym and in ye same man Sir Garethe slew sir Dynadan and his brop Sir labote male tayle and sir Bagdemoure le desyrd and Sir Dorys le fitzwage all these knyghtes he bare hem downe wt one speare than hynge

dugnysshamus of

Angryssaunce of Irelonde save Sir Gareth fare so he mervayled what knyght he was for at one tyme he semed grene and anoth tyme at his gayne coumynge hym semed blewe and thus at eny course the rode too ferfro he chonged his hewe to rede & blak that no mynght neyther knyge nor knyght kane no redy cognyssaunce of hym Thand knyge Angryssaunce the knyge of Irelonde encountyrde with Sir Gareth and the Sir Gareth smote hym frome his horse sadyll and all and thand com in knyge Carados of Scotlonde and Sir Gareth smote hym downe horse and man and in the same wyse he sewed knyge Uwens of the londe of Gore and thand come in Sir Bagdemagus and sir Gareth smote hym downe horse and man to the erthe and knyge Bagdemagus sond Sir Hellyagaunce brake a spere vppon Sir Gareth mygtyly and knyghtly and thand Sir Galagalte the noble prynce cryed on knyght knyght with the many colowred well haste pon hasted. Now make the redy that I may juste with the Sir Gareth gerde hym & gate a grete spere and so they encountyrde to gydr & the prynce brake his spere Butt Sir Gareth smote hym vppon the buss hyde of the helme the reled here and he and had falle downe had nat his meid reconde hym // So god me helpe seyde knyge Arthure that same knyght with the many colowred is a good knyght where fore the knyge called vnto hym Sir launcelot and prayde hym to encountr with the knyght Sir seyde Sir launcelot I may well fynde in myne herte for to forbere hym as at this tyme for he hath had travayle I nowe this day. And thand a good knyght doth so well vppon som day but is no good knyght pte to lette hym of his worshyp and namely thand he seyth a good knyghte hath done so grete labr for pavent me seyde Sir launcelot his quarell is here this day and paventure he is beste beloved

wt thys lady of all ye bene here for I se well the paynym hym
self enforsyth hym to do grete dedys and yf fore seyde Sir
launcelot as for me this day he shall have ye gouñ thorze
out all my power to put hym frome his yet wolde I
nat / Than when this was done ye was dralbynge of
fwerdys and than ye be gan a fore turnamente and ye ded
Sir launcelot meryaylus dedys of armys and by thyyote
Sir launcelot and Sir Ironfyde that was ye rede knyght
of ye rede laundys yt was a stronge batayle and Sir Pale
nydes and Sir Bleobrys be thyyote them was full grete
batayle and Sir Gawayne and Sir Tryftramus mett and ye
Sir Gawayne had ye worse for he pulled Sir Gawayne
frome his horse and ye he was lowge vppon foote and defoules
Than com in Sir launcelot and he fmote Sir Terquyn
and he hym and than cam ye in Sir Carados his brop and
bothe at onys they assayled hym and he as ye moste noblyst
knyght of ye worlde worshyppfully fought wt them bothe and
held them bote ye all men wondred of ye nobles of Sir lam
celot and than com in Sir Garetth and knew that it was
Sir launcelot that fought wt the pelous knyghtes and parted
them in fundir and no stroke wolde he smyte Sir launcelot
That aspyed Sir launcelot and demed yt he shold be ye good
knyght Sir Garetth and than Sir Garetth rode here and ye
and fmote on ye tryght honde and on ye lyfte honde That
all folkys myght well aspye where ye he rode and by fortune
he mette wt his brop Sir Gawayne and ye he put hym to the
werd for he put of his helme and so he knew .v. or .vj. knyghtes
of ye rounde table that all men seyde he put hym in moste
payne and beste he and his deber / ffor whan Sir Tryftramus
he helde hym how he fyrste fusted and after fought so welle
wt a fwerde / Than he rode vnto Sir Ironfyde and to Sir

Persaunte of Inde and asked hem be ꝑ fayth what maner a man bygger yondir bygger is ꝑt semyth in so many sybered colowred Truly me semyth seyde Sir Tristrams that he puttyth hym self in grete payne for he nede sey th wote nat ye what he is seyde Ironsyde no seyde sir Tristrams thaw shall ye knowe that this is he ꝑt lovyth ꝑ lady of the castell and he hym a grete and this is he ꝑt wane me thaw I be seged the lady of this castell and this is he that wane sir Persaunte of Inde and his .ij. bretherne what is his name seyde Sir Tristrams and of what blode is he com Sir he was called in the counte of lyonge Artoys Bewmayneys But his ryght name is sir Garethe of Orkeney brother vnto Sir Gawayne By my hede seyde Sir Tristrams he is a good knyght and a bygge man of armys and yf he be yonge he shall preve a full noble knyght Sir he is but a childe he seyde and of Sir launcelot he was made knyght Therefore is he muche ꝑ better seyde Sir Tristrams and thaw Sir Tristrams Sir Ironsyde and sir Persaunte and his brethir rode to gyders for to helpe Sir Garethe ꝑt thaw ꝑ was many sadde stroke and thaw Sir Garethe rode outte on the tone syde to a mende his helme Than seyde his squyer sir take me yo lyonge ꝑt ye lose nat while ꝑt ye drynke and so when he had dronkyn he gate on his helme and egerly take his horse and rode in to the felde and lefte his lyonge wt his squyer for the squyer was glad ꝑ lyonge was frome hym for thaw he wyste well he sholde be knowyn and when Sir Garethe was in the felde all folkys sawe hym well ꝑt playnly ꝑt he was in yealow colowred and there he raced of helmys ꝑt pulled downe knyghtes Thaat lyonge Artoys had meruayle what knyght he was for the lyonge sawe by his horse that it was

the same knyghtt but by fore he was all so many colowred and now he is but in one colowre and that is yelowe Now goo seyde kynge Arthure vnto sybyll gerowdys and bede hem wende a boute hym and a spye yff ye can se what maner of knyghtt he is. ffor thane spered off many knyghtt this day that is vpon his party and all sey that they bowe hym nought But at the laste an gerowde rode nyze Sir Gareth as he conde and the salve wryten a boute his helme in golde seyynge this helme is Sir Gareth of Orkeney Than the gerounde cryed as he were woode and many gerowdys with hym This is Sir Gareth of Orkeney yn the yealow armys there by all the kynges and knyghtes of kynge Arthures pty be felde & awayted and than they pressed all knyghtes to be felde hym and eu the gerowdys cryed & seyde this is Sir Gareth kynge Lottys son off Orkeney and whan sir Gareth aspyed that he was discouide than he dowbled his strokys & smote downe y Sir Dagranowre and his boy sir Gawayne a boy seyde sir Gawayne I wente ye wolde haue smyttyn me so. whan he herde hym sey so he thraunge here and there and so with grete payne he gate oute off the pres & y he mette with his dwarff a boy seyde Sir Gareth yon haste be gyled me fowle this day off my ryngue Bett hit me faste that I may hyde my body with all and so he tok hit hym and than they all wyste where he was be com and Sir Gawayne had in mand spyed where Sir Gareth rode and than he rode after with all his myghtt Thatt aspyed Sir Gareth and rode myghtly in to the castell for all that Sir Gawayne conde do he wyste nat where he was be com & whan Sir Gareth wyste that Sir Gawayne was paste he asked y dwarff off beste counsayle Sir seyde y dwarff me semyth hit were beste now that ye ar astaped frome seyynge y ye sende my lady dame hyomd

off the castell the ryuge. Sir he well aduysed seyde Sir Gareth
Now fayne sir geue & leue sir ded & sey I recōmaunde
me vnto yor good grace and sey yor I wolde com ayen & may
& pray yor to be trewe & faythfull to me as I wolde be to yor
Sir seyde the dwarff sir shalle be done as ye cōmaunde me
and so he rode his way and dud his erande vnto ye lady ye
seyde she where is my knyght Sir Gareth madam he bade me
sey ye he wolde nat be longe fro me you dud so lyght by the
dwarff com a payne vnto Sir Gareth that wolde full fayne
fayne had a lodgynge for he had nede to be reposed. And than
felle a thondir and a rayne as hevyn & erthe shulde go to
gyder and Sir Gareth was nat a lytyll wery for off all
that day he had but lytyll reste nor his horse nor he Do
than Sir Gareth rode longe in that foreste vntyll nyght
cam and en sir lyght ned & thondirde as sir had bene wylde
at ye laste by fortune he cam to a castell & ye he herde ye way
tho vppon the walles Than Sir Gareth rode vnto the
barbycan off ye castell & prayed ye porter fayre to lette hym in
to the castell The porter answerde vngoodly a payne &
sayde ye gette no lodgynge here ffayre sir seyr not so ffor
I and a knyght of ryuge ardeth and pray ye lorde and ye lady
of this castell to gyff me herborow for the love of ryuge ardeth
Than ye porter went vnto ye douchest & tolde hir how ther
was a knyght of ryuge ardeth wolde fayne herborow latte
hym in seyde ye douches for I wolle se that knyght and for kyng
ardeth love he shalle nat be herborowles Than she yode
vp in to a towre and a gate vnto touche I lyght and fond Sir Ga
weth stalle that lyght he cryed on hyze whether yon be lorde or
lady Graunte of Champyon I take no force so that I may fayne
herborow as for this nyght and yff sir be so that I muste ne
dis fyght spare me nat to morne wyth I fayne rested me for

bothe ſ and myne horſe be wery Dñ knyght ſeyde ꝑ lady ye ſpeke knyghtly and boldely but wete you well the lorde of this caſtell lovyth nat knyghtes auenture nor none of ours come for my lorde hath enuye with me and ꝑfore there were bettir nat to cond̄ ꝓ me this caſtell ffor ſ you com ſuche knyght you muſte com vndr this ſomme that where ſoeuer ye mete with me by fylde or by ſtrete ꝑ muſte yelde ꝑ to with as preſoner Madam ſeyde Dñ Gawayn what is yor lordes name and what is his name Dñ my lordes name is the deuke de la rouſe well madam ſeyde Dñ Gawayn ſ ſhall with myſe you in what place ſ mete youre lorde ſ ſhall yelde me vnto with ſ to his good grace ꝓ ꝑ ſ vndrſtonde that he wolde do me no ſhame and yf ſ vndrſtonde ꝑ he wolde ſ wolde relece my ſelf ſ ſ can ꝓ my ſpere ſ my ſwerde ye ſay well ſeyde the deuches Than ſhe lette ꝑ draw bryggis downe ſ ſo he rode vnto the halle ſ ꝑ he alyght and ꝑ horſe was ladde vnto the ſtable ſ in the halle he mayntened with ſeyde madam ſ walke nat oute of this halle this nyght And whan day lyght lat ſe who wolde gane a do ꝓ me than he ſhall fynde me redy Than was he ſette vnto ſouper and had many good dyſſhis Than Sir Gawayn lyſte well to ete and full knyghtly he ete his mete ſ eſyly Also ꝑ was many a fayre lady by with ſ ſom ſeyd they ne vir ſawe a goodlyer man nother ſo well of etynge And ꝑ they made with paſſynge good chere and ſhortly whan he had ſouped his bedde was made ꝑ ſ ſo he reſted with all nyght ſ in the morne he herde maſſe ſ brake his faſte ſ tooke his leve at ꝑ deuches ſ at them all ſ thanked hir goodly of hir lodgyng and of hir good chere And than ſhe aſked with his name Verily madam he ſeyde my name is Sir Gawayn of Orkeney and ſom men call

me Bewmaynes than knew she well that was ye same
knyght yt sanght for dame lyonesse / So sir Gawetht departed and rode vp vnto a mountayne & ye mette ayens a knyght
his name was Sir Bendalayne and he seyde to sir Gawetht
ye shalt nat passe this way for ony ye shalt juste wt
me other elles be my presonere than wolde I juste seyde
Sir Gawetht and so they lette yr horses ren & ye Sir Gawetht
smote ayens thorow oute ye body and sir Bendalayne rode
forthe to his castell ye be fyde and there dyed / So sir Gawetht wolde gane vested ayens sayne . so that happed ayens
to come to Sir Bendalaynes castell than his knyghtys
& squyers assayed yt that was he yt had slayne there lorde / than they armed . vij. good men & com oute & assayled Sir Gawetht and so he had no spere but his sworde &
so he put his shylde a fore ayens & ye they brake . y. speres
vppon ayens & they assayled ayens passyngly sore but sir
Gawetht defended ayens as a knyght / Do than they sawe
they myght nat ony com ayens they rode fro me ayens and
tobe ye conveyle to sle his horse and so they cam su vppon
Sir Gawetht and so wt ye speres they slewe his horse & than they assayled ayens harde / But than he was on
foote ye was none that he raught but he gaff ayens such
a buffette that he dud neu recou / So he flew down by one
& one tyll they were but . viij. and ye they fledde / and
Sir Gawetht tobe a good horse that was one of theires & rode his way / than he rode a grete pace tyll that he
cam to a castell and ye he herde mucke mourenyng of ladyes and jantyll women / So at the laste ye cam by ayens a
payge / than he asked of ayens what noyse is this that
is here wt in this castell / Sir knyght seyde the payge
here be wt in this castell . vij. ladyes and all they be

wyde wyth ffor there is a knyght þ waytyth dayly vppon this
castell and he is callyd þ browne knyght wyth oute pyte
and he is þ pelust knyght þ now lyvyth and þ fore sir seyde
þ payne I rede you fle Nay seyde Sir Garetth I wolle nat
fle thonge þ be a ferde of eyne Thand the payne sawe where
came þ browne knyght & sayde lo yondir he comyth lat me dele
with eyne seyde Sir Garetth and vpaid ayein of othir had a fyghte
they let there horsis renne and þ browne knyght brake his spere
and Sir Garetth smote eyne thorow þ body þ he ouerthrewe to the
grounde sterte dede Do Sir Garetth rode in to the castell and
prayde þ ladyes þ he myght repose eyne Alas seyde þ ladyes
ye may nat be lodged here yes hardely make eyne good chere
seyde the payne for this knyght hath slayne yo enemy Thand
they all made eyne good chere as lay in there power But wete
you well they made eyne good chere for they myght none of do
for they were but poore And so on the morne he went to masse
and þ he sawe the .vij. ladyes knele and lay grobelynge vppon
dyuse toumbis makynge grete dole and sorow Thand sir Ga
retth knew well that in the toumbis lay þ lordys ffayre ladyes
seyde Sir Garetth ye muste at the next feste be at the counte
of lynge arthure and sey þ I Sir Garetth sente you thydir Sir
we shalle do yo comaundemente seyde þ ladyes So he depted and
by fortune he came to a mountayne þ he founde a goodly knyght
that bade eyne a byde sir knyght & juste with me What are ye sey
de Sir Garetth my name is he seyde called deuke de lamorse
a Sir ye are the same knyght þ I lodged onys with in yo castell &
þ I made eynyse vnto youre lady þ I shulde yelde me to you a
seyde þ deuke arte þ that proude knyght that profyrde to fyghte
with my knyghtis þ fore make þ redy for I wolle gane a do with you
So they let þ horsis renne and þ Sir Garetth smote the deuke
downe frome his horse but þ deuke lyghtly avoyded his horse

How sir Garetth slew þ browne knyght

and dressed his shylde and drew his swerde and bade Sir Gareth
a lyght and fyght with hym So he did a lyght and they did grete
batayle to gedyr more than ony two knyghtes oute of full
sore but at the laste Sir Gareth gate the doubte to the erthe and
wolde have slayne hym and than he yelded hym Than muste
ye go seyde Sir Gareth unto kynge Arthure my lorde at the
nexte hyghe feste and sey that I Sir Gareth sente you thydir we
shall do this seyde the doubte and I wolle do yon omage and feaute with
an .C. som of knyghtes with me and alle the dayes of my lyffe
to do yon knyghtes where ye wolle comaunde me So the doubte de
pted and Sir Gareth stoode by a lone and as he stoode he sey an
armed knyght on horsebak comynge towarde hym Than sir
Gareth mounted upon horsebak and so rode ouy wordis
they ran to gedr as thundr and the tone knyght smote sir Gareth
undr the syde with his spere and than they a lyght and drewe theire
swerdys and gaffe grete strokys that the bloode trayled downe to the
grounde and so they fought .v. owres So at the laste there com
the damesell lyonette that som men calle the damesell sabyage and
she com ryding upon an aubelyne mule and that she cryed alle
on hyghe Sir Gawayne leve thy fyghtyng with thy brothr Sir
Gareth and than he herde hir sey so he threwe away his shyl
de and his swerde and ran to Sir Gareth and tobe hym in his
armys and sythen kneled downe and asked hym mcy What av
ye seyde sir Gareth that ryght now were so stronge and so
myghty and now so sodeynly to yelde to me A Sir Gareth
I am yo brop sir Gawayne that for youre sake have had grete
labourne and travayle Than Sir Gareth unlaced his helme
and kneled downe to hym and asked hym mcy Than they a woso
botte and kissed eythr other in theire armys and wepte a grete
whyle or they myght speke and eythr of them gaffe op the pryse
of the batayle and there were many kynde wordys be twene them

alas my fayre broʒ̄ sayde Sʒ̄ Gawayne ought of ryght to
worshyp you and ye were nat my broʒ̄ for ye gaue worshipte
kynge arthure and all ʒ̄is courte for ye gaue sente me vn-
shyppfull knyghtis this. xvj. monthe thau. v. the beste of ꝑ̄ wounde
table hath done except Sʒ̄ launcelot. Thau cam ꝑ̄ lady sylv-
ayge that was the lady lyonet that rode w̄t Sʒ̄ Garet̄h so long
and ꝑ̄ she dud straunge Sʒ̄ Garet̄hs wounds and Sʒ̄ Gaw-
ayues Now what wolt ye do sayde ꝑ̄ dameselle shall I auenge me
semyth ʒ̄it were beste ꝑ̄ kynge arthure had vengyng of ʒ̄on
bothe for ꝑ̄ horsis ar so bruised that they may not beare Now
fayre dameselle sayde Sʒ̄ Gawayne I pray you ryde vnto
my lorde myne vncle kynge arthure and telle hym what
aduenture is be tydde me haue and I suppose he wolle nat
tary longe Thau she toke ʒ̄ir mule and lyghtly she rode
to kynge arthure that was but .ij. myle thens And whan
she had tolde ʒ̄ir tydyngis to the kynge The kynge bade gete
me a palfrey and whan he was on horse bak he bade the
lordys and ladyes cum after ꝑ̄ they wolde and ꝑ̄ was sadelyng
and bridelyng of quenys ꝑ̄ pryncis horsis and well was he
ꝑ̄ somneste myght be redy So whan the kynge cam ꝑ̄ he saw
Sʒ̄ Gawayne and Sʒ̄ Garet̄h sitt vppon a lytyll grylly fryse
Thau the kynge avoyded his horse and whan he cam nye
to Sʒ̄ Garet̄h he wolde a spokyn ꝑ̄ myght nat and ꝑ̄ with
he sanke downe in a swoze for gladnesse and so they stert to
to theire vncle and requyred ayen of his good grace to be of
good comforte Wete you well ꝑ̄ kynge made grete ioy and
many a petevous complaynte he made to Sʒ̄ Garet̄h and ey
he wepte as he had bene a chylde So w̄t this cam his mo
dʒ̄ the quene of Orkeney dame thorgawse and whan she
saw Sʒ̄ Garet̄h redyly in the vysage she myght nat wepe
but sodeynly felle downe in a swone and lay ꝑ̄ a grete whyle

lyke as she had bene dede And than Sir Gareth recomforted
hir In suche wyse that she recouerde & made good chere / Tha
the kynge comaunded that all maner of knyghtes that were vndir his
obeysaunce sholde make yt lodgynge ryght there for the love of
this yong nebelyd And so hit was done & all maner of purveyaunce
purveyde that there lacked no thynge that myght be gotyn for
golde nor syluir nother of wylde nor tame / And than by the
meanys of the damesell Savenge Sir Gawayne and Sir
Gareth were heled of yr woundys & yr they suggeourned xvj
dayes / Than seyde kynge Arthure vnto the damesell Save
nage I merbayle that youre sistyr dame Lyonesse commyth nat
hydir to me and in especiall that she comyth nat to vysyte
hir knyght my nebelbe Sir Gareth that hath had so muche
trauayle for hir love / Ay lorde seyde yt damesell Lyonette
ye muste of yor good grace holde hir excused for she knowyth
nat that my lorde Sir Gareth is here / Go ye than for hir
seyde kynge Arthure that we may be a poynted what is beste
to done accordynge to the pleasure of my nebelbe / Sir seyde
the damesell hit shall be do And so she rode vnto hir sistir &
as lyghtly as she myght make hir redy she came ow yt morne
with hir broyr Sir Gyngamus and with fourty knyghtes And so
whan she was com she had all the chere yt myght be done bothe
of the kynge and of many of yr knyghtes & also quenys And a
monge all the ladyes she was named yt fayryest & pyereles
/ Than whan Sir Gareth mette with hir there was many a
goodly lobe & goodly wordys that all men of worshyp had
joy to be holde them / Than cam kynge Arthure & many
other kynges and dame Gwenyvere and quene Morgause
his modir And yt the kynge asked his nebelw Sir Gareth whey
he wolde chase this lady ar yamus or ellys to chase hir to his
wyff Ay lorde wete you well yt I love hir a bof yn all ladyes

kynge / ¶ Now fayre lady sayde kynge Arthure what say ye / thy moste noble kynge sayde dame Lyonesse wete yō well that my lorde Sir Gareth yō to me more lever pan to gane a welde as my husbonde than ony kyng of pryuce that is cristyned and if I may nat gane gyue I promyse you I will nevī gane none. ffor my lorde Arthure sayde dame Lyonesse wete you well he is my fyrste love and he shall be p̄ laste & yf ye will suffir kynge to gane his wyll and fyre cōpoyse I dare say he will gane me. ¶ What is thy nōme sayde Sir Gareth and I gane nat you a welde you as my wyff p̄ shall nevī lady nor sauntyll woman reioyse me. What nevew sayde the kynge is p̄ wynde in that dore / ffor wete you well I wolde nat for p̄ stynte my crowne to be cause to wᵗdraw yō gentyll and wete you well ye can nat love so well but I shall ray encrece gyft than discrece gift and also ye shall gane my love and my lordeshyp in the vttermuste wyse p̄ may lye in my power.

And in the same wyse sayde Sir Gareths modir. So a none p̄ was made a pryson for the day of maryage & by the kyngs advyse hit was prouyded p̄ hit shulde be at appechael masse folowyng at kyngkenadowne by the see syde ffor p̄ is a plentevouse countrey and so hit was cryed in all the placis thorow the realme and than sir Gareth sente his sonond to all the kynghtis & ladyes that he had wonne in batayle to fore p̄ they shulde be at his day of maryage at kyngkenadowne by the see syde and than dame Lyonesse and p̄ damesell Lyonet with sir Gryngamō rode to p̄ castell and a goodly and a ryche kynge she gaff to Sir Gareth and he gaff hir a nor and kynge Arthure gaff hir a ryche bye of golde and so she depted and kynge Arthure and his felyshyp

rode towarde kyng Kenadowne and Sir Gareth̄ bronȝt
his lady on the way and so cam to the kynge a gayne
rode with kynd lorde pe grete chere that Sir Lamme
lot made of Sir Gareth̄ and he of kym for there was
no kynght that Sir Gareth̄ lobed so well as he did Sir
Lammelot and eu̇ for the moste pty he wolde eu̇ be fro
Sir Lamicelottis company · ffor ouer astur. she Sir Gareth̄
had aspyed Sir Gawayned conduccious he with drewe
kym self fro his broȝ Sir Gawayneds felyschyp for he
was ou̇r vengeable and where he hated he wolde be
a venged wt murther and pt hated Sir Gareth̄ So yt drew
faste to ayscelmas pt tyde ou̇r and pe lady dame lyonesse pe
lady of the castell pelus and kynsistu̇r the dame sell lyonet
wt Sir Grynganid her broȝ wt hem for he had the condyte
of theis ladyes and there they were lodged at the delyse of
kynge Arthure and vppon ayscelmas day the bysshop of
Cantirbyry made the wedyng be twene Sir Gareth̄ &
dame lyonesse wt grete solempnyte And kynge Arthure
made Sir Galeryd to wedde the damesell sauage dame
lyonet and Sir Agrauayne kynge Arthure made to wedde
dame lyonesse ys neese a fayre lady lady yr name was
dame Lawrell and so whan this solempnyte was done
Than com in the grene kynght Sir Pertolape wt xxx ti.
kynghtis and pr he did omage and feaute to Sir Gareth̄ and
all theis kynghtis to holde of kynd for eu̇ more Also Sir Per
tolope sayde I pray you pt at this feste I may be ye chaumberlay
ne wt good wyll seyde Sir Gareth̄ sythe yt lyste you to take
so symple an office Than com in the rede kynght with .l.
score kynghtis wt kynd and did to Sir Gareth̄ omage & feaute
and all the kynghtis to holde of kynd for eu̇ more And than sir
Persaunes prayde Sir Gareth̄ to graunte kynd to be his espesse

The wedyng of Sir Gareth̄ & of Agrauayne his brothir

butler at the gyggs feste / wolle well seyde Sir Gareth that ye
gane this office and ye were bettr / Than cam in Sir Per-
saunte of Inde wyth an C knyghtes with hym & pr he and omage
& feaute and all his knyghtes sholde do hym servyse & holde p
londis of hym for ever and pr he prayde Sir Gareth to make
hym his Sewer at pt gyfte feste / wolle well seyde
Sir Gareth that ye gane hit and hit were bettr / Than
cam in the duke de la rouse with an C knyghtes with hym and
pr he and omage & feaute to Sir Gareth and so to holde there
londis of hym for ever more and he requyred Sir Gareth pt
he myght have hym of the wyne pt day of the gyfte feste / wolle
well seyde Sir Gareth and hit were bettr / Than cam the
rede knyght of the rede launds that gyght Sir Ironside &
he brought with hym .iij. hondred knyghtes and pr he and omage
& feaute and all the knyghtes to holde p londys of hym for ever
and than he asked of Sir Gareth to be his Sewer / wolle well
seyde Sir Gareth and hit please you / Than cam in to the
courte .xxx. ladyes and all they semed wydowes & the ladyes
brought with them many fayre / gentyll women and all they bare
led downe all owyd unto kynge Arthure and unto Sir Gareth
and pr all the ladyes tolde the kynge how that sir Gareth had
delyvyde them fro the dolorous towre & slew the browne knyght
with oute pyte and pr fore all we and oure ayres for ever more
wolle do omage unto Sir Gareth of Orkeney / So than the
kynge queyne / prynces / erles / Barounes & many bolde knyghtes
wente to mete and well may ye wete pt there was all maner
of plente and all maner rebeld and game with all maner of myn
strallsy pt was used tho dayes / Also pr was grete justys .iij.
dayes / But pr kynge wolde nat justir Sir Gareth to juste
be cause of his new bryde for as tho fre ayns bobe seyth that
dame Lyonesse desyred of the kynge that none that were wedded

sholde juste at that feste Do the fyrste day ꝑ justed Sir
Launcelot de gelys for the on thewe .xxti. knyghtis and dud
passyng merdelus dedis of armys And than kynge Arthure
made Sir Persaunte and his brethre knyghtis of ꝑ rounde
table to ꝑ lyfys ende and gaff them grete landys Also the
secunde day ꝑ justed Sir Tristrams beste for the on thewe .xl.
knyghtis And dud ꝑ merdelus dedis of armys and ꝑ kynge Ar-
thure made Sir Ironsyde that was ꝑ ved rede knyght of the
rede launds a knyght of the table rounde to his lyfys ende
and gaff hym grete landis Than the thirde day there justed
Sir Launcelot and the on threw .l. knyghtis and dud many dedis
of armys that all men wondrid And there kynge Arthure
made the double de la Strowse a knyght of the table rounde to
his lyfys ende and gaff hym grete londis to spende But
whan this justis was done Sir Launcelot and Sir Tristrams
depted suddeynly and wolde nat be knowyn for ꝑ whych kynge
Arthure and all the courte was sore dysplesid and so they lefte
the courte fourty dayes wt grete solempnyte And than Sir
Gareth of Orkeney was a noble knyght that wedded dame
Lyonesse of the castell pavelus And also Sir Gaheris wed
ded ther sistir dame Lyonette that was called the damesell sa
venge And Sir Agrawayne wedded dame Lawrell a
fayre lady wyth grete and myghty londys wyth grete
ryches I pryse wyth them that ryally they myght lyve
evyll there lyfys ende And I pray you all that redyth
this tale to pray for hym that this wrote that god sende
hym good delyuerance sone and hastely Amen

Here endyth the tale of Sir Gareth of Orkeney

Here begynnyth the fyrste boke of Syr Tryſtramus de lyones and who was his fadir and hys modyr and how he was borne and fostryd and how he was made knyght of kynge Marke of Cornwayle

There was a kynge that kyght Melyodas and he was lorde of the contrey of lyones and this Melyodas was a lykly knyght as ony was p^t tyme lyvyng and by fortune he wedded kynge Ryaubis ſiſt^r of Cornwayle and ſhe was called Elyzabeth that was called bothe good and fayre and at that tyme kynge Arthure regned and he was bothe kynge of Ingelonde Walys Scotlonde and of many other realmys how be hit p^t were many kyngis that were lordys of many contreyes But all they helde p^t lordys of kynge Arthure ſor in Walys were .vj. kyngis and in the Northe were many kyngis and in Cornwayle and in the weſte were .iij. kyngis also in Irelonde were .v. or .vj. kyngis and all were undir the obeyſaunce of kynge Arthure So was p^t kynge of ffrounce and the kynge of Bretayne and all the lordſchyppis unto Roome So whan this kynge Melyodas had bene w^t his wyff wythin a whyle ſhe weyed grete w^t childe and ſhe was a full meke lady and well ſhe loved hir lorde and he hir ageyne So p^t was grete joy be twyxte them So p^t was a lady in that contrey that had loved kynge Melyodas longe and by no meane ſhe nold conde gete his love Where fore ſhe let ordayne vppon a day as kynge Melyodas rode a huntynge for ſhe was a grete chacer of dere and p^t be enchauntemente ſhe made hym chace and harte by hym ſelf a lone tyll that he com to an olde caſtell and p^t anone he was taken p^ſoner by the lady that loved hym When Elyzabeth kynge

Melyodas

Aelpodas ȝiſ wyſſ myſſed ȝur lorde ſſe was wyze oute of ȝur wytte and alſſo as grete wt cſylde as ſſe was ſſe tobe a ſſautyltwoman wt ȝur and ran in to the fereſte ſuddeynly to ſſebe ȝur lorde and wȝan ſſe was farre in the foreſte ſſe myȝtſt no farther but rygȝt ye ſſe gan to trabayle ſaſte of ȝur cſylde and ſſe had many grymly throwes but ȝur ſſautyltwoman halpe ȝur all ye ſſe myȝtſt and ſo by myracle of oure lady of ȝelyn ſſe was delyuerde wt grete payned but ſſe had tabyn ſuche colde for the defaute of ȝelpe that the depe drangeſtyes of deth tobe ȝur ye nedyes ſſe muſte dye ſt depte oute of thyes worlde ye was none otheꝛ boote Wȝan this quene Elyzabeth ſaw that ſſe myȝtſt nat aſcape ſſe made grete dole ſt ſeyde vnto ȝur ſſautyltwoman Wȝan ye ſe my lorde kynge Aelpodas wold mamde me vnto ȝyn and tolde ȝyn wȝat payned ſſendure here for ȝis lobe and how ſſ muſte dye here for ȝis ſſabe for de fawte of good ȝelpe and lat ȝyn wete that ſſ am full ſory to depte oute of this worlde fro ȝyn Therefore pray ȝyn to be freude to my ſonde ¶ Now lat me ſe my lytyll cſylde for wȝom ſſ habe had all this ſorow and wȝan ſſe ſye ȝyn ſſe ſeyde this Ha my lytyll ſon ye haſte murthered thy modꝛ and therefore ſſ ſuppoſe pou that arte a murtherer ſo ponge Thow arte full lyklyp to be a manly man ſn thyne ayge and by cauſe ſſ ſhall dye of the byrth of the ſſ charge my ſautyll woman that ſſe pray my lorde the kynge Aelpodas that wȝan he is cryſtened let calle ȝyn Tryſtrams that is as muche to ſay as a ſoroweful byrth and ye wt the quene graffyd vp the goſte and dyed Thȝan ye ſautyll woman leyde ȝur vndꝛ and vnbu of a grete tre and pu ſſe lapped the cſylde as well as ſſe myȝtſt fro colde bygȝt ſo there cam ye barownes of kynge Aelpodas folowyng aftꝛ ye quene and wȝan they ſye that ſſe was dede and vndꝛſtode none otheꝛ but ye the kynge was deſtroyed Thȝan ſtrayne of them wolde

ꝙne ſlayne the cꝯylde by cauſe they wolde ꝙne bene lordyꝺ
of ye contrey of lyoneſſe But thꝺ thꝺow ye fayre ſpeche of
the ſautyll woman and by the meanys ye ſhe made ye moſte
pty of the barownꝭ wolde nat aſſente yᵗ to But thꝺ they
latte carry ꝙme ye dede quene and mucke ſorow was made
for ꝙr But thꝺ this meane whyle Aurelyon had delyu̇de
kynge Uthelyodas oute of preſon on the morne after ꝙs quene
was dede And ſo whan the kynge was dede com ꝙme ye moſte
pty of the barownꝭ made gruete joy But the ſorow that
the kynge made for ꝙs quene there myght no tonge telle
Do thꝺ the kynge let entyre ꝙr ryalely And after he let
cryſtyn ꝙs cꝯylde as ꝙs wyff had cōmaunded by fore ꝙe
dethꝭ And thꝺ he lette calle hym Tryſtramus the ſorowfull
borne cꝯylde But kynge Uthelyodas endured after that
vij. yere wᵗoute a wyff And all thꝺ tyme Tryſtramus was
forſtred well But ꝙt be felle yᵗ the kynge Uthelyodas
wedded kynge Howellyꝺ of Bretaynes doughᵗᵉ and anone
ſhe had cꝯyldrne by kynge Uthelyodas thꝺ was ſhe ielu
and wotᵗ yᵗ hꝳ cꝯyldrne ſholde nat reioyſe ye contrey of
lyoneſſe Where fore thꝺ quene ordayned for to poyſon yong
Tryſtramus So at the laſte ſhe let poyſon be putt in a peed
of ſylu in the cꝯambr where Tryſtramus and hꝳ cꝯyldr we
re to ſyttyng Unto yᵗ entente yᵗ whan Tryſtramus were thꝳſty
he ſholde Drynke yᵗ drynke And ſo ꝙt felle vpon a day ye que
nys ſon as he was in yᵗ cꝯambr aſſayed ye preſe wᵗ poyſon ſt
he wente ꝙt had bene good drynke and be cauſe the cꝯylde
was thꝳſty he toke the preſe wᵗ poyſon and dranke freely ſt
yᵉ wᵗ the cꝯylde ſuddaynly braſte ſt was dede So whan
ye quene of Uthelodyas wyfe of the dethꝭ of hꝳ ſon wete yon
well yᵗ ſhe was ielu But yet ye kynge vnderſtood not ye kynge
of ꝙr treſon Notwythſtondynge the quene wolde nat leve

by this but efftte she lette ordeyne more poyson & putt hit
in a presse and by fortune kynge ajelodyas his husbonde sonde
þ presse wt wyne where in was þ poyson and as he þ was
therstelew toke the pyse for to drynke and as he wolde
have drunken þ of the queue asspyed hym & ran vnto hym
& pulde the pyse from hym sodeynly The kynge merveyl
led of his wyf she ded so & remembred hym suddeynly how
his sowe was slayne wt poyson and than he toke his by þ hon
de and sayde þ false traytoures þ shalt telle me what man
of dryncke this is or elles I shalle sle the. and þ wt he pulde
oute his swerde & sware a grete otthe þ the sholde sle his but
yf she tolde hym þ trouthe A mercy my lorde she seyde and
I shalle telle you all and than she tolde hym why she wolde
have slayne Tryestrams be cause her cayser sholde reioyse
his londe Well seyde the kynge & þ fore ye shalle have þ
lawe and so she was dampned by the assente of þ baronnes
to be brente and ryght as she was at þ fyre to take his ex
cussion this same yonge Tryestrams knyeled by fore his fadir
kynge ajelodyas and he sowte hym to gyffe hym a done I wolle
Well seyde þ kynge. Than seyde yonge Tryestrams geffe me
the lyff of yo queue my step modir What is your grettfully
asked seyde þ kynge ajelodyas for þ ouzte of ryght to hate his
for she wolde have slayne þ wt poyson and for þ hate they sabe
moste is my cause þ she sholde be dede Sir seyde Tryestrams
as for þ I be seche you of yo mercy þ ye wolle for gyffe his. and as
for my pte god for gyffe his & I do and yit lybed so mucche your
gyftenesse to graunte me my boone for godd is love I requyre
you holde yo promyse Sythen yit is so seyde þ kynge I wolle
þ ye have his lyff & seyde I gyffe his you and go ye to the fyre
& take his & do wt his what ye wolle So this Sir Tryestra
mys wente to the fyre & by the comaundemente of þ kynge

delyude qm̃ frome ꝑ dethꝫ But/ assaw ꝑ kynge Kelodras
wolde nevꝫ qabe a do wt̃ qm̃ as at/ bedde & at/ boorde But/ by
ꝑ meanys of/ ponge Tryſtrams he made ꝑ kynge and qm̃
accorded But/ than the kynge wolde nat/ ſuffr̃ ponge
Tryſtrams to abyde but/ lytyll/ ſn̄ qis comte / and than
he lett/ ordayne a /antyll/ man ꝑ was well/ lerned & tanght/
and qis name was Gonnayle and than he ſente ponge Tryſ
trams wt̃ Gonnayle ſn̄ to ffraunce to lerne ꝑ langage and
nurture & dedis of/ armys and ꝑ was Tryſtrams more pra
vis. yere / So whan he had lerned what/ he nyght/ ſn̄ tho co
treyes than he com home to qis fadr̃ kynge Kelodas a gay
ne and ſo Tryſtrams lerned to be an harper paſſyng all/ op
ꝑ ꝑ was none ſuche called ſn̄ no contrey and ſo ſn̄ harpynge
and on inſtrumentys of/ muſyke ſn̄ qis youthe he applyed
qym̃ for to lerne and aftr̃ as he grewe in nyght/ & ſtrength/
he labowred ſn̄ huntynge & ſn̄ hawkynge nevꝫ /antylman
more ꝑ en̄ we herde rede of / and as ꝑ booke ſeyth/ he be
gan good meſures of/ blowynge of/ beeſt of/ venery & beeſt
of/ chaace & all/ maw of/ vermayne and all ꝑ tearmys we
haue yet/ of/ hawkynge & huntynge and ꝑfore the booke of
Sr̃ Tryſtrams wyll/ ꝑfore as me ſemyth/ all/ /antyll/ men
ꝑ beryth/ olde armys ought/ of/ right/ to honowre ſr̃ Tryſ
trams for the goodly tearmys that/ /antylmen have & vſe
& ſhall/ do vnto the day of/ dome What/ ꝑ by ſn̄ a man all/ men
of/ worſhyp may diſcrꝫ a /antylman frome a yoman and a
yoman frome a vylayne. ffor he ꝑ /antyll/ ſh̄ wolde dwelle
qym̃ to /antyll/ tacchis & to folow ꝑ noble cuſtomys of/ /an
tylmen / Thus Tryſtrams endwyd ſn̄ Cornewayle vnto
ꝑ he was ſtronge & bygge vnto ꝑ ayge of. xvij. yere. And
than kynge Kelodas had grete joy of/ ponge Tryſtrams &
ſo had the quene qis wyff̃. ffor en̄ aftr̃ ni qis lyff̃ be cauſe ſr̃

Tristrams sawed hir frome þ tyme she ded newe gate hym no
re asswr but evr loved hym & gaff hym many grete gyfftys
for evr astate loved hym where þ he wente / Whan kyng be
felle tidyngs bynge angwyssh of Irelonde sente vnto bynge
arthur of Cornwayle for hys trwage þ Cornwayle had pay
de many yrs & all þ tyme bynge arthur was behynde
of the trwage for vij. yerys and bynge arthur and hys ba
rownes gaff vnto the messyngers of Irelonde theis wordis
for answere that they wolde none pay & bade the messyngers
go vnto þ bynge angwyssh and telle hym we wolle pay hym
no trwage but telle youre lorde & he wolle all wayes have
trwage of vs of Cornwayle Whyle hym sende a trusty
frynde knyght of hys londe þ wolle fyght for his ryght and
we shalle fynde anoyr for to defende vs / So þ messyngers
depted fro to Irelonde and whan bynge angwyssh vnderstoode the answere of þ messyngers he was wrothe and pa
he called vnto hym Sir arthgalys þ good knyght þ was nobly
proved & a knyght of þ rounde table and this arthgalis
was browt vnto þ quene of Irelonde. Whan þ kyng seyde
this fayre lady Sir arthgalis I pray you go vnto Corne
wayle for my sake to do batayle for oure trwage of
ryght þ we of ryght ought to haue and what soud evr
ye fynde ye shalle have sufficiauntely more than ye shalle
nede Sir seyde Sir arthgalis wete you welle þ I shalle
nat be lothe to do batayle for the ryght of you & yo londe
& þ beste knyght of table rounde for I know them for the
moste pty what bene þ dedis & for to abawnce my dedis
and to encrece my worshyp I wolle ryght gladly go vnto
this iourney / So fro all haste þ was made purvyawnce
for Sir arthgalis and he had all thynge þ hym neded and
so he depted onte of Irelonde and arryved vp in Cornwayle

ayen by castell of Tyntagyll and whan kynge Arthur
vnderstood that he was yvel arrayed for to fyght for Jhelonde
Than made kynge Arthur grete sorow whan he vnder
stood that the good knyght Sir Jarghalt was com for they
knew no knyght that durste gane a do with ayen ffor at
that tyme Sir Jarghalte was called one of the fayrest
knyghtes of the worlde And thus Sir Jarghalte a bode
in the see .x. day he sente vnto kynge Arthur for to
pray the trewage that was be gynde. by. yere or ellys to fynde
a knyght to fyght with ayen for the trewage Whiche mad of
message Sir Jarghalte sente vnto kynge Arthur Than
they of Cornwayle lete make crayes that what knyght the
wolde fyght for to save the trewage of Cornwayle he shold
be rewarded to fave the better terme of his lyff Than som
of the barownes seyde to kynge Arthur & counceyled ayen
to the courte of kynge Arthure for to sebe Sir launcelott
du lake that was that tyme named for the werbayliste
knyght of the worlde Than they were of barownes & seyde
that yt was labour in vayne by cause Sir Jarghalte was
a knyght of vonde table that fore ony of hem wolde be lothe
to gane a do with ony but yff yt were so that ony knyght at his
owne request wolde fyght disgysed & vnknowyn So the
kynge & all his barownes assentyd that it was no boote to
sebe after no knyght of the vonde table Whils meane
whyle cam the langayge & the norse vnto kynge Ajelvodas
how that Sir Jarghalte a bode faste by Tyntagyll and how
kynge Arthur cowde fynde no maner of knyght to fyght
for hym So whan yonge Brystrams herde of this
he was wroth & sore a shamed that he durste no knyght
in Cornwayle durste gane a do with Sir Jarghalte of Jhe
londe Where with Brystrams wente vnto his fadre

kynge Ayelyodas and asked hym counceyle what was beste to do for to recovr Cornwayle from bondage for as me semyth seyde Tryestrams it were shame that Dr Ayarsalte the queny's brop' of Irelonde shold go a way onles' p' he were foughtyn w' all as for p' seyde kynge Ayelyodas wete you well sonne Tryestramys that Dr Ayarsalte ys called one of p' beste knyght' of p' worlde and p' fore I know no knyght in this contrey is able to macche hym Alas seyde Dr Tryestrams that I were nat made knyght and yff Dr Ayarsalte shold thus depte fr to fre londe god let me nev' gane worshyp And Dr seyde Tryestrams I pray you gyff me leve to ryde to kynge Ayarbe and so ye wolt nat be displesed of kynge Ayarbe wolt I be made knyght I wolt well seyde kynge Ayelyodas that ye be ruled as youre corrage is I wolt rule you Than Tryestrams thanked his fad' and than he made hym redy to ryde fr to Cornwayle So in the meane whyle p' com lettyr's of love fro kynge ffaramon of ffrancis dought' vnto Dr Tryestrams that were peteyous lettyr's but in no wyse Tryestrams had no joy of his lettyr's nor regarde vnto hym Also she sente hym a lytyll bracket p' was passynge fayre But whan p' kyng's dought' vndirstoode that Tryestrams wolde nat love hir as p' boobe seyth she dyed And than the same squyre p' brought p' lettyr's & p' bracket cam a yen vnto Dr Tryestrams as after ye shall fnd p' boke tale tolo wynge So after this yonge Tryestrames rode vnto hys eme kynge Ayarbe of Cornwayle and whan he com there he herde sey p' p' wolde no knyght fyght w' Dr Ayarsalte what av ye seyde the kynge & frome whens be ye com sir seyde Tryestrams yff ye wolt gyff me p' ordr of knyght knyght hode I wolt do batayle w' Dr Ayarsalte what av ye seyde

how p' kynge of ffrancis dought' sente to sir Tryestraines a fayre bracchette

the kynge and frome whens be ye com Sir seyde Tryf-
tramos I cond frome kynge ayelyodas yt wedded yo sistr
and a lautylman wete you welle I and Do kyng ayarbe
be kylde Tryftramos and saw yt he was but a ponge man
of ayge but he was passyngly well made & bygge / say
ye sir seyde ye kynge what is yo name & where were ye
borne Sir my name is Tryftramos and in ye contrey
of lyonesse was I borne ye sey well seyde ye kynge and
yf ye wolle do thus batayle I shall make you kynyght There
fore cand I to you seyde Tryftramos and for none of cause
But than kynge ayarbe made hym kynyght and yt wt all
anone as he had made hym kynyght he sente vnto Sir ayar
galte that he had sownde a ponge kynyght redy for to take
yt batayle to the vttermuce / that may well be so seyde sir
ayarsalte But tell kynge ayarbe I wolle nat fyght wt no
kynyght but he be of blood royall that is to seye owr kyngs
son other quenys sow borne of princis or of princesses
Whan kynge ayarbe vnderstoode yt he sente for sir
Tryftramos de lyones and tolde hym what was ye answe
re of Sir ayarsalte Than seyde Sir Tryftramos sythen
yt he seyth so lat hym wete yt I am comyn of fadr syde and
modr syde of as noble bloode as he is / for sir now shall
ye knowe that I am kynge ayelyodas sone borne of youn
owne Sistr dame Elyzabeth that dyed in ye foreste in yt
byrth of me / A seth seyde kynge ayarbe ye ar welcom
fayre nevew to me Than in all ye haste the kyng horsed
Sir Tryftramos and armed hym on ye beste man that
myght be gotyn for golde other fyld / and than kynge
ayarbe sente vnto Sir ayarsalte and bad hym to wete
that a bettr man borne than he was hym self shold fyght
wt hym and his name yo Sir Tryftramos de lyones he

gotyn of kynge Melyodas and borne of kynge Ban of
ffystir Bgan was Sir Banhalte glade & blyethe þe
fore hym wt such a gantylman and so by þe assente of kynge
Banne they lete ordayne þt they shulde fyght wt hym an stounde
wyze Sir Banhaltes shyppis and so was Sir Brystrames
put in to a vessell bothe his horse & he and all that to hym
longed bothe for his body & for his horse þ he lacked no thyng
// And wgan kynge Banne and his baronnes of Cornwayle
be helde how yonge Sir Brystrams depted wt such a ca
ryage to feyght for the ryght of Cornwayle // Where
was nor man nor wouan of worshyp but they wepte
to se & vndirstonde so yonge a knyght to iouptte hym self
for their ryght // So to shortyn this tale wgan Syr
Brystrams arybed wt in the stounde he lobed to the fayr
syde & þ he sawe at aw anbyr. Ny. other shyppis nyze to the
londe and vndir þ shadow of þ shyppis vppon the londe þ
loued þ noble knyght Sir Banhalte of Irelonde Bgan
Sir Brystrams comaunded to kaue his horse vppon the
londe // and than Gonmayle his seruaunte dressed hys
harneys at all maner of ryght and than Sir Brystrams
mounted vppon his horse and wgan he was in his sa
dyll well apparayled & his shylde dressed vppon his shol
dir Do Sir Brystrams asked Gonmayle where is this
knyght þ I shall kaue a do wt all. Sir seyde Gonmayle
se ye hym nat I wente þ ye had sene hym for yondir he
houyth vndir þ vmbir of his shyppis ow horse back wt
his spere in his honde & his shylde vppon his sholdyr
Bgat is trouthe seyde Sir Brystrams now I se hym
// Bgan he comaunded Gonmayle to go to his vessayle a
gayne & comaunde me vnto myne Eme kynge Banne
and pray hym yf þ I be slayne in this batayle for to

entere my body as hym semyth beste And as for me lette hym wete I wolde nede be yoldyn for cowardyse And if I be slayne & fle nat they shall have loste no trewage for me And yff so be þt I fle or yelde me as recreaunte bydde myn Eme bury me nere in crystyn buryelle And vppon thy hyff seyde Sir Tristrams vnto Gouvernayle that þu cou nat wyze thus I shonde tyll þt þou see me oncom or slayne or elles þt I wynne youder knyght Do they departed sore wepyng And than Sir Ganhalte avysed Sir Tristrames And seyde thus yonge knyght Sir Tristrams what doste þou here me sore repentyd off thy corrayge for wete þu well I have bene assayede wt many noble knyghtf And þe beste knyghtf off thus londe have bene assayed off myne goodys And also þe beste knyghtf of þe worlde I have macched thens And therefore be my counceyle retrayne a yeid vnto thy vessell A fayre knyght & well yved seyde Sir Tristrams þou shalt well wete I may nat for sake þe in thus quarell for I am for thy sake made knyght & þu shalt well wete that I am a kyngf sone borne & gotyn vppon a queue and suche grayse I have made at myn owen requeste & myne owne sekynge þt I shall fyght wt þe vnto the vttirmuste & delyvir Gouvernayle from þe olde trewage And also wete þou well Sir Ganhalte that thus yo the grettest cause þt þou corragyst me to have a do wt þe for þu arte called one off the moste renomed knyghtf off þe worlde and by cause off þt noyse & fame þt þu gaste þou gedyst me corrayge to have a do wt þe for-wed yett was I yved wt good knyght And sythen I tolde the order off knyghthode thus day I am myght well pleased and to me moste worshyp that I may have a do wyth

fuche a knyght as ꝑ arte And now wete ꝑ well Sir Gawayne that I caste me to geete worshyp on thy body and yff ꝑ I be nat greved I truste to god to be worshypfully gbed vppon thy body And to delyu̅r ꝑ countrey of Cornuwayle for ev̅r fro all̅ man off trenayge frome Irelonde for-ev̅r // Whan Sir Gawayne had herde hym say what he wolde he seyde thus a gayne sayne knyght sythen ye ar so ꝑ you cast̄yste to wynne worshyp off me I lette ꝑ wete worshyp may ꝑ none loose by me yff yow may stonde me .iij. strokys for I hat ꝑ wete for my noble dedis gyven & seyne kynge Arthure made me knyght off ꝑ table rounde // Than they be gan to feghter there spereys & they mette so fersly to gydyr̄ ꝑ they smote aythir̄ ou̅r̄ bothe horse & man // But Sir Gawayne smote Sir Trystramys a grete wounde in the syde w̄t his spere and than they avoyded ꝑ horsis & pulde oute ꝑ swerdys & therewt̄ ꝑ sayldis a sore them and than they layssed to gydyr̄ as men that were wylde & corrageous And whan they had stry-kyn to gydyr̄ longe ꝑ there armys sayled Than they lefte ꝑ strokys & foyned at̄ brestys & vysonys and whan they sawe that yt̄ myght nat̄ prevayle them Than they hurteled to gedyr̄ lyke rāmys to beare eythir̄ othir̄ down Thus they fought̄ stylle to gydyr̄ more than halfe a day & eythir̄ off them were wom-ded passyng sore ꝑ the blood ran downe passyng sore frome them vppon ꝑ grounde // By than Sir Trys-tramys waxed more fyerser than he dud and Sir Gawayne fyebled and Sir Trystramys ev̄ more well̄ wynded & bygger and w̄t a myghty strobe he smote Sir Gawayne vppon ꝑ helme fuche a buffette

that hit wente thorow his helme and thorow ye coyffe of steele and thorow ye brayne panne and the swerde stode so faste in the helme & in his brayne panne ye Sir Tryf tramys pulled .iij. tymes at his swerde or evyr he myght pulle hit oute fro his hede and ye Sir ayarsalte felle downe on his knees & ye edge of his swerde lefte in his brayne panne / and suddenly Sir ayarsalte rose grobe lynge & threw his swerde & his shylde fro hym and so he ran to his hyrsys & fledde his way and Sir Tryst[ra]mys had evyr his shelde & his swerde / and whan sir Trystramys saw Sir ayarsalte wt drow hym he seyde a fy[r] knyght of ye rounde table why wt drawyst thou ye thou doste thy self & thy lynne grete shame for I am but a ponge knyght or now I was neid preved and thou I sholde wt draw me fro me ye I had ratchr be kellyd in pyese mealys / Sir ayarsalte answerde no worde but yede his way sore grouynge wel / Sir knyght seyde Sir Trystramys I promyse ye thy swerde & thy shylde shall be myne & thy shylde shall I were in all place where I ryde on myne adventures and in the fyght of kyng Arthure and all ye rounde table / So Sir ayarsalte & his felyshyp depted fro to Irelonde and as sone as he com to the kynge his brop[er] they serched his wondis and whan his hede was serched a pyese off Sir Trystramys swerde was there in founden & myght neu[er] be had oute off his hede for no leche crafte and so he dyed off / Sir Trystramys swerde and that pyse off ye swerde ye quene his sistr sche kepte hit for evyr wt hir for she thought to be wrekenged & she myght / Now turne we a gayne vnto Sir Trystramys that was sore wounded & sore for bledde ye he myght nat wt in a lytyll wayle stonde whan he had tabyrd colde & vnmetely styrre hym off his hynes and than he sette hym downe softely vppon a lytyll

Here is ye dethe of sir ayarsalte knyght of ye table rounde by Sir Trystramys

dylle and bledde faste Dgan a none com Gonnayle dis man
wt dis vessell and ye kynge & ye moste pty of dis barownes
com wt procession a yenst Sir Tryestrames and wgan he was
comyn vnto the londe kynge ffarbe tobe gynn sn dis armys
and he and Sir Dynas the seneschall lad Sir Tryestrames
sn to the castell of Tyntagylle and tgan was he cerchsed sn
ye beste maid & leyde in dis bed and wgan kynge ffarbe
saw dis wowndys he wepte gertely & so did all dis lordys
Do god me helpe seyde kynge ffarbe I wolde nat for all my
londys yt my nevew dyed Do Sir Tryestrames lay there a
moneth & more & ell he was lyke to dey of ye stroke that sir
ffarfalte smote gynn fyrste wyth ye spere for as ye shroude
booke seyth the spere hede was sidwymmed yt sir Tryestrams
myght nat be gote Dgan was kynge ffarbe and all dys
barownes passynge gody for they demed none of but yt Sir
Tryestrames sholde nat recou Dgan ye kynge lette sende for
all maw of lechis & surgeons botis vnto men & women and
yt was none yt wolde be gote gynn ye lyff Dgan cam ye a lady
yt was a wytty lady and she seyde playnly vnto the kyng ffar-
be and to Sir Tryestrames and to all dis barownes that he
sholde nevr be gote but yff yt Sir Tryestrames wente in to ye
same contrey yt the wemyn cand fro and in yt contrey sholde
he be holpyn of ellys nevr Dgan seyde ye lady vnto ye kynge
Do wgan ye kynge vnderstood dat she lette purbey for Syr
Tryestrames a fayre vessell and well vytayled and yn was
putt Sir Tryestrames and Gonnayle wyth gynn and Sir
Tryestrames tobe dis harpe wt gynn and so he was putt sn
to the see to sayle sn to frelonde and so by good fortune he ar-
vyed vp sn frelonde evyn faste by a castell where ye kynge
& ye quene was and at dis arybayle he sate and harped sn
dis bedde a merry lay suche one herde they nevr none frelonde

be fore þ tyme and whan hit was tolde þ kynge & þ quene
of such a syght knyght þ was such an harper a none the
kynge sente for hym & lette serche hys woundys and pa
ste asked hym his name Whan he answerde & seyde I am
of þ contrey of lyones and my name is Tramtryste that
was thus wounded in a batayle as I fought for a ladyes
wyght / So god me helpe seyde kynge anawyshe ye shall
have all þ helpe in this londe þ ye may have here. But
in Cornwayle but late I had a grete losse as en had kynge
for þ I loste þ beste knyght of þ worlde his name was
Sir ganselte a full noble knyght & knyght of the table
rounde and þ he tolde Sir Tramtryste where fore Sir
ganselte was slayne / So Sir Tramtryste made sembe
launte as he had bene sory and bette he knewe how hit was
than þ kynge Whan þ kynge for grete fauour made Tram
tryste to be put in his dougthyrs warde & kepyng be cause
she was a noble surgeon and whan she had serched hym she
founde in þ bottom of his wounde þ þ yn was poyson & so she
healed hym in a whyle and þ fore Sir Tramtryste tyste
grete love to la beale Isode for she was at þ tyme þ fayrest
lady & mayden of þ worlde and þ Tramtryste lerned hir
to harpe & she be gan to have a grete fantasy vnto hym
and at þ tyme Sir Palomydes drew vnto la beale Isode
& fonde hir many gyftys for he loved hir passyngly wolle
all that aspyed Tramtryste and full well he knew Palo
mydes for a noble knyght & a myghty man and wete you
well Sir Tramtryste had grete despyte at Sir Palomydes
for la beale Isode tolde Tramtryste that Palomydes was
in wyll to be crystynde for hir sake Whos was þ grete envy
he wrote Tramtryste and Sir Palomydes Whan hit be
felle that kynge anguyshe lette cry a grete iustis and a

grete turnemente for a lady that was called the lady
of ye lawndys and she was ny cosyn vnto ye kynge and what
man wane her my dayes sholde wedde hym at hane all hir
londis / Thus cry was made in ffrelonde walys Scot-
londe and also in ffraunce & in Bretayne So hit be felle
vppon a day la beale Isode comvnto Dramtrysste and tolde
hym of this turnemente he answerde & sayde fayre lady
I am but a feeble knyght and but late I had bene dede had
nat yo good lady shyp bene // Now fayre lady what wolde
ye yt I sholde do in this matter well ye wote my lady yt I may
nat juste a Dramtrysste seyde la beale Isode why wolle ye
nat hane a do at that turnamente for well I wote that sir
Palomydes wolle be yr and to do what he may and yf fore sir
Dramtrysste I pray you for to be there for ellys Sir Palomy-
des yo lyke to wyne ye degre // madam as for yt hit may be
so for he is a proved knyght and I am but a yonge knyght
and late made and ye fyrste batayle yt I did hit myssehap-
ped me to be sore wounded as ye se But & I wyste that ye
wolde be my better lady at yt turnemente wolle I be on
this covenaunte So yt ye wolle kepe my counceyle and lette
no creature hane knowleche that I shalle juste but yo selff
and suche as ye wolle to kepe yonne counceyle my ponne
pson shalle soupte there for ponne sake yt padventure Sir
Palomydes shalle know what yt I com there to seyde la
beale Isode do yo beste and as I can seyde la beale Isode I
shalle purvey horse and armonne for you at my deryse as
ye wolle so be hit seyde Sir Dramtrysste I wolle be at youre
comaundemente // So at ye day of juste yo yt cam sir Pa-
lomydes wt a blacke shylde & he ovr threw many knyghtes
yt all peoplle had merbayle for he put to ye warre Sir
Gawayne Gaheryo Agrauayne Bagdemagus

kny· Dodynas le sanyange· Bagramo le desyrous· Gyuete le petyte & Brysflet le fyse de .iii. all tqes ꝑ fyrste day sr Palomydes strabe downe to tqe erthe // And tqan all maner of knyghtes weve a dvad of Sr Palomydes and many all les kynd ꝑ knyghtes wt ꝑ blacbe sqylde // Do tqat Sr Palomydes had grete worshyp Dqan cam kynge Angwyshe vnto Dramtryste and asked kynd why he wolde nat juste // Sr he seyde I was but late knyte and as yett I dave nat aventure Dqan ꝑ cam ꝑ same squyre ꝑ was sente frome ꝑ kyngs dougqs of ffrance vnto Sr Dramtryste and whan he had a spyed Sr Brystramed he felle flatte to his feete and tqat asspyed la beale Isode wqat curtesy tqe squyre made to Dramtryste and ꝑ wt all suddeynly Sr Brystramed ran vnto tqe squyre his name was called Ebes le renowmyd and prayde kynd gartely jn no wyse to telle his name // Sr seyde Gebes I wolde nat discovr ꝑ name but yff ye comaunde me Dqan sr Brystramyd asked kynd wqat he dede in tqis contreys // Sr he seyde I com kydr wt Sr Gawayne for to be made knyght and yff tqt please you of ꝑ goodnes ꝑ I may be made knyght // Well a wayte on me as to morne secretly and in tqe fylde I sqall make you knyght // Dqan had la beale Isode grete suspection vnto Dramtryste tqat he was som man of worshyp proved & ꝑ wt she comforted her selfe and byste more love vnto kynd for well she demed he was som man of worshyp and so on ꝑ morne sr Palomydes made kynd redy to com jn to tqe fylde as he did ꝑ fyrste day and tqere he smote downe ꝑ kynge wt ꝑ .C. knyghtes and ꝑ kynge of Scotlod // Dqan had la beale Isode ordayned & well arayde Sr Dramtryste wt wbyghtes horse and wbyghtes armys and knyghtes

Bo sqe lette

so she lette put hym oute at a preuy postrun & he cam
so nu to the felde as hit had bene a bryggt angell. And
anone Sir Palomydes asspyed hym & p̄ w̄t he feautred hys
spere vnto Sir Tryestramys and he a gayne vnto hym
and p̄ Sir Tryestramys smote downe Sir Palomydes nu
to p̄ erthe and than p̄ was a grete noyse of people sone
seyde Sir Palomydes had a fulle dom seyde p̄ knyght w̄t
the blacke shylde hath a falle and wete you well la bea
le Isode was passyng gladde and than Sir Gawayne &
his felowys. ix. had merbayle who hit myght be that had
smyten downe Sir Palomydes Than wolde there
none iuste w̄t Sir Tryantryste but all that p̄ were for sake
hym moste & leste Than Sir Tryestramys made hebes
a bryggt & caused to put hym selfe forth and dud ryght
well that day Do astu that Sir Hebes helde hym w̄t Sir
Tryestramys and whan sir Palomydes had resceyued hys
falle wete ye well p̄ he was sore a schamed & as p̄vayly
as he myght he w̄t drew hym oute of p̄ fylde / all that a
spyed Sir Tryantryste and lyghtly he rode astu. Sir palo
mydes and or toke hym & bade hym turne for bettu he
wolde assay hym or en he depted / Than Sir Palomy
des turned hym and eythu layssed at op̄ w̄t p̄ sworde
but at p̄ fyrste strok Sir Tryestramus smote downe
Sir palomydes and gaff hym sucke a strok vppon p̄
sede p̄t he felle to the erthe / So than Sir Tryestramus
bade hym yelde hym & do his comaundemente op̄ ellis he
wolde sle hym / whan Sir Palomydes be hylde hys
countenaunce he drad his buffett so p̄t he graunted all
his askyngs / well seyde Sir Tryantyste than shall be
ponne chaunge fryste vppon payne of yonne lyff p̄ ye for
sake my lady la beale Isode and nu no man of wyse that

ye draw no more to hym. Also thus yf. mony̆t a day that ye bere none armys nor none harneys of were Now amyse me this other gere shalt yᵗ dye. Alas seyde Sir Palomydes for ever I am shamed That ye sware as Sir Tristrames had comaunded hym. So for dispyte and angir Sir Palomydes but of his harneyse and threw them away And so Sir Tristrames tourned a gayne to yᵉ castell where was la beale Isode and by the way he mette with a damesell yᵗ asked after Sir launcelot that was in the dolorous garde And this damesel asked Sir Tristrames what he was for ought was tolde her yᵗ ought was he yᵗ smote downe Sir Palamydes by whom the .x. knyghtis of Artaues were smytt downe That the damesell prayde Sir Tristrames to telle her what he was And whey that he were sir launcelot du lake for she demed that yᵗ was no knyght in the worlde yᵗ myght do such dedis of armys but yff ought were Sir launcelot Wete you well yᵗ I am nat Sir launcelot sayde damesell for I was ned of such proues but in god is all he may make me as good a knyght as yᵗ good knyght Sir launcelot is Now Iantyll knyght put vp thy viser and wash she be fayn his visage she thought she sawe ned a better mans visayge nother a better fayrer knyght. So when the damesell knew certainly yᵗ he was nat Sir launcelot than she tok her leve & departed from hym and ya Sir Tristrames rode prevayly into the posterne where he kepte hym la beale Isode and yᵗ she made hym gete cheve & thanked god of his good spede. So a none wᵗ in a whyle yᵉ kynge & the queene and all yᵉ courte vnderstood yᵗ ought was Sir Dinadayne that smote downe

Sir palampydes And than was he mucche made of more than he was to fore / Thus was sir Tri-
stayne longe ywelle cherysshed wt ye kynge et wyth
ye quene and namely wt la beale Isode So vppon a
day ye quene and la beale Isode made a bayne for sir
Tristayne And whan he was in ther bayne the
quene and Isode her doughtr romed vp et downe in
the chambr the whyled Gouuayne and Hebes atten
dede vppon Tristayne the quene he helde his swer-
de as hit lay vppon his bedde and than at vnhappis
the quene drew oute his swerde et he hylde hit along
whyle And bothe they thought hit a passynge fayre
swerde but wt in a foote and an halff off the poynte
there was a grete pyese ye off oute brokyn off ye edge
And whan ye quene had assayed wt ye gappe in ye swerde
she remembrede her off a pyese off a swerde that was
founde in the brayne panne off Sir Darras that
was her brop / Alas than seyde she vnto her doughte
la beale Isode this is ye same traytour knyght that
slewe my brop thyne eme / Whan Isode herde her
fey so she was passynge sore abaysshed for passynge
well she lovid Tristayne and fulle well she knew
the crewelnesse of her modr ye quene / So anone ye
wt all ye quene went vnto her owne chambr et sought
her cofyr et ye she tok oute ye pyese off ye swerde yt was
pulde oute off Sir Darras brayne panne after
yt he was dede and than she ran wyth yt pyese off
stroud vnto ye swerde hit was as mete as hit myght
be as whan hit was newe brokyn And than ye quene
gryped yt swerde in her honde fersely et wt all her
myght she ran streyght vppon Tristayne where

he sate in his bayne And þ she had wyped hym therowe
had nat/ Sir Gebon bane he gate hir in his armys & pulde
þe sworde fro me her and elles she had thryste hym therowe
Do whan she was lette of hir ewyll wyll she ran to the
kynge her husbonde and sayde A my lorde oh hir kaytyf
kuelynge she seyde haue hane ye nu yo honde þ traytour
knyght þ hath my broþ & yo nuamte þ noble knyght Sir
Ajarchalte Who is that/ seyde þ kynge & where is he Sir
she seyde that/ is Sir Tramtryste the same knyght that/
my dongt halp/ Alas seyde þ kynge þ fore I am wyght why
for he is a full/ noble knyght/ as ony I saye in sylde But/ I
charge yon seyde þ kynge þ ye hane nat/ ado w t þ knyght/
but/ lette me dele w t hym Whan the kynge went in to
þ chambir vnto Sir Tramtryste And whan was he gone in
to his owne chambir and þ kynge fonde hym all redy ar
med to mownte vppon his horse Do whan þ kynge saw
hym all redy armed to go vnto horse backe Whe kynge seyde
nay Tramtryste but/ wolt/ nat/ alwyle to compare a yenste
me But/ thus muche I shall/ do for my worshyp & for thy lowe
ju so muche as þ arte wyth/ ju my comte but/ shalt/ have no worshyp
to sle þ There fore vppon this conducion I wolt/ gyff þ leve
for to depte fro me this comte in sybyte so þ wolte telle me
who was thy fadir and what/ is thy name And also yff þ sleve
Sir Ajarchalte my broþ Sir seyde Tramtryste now I shall/ tell/
you all/ the trouthe my fadyrs name is Sir Ajelyodas kyng
off Lyonesse and my modir kynges Elyzabeth/ that/ was sist/ vnto
kynge Ajarke off Cornuwayle and my modir dyed off me ju the
foreste and be cause þ off she enamuded or she dyed þ whan
I was cristened they sholde cristyn me Tryestramed And be cause
I wolde nat/ be knowyn ju this contrey I turned my name and
let/ calle me Tramtryste And for the trebage off Cornuwayle

I fought for myne Emys sake and for the ryght of Cornwayle that he had be possessed many yeres And wete you well seyde sr Tryestramen vnto p̄ kynge I and the batayle for the love of myne vncle kynge Ban and for the love of the contrey of cornwayle and for to encrece myne honowre for that same day p̄ I fought w̄t sr Marhalte I was made knyght and neuer or than and I no batayle w̄t no knyght and fro me he went a lyve & lefte his shylde & his sworde be hynde hym Do god me helpe seyde the kynge I may nat fer but ye and as a knyght sholde do & as hit was youre ꝑte to do for yo̅ grauell and to encrece yo̅ worshyp as a knyght sholde do how be hit I may nat mayntayne you in the contrey w̄t my worshyp but p̄ I sholde displese many of my bawownes and my wyff & my kynne // Sir seyde Sir Tryestramen I thanke you of yo̅ good lordeshyp p̄ I shall had w̄t ī grete w̄t you and the grete goodnesse my lady yo̅ doughter hath shewed me and p̄ fore seyde sir Tryestramys hit may so be p̄ ye shall wynne more be my lyff than be my dethe for in the ꝑtres of Ingelonde hit may happyn I may do you kynde at some season that ye shall be glad p̄ cause ye shewed me yo̅ good lordshyp. Wyth more I promyse you as I and trewe knyght p̄ in all places I shall be my lady yo̅ doughtyrs seruaunte & knyght in all wyght & in wronge and I shall neuer fayle her to do as muche as a knyght may do also I be seche yo̅ good grace p̄ I may take my leve at my lady youre doughter and at all the bawownes & knyghtes I wolle wolle seyde the kynge // Than Sir Tryestramen went vnto la beale Isode and toke his leve and than he tolde what he was and how a lady tolde hym p̄ he shulde neuer be hole vntyll I came in to this contrey where p̄ poyson was made where thorow I was neuer my dethe had nat yo̅ ladyshyp bene/ I am tyll knyght seyde labeale Isode full wo I and of the departynge

for I sall wed mad ye end I ought so good wyll to and ye wt all
she wepte ghertyly / thadand seyde Sir Tryestramys ye
shall vndrstonde yt my name is Tryestrames de lyones
gotyn of a kynge yt borne of a quene and I promyse you
faythfully I shall be all the dayes of my lyff yo kynghtt
Grauncy seyde la beale Isode and I promyse you yt agayuste
I shall nat be maryed tyll my pryd but by yo assente and
wyllyn yt ye wolle I shall be maryed to kynd yt ye wolle gaue
me yf ye wolle consente yt to and thand yt Tryestrames gaff
hym a kynge and she gaff hym anoy and yt wt he depted yt
com in to the comte amonge all ye barownes and there
he tolde his leve at moste and leste and openly he seyde a
monge them all ffayre lordys now wyt ye so that I muste
depte yf yt be ony man here yt I haue offended vnto or that
ony man be wt me grebed lette hym complayne hym here
a fore me or yt day depte and I shall amende hit vnto my
power / and yf yt be ony man that wolle proffir me wronge
or sey me wronge or shame me be hynde my backe sey hit
now or ellys nev and here is my body to make hit good body
a yenste body And all they stood stylle there was nat one that
wolde sey one worde / yett there yt sond kynghtt yt were of
ye quenys blode and of ye marchalys blood but they wolde
nat medyll wyth hym / Do sir Tryestramys depte and
tolde the see and wt good wynde he aryved vp at Tyntagyll
in Cornuayle and whan kynge marke was dede in hys
prosspite there cam tydyngs yt sir Tryestrames was aryved yt
dede of his wondis Where of was kynge marke passynge
glad and so were all ye barownes / And whan he saw his
tyme he rode vnto his fadir kynge melyodas his fadir and
yt he had all ye chere yt ye kynge and ye quene conde make hym
and thand largely kynge melyodas and his quene depted of

ſ londyꝭ ſt goodyꝭ to Sir Tryſtramꝭ Dſaid by the lyſence
of ſid fadr he retornned a yed vnto the comte of Lyngꝭ ayn
be and ꝑ he lyved longe in grete ioy longe tyme vntyll at ſ
laſte ꝑ he felle a ſoleſy and and vnkyndeneſſe be tvvyne kyng
ayn be and Sir Tryſtramꝭ for they loved bothe one lady
and ſhe vvas and evyl vvyſſ thatt kyngꝭ ſ Degvvarydes and
this lady loved ſ Tryſtramꝭ paſſyngly vvell and he loved
hir a gayne for ſhe vvas a paſſynge fayre lady and thatt a
ſpyed ſ Tryſtramꝭ vvell Dſaid lyngꝭ ayn be vnderſtode
thatt and vvas ſelvſe ffor lyngꝭ ayn be loved hir paſſyngly
vvelle Do hit be felle vppon a day this lady ſente a dvvarff
vnto ſ Tryſtramꝭ and bade hym as he loved hir ꝑ he volde
be vvt hir ꝑ nexte nyght folovvynge alſo ſhe chavged yon ꝑ
ye com nat to hir but yf ye be vvell armed for her londe
vvas called a good kyngꝭ Sir Tryſtramꝭ anſvverde
to the dvvarff and ſeyde recōmaunde me vnto my lady ꝭ tell
hir I vvolle nat fayle Dbut I ſhalle be vvt her the tyme ꝑ ſhe
hath ſette me and ꝑ vvt the dvvarff departed and lyng ayn be
aſſpyed ꝑ the dvvarff vvas vvt ſ Tryſtramꝭ vppon meſſage
frome Degvvarydes vvyff thatt lyngꝭ ayn be ſente for ꝑ
dvvarff and vvhan he vvas comyn he made ꝑ dvvarff by force
to tell hym all vvay and vvhare fore ꝑ he cam on meſſage
to ſ Tryſtramꝭ and thatt he tolde hym Vvelle ſeyde lyng
ayn be go vvhare ꝑ vvolte and vppon payne of deth thatt
yon ſey no vvorde ꝑ ꝑ ſpake vvt me Do the dvvarff departed
and ꝑ ſame nyght ꝑ the ſtedyng vvas ſette be tvvyne Deg
vvarydes vvyff and ſ Tryſtramꝭ Do lyngꝭ ayn be ar
med and made hym redy ſt tobe .ꝛ. kyngꝭ of his conſeyle
vvt hym and ſo he rode by fore for to a byde by the vvayes for
to vvayte vppon ſ Tryſtramꝭ and as ſ Tryſtramꝭ cam
ryd yng vppon his vvay vvt his ſpeare in his hande lyng

ayarbe cam ayenlynge vppon ayen and ayes. iij. knyghtes sudderne
ly and all. iij. smote ayen wt ye sheryes and kynge ayarbe hurt
Sir Degrauaynes on the breste vyghte sore / and thaw
Sir Degrauaynes feautred his spere and smote kynge
ayarbe so sore that he russhed ayen to the erthe & bruysed
ayen yt he lay stylle in a swone & longe tyme was or he
myghte welde ayen selffe and thaw he vaw to the one
knyghte & affte to the tothr and smote hem to the colde
erthe yt they lay stylle and yn all Sir Degrauaynes rode
forthe sore wounded to the lady & founde hir a bydynge
ayen at a postreid and yn she welcomed ayen fayre & eyr
halsed on m armys & so she lette putte vp his horse in the
beste wyse and thaw she vnarmed ayen & so they soupede
lyghtly & vente to bedde wt grete ioy & pleasaunce and so
in his vaygynge he tobe no kepe of his greue wounde yt
kynge ayarbe had gyffyn ayen / and so Sir Degrauaynes
bledde bothe the on shete & ye nexte sheete & the pylowes
& the hede sheete and wt in a whyle yt cam one be fore yt
warned her yt his lorde Sir Segwarydes was nere houde
wt sir a bowe drawyn / So she made Sir Degrauaynes to
a vyse & armed ayen & tobe his horse & so departed // So by yt
was sr Segwarydes yn lorde com and whaw he founde
his bedde troubled & brokyn and so he vente nere and
lokes by candylle lyghte & saw yt yr had lerne a wounded knyght
& false traytoures he seyde vay haste ye be trayde me
and yr wt all he swange oute a swerde & seyde but yf ye telle
me all nowe shalt yon dey / a my lorde mercy seyde the
lady & helde vp his handys & ble me nat & I shall telle you
all who hath bene here / Thaw anone seyde Segwary
des sey and telle me yr trouthe anone for drede she seyde
here was sr Degrauaynes wt me & by ye way as he come

to mellwarde he was sore wounded a false traytour he
he is he cowd Sir sese seyde he is armed & dyghted on horse
backe nat yett thenn galff a myle ye sey well seyde Segwarydes
& than he armed hym lyghtly & gate his horse &
rode after Sir Trystramed the streyght way vnto Tyn-
tagyll and wt in a whyle he ouertoke Sir Trystramys
and than he made hym towne false traytoure knyght
and yf wt all yf Segwarydes smote yf Trystramed wt a
speare yt quyt all to brast and than he swange oute his
swerde & smote faste at yf Trystramed Sir knyght seyde
yf Trystramed I counceyle you smyte no more howbe it
for the wrong yo yt I haue done you I wolle forbere you as
longe as I may I say seyde Segwarydes that shall nat
be for ony you shalt dye other wyse & than yf Trystramed
drew out his swerde & hurled his horse vnto hym freyssely &
thorow ye waste of the body he smote yf Segwarydes yt he
felle to the erthe in sowne and so yf Trystramed lepte
& lefte hym yt for so he rode vnto Tyntagyll and tolde his
lodgynge secretely for he wolde nat be know yt he was
hurte also Sir Segwarydes went vnto his mayster
& brought hym home on his shylde & yf he lay longe on he
were hole But at yt laste he recouerde also kynge Ryance
wolde nat be a knowyn of yt he had done vnto yf Trystramys
when he mette yt nyght and as for yf Trystramys he knew
nat yt kynge Ryance had mette wt hym and so yt kynge
com askawnce com to yf Trystramed to comforte hym as
he lay syke in his bedde But as longe as kynge Ryance
lyved he loved well after yf Trystramys So after that tyme
yt were fayre speche love was yn none and thus hit paste
on many wykes & dayes And all was for tryst & for getyn
for yf Segwarydes durste nat ryse a do wt yf Trystramed

be cause of his noble prowes and also be cause he was ne
wew vnto kynge Arthur therefore he lette him on skyppe
for he þat hath a preby myte wolde not to haue a shame oute
warde / Wan hit be felle vppon a day þt þe good knyghte
sr Bleoberys de ganys hroþ vnto sr Blamore de ganys
his nye Cosyne vnto the good knyght Syr launcelot de la
ke So this sr Bleoberys cam vnto þe counte of kynd Arthur
and þ he asked kynge Arthur to gyff hym a bone what
gyffte þt I wolde aske in this counte / Wan þt kynge herde
hym aske so he merwayled of his askynge But by cause
he was a knyght of the rounde table & of a grete renowme
kynge Arthur graunted hym his bone als kynge / Wan
seyde sir Bleoberys I wolde haue þe fayreste lady in yo
counte þt me lyste to chose I may nat say nay seyde kynge
Arthur now chose hir at yo aduenture / and so sr Bleo
berys dud chose sr Segwarydes wyff & take hir by the
honde & so wente his way wt her and so he tobe his horse
& made sette her be hynde his squyer & rode vppon his
way / Wan sr Segwarydes herde telle þt his lady was
gone wt a knyght of kynge Arthures counte Wan he
armed hym & rode aft þt knyght to reskow his lady /
So Wan sr Bleoberys was gone wt this lady kynge
Arthur and all þe counte was wroth þt she was had a
way / Wan were þ fayne ladyes that knew þt þ
was grete love be twene sr Tryfframes and her /
and also þt lady loved sr Tryfframes a bowe all other
knyghtes Wan þ was one lady þt rebuked sr Tryfframus
in the Gomybelyst wyse & called hym Cowarde knyght
þt he wolde for shame of his knyght rode to se a lady
so shamefully tabyd a way fro his vncouth counte but
she wente that euyn of hem loved of wt entyre herte

wt̄ sir Tryſtramed answered her thus fayre lady
wt̄ you nat my ꝓte to gane a do in ſuche matered wheyle
her lorde & huſbonde yo preſente here and yff ſo be that
hir lorde had nat bene here in this counte Dgaud for
the worſshyp of this counte palvent me I wolde gane bene
hir champyon And yff ſo be ſ Degwarydes ſpede nat
well wt̄ may happyn that I wolle ſpeke wt̄ ꝑ good buyſt
or eld̄e paſſe far fro this contrey Dgaud wt̄ in a wheyle
he cowd ſ Degwarydes ſquyred & tolde in ꝑ theyre maſt
was betyd ſore & wounded at the poynte of deth as he
wolde gane reſcowed this lady ſ Bleoberys on theyre
hynd & ſore gath wounded hynd Dgaud cald kynge
Ban̄ke hely ꝑ oſt & all ꝑ counte Wgaud ſ Tryſtrames
herde of this he was a ſhamed & ſore a grieved and anone
he armed hym & reode to horſe bacbe and Gomayle his
ſquyre bare his ſheylde and his ſpere and ſo as Dyn
Tryſtramed rode faſte he mette wt ſ Andret his coſyn
that by the comaundement of kynge Ban̄ke that was
ſente to kynge Arthur wt̄ bu̇yght of Cornwayle counte
that rode by the contrey to ſeke ꝑ adventures Wgaud
ſ Tryſtramed ſayde ſir Andret the aſſed hym What ty
dyngs Do god me helpe ſeyde ſ Andret there was neu
worſe wt me for here by the comaundemente of kynge
Ban̄ke I was ſente to feeche .ij. bu̇yght of kynge Arthurs
counte and the tone bete me & wounded me and ſette
nought by me meſſayge ffayre coſyn ſeyde ſ Tryſtramed
ryde on yo way and yff I may mete thend that may happyn
I ſhall revenge you Do ſir Andret rode in to Cornway
le and ſ Tryſtramed rode aftr the .ij. bu̇yght wheyle
that one hyght Dyn Daguamoure le deſyrous and ꝑ
other hyght ſ Dodynas le ſauvayge Do wt̄ in a wheyle

Sir Tristrames sawe hem by fore hym .vj. lytell knyghtes yo.
Sir seyde Gomayle vnto his mayster wolde conneyle yow
nat to gane a do wt them for they be .vj. proved knyghtes of ar-
thures courte as for that seyde sr Tristrames have ye no
doute but I wolle gane a do wt them bothe to encrece my
worshyp for yit is many day sythen I did any armys.
do as ye lyste seyde Gomayle and sr wyth all anone sir
Tristrames asked them fro whens they come & whoder
they wolde & what they did in those marches. Do sr Da-
grauamore lobed vppon sr Tristrames and had scorne of
his wordes & seyde to hym a gayne Sir be ye a knyght of
Cornwayle wherfore by astyste you seyde sr Tristrames for
yit is seldom sayne seyde sr Dagrauamore sr ye cornysshe
knyghtes bene valyaunte men in armys for wt in trees .vj.
armed sr mette wt two one of you Cornysshe knyghtes and
grete wordes he spake and anone wt lytell myght he was
leyde to the erthe // And as I trowe seyde Sir Dagrauamore
that ye wolde gane sr same ganself // Fayre lordes seyde
sr Tristrames yit may so happe sr I may better wyth stonde
you than he did And wherfor ye wolle or nylle I wolle have a
do wt you be cause he was my cosyn sr ye bete and sr fore
dare do yo beste and wete you well but yf ye quyte you
the better dare vppon this grounde one knyght of Cornway
le shall beate you bothe // Wherat sr Dodynas le savyage
herde hym say so he gate a speare in hys honde & seyde sir
knyght kepe thy self And than they dressed & come to gyders
as yit had bene thunder and sr Dodynas spare brast in
sunder but sr Tristrames smote hym wt a more myght sr
he smote hym clene ouer the horse croupyn and myze he had brokyn
his necke Wherat sr Dagrauamore saw his felow gane such
a falle he merbayled what knyght he was but so he dressed

ꝺ̃ſ ſpeare wt alle ꝺ̃ſ myght and ſ Treyſtraunes a venſte
ſpryng and ſo they came to gyder as I ſayde and there ſ Treyſ-
traunes ſmote ſ Bagrians a ſtronge buffette ꝑ the bare ꝺ̃ſ
ꝺouſe ꝑ ſpryng to the erthe ſtan ꝑ fallynge he brake ꝺ̃ſ thygge
So whan this was done ſ Treyſtraunes aſked them fayre
knyghtly wyll ye ony more. Be there ony bygger knyght yn
yͤ courte of kynge Arthure ꝺ̃ſ is to you ſhame to ſey no
knyghtly of Cornwayle diſſhon for ꝺ̃ſ may happyn a Cornyſſh
knyght may macche you Than is trouthe ſeyde ſ Bagria-
mours that have we well proved But I requyre you ſeyde
Sir Bagrians telle no yͤ name be yͤ feythly ſtrouthe that
ye ought to the hyghe order of knyghthode ye charge me wt
a grete thynge ſeyde ſ Treyſtraunes and ſythen ye lyſte
to wete ye ſhall knowe ſtvnderſtonde yͤ my name yo ſir
Treyſtraunes de lyones kynge Ryelyodas ſon and nevew
vnto kynge Arthure Than were they .ij. knyghtly fayne
yͤ they had mette wt ſ Treyſtraunes and ſo they prayde hym
to a byde in yͤ felyſhyp Nay ſeyde ſ Treyſtraunes for
vnnethe have I do wythin one of yͤ felaſhyp yo ꝺ̃ſ name is ſ
Bleoberys de ganys God ſpede yow well ſeyde ſ Bagria-
mours and ſ Dodynas Do ſir Treyſtraunes depted and
rode outwarde on ꝺ̃ſ way and than was he ware be fore
hym in a valay where rode ſ Bleoberys with ſir Degra-
vydes lady that rode be hynde ꝺ̃ſ ſquyre vppon a palfrey
Than ſ Treyſtraunes rode more than a pace vntyll yͤ he
had oñ take hym Than ſpake ſ Treyſtraunes a byde he
ſeyde knyght of Arthures courte kynge agayne that lady
ye delyvͤ ꝺ̃ſ to me I wolde do neyͤ noy ſeyde ſ Bleoberys
for I drede no Cornyſſhe knyghtly ſo ſore yͤ me lyſte to delyvͤ
hem Why ſeyde ſ Treyſtraunes may nat a Cornyſſhe knyght
do as well as and of knyghtly // yes ꝺ̃ſ ſame day .ij. knyghtly

oft̄ youre comte wyth̄ fyd thid̄ ny. myle mette w̄t me and or-
eñ we depted they fonnde a Comyssie knyght good & nowe for-
thend bothe . What were ȳ namys̄ seyde ꝑ Bleoberys ꝑ they
tolde me ȳt one knyght ꝑ Dagrammore le desyrous & that
oth̄ knyght ꝑ Dodynas le saueage & seyde ꝑ Bleoberys
dame ye mette w̄t thend Do god me helpe they were .ij. good
knyght & mend oft̄ greete worshipp and yff ye dame betyn thend
bothe ye muste nedis be a good knyght yff that be so ye dave
beatyn thend bothe yet shall ye nat feare me but ye shalle
beate me or eñ ye dame thid̄ lady Dsaid defende you seyde
Du. Tryfframmes so they depted & com to gyder lyke thundr-
ey ȳ dave oth̄ downe horse & mand to the erthe . Dsaid they
a voyded ȳ horsys & cassed to gyderys egerly w̄t swerdys &
nyghtyly nowe here nowe ȳ trashyng & traiishynge on ȳ tyght
honde & on the lyfte honde more than .ij. owres & sond tyme
they rowysshed to gyder w̄t suche a myght ȳt they lay bothe
grouelynge ou ȳe erthe Dsaid ꝑ Bleoberys de gamys
sterte a backe & seyde thus . ¶ Sow sauyll knyght a whyr
le holde yo honde & let vo sprake to gyderys . Dey ou what
ye wolle seyde ꝑ Tryfframmes and I wolle answere you and
I can Du. seyde Bleoberys I wolde wete oft̄ whens ye we
re & oft̄ whom ye be com and what is yo name Do god me
helpe seyde ꝑ Tryfframmes I feare nat to telle you my na
me wete you well and kynge Aelydas sond & my mod̄
is kynge Ithanlys sistu and my name is ꝑ Tryfframmes
de lyones and kynge Aarke yo myne vncle Truly seyde
Du Bleoberys and ryght glad oft̄ you for ye ar the that
sleve the knyght honde for honde in ȳe londe for the trwag
e oft̄ Cornwayle Also ye ou com ꝑ Palomydes ȳe good
knyght at ȳe turnemente in Irelonde where he bete Du.
Gawayne and thid̄ yo felowys Do god me helpe seyde ꝑ

Tryſtramnes wete you well/ and ꝑ ſame knyght how
ſqane tolde you my name telle me your wt good wyll/
that my name is ꝓ Bleoberys de ganys & my broꝑ knyght
ſir Blamoure de ganys ꝑ is callyd a good knyght & we be
iſſyne oute ayled you vnto my lorde ꝓ lamcelot de lake ꝑ we
calle one of ꝑ beſte knyghtis of ꝑ worlde That is trouthe
ſeyde ꝓ Tryſtramnes Sir lamcelot is called pereles of
curteſy & of knyghthode and for this ſake ſeyde ꝓ Tryſtramys
I wyll that wt my good wylle ſeyght no more wt you for the
grete love I ſqane to ꝓ lamcelot/ in good feyth/ ſeyde ꝓ Bleo
berys as for me I wolde be lothe to fyght wt you but ſytthen
ye folow me here to ſqane this lady I ſqall proffir you knyde
ned & curteſy ryght here vpon this grounde This lady
ſqall be ſette be twyxte vs both & who ꝑ ſhe wolle go vnto
of you and me lette hym ſqane chuſe in pees I wolle well ſeyde
Sir Tryſtramnes for as I deme ſhe wolle leve you & com to
me. ye ſqall preve anone ſeyde ꝓ Bleoberys So whan ſhe
was ſette be twyxte theym ſhe ſeyde this word vnto Sir
Tryſtramnes wete ꝑ well ꝓ Tryſtramnes de lyones that but
late ꝑ was ꝑ mayd in ꝑ worlde that I moſte loved & truſted
and I wente ye had loved me agayne a bove all ladyes
But whan ꝑ ſawyſte this knyght lede me a way ꝑ madiſt
no chere to reſcow me but ſuffirdyſt my lorde ꝓ Degawnes
to ryde aft me But vntyll ꝑ tyme I wente ye had lobed me
and ꝑ fore now I for ſake ꝑ & nevir to love the more and ꝑ
wt all ſhe wente vnto ꝓ Bleoberys whan ꝓ Tryſtramnes
ſaw her do ſo he was wondirly wroth wt that lady & a ſhamed
to com to ꝑ comte But ſir Bleoberys ſeyde vnto ꝓ Tryſ
tramnes ye ar in the blame for I ſqyve by this ladyes word
that ſhe truſted you a bove all entirely knyght and ſhe ſeyth
ye ſqame dyſſeyved hir There fore wete you well ꝑ may no

man beside that wolde away and natheles thanne ye sholde thereby be dyspleased w^t me I wolde ye had her and she wolde abyde w^t you / Nay seyde the lady so thou me helpe I wolde nevermore go with hym that I loved and wente that he had loved me for sothe me at my nede and therfore sir Tristramed she seyde ryde as ye can for thought that had ryste on comth this knyght as he were lyghtly. W^t the word wolde I gone and I shall pray this knyght so fayre of his knyghthode that he wil come passe this contrey that he wolde lede me to the abbey there my lorde Sir Segwarydes lyggyth. So god me helpe seyde sir Bleoberys I latte you wete that this good knyght sir Tristramed be cause hynge dranke gaff me the choyse of a gyfte in this courte and so this lady lyked me beste that wythstondynge she is wedded to a lorde and I gaue also fulfylled my queste she shall be sente vnto hir husbande a gayne and in especiall moste for your sake sir Tristramed and she wolde go w^t you I wolde ye had her I thanke you seyde sir Tristramed but for her sake I shall be ware what man of lady I shall love or truste ffor had her lorde sir Segwarydes bene a way from the courte I sholde haue bene the fyrste that sholde a folowed you // But sythe ye haue refused me as I and a trew knyght I shall know hir passyngly well that I shall love of truste and so they tobe departed // and so Sir Tristramed rode vnto Tyntagyll and sir Bleoberys rode vnto the abbey where sir Segwarydes lay sore wounded that he delyuerde this lady and departed as a noble knyght Do whan sir Segwarydes saw his lady she was gretly comforted and than she tolde hym that sir Tristramed had done me grete batayle w^t sir Bleoberys and caused hym to bryng her a gayne Do that wordis plased sir Segwarydes gretly that Sir Tristramed wolde do so muche and so that lady tolde

all the

all̄ ꝑ batayle vnto kynge Arthe be tweyte ſ̄ Tryſtrāmys and Sir Bleoberys Do whan this was done kynge Arthe caste all̄ ꝑ wayes that̄ he myght̄ to dyſtroy ſ̄ Tryſtramed and thaw ymagened in hym ſelff̄ to ſende ſ̄ Tryſtrāmys ꝑd to ſhrelonde for la beale Iſode ffor Sir Tryſtramed had ſo preyſed hem for hir beaute & hir goodneſſe that̄ that̄ kynge thanbe ſeyde he wolde wedde hir where vppon he prayde Sir Tryſtramys to take this way in to ſhrelonde for hym on meſſage & all̄ this was done to the entente to ſle ſir Tryſtramys Natꝑſtondynge he wolde nat̄ refuſe ꝑ meſſayge for no danger nop̄ pelf̄ ꝑ myght̄ falle for the pleaſure of̄ his vncle Do to go he made hym redy in ꝑ moſte goodlyeſt̄ wyſe that̄ myght̄ be deviſed ſhow he toke wt̄ hym the moſte goodlyeſte knyghtſ̄ ꝑ he myght̄ fynde in ꝑ counte and they were arayed after the gyſe ꝑ was vſed ꝑ tyme in the moſte goodlyeſte maner Do ſir Tryſtramed depted and toke the ſee wt̄ all̄ his felyſhyp and anone as he was ꝑd the ſee a tempeſte toke them & drove them ꝑd to ꝑ coſte off̄ Ingelonde and ꝑ they anyded faſte by Camelot̄ and ſuff̄ fayne they were to take the londe And whan they were londed ſ̄ Tryſtramed ſette vp his pabylyon vppon the londe of̄ Camelot̄ and ꝑ he lete hange his ſhylde vppon the pabylyon and ꝑ ſame day cam̄ .ij. knyghtſ̄ of̄ kynge Arthures that̄ one was Sir Ector de marys and that̄ ꝑ was Sir Agrauayne and they .ij. touched the ſhylde and bade hym com̄ oute of̄ the pabylyon for to ſuſte and he wolde / anone ye ſhall̄ be anſwerꝺ ſeyde ſ̄ Tryſtramys and ye wolt̄ tary a lytyll̄ whyle / Do he made hym redy and fyrſte he ſmote downe ſ̄ Ector and thaw ſ̄ Agrauayne all̄ wt̄ one ſpeare and ſore bruſed them and whan they lay vppon the erthe they aſſayed ſir Tryſtramys what̄

he was and of what contrey he was kynghte / Sayre lor-
dis seyde sr Tristramez Wete you well yt I am of Corn-
wayle Alas seyde sir Ector now am I ashamed yen ony
cowardyssche knyghte sholde oon com me and thus for dispyte
Sir Ector put off his armoure fro hym and wente on foot
and wolde nat ryde / Than whan he felle that sr Bleobe-
ris and sir Blamor de Ganys that were bretheryn they
had assonned kynge Angwyssche of Irelonde for to com to
kynge Arthure com̃e upon payne of forfeture of kyng
Arthures good grace and yf the kynge of Irelonde come
nat in to that day assygned and sette / the kynge sholde
lose his londys / So by kynge Arthure his was happened
yt day that noy the neyghtir sr launcelot nyghte nat be pre-
sente where yt̃ jugemente sholde be yeven. for kynge Arthur
was w̃t sir launcelot at joyous garde and so kynge Arthur
assygned kynge Carados and the kynge of Scotty scottis
to be there that day as jnges / So whan these kyng
were at Camelot kynge Angwyssche of Irelonde was
cowd to know hys accusers Than was sir Blamor de ga-
nys there that appeled the kynge of Irelonde of treson
that he had slayne a cosyn of thers yt his counte in Ire-
londe by treson / Than yt̃ kynge was sore a bayssed of
his accusacion for why he was at to the sõmons of kyng
Arthure and or yt̃ he com at Camelot he wyste nat wh-
re fore he was sente fore / So whan yt̃ kynge herde
hym sey his wyll he vndirstood well yt was none oy
remedy but to answere hym knyghtly. for the custom
was suche tho dayes that yf ony man were appealed of
ony treson other of murthure he sholde fyght body for
body or ellys to fynde anoy knyghte for hym and alle
man of murthers in tho dayes were called treson

// Do wqan kynge Angwysshe vnderstood the accusyng
the was passynge sory for the knew Sir Blamoure de
ganys that he was a noble knyght and of noble knyghtly
comyn // Do the kynge of Irelonde was but symply pur-
veyde of his answere Therefore yᵉ juged gaff hym
respyte by the thyrde day to gyff his answere // Do the
kynge depted vnto his lodgynge // The meane wqyle
there com a lady by ſt Tryſtramos pabylyon makynge
grete dole wqat aylyth you ſeyde ſir Tryſtramos that
ye make ſuche dole // A fayre knyght ſeyde yᵉ lady / and
shamed oules that sholde good knyght helpe me for a gᵗe
lady of worshyp sent by me a fayre chylde and a ryche
vnto ſt launcelot and here by there mette wᵗ me a knyght
and threw me downe of my palfrey and tok a way the
chylde from me // Well my lady ſeyde ſt Tryſtramos
and for my lorde ſt launcelot ſake I ſhall gete you that
chylde a gayne other he shall beate me / And so ſt Tryſ-
tramos tok his horse and asked yᵉ lady wqych way
the knyght yode Anone she tolde hym and he rode after
Do wᵗ in a wqyle he oᵘ tok yᵉ knyght and bade hym tur-
ne and bryng a gayne the chylde // Anone the knyght
turned his horse and made hym redy to fyght and than
Sir Tryſtramos smote hym wᵗ a ſwerde ſuch a buffet
that he tumbled to the erthe and than he yelded hym
vnto Sir Tryſtramos than cond they say ſeyde Syr
Tryſtramos and bryng the chylde to the lady a gay-
ne Do he tok his horse wery ly and rode wyth ſir
Tryſtramos and ſo by the way he asked his name // ſir
he ſeyde my name is Brewnys ſanze pyte Do wqan
he had delyvde that chylde to the lady Sir and in this
the chylde is well remedyed // Than ſir Tryſtramos

lete hym go a gayne that/ sholde repented hym after for he
was a grete foo vnto many good knyghtes of kyng Arthu
res courte/ And whan ß Tristramer was in the pa
vylyon Gouuayle his mayn cam and tolde hym how that/
kynge Angwysh of Irelonde was come thyder and he was
in grete dystresse and p he tolde hym how he was sommed
and appeled of vnrethe/ Do god me helpe seyde ß Tryst-
ramer this is the beste tydynge that/ euer come to me this/ ny
yere for now shall the kynge of Irelonde gane nede of
my helpe for I dare say p is no knyght/ in this contrey t
is nat/ in Arthures courte t dare do batayle with/ sir
Blamoure de ganys And for to wynne the loue of the
kynge of Irelonde I wolle take the batayle vppon me
and p sone Gouuayle bere me this worde I charge the
to the kynge. And Gouuayle went vnto kynge Ang-
wyshe of Irelonde and salewed hym full fayre/ Do the
kynge welcomed hym and asked what he wolde/ Sir
he seyde here is a knyght were houde t desyreth to fy
te with/ you for he bade me sey that he wolde do you
seruyse/ What knyght is he seyde the kynge/ Sir cert/
Sir Tristramer de lyones that for the good grace ye
shewed hym in yo londys he wolle reward in this con-
treys/ Dowd on felow seyde p kynge wt me anone and
bringe me vnto ß Tristramys Do the kynge toke a
lytyll/ hacknay t but/ feawe felyshyp wt hym tyll t p he
cam vnto Sir Tristramys pauylyon and whan sir
Tristramer saw the kynge he rase vnto hym t wolde
haue holden his styrope abut/ p kynge lepe frome his
horse lyghtly t eythir halsed other in armys/ thy gra-
cious lorde seyde sir Tristramer I graunte mercy of yo
grete goodnesse t ye shewed vnto me in yo mayntyn

and landys and at tyme I prayed you to do your
seruyse and endyte lay in my power // A saintyll knyght
seyde the kynge vnto sir Tristramour now haue I grete
nede of your help and so grete nede of no knyght yor
helpe / how so my good lorde seyde sir Tristramour I shall
tell you seyde the kynge I am assumed & appeled fro my
contrey for the deth of a knyght ye was kynne vnto the
good knyght sir launcelot where fore sir Blamor de ga-
nys & sir Bleoberys his broder hath appeled me to fyght
with hym on for to fynde a knyght in my stede and
well I wote seyde ye kynge thes that ar comyn of
kynge Banys blode as sir launcelot and thes other
ar passynge good garde knyghtes & garde men for to
wynne in batayle as ony that I know now lyvyng. Sir
seyde sir Tristramour for the good lordeshyp ye haue vsed
vnto me in irelonde and for my lady yowre doughtir
sabe la beale Isode I wolle take the batayle for you vp-
pon this condicion that ye shall graunte me .ij. thynge
one is that ye shall sweare vnto me that ye ar in the
ryght & that ye were nede consentynge to the knyghtis
deth // Sir than seyde Sir Tristramour whan I haue
done this batayle yf god gyue me grace to spede that
ye shall gyue me a rewarde what thynge resonable
that I wolle aske you // So god me helpe seyde ye kynge
ye shall haue what soud en ye wolle. ye sey well seyde
Sir Tristramour now make yo answere ye champyon
is redy for I shall dye in yo quarell rathir than to be
recreaunte I haue no doute of you seyde the kynge
that and ye sholde haue a do wt sir launcelot de labe
as for sir launcelot he is called ye noblyst of ye worlde
of knyghtes and wete you well ye the knyghtes of kyng

bloode ar noble men and dredde shame And as for ꝑ Ble
oberys bnoꝺ vnto sir Blamo I gane done batayle wyth
hym ꝑ fore vppon my hede ryght is no shame to calle hym
a good bnyght / Bn ryght is noysed seyde ꝑ bynge ꝑ sir
Blamo is the gardyer bnyght as for ꝑ lat hym be he
shall nat be refused ꝺ he were ꝑ beste bnyght ꝑ berytt
shylde or spere Do bynge Angwysh depted vnto bynge
Carados and ꝑ bynge that were that tyme as iuges
and tolde and thew how that he had founde his chaumpyon redy
Bgain by the comaundement of the bynge Bn Blamo
de ganys and Bn Bryestrauys de lyones were sente
fore to hyre ꝑ charge And whan they were come be fo
re the iuges ꝑ were many bynge ꝺ bnyght ꝑ helde
Bn Bryestraunes and make speche they had of hym
be cause he slew Bn Agarlate the good bnyght and be
cause he forfusted Bn Palomydes the good bnyght
Do whan they had tabyn ꝑ charge they wt drew them
to make hem redy to do batayle Bgain seyde ꝑ Bleobe
rys to his bnoꝺ Bn Blamore ffayre dere bnoꝺ seyde
he remembr of what tyme we be come of and what
a man is Bn launcelot de lake noꝺ fantem ne neve
but bretheryne ctyldrne and ꝑ was neꝺ none of oure
tyme ꝑ en was shamed in batayle but natm bretm
shuffm dett that to be shamed / Bretm seyde Bn
Blamo gane ye no donte of me for I shall neꝺ shame
none of my bloode. how be I am shre that youdr bnyght
ys called a passynge good bnyght as of his tyme as
ony in the worlde yett shall I neꝺ yelde me noꝺ sey
ꝑ lotte wordes Well may he happyn to smyte me dow
ne wt his grete myght of chyualry but nay shall he fle
me that I shall yelde me recreaunte God spede yon

wolde seyde Sir Bleoberys for ye shalde synde agyn the
myghtyest knyght that ever ye had a do w^t all I knowe
agyn for I gawe had a do w^t agyn. God me spede seyde S^r
Blamo and p^r w^t he tobe his horse at the one ende of
the lyste and S^r Brystrauns at the other ende of
lyste and so they feautred p^r speres & com to gedyr as
ayte had be thundr and p^r S^r Brystrauns throrow grete
myght smote downe S^r Blamo and his horse to p^r erthe
Bgan anone S^r Blamo avoyded his horse & pulled
oute his swerde and tobe his shylde be fore agyn and
bade S^r Brystrauns a lyght for thonze my horse hath
fayled I trust to god the erthe wolde nat fayle me
// and than Sir Brystrauns a lyght & dressed agyn
vnto batayle and there they lay sshed to gedr strongely
lashynge foynynge and dayssshynge many sad strok
that the knyght and knyghtes had grete wondr p^t they
myght stonde for they were longhty lyke woode men
there was neid seyne of .ij. knyghtes that foughte more
fersshlyer for S^r Blamo was so hasty he wolde gawe no
reste that all men wondrde that they had bretde to
stonde on p^r feete that all the place was Bloode that
they foughte in and at the laste Sir Brystrauns smote
Sir Blamo such a bussette vppon the helme that he
p^r shyned downe vppon his syde and sir Brystrauns
stood stylle and be shylde agyn // Do wgan sir Blamo
myght strebe he seyde thus Sir Brystrauns de lyo
nes I requyre the as p^r art a noble knyght and the
beste knyght that ever I fownde that p^r wolde she me
onte for I wolde nat lyve to be made lorde of all the
erthe for I had lever dye agawe w^t worshyp than lyve
agawe w^t shame And nedis S^r Brystrauns p^r must

ſle me or elſe ye ſhalt neu wynne ye fylde for I wolle neu
ſey the lotſe worde and ye fore yf dare ſle me ſle me I requy
re the ¶ Whan ſr Tryſtramed herde hym ſey ſo knyghtly
in his herte he wyſte nat what to do wt hym. Remembryng
hym of lotſe pryes of what bloode he was comyn of and
for Sir launcelottis ſake he wolde be lotȝ to ſle hym and ſu
ffre or pty in no wyſe he myght nat chooſe but to make hym
ſey the lotſe worde other elſe to ſle hym ¶ Than ſr Tryſtra
med ſterte a backe and wente to the kyngꝭ that were ſuges
and ye kneled downe to fore them & be ſought them of their
worſſhyppis and for kynge Arthurs love and for ſir launce
lottis ſake that they wolde take this mater in ye hondis for
my fayre lordys ſeyde ſr Tryſtramed but were ſhame and
pyte that this noble knyght that youdir lyeth ſholde be ſlay
ne for ye hyre wolle ſhamed wolle he nat be and I pray to
god that he neu be ſlayne noȝ ſhamed for me and as for the
kynge whom I fyght fore I ſhall requyre hym as I and hys
trew champyon and trew knyght in this fylde yt he wolle ſhane
mercy vppon this knyght ¶ So god me helpe ſeyde kyng Ry
ſhe I wolle for yor ſake Sir Tryſtramed be ruled as ye wolle
ſhane me and I wolle hartely pray ye kyngꝭ that be there ſuges
to take hit in there hondys ¶ Than the kyngꝭ ye were ſuges
called ſr Bleoberys to them and aſked his advyce thy lordys
ſeyde Sir Bleoberys thought my broȝ be beatyn and ſhane
the worſe in his body throwe myght of armys he hath nat
beatyn his harte and thaube god he is nat ſhamed this day
and natheleſſe thaw he be ſhamed I requyre you ſeyde ſir Bleo
berys lat Sir Tryſtramed ſle hym oute hit ſhall nat be
ſo ſeyde the kyngꝭ for this yte this adnſary bothe ye kynge and
the champyon ſhane pyte on ſir Blamore this knyghtis ſode
lordys ſeyde ſr Bleoberys I wolle ryght as ye wolle

Than the kynge called the kynge of Irelonde & fonnde
hym goodly & tretable and than by all ye advyce of Tryf-
tramed and of Bleoberys tobe vp sir Blamonne and the
ij. brethren were made accorded wyth kynge Angwysshe
and kyssed to gydr & made frendys for ev and than of Bla
monne and Sir Tryftramed kyssed to gedr and ye they ma
de ye othr ye they wolde neu none of than ij. brethrne fyght
wyth of Tryftramed and sir Tryftirys made them the same
othe And for ye sauntyll batayle all the bloode of sir Launcelott
loved of Tryftramed for ev // Than kynge Angwysh and of
Tryftramed tobe ye lowe and so he sayled in to Irelonde wyth
grete nobles they // So than they were in Irelonde ye kynge
lete make it knowyn thorow oute all ye londe how and in
what maner of Tryftramed had done for hym // Than ye quene
and all ye there were made ye moste of hym ye they myght But
the soy ye la beale Isode made of sir Tryftramed ye myght no
tunge telle for of all men erthely she loved hym moste // Than
vppon a day kynge Angwysh asked sir Tryftramed why he
asked nat his bone Than seyde of Tryftramed now it is ty
me Sir this is all that I wolle desyre ye ye wolle gyff la beale
Isode yonre doughte nat for my self but for myne vncle kyng
Marke shall have her to wyff for so have I promysed hym. Alas
seyde the kynge I had leu than all the londe ye I have that ye
wolde have wedded yor self Sir and I fynd so I were shamed
for ev in this worlde and false of my promyse Therefore
seyde sir Tryftramed I requyre yon holde yor promyse that
ye promysed me for this is my desyre that ye wolle gyff me la bea
le Isode to go wt me in to Cornwayle for to be wedded vnto
kynge Marke myne vncle As for that kynge Angwysshe
seyde ye shall have her wt yow to do wt it what it plaase
you That is for to sey if that ye lyste to wedde it yor self

thatt was me leveste and yff ye wolle gyffe me vnto kyng Marke yo vncle yt was myn yo coyffe So to make shorte conclusyon la beale Issode was made redy to go wt sr Tryestrames & dame Brangwayne wente wt me for me cayffe Jantylle woman and wt many oyr Jewes Issodes modir gaffe dame Brangwayne vnto me to be me Jantylle woman and also she & Gonmayle had a drynke off the queue and she charged them yt the queue kynge Marke shulde vedde That same day they shulde gyffe them yt drynke yt kynge Marke shulde drynke to la beale Issode and thatt seyde yt queue ayn shulde lone oyr dayes off yr lyffe So thus drynke was gyvyn vnto dame Brangwayne and vnto Gonmayle So sr Tryestrames tolde the see & la beale Issode were in yr Caban me happed so they were togyrr sty and thatt they saw a lytylle flabette off golde stonde by them and me semed by the colowre & yr taste yt me was noble wyne So sr Tryestrames tolde the flabett in me gonde and seyde ma dame Issode here is a drawght off good wyne thatt dame Brangwayne yo maydyn & Gonmayle my fnaunte hatte kepte for them selffe That they lowge & made good chere & eyr dranke to oyr frely & they thought me nen drynke thatt en they dranke so swete nor so good to them But by yt drynke was in yr bodyes they loved aythr oyr so welle thatt nen me love depted for welle nor for woo and thus me happed fyrst the love be twyxte sr Tryestrames and la beale Issode yt wayche love nen depted dayes off yr lyffe So thatt they sayled tylle thatt by fortune they come nye a castelle yt hyghte Plowre and yt they aryved for to repose them wenynge to them to gane had good herborow But a none as sr Tryestrames was wt in the castelle they were takyn & ffoned for the custom off yt castelle was suche thatt who thatt rode by that castelle & brought ony lady wythe hym

he muste nedys fyght wt the lorde that fyght Brennio
and yf hit so were that Brennor wan pe fylde Than
sholde pe knyght straunger & his lady be put to dethe what
that ever they were and yf hit were so pt the straunge knyght
wan pe fylde of Sir Brennor than sholde he dye and his
lady bothe Do this custom was vsed many wyntyrs whe-
re fore hit was called pe castell Pleure that is to sey
the weppynge castell Than as Sir Tristramed and
la beale Isode were in preson hit happyd a knyghte
were in preson hit happed a lady com vnto them where
they were to chere them Than seyde Tristramed
vnto the knyght & to the lady what is the cause pe lorde
of this castell holdyth vs in preson for hit was new
the custom of placis of worshyp pt ev I cam pr Than
a knyght & a lady asked herborow and they to receyve
them & after to dystres them that he his gestys seyde
the knyght this is the olde custom of this castell that
whan a knyght comyth there he muste nedis fyght wt
owre lorde & he pt is the wayker muste lose his hede
and whan pt is done yf his lady pt he bryngyth be fow-
ler than is owre lordys wyff she muste lose hir hede
and yf she be fayrer prefed than yo owre lady than
shall the lady of this castell lose her hede Bo god
me helpe seyde Tristramed this is a foule custom
and a shamfull custom but one avauntage have I
seyde Tristramed I have a lady is fayre y notbe &
and I doute nat for lacke of beaute she shall nat lose
her hede and natwithstanding than I shall lose myne hede I wolle
fyght for hit ow a fayre fylde Sir knyght and yo
fayre lady I pray you telle yo lorde pt I wolle be redy as
to morne wyth my lady and my selff to do batayle yf hit

be so I may gane my horse and myne armoure, Sir seyde
the knyght I wille take for youre desyre shall be spredde
at þ fore take yo reste & loke that ye be vp be tymes and
make you redy and yo lady for ye shall wante no
thynge þt you be lovyth and þ wt he depted & so ou þ
morne be tymes þt same knyght cam to ß Brystiniys
and feccched hym out & his lady & brought hym horse
& armoure þt was his owne & bade hym make hym
redy to the fylde for all þ astatis & comyns of that
londshypp were þ redy to be holde þt batayle & juge
mente Than cam ß Brewnor the lorde of þ castell
wt his lady in his honde muffeled & asked ß Brystra
mes where was his lady for & thy lady be fayrer
than myne wt thy swerde smyte off my ladyes hede
and yf my lady be fayrer than thyne wt my swerde
I muste stryke off hir hede and yf I may wynne þ
yette shall thy lady be myne & thow shalt lese thy
hede Sir seyde ß Brystrames this is a foule custom
& an horrybble & ray than my lady sholde lose hir hede
yett had I lefe lose myne hede Nay nay seyde Sir
Brewnor the ladyes shall be fyrste shewed to gyder
and þ one shall gane his jugemente Nay I wyll nat
so seyde Sir Brystrames for dere is none þt wolle gyff
ryghtwos jugemente But I doute nat seyde ß Brys
trames my lady is fayrer than yours & þt wolle I
make good wt my hondys and who þt wolle sey þ con
trary I wolle preve hit on his hede and þ wyth Sir
Brystrames shewed forth la beale Isode and turned
hir thryse a boute wt his naked swerde in his honde
and so did Sir Brewnor the same wyse to his lady
But than Sir Brewnor he seide la beale Isode

hym thought he saw neu a fayrer lady and than he
dyad his ladyes hede sholde off and so all ye peeple ye
were ye presente gaff jugement ye la beale Isode was
ye fayrer lady e ye bettr made. How now seyde Syr
Tryestramed me semyth hit were pyte ye my lady sholde
lose hir hede But by cause ye she of longe tyme hane
vsed this wycked custom e by you bothe hath many good
knyghtes e fayre ladyes bene destroyed for ye cause hit
were no losse to destroy you bothe // Do god me helpe
seyde he Brewnor for to sey ye sothe thy lady is fayrer
than myne and that me sore repentyth e so I dyre the
peeple prevyly sey for of all women I sawe neu none
so fayre and therefore e ye wolt she my lady I counte
nat I shall she ye and hane thy lady // Well ye shall hym
ger seyde he Tryestramed as sone as ein knyght wanne
lady e by cause of thyne owne jugemente ye woldist
hane done to my lady wh ye she had bene fowler and by
cause of ye evyll custom gyff me thy lady seyde Syr
Tryestramed and ye wt all he Tryestramed strode vnto
hym and tobe his lady from hym and wt an axbe
strobe he smote of hir hede clene // Well knyght seyde
Sir Brewnor now haste ye done me a grete dispyte
How take thyne horse e flytte ye I am ladyles I wolde
wynne thy lady e I may Than they tobe ye horses and
cam to gydr as hit had bene bene themdr and he Tryes-
tramed smote Sir Brewnor clene from his horse
and lyghtly he rose up and as sir Tryestramed com
a gayne by hym he threwe his horse thorow oute bo
the shuldyrs ye his horse hurled there e there e felle
dede to the grounde and ein Sir Brewnor ran astr
to hane slayne Sir Tryestramed but he was lyghtr e

nymelly and voyded ther horse / yett or ony ꝑ Tryſtramed
myghty dreſſe ther ſhylde & ther ſwerde he gaff eyther. ij.
or. iij. ſtrokys Than they ruſſhed to gydyns lyke. ij.
borys tuaſynge & trauſynge myghtyly & wyſely as. ij
noble knyghtis ffor than ꝑ Brewnor was a ꝓved knyght
& had bene or than ꝑ dethe of many good knyghtis Soo
thus they fought ourlynge here & there wyze. ij. owres
& aythir were wondes ſore Than at ꝑ laſte ꝑ Brew-
nor ruſſhed vppon ꝑ Tryſtramed and toke eyther in ther
armys for he truſted moche to ther ſtrenghthe Than
was Sir Tryſtramed called ꝑ ſtrengyſt knyght of the
worlde for he was called bygger than ꝑ launcelotte
But ſir launcelot was bettir brethid So anone ſir
Tryſtramed theſte ſir Brewnor downe grobelyng
and than he vnlaced his helme & ſtrake of his hede
and than all they longed to the caſtell com to eyther
& dud eyther homage & feante prayng eyther that he
wolde a byde ſtylle ꝑ a lytyll whyle to for do that
foule custom So this ꝑ Tryſtramed graunted ꝑ
to So ꝑ meane whyle one of ꝑ knyghtis rode vnto
Sir Galahalte the haute prynce whyche was Sir
Brewnors ſon a noble knyght & tolde eyther what
myſadventure his fadir had & his modir Than cam
Sir Galahalte and ꝑ bryng w ꝑ C. knyghtis w eyther
and this Sir Galahalte ꝓfyrde to fyght with Sir
Tryſtramed ſande for ſande and ſo they made hem
redy to go vnto batayle on horſe backe with ſhyldis
& ſpeyris // So anone they mette to gydyns ſo had
ꝑ aythir bare otheir a downe horſe and mad to the
erthe and than they avoyded ꝑ horſis as noble
knyghtis they dreſſed ꝑ ſhyldis & dreuve ꝑ ſwerdys

ꝑ Tryſtra-
ram reb ſir
vnor. & ſe
vyſſ of
ek. plen

wyth̄ spe and ranconne and they layssed to gydyr̄
niaw sad stroby's and one wayle stryknge & anoy
wayle soynynge tracynge & transynge as noble
knyghtf Dand they songht longe tyme gonde halff
a day & ayth̄r were sore wounded Do at ye laste
Sir Tryestramed weyed lyght & bygge & doubled
his stroby's and drobe Sir Galahalt a backe on ye
bone hyne & on the totheꝛ ye was nye mysthewed
lyke to be slayne Do wyth̄ ye cam the kynge wyth̄
the .C. knyghtf and all̄ that̄ felyshyp wente strayghtly
vppon Sir Tryestramed Dut whan Sir Tryestramyd
saw them comynge vppon hym Dhan he wyste well
he myght nat̄ endure Do ad a wyse knyght off Wam
he seyde vnto ꝑ Galahalt the gaute prynce Dyr ye
shew to me no kyndenesse for to suffr all̄ yo men
to gane a do wyth̄ me and ye seme a noble knyght
off yo gondys hit̄ wo gyrthe schame to you Do god me
helpe seyde ꝑ Galahalt there is none of̄ way but̄
you must̄ yelde the to me or ellys to dye ꝑ Tryes-
tramed Sir as for ye̅t I̅ wyll̄ nay yelde me to you paw
dye for ye̅t hit̄ is more for the myght off thy men
than of thyne gandys and ye̅ w̅t all̄ ꝑ Tryestramed to
be his swerde by the poynte & put̄ ye̅ pomell̄ in his
gonde and ye̅ w̅t all̄ cond the kynge w̅t ye̅ .C. knyght
& garde be gan to assayle ꝑ Tryestramed lat̄ he seyde
Sir Galahalt that̄ ye be nat̄ so gandy to towche hym
for I gane gyffyn this knyght his lyff Dhat̄ yo
yo̅ schame seyde ye̅ kynge for he hath̄ slayne youre
fadr & yo̅ modr̄ do for that̄ seyde Sir Galahalte
I may nat̄ wyght hym gretly for my fadr had hym
in preso & inforsed hym to do batayle w̅t hym & my

fadir gadde fuche a custom ꝑ was a shamefull custom
ꝑ a gate knyght & lady com thydir to ase herbowr/ the
lady nedis dye but yf she were fayrer than my mo
dir and if my fadir or com thate knyght he muste
nedis dye/ ffor sothe this was a shamefull custom
and vsage a knyght for his herborow aske to
have suche herborage and for this custom I wolde
nevir draw a bonte hym // So god me helpe seyde ꝑ
kynge this was a shamefull custom Truly seyde
sir Galahalt so semyth me and me semyth that had
bene grete pyte that this knyght shulde have bene
slayne ffor I dare sey he is one of the noblyst knyth
that beryth lyff but yf it be sir launcelot du lake
Now fayre knyght seyde Sir Galahalt I requyre
you telle me youre name and of whens ye di-
scende for you wolde // Sir he seyde my name is sir
Tristramer de lyones and fro me kynge Marke
of Cornwayle I was sente on messyge vnto kyng
Angwysh of Irelonde for to fecche his doughtir
to be his wyff and here she is redy to go with me
vn to Cornwayle and Gervayse le Rous de Beale Isode
Than seyde Sir Galahalt vnto Sir Tristramys
well be ye founde in this marches and so ye wolle
promyse me to go vnto Sir launcelot and accom
pany with hym ye shalle go where ye wolle and
youre fayre lady with you and I shalle promy
se you nevir in alle my dayes shalle none suche cus
tom be vsed in this castelle as hath bene vsed here
to fore // Sir seyde sir Tristramer now I late
you wete so god me helpe I wente ye had bene
Sir launcelot du lake whan I sawe you fyrste

and ꝑ for

and therefore I dred you the more and sir I promyse
you sayde Sir Tristramed as sone as I may I wolle
se sir launcelot and in felyshyp me wt hym for of all the
knyghte in the worlde I moste desyre his felyshyp and paid
Sir Tristramys toke his leve whan he sawe his tyme &
toke pe see and meane whyle worde com to sir launcelot &
to Sir Tristramys that kynge Carados the myghty kynge
that had made lyke a grauate wayche fonght with Sir
Gawayne and gaff hym suche stroke pt he sowned in his
sadyll & asp pt he tobe hym by pe coler & pulled hym onte of
his sadyll & bounde hym faste to the sadyll bowze & so rode
his way wt hym towarde his castell and as he rode fe launce
lot by fortune mette wt kynge Carados and anone he knew
Sir Gawayne that lay bounde before hym & sayde Syr
launcelot vnto Sir Gawayne how stondyth it with you
I ned so harde sayde Sir Gawayne onles that ye helpe me
for so god me helpe wtoute ye rescow me I know no knyght
pt may but you of Sir Tristramed where for Sir launcelot
was sory at fe Gawaynes wordys and than fe launcelot bade
Sir Carados ley downe pt knyght & fyght wt me Nay now arte
but a foole sayde fe Carados for I wolle fyne the in pe same wy
se as for pt sayde fe launcelot spare me nat for I warne the
I wolle nat spare pe and than he bounde hym hande & foote
& so threw hym to pe grounde and than he gate his speare
in his honde & his sqwyre & depted from sir launcelot to
fecche his course & so ayn mette wt on & brake pe speares
to theire hondys and than they pulled onte pe swerdys and
hurled to gydyns on horse backe more than an owre and at
pe laste Sir launcelot smote Sir Carados suche a buffet on
the helme pt hit pysshed his brayne panne Do than Syr
launcelot toke fe Carados by pe coler & pulled hym vndr his

ow ſ launcelot
lew knyght and
los of ye dole
ond tolbre

horſe fete and tha[n] he alyghte and pulled of his helme & ſtrake
offe his hede Than ſ launcelot wente vnto Gawayne
To this ſame tale was tolde to ſir Galahalte and to Dyd
Dryſtramnes and ſayde now may ye ſe[e] ye noble[s] that
folowyth Sir launcelot Alas ſeyde ſ Dryſtramnes and
had nat this meſſayge in hande w[t] this fayre lady truly
I wolde nev[er] ſtynte or I had fonde ſ launcelot Than ſyr
Dryſtramnes and la beale Iſode yede to the ſee and cam
in to Cornwayle and anone all ye barownes mette w[t] hym
And anone they were rychely wedded wyth grete
nobley But ever as the ſtreuſte boobe ſeyth ſ Dryſ
tramnes and la beale Iſode loved ev[er] to gedyr[es] Than was
ye grete ſouſtyſ & grete tornayynge & many lordys & ladyes
were at ye feyſte and ſ Dryſtramnes was moſte prayſed of
all ſop[er] So this dured ye feſte longe & after ye feſte was
done w[t] in a lytyll whyle after by the aſſente of .ij. ladyes
ye were w[t] ye quene they ordayned for gate & enbye for to diſ
troy dame Brangwayne that was mayden & lady vnto
la beale Iſode and ſhe was ſente in to the foreſte for to feche
herbys and ye ſhe was & bounde hounde & foote to a tre and
ſo ſhe was bounden .ij. dayes And by fortune ſ Palomydes
founde dame Brangwayne and there he delyuerde her from
the deth & brought her to a nonry ye be ſyde for to be recouerde
Than Iſode the quene myſſed her mayden wete you well
ſhe was wyght lyely as ever any quene myght be for of
all erthely women ſhe loved her beſte & moſte cauſe why
ſhe cam w[t] her oute of her contrey and ſo vppon a day
quene Iſode walked in to the foreſte to put a way her thought
and ye ſhe wente her ſelff vnto a welle & made grete moone
and ſuddenly ye cam ſ Palomydes vnto her & herde all her
complaynte and ſeyde madame Iſode and ye wolde graunte

me my boone / ſhalle bringe a gayne to you dame Brangwayne ſauffe and ſounde Whan the quene was ſo glad of ſuche pfyr that ſuddayuly vnadyſed ſhe graunte alle ſuche aſkynge / Welle madame ſeyde ſ̄ Palomydes / truſte to youre gmyſe and yf ye wolle a byde halfe an owre gene / ſhalle bringe hir to you Bn / ſhalle a byde you ſeyde the quene Whan ſ̄ Palomydes rode forthe ſuche way to that nunry ſt bygatte by the cam̄ a gayne w̄t dame Brangwayne but by hir good wylle ſhe wolde nat haue comyn to ye quene for cauſe ſhe ſtoode in adventure of hir lyffe ſhat vptaſtondynge halfe a gayne hir wylle ſhe cam̄ wythe ſir Palomydes vnto the quene and whan the quene ſawe hem ſhe was paſſyng glad / Now madame ſeyde Bn Palomydes remembir vppon yo gmyſe for / haue fulfylled my gmyſe / Bn Palomydes ſeyde the quene / wote nat what is yo deſyre But / wolle t ye wete how be it that / profyrde you largely / thought none evylle nor / warne you none evylle wolle / do / madame ſeyde ſ̄ Palomydes as at this tyme ye ſhalle nat know my deſyre but by ſome my londe myne huſbonde ſ̄ ſhalle ye know that ye ſhalle haue yo deſyre that / promyſed you and whan the quene rode home vnto the kynge and ſir Palomydes rode w̄t hir and whan ſir Palomydes cam be ſome the kynge he ſeyde Bn kynge / requyre the as you arte rygthvous kynge that ye wolle ſuge me the rygth / Telle me yo cauſe ſeyde the kynge and ye ſhalle haue rygth / Bn ſeyde ſir Palomydes / promyſed youre quene my lady dame / ſode to bringe a gayne dame Brangwayne that ſhe had loſte vppon this couenaunte that ſhe ſholde gra-
nte me a boone that / wolde aſke and w̄oute gruc-
chynge other adyſcmente ſhe graunted me / What

sey ye my lady seyde the kynge / nyl ich as he seyth / so god me helpe to sey the sothe / seyde the quene / I enuyse kynd hys astynge for love and joy / I sad to se her / Welle madame seyde the kynge and yf I were hasty to graunte what boone he wolde aske / I wolde well that I the presumed her enuyse / Than seyde sir Palomydes / I wolle that ye wete that / I wolle have yonne quene to lede her and to gonne her where as me lyste / Where with the kynge stode stylle and vnbethought hym of sir Tristramed and demed that he wolde restorue her / Than hastely the kynge answered & seyde take her to the and the aduentures wt all yt wolle falle of her for as I suppose yt wolle nat ensoy her no wayle / As for that seyde sir Palomydes / I dare wyght well a hyde the aduenture and so to make shorte tale sir Palomydes tobe kyd by the honde and seyde madame grutche nat to go wt me for / I desyre no kynge but yonne owne enuyse / As for yt seyde ye quene wete yu well / I leave nat gretely to go wt the how be it yu haste me at avauntage vppon my enuyse for / I doute nat / I shall be worshypfully restored fro the / As for yt seyde sir Palomydes be as it be may / Do quene Isode was sette be hynde sir Palomydes and rode his way And anone ye kynge sente vnto sir Tristramed but in no wyse he wolde nat be founde for he was in the foreste an huntynge for yt was all wayes hys custom but yf he vsed armes to chace it to hunte in the forestes / Alas seyde ye kynge now and I shamed for ever that be myne owne assente my lady et my quene shall be devowred / Than cam there forth a knyght that hyght Launcegus and he was a knyght of sir Tristramed thy lorde seyde the knyght sythe that ye have such truste in my lorde sir Tristramed wete yow

well for ys sabe I wolle ryde after yͦ quene & reskow
her of ellys shall I be beatyd Dnaunte nicy seyde the
kynge and I lybe ꝑ Lambegus I shall defye hit and pͭ
Sir Lambegus ... armed hym & rode after thedd as faste
as she myght and thaw wyth in a whyle he on tolde
hedd & thaw ꝑ Palomydes laste pͤ quene and seyde
what arte yon seyde Sir Palomydes arte yon sir
Tryestrames nay he seyde I am his knaunte & my
name is ꝑ Lambegus that me repentyd seyde ꝑ Palo
mydes I had ben yon had bene ꝑ Tryestrames I leve yͦ
well seyde ꝑ Lambegus But when pͤ metyste wͭ sir
Tryestrames yon shalt have bothe thy houdys full and
thaw they hurteled to gydyrs & all to brast pͤ spreys
and thaw they pulled oute pͤ swerdys & hewed on thare
helmys & hawbirkys at pͤ laste ꝑ Palomydes gaff sir
Lambegus suche a wounde that he felle downe lyke a
dede man to the erthe Thaw he lokyd after la beale
Isode and thaw she was gone he wiste nat where
he te yon well pͭ ꝑ Palomydes was ned so hely So pͤ que
ne ran vn to pͤ foreste & pͤ she fonnde a welle & pͤ in she
had thought to have drowned her selff and as good for
tune wolde pͤ cam a knyght to her pͭ had a castell there
be fyde & his name was Sir Adtherpe and when he
fonnde pͤ quene in that myschefe he rescowed her & brouzt
hir to his castell and when he wyste what he was he
armed hym & tobe his horse & seyde he wolde be a ven
ged vppon ꝑ Palomydes and so he rode vnto pͤ tyme he
mette wͭ hym and there ꝑ Palomydes wounded hym
sore and by force he made hym to telle pͤ cause why
he did batayle wyth hym and he tolde hym how he
ladde pͤ quene la beale Isode in to hys owne castel how

brynge me þ seyde þ Palamydes and þ shalt of myne gu
dis // Sir seyde þ Adtherpe I am so sore wounded I may
nat folow but ryde you this way & ȳt shalt bryng you
to my castell and þ in is the quene þ Palomydes rode
tyll that she came to the castell and at a wyndow la beale
Isode saw Sir Palomydes Whan she made þ yatys to be
shutte strongely // And whan he sawe he myght nat
entir in to the castell he put of his horse bridyll & his
sadyll & so put his horse to pasture & sette hym selff
downe at the gate lyke a man that was oute of his wyt
þ recked nat of hym selff Now turne we vnto sir
Dryastramores that whan he was com home and wyste
that la beale Isode was gone w^t þ Palomydes wete
you well he was wrothe oute of mesure Alas seyde
Sir Dryastramores I am this day shamed Whan he called
Gilmayle his man & seyde haste the that I were armed
and on horse backe for well I wote þ lambegus hath
no myght nor strenght to wythstonde sir Palomy
des Alas I had nat bene in this stede // So anone he
was armed & horsed & rode after in to the foreyste
and w^t in a whyle he founde this knyght þ lambegs
all moste to dethe wounded and þ Dryastramores gaue
hym to a foster & charged hym to kepe hym well
and than he rode forth and founde þ adtherpe so
re wounded & he tolde all and how the quene had
drowned her selff had nat I bene and how for her
sake I tolde vppon me to do batayle w^t þ Palomydes
Where is my lady seyde þ Dryastramores sir seyde the
knyght she is fare I nowe wythin in my castell &
she cam holde her w^t in this Graunte mercy seyde þ
Dryastramores of thy grete goodnesse and so he rode

tyll that he cam nyze the castell and than ſ Palomy
des ſate at yᵉ gate at ſaw where ſ Tryſtramed cam
and he ſate as he had ſlepe and his horſe pastured
a fore hym // Than go yon gouuayle ſeyde ſ Tryſ
tramed and bydde hym awake and make hym redy
Bo Gouuayle rode vnto hym and ſeyde ſ Palomy
des aryſe and take thyne harneys But he was
ſo ſuche a ſtudy he herde nat what he ſeyde Bo Go
uuayle com a gayne to ſ Tryſtramed and tolde
hym he ſlepe or elles he was madde Bo yᵉ a gayne
ſeyde ſ Tryſtramed and bydde hym aryſe and telle
hym I am here his mortall foo Bo Gouuayle rode
a gayne and putte vppon hym wᵗ the but of his ſpe
re and ſeyde ſ Palomydes make yᵉ redy for wete
yᵉ welle ſ Tryſtramed hovyth yondir and fendyth the
worde he is thy mortall foo And yᵉ wᵗ all ſ Palo
mydes a roſe ſtylly wᵗ oute ony wordys and gate
his horſe a none and ſadylled hym and bridylled hym
and lyghtly he lepe vppon hym and gate his ſpere
in his honde and aythir feautred yᵉ ſpeares and hurled
faſte to gedirs and anone ſ Tryſtramed ſmote
downe ſ Palomydes on his horſe tayle Than lyght
ly ſ Palomydes put his ſchylde be fore hym and
drew his ſwerde and yᵉ be gan ſtronge batayle on
bothe ſydes for bothe they fought for the love of on
lady and ey the lay on the wallys at be hylde than
how they fought oute of meſure and aythir were won
ded paſſynge ſore But ſir Palomydes was muche
ſore wounded for they fought thus traſynge and tra
verſynge more than .vi. owres yᵉ well nyze for
doole and ſorow la beale Iſode ſowned and ſeyde alas

that one I loved and yet do and the oth I love nat that they
shold fyght And yett that were grete pyte that I shold se
Sir Palomydes slayne for well I know by that the ende
be done Sir Palomydes is but a dede man by cause the
is nat cristened and I wolde be lothe that she shold dye a
Sarezen and with all she cam downe and be sought hem for
hir love to fyght no more Madame seyde Sir Tryestramed
what meane you wolt ye shame me shamed for well ye
know that I wolt be ruled by you Myne owne lovde sey
de la beale Isode full well ye wote I wolde nat do dyshon
our but I wolde for ye wolde for my sake spare this unhappy
Sarezen Palomydes Madame seyde Sir Tryestramed I
wolle leve for youre sake Than seyde she to Sir Palo
mydes This shalle be thy chaunce you shalt go oute of this
contrey while I and queue be off Madame I wolt obey
your comaundemente seyde Palomydes whyche is love
and yenste my wylle Than take thy way seyde la beale Isode
unto the courte of kynge Arthure and there recomaunde me
unto queue Gwenyvere and telle hir that I sende hir worde
that I be with in this londe but .iij. yeres and that is Sir launce
lot and dame Gwenyvh and Sir Tryestramed at queue
Isode and so Sir Palomydes departed with grete hevynesse
and Sir Tryestramed tolde the queue at brought hir a gayne
unto kynge Arthur and than was I made grete joy of
their home comynge Than who was crowned but Sir
Tryestramed Than Sir Tryestramed lathe feeche home
Sir lambegus the whyche kynght from the forstered house and
that was longe or he was hole But so at the laste he recou
de this and thus they lyved with joy and play a longe while
But ever Sir Andret that was nye cosyn unto Sir Tryestramed
lay in a wayte be tweyne Sir Tryestramed and la beale Isode

for to take hym and devoure hym // So vppon a day sir Tryfstramed talked wt la beale Isode in a wyndowe and pat aspyed Sir andred and tolde the kynge Whan kyng ayarbe tobe a swerde in his honde it cam to ß Tryfstramed it called hym falfe traytowre and wolde haue ftrykken hym but ß Tryfstramed was wyze hym ftraught vnder his fwerde and tobe his oute of his honde and than the kynge cryed Where are my kyngftf ft my men I charge you fle this traytowre But at pt tyme pe was nat one pt wolde meve for his wordys // Whan ß Tryfstramed fawe pe was none pt wolde be a penfte hym he fhobe his fwerde to the kynge and made countenaunce as he wolde haue ftrykyn hym and than kynge ayarbe fledde and fir Tryfstramed folowed hym and fmote hym .v. or vj. ftrokys flatlynge in pe necke pt he made hym falle on the nose and than ß Tryfstramed yode his way and armed hym ft tobe his horfe ft his men ft fo he rode in to the foreste and pvppon a day Sir Tryfstramed mette wt .ij. breyne pt were wyth kynge ayarbe kyngftf and p he ftrake of the hede of the tone brop and wounded than op to the dethe and he made hym to bere p hede in his helme and .xxx. mo he p wounded and than pt kyngftf com be fore p kynge to fay his meffage he dred p be fore p kynge ft p quene Whan kyng ythake called his counceyle vnto hym ft aflked avyce of his barownes what were beste to do wt ß Tryfstramed Sir feyde p barownes and in effecialt ß Dynas the Beneftralt we wolde gyff you counceyle for to fende for ß Tryfstramed for we wolde p pe shete many men wolde holde wt Sir Tryfstramed and he were hande be ftadde And ß feyde Sir Dynas the Beneftralt ye fhalt vnderftonde that ß Tryfstramed yo called peerelef and makeles of

ony cryſtyn knyght and off hys myght and hardynes we
know none ſo good a knyght but yff yt be ſ Launcelot
du lake and yff he dept frome yo counte and go to kyng
Arthurs counte wete you well he wolde ſo frende gyue
yꝑ that he wolde nat ſette by yo malyce and yꝑ fore ſir I
counceyle you to take gyue to yo grace I wolde well ſeyde
yͤ kynge yꝑ he be ſent fore ꝑ we may be frendyd Whan
yͤ baronnes ſente for ſ Tryſtramed vnder theſe con-
duyte and ſo whan ſ Tryſtramed cam to the kynge he
was well com and no reuerſaltes was made and than
yͤ was game and play and than the kynge ⁊ ꝑ queue
wente an quntynge and ſ Tryſtramed D the kynge
and the queue made ꝑ pavylons ⁊ ꝑ tentꝭ in ꝑ foreſte
be fyde a ryuer and yͤ was daryy juſtyng ⁊ quntyng for
yͤ was cri redy. ccc. knyghtꝭ to juſte vnto all yͤ cam
at that tyme and yͤ by fortune com ſ Launcelot de galis
and Bn. Dynamute and yͤ Bn. Dynamute juſted well
but at the laſte he gaf a falle Than ſ Launcelot pro
fyrde and whan he be gan he fared ſo wyth the ccc
knyghtꝭ yͤ yͤ was nat one off them but he gaff a falle
and ſom off them were ſore quute I nerhayle ſeyde
kynge charle what knyght he is yͤ doth ſuche dedis
off armys Bn ſeyde ſ Tryſtramed I know gyue well
for a noble knyght as ſeme now be kynge And his
name is ſ Launcelot de galys but were ſhame ſeyde
yͤ kynge that he ſholde go thus away onles that he
were mane handeled Bn ſeyde ſ Tryſtramed me
ſemyth but were no worſhyp for a noble man to game
a do wt gyue And for this cauſe for at this tyme he
hath done on mucle for our meane knyght kynge
and as me ſemyth ſeyde ſir Tryſtramed but were

shame to tempte hym ony more for his horse is wery
and hym selff hathe done this day / Welle concidered
hit were I now for s^r lamcelot or sir lute as for that seyde
hynge danske I requyre you as ye love me & my lady
the quene la beale Isode take youre armys and juste
w^t s^r lamerok de galis Du seyde s^r Tryst[r]amed ye
bydde me do a thynge that is a yenste hym gret gode and
welle I can hym thanke that I shalle gyff hym a falle for
is no maystry for my horse and y be wery and so is
nat his horse & he And wete you welle that he wolde ta
ke hit for grete unkyndenes for en one good knyght
is lothe to take a notan at a vauntage But by cause
I wolle nat displase as ye requyre me so muste I do
and obey youre comandemente / and so s^r Tryst[r]a-
mes armed hym and tooke his horse and putte hym
forth and p^r s^r lamerok mette hym myghtyly and
wght w^t the myght of his owne spere and of hym
Tryst[r]amed spere Du lamerok his horse felle to
the erthe and he sprange in the sadyll / So as sone
as he myght he avoyded the sadyll and his horse
and put his shylde afore hym and drewe his
swerde and than he bade s^r Tryst[r]amed a lyght
you knyght and p^r dauste / Nay sir seyde s^r Tryst[r]a-
mes I wolle no more have a do wyth you for I
have done the ou[t]rage unto my dyshonour
and to thy worshype / As for that seyde s^r lamerok
I can nat the no thanke hym p^r haste for I usted me
on horse backe I requyre the and I be seche the
and pou be s^r Tryst[r]amed de lyones forght w^t
me on foote I wolle nat seyde sir Tryst[r]amed
And wete you welle my name is sir Tryst[r]amed

de lyones and well I know that ye be the lamerake de galis
and this hane I done to you a yenst my wyll but I was
requyred p to but to sey p I wolde do at yo requeste as
at this tyme I wolde nat hane no more a do wt you at
this tyme for me shamyth of p I hane done / as for
the shame seyde the lamerake ow thy fty or ow myne beare
p the wyte of you wylle / for thonze a mat yo sowne hath failed
me now . yette a quenys sonne shalle nat fayle p of p fore
of p be sucche a buyght as men calle p I require p a lyzte
of fyght wt me the lamerake seyde the Dryfframed I wolde
stonde yo harte to grete and cause why ye hane to sey p
sothe for thy wolde greve me of ony good buyght sholde
kepe hym freysshe and this drawe to stryke downe a wery buyght
for p buyght nor horse was men fourmed p alle way
may endure and p fore seyde the Dryfframed I wolle nat
hane a do wt you for me for thynke of p I hane done . as
for p seyde the lamerake I shalle quyte you of end se my ty
me / . So he departed fro me and wt sir Dryaunte and
by p way they mette wt a buyght p was sente fro dame
Morgan le fay vnto kynge Arthure and as this buyght
had a fayre horne hanneyste wt golde and p horne had
such a vertu p p myght no lady dry note her lantyll no
man drynke of p horne but yf she were trew to her hus
bande of yf she were false she sholde spylle alle p drynke
of yf she were trew to her lorde she myght drynke p of
pesibly and be cause of p quene Gwenybere and in ye
dispyte of the launcelot this horne was sente vnto kynge
Arthure and so by force the lamerake made p buyght to
telle alle p cause why he have p horne and so he tolde hym
alle hole / Now shalle p bere this horne seyde the lamerok
to kynge Arthe other chose to dye . for in p dyspyte of Dry

Tryſtramed̄ you ſhalt bere thit hyrnd þ horne and ſey that I ſende thit hyrnd for to aſſay this lady and yf ſhe be trewe ſhe ſhal preve her Do this knyght went his way bute kynge Arthur and brought hyrnd þ ryche horne & ſeyde þ̄ þ̄ Lamerok ſende thit hyrn and so he tolde hyrnd þ̄ vertu of þ horne // Whan þ̄ kynge made his quene to drynke þ of .l. and .C. ladyes wt her and þ were but .iij. ladyes of all tho þ dranke clene And ſeyde kynge Arthur this is a grete diſpyte & ſavore a grete othe þ̄ ſhe ſholde be brente & þ̄ of ladyes alſo // Whan þ̄ baronnes gadred them to gedyred & ſeyde playnly they wolde nat haue the ladyes brente for an horne made by ſorſery þ̄ came frome þ̄ falſe ſorſeres & wycche moſte þ̄ is now lyvyng for þ horne dud nede good but caused ſtryff & bate & all way in her dayes ſhe was an enemy to all trew lovers So þ̄ were many knyghtf made þ a wolde þ̄ & en they mette with Arthur Morgan le fay that they wolde ſhew her ſhorte curteſy // Alſo Sir Tryſtramed was paſſyng wrothe þ̄ þ̄ Lamerok ſende þ̄ horne vnto kynge Arthur for welle he knew þ̄ thit was done in þ̄ diſpyte of hyrnd and þ̄ fore he thought to smyte Sir Lamerok Whan Sir Tryſtramed uſed dayly and nyghtly to go to quene Iſode ayn Whan he nyght and en Sir Andret his coſyn watched hyrnd nyght by nyght for to take hyrnd wt la beale Iſode and so vppon a nyght þ̄ Andret aſpyed his owne & þ̄ tyme Whan þ̄ Tryſtramed went to his lady // Whan þ̄ Andret gate vnto hyrnd .xij. knyghtis and at mydnyght he ſette vppon þ̄ Tryſtramed ſecretly & ſuddenly and þ̄ þ̄ Tryſtramed was taken naked a bed wt la beale Iſode and so was he bounde hande & foote and kepte tyll day // and than by þ̄ aſſent of kynge Arthur and of Sir Andret and of ſom of þ̄ baronnes Sir Tryſtramed was lad vnto a chapell þ̄ ſtood vppon þ̄ ſee rocky there

for to take his ingemente and so he was lad bounden
w^t yl. knyghtis and wpan ꝑ Tryſtramed ſaw ^t ꝑ was
none oꝑ boote but nedis he muſte dye. Than ſeyde he
fayre lordis remembir what I gane done for the contrey
off Cornwayle & what I ſoupte I gane bene ſyn for ꝑ wele off
you all ſſor wpan I fowght w^t ꝑ Arvgalte the good knyght
I was enuyſed to be bettir rewarded wpan ye all refuſed
to take ꝑ batayle ꝑfore as be ꝑe good ſantyll knyghtis ſe me
nat thus ſhamfully to dye for this is ſhame to all knyght
gode thus to ſe me dye ſſor I dare ſey ſeyde ꝑ Tryſtramis
that I mette nere w^t no knyght but I was as good as he or bett
ſſye wppon ꝑ ſeyde ſir Andrete falſe traytir thorow arte w^t
thyne advauntage for all thy boaſte ꝑ ſſalt dye this day
Andrete Andrete ſeyde Sir Tryſtramed yow ſholdyſt be
my kynyſman and now arte to me full unfrendely But
ſt ꝑ were no more but ꝑ ꝑ woldyſt nat put me to deth
Ho ſeyde ꝑ Andred and there w^t he drew his ſwerde & wolde
have ſlayne hym. Do wpan ꝑ Tryſtramed ſye hym
make ꝑ countenaunce he lokes wppon bothe his handis ^t
were faſte bounden vnto. ꝛ. knyghtis & ſuddenly he pulde
them bothe vnto hym and vnbrayde his handis & lepe
vnto his coſyn ꝑ Andred and wrothe his ſwerde oute off
his handis and than he ſmote ꝑ Andrete that he felle dow
ne to the erthe. and so he fought ^t he kylde .ꝛ. knyghtis ꝑ
Do than ꝑ Tryſtramed gate the chapell & kepte hym
myghtyly Than the crye was grete & people drew faſte
vnto ꝑ Andrete no than and .C. Do wpan ꝑ Tryſtramys
ſaw the people drawe vnto hym he remembyred he was
naked and ſparde faſte ꝑ the chapell dore & braide the
barres off a wyndow & ſo he lepe oute & felle wppon
the craggis in ꝑ ſee and ſo at ꝑ tyme ꝑ Andrete nobyn

none of ꝙ felowys myght nat gete ayen / But whan they
were depted Gomayle and Sir lambegus and Sir Ben
trayle de lusson that were of Tryestramed men sought fore
after ꝙ mayster whan they herde he was escaped and so on
ꝙ wobbys they fonde ayen & wt towels pulde ayen vp and
than Sir Tryestramed asked where was la beale Isode sh
seyde Gomayle she is put in a lazar cote / Alas seyde sir
Tryestramed that is a fulle vngoodly place for suche a
fayre lady and yf I may she shall nat be longe ꝙ and so
he tolde ham men & wente ꝙ as was la beale Isode and
sette hem a bay & brought hem in to a fayre forteste to a
fayre mans and so he abode there wt hem / So now than
good knyght bade hys men depte for at ꝙ tyme he myght
nat helpe them and so they depted alle save Gomayle &
so vppon a day Tryestramed rode in to the foreste for to
disporte ayen and ꝙ he felle on slepe and so happynde there
cam to Tryestramed an maw ꝙ he had slayne his brothr
and so whan this maw had fonde ayen he smotte ayen the
now ꝙ sholdr and anone Tryestramed sterte up & bylde
ꝙ maw and sayd ꝙ meane tyme hit was tolde vnto kynge
Marke how Sir Tryestramed and la beale Isode were
in ꝙ same maw and theder he cam wt many knyghtes to sle
Sir Tryestramed and whan he cam there he fonde ayen
gone and anone he tolde la beale Isode gone wt ayen and
kepte hem strayte ꝙ by no meane she myght neyther myght
nor sende / And whan Tryestramed com toward ꝙ
maw he fonde ꝙ tracke of many horse / and lokyd aboute
in ꝙ place & knew ꝙ hys lady was gone and than Sir
Tryestramed tolde grete sorow & endured wt grete sorow
and payne longe tyme . for the drow ꝙ he was hurte
wyth alle was enbenomed / So by ꝙ meane of la beale Isode

sche made a lady þt was Cosyn vnto dame Brangwayne and sche cam vnto þ Tristramed and tolde hym that he myght nat be hole by no meanys. ffor thy lady Issode may nat helpe þt there fore sche bydyth you haste you in to Bretayne vnto kynge Howell and þ shall ye fynde hys donght þt is called Issode le blaunche mayned and þ shall ye fynde hys þt sche sche shall helpe you // Whan þ Tristramed and Gonnayle gate thend schippyng and so sayled in to Bretayne // And whan kyng Howell knew þt this was þ Tristramed he was full glad of hym // Bn seyde Sir Tristramed I am comd vnto this contrey to haue helpe of yond donght & so sche heled hym Ther was and Erle þt hyght Kype and thys Erle made gret warre vppon hym and putte the kynge to þt worse & he seged hym And on a tyme sir Keyhydyns that was Some to the kynge Howell and as he issewed oute he was sore wounded nyze to þ deth // Whan Gonnayle came to the kynge and seyde þ I counceyle you to defyne my lorde þ Tristramed as in yo nede to helpe you // I wolle do by youre counceyle seyde þt kynge and so he yode vnto þ Tristramed and prayde hym as in chef warnys to helpe hym for my sone þ Keyhidyns may nat go vnto the fylde // Bn seyde sir Tristramed I wolle go to the fylde & do what I may // So Sir Tristramed Issued oute of the towne with suche felyshyp as he myght make and ded suche dedys þt all Bretayne spake of hym And than at þt laste by grete force he slew þt erle Kype his owne hondys & no thyng aw. C. knyghtes he slew þt day and than þ Tristramed was restoryed in to þe cyte worshyppfully wt procession // Than kyng

Howell

howelt embraced hym and his armys and seyde / Tristramed all my hynge dom I wolle refygne to you / God de fende seyde / Tristramed for I am be holdyn yᵗ to for yo dougtyrd sake to do for you more than that / Do by yᵉ grete meanes of yᵉ hynge & his some yᵗ grette grete love be twyxte Isode and sir Tristramed for yᵗ lady was bothe goode & fayre and a woman of noble bloode & fame and for be cause yᵗ / Tristramed had fuche chere and ryches & all op pleasance yᵗ he had all moste for sakyn la beale Isode and so vppon a tyme sir Tristramed aggreed to wed this Isode le blanche maynes and so at yᵉ laste they were wedded & solempnly hylde yᵉ maryage / and so wan they were a bed bothe / Tristramed remembrde hym of his olde lady la beale Isode and than he toke fuche a thought fuddenly that he was all dismayde & op chere made he none nop wᵗ chyppynge & kyssynge as for fleyshely lustys / Tristramed had nen a do wᵗ sir fuche mention makyth yᵉ freynsshe booke / also his makyth mencion that the lady wente yᵗ had be no pleasure but kyssyng & clyppynge and sir the meane tyme yᵗ was a knyght in Bretayne his name was / Dinynabyled and he com on the see in to Inglonde and so he com in to the counte of hynge Arthure and yᵗ he mette wᵗ / launcelot du lake and tolde hym of the maryage of sir Tristramed than seyde / launcelot fye vppon hym vntrew knyght to his lady yᵗ so noble a knyght as sir Tristramed wᵗ sholde be fownde to his fyrst lady and love vntrew yᵗ is yᵉ quene of Cornwayle / But sey ye to hym than seyde / launcelot that of all knyghtes in the worlde I shame loved hym & all was for his noble

dedys and lette hym wete þt the love be twene hym and
me is done for ev and þat I gyff hym warnyng from
this day forthe I holl be his mortall enemy So departed
sir Duppynables vnto bretayne a gayne & þ he found
sir Dryftrames and tolde hym þ he had bene in byng
artham-ed counte. Than & Dryftrames seyde hem
ye owe thynge me So god me helpe seyde & Duppy
nabyles þ I gaude Sir launcelot spake of you grete
shame and that ye are a false knyght to youre lady
and he bade me do you to wyte þt he holl be youre
mortall foo in ev-y place where he may mete you
Than that me repenyth seyde & Dryftrames for of all
knyghtes I loved moste to be in his felyshyp Than sir
Dryftrames was a shamed & made grete mone
þt ev-r any knyght sholde defame hym for the sake of
his lady and so in this meane while Maple la beale Isode
made a lettr vnto quene Gwenyvere complayning
her of the vntrouthe of Sir Dryftrames how he had
wedded þ kyngs doughtr of Bretayne. Do quene
Gwenyn sente hym a nay lett & bade hym be of goode
comforte for she sholde have joy after sorow for sir
Dryftrames was so noble a knyght called þ by craft
of sorsery ladyes wolde make suche noble to wedde
them but þ ende quene Gwenyn seyde shulde be this
þ he shall hate her & love you bettr than ev-r he did
// So leve we & Dryftrames in Bretayne & speke
we of & lamerok de galys þ as he sayled his shyppe
felle on a rocke & dispeyssed all save & lamerok
and his squyer for he swame so myghtyly þ fysshes
of þ Ile of Avarge tobe hym vp and his squyer
was drowned and the shyppmen had grete labour

to save ſ lamerok̄e qꝰ lyſſ for all ꝑ comforte ꝑ they conde do and ꝑ lorde of that ſhe gyggt ſ Rabon le noyre a grete myggty gyaunte and thys Syr Rabon hated all the knyggtſ of kynge arthured and in no wyſe he wolde do hem no fauour and theꝰ fyſſhers tolde ſ lamerok̄e all ꝑ gyſe of Syr Rabon how ꝑ com new knyggt of kynge arthurs but he distroyed hym and the laſte batayle ꝑ en he ded was with Sir Ramoune le petyte and when he had wonne hym he put hym to a ſhamefull deth in the deſpyte of kynge arthure he was drawyn lym meale Thatꝰ for thynkꝭ me ſeyde ſ lamerok̄ for that knyggtſ deth for he was my cosyn and yf I were at myne ease as well as en I was I wolde wenge hys deth Paaſe ſeyde ꝑ fyſſhers & make here no wordys for on en ye depte frome hem ſ Rabon muſte know ꝑ ye hane bene here otherwiſe we ſhall dye for yꝰ ſake Do that I be hole ſeyde ſ lamerok̄e of my myſſe ease ꝑ I hane tabyn in the ſee I wolle that ye telle hym that I am a knyggt of kynge arthures for I was ned ferde to renayne

Now turne we vnto ſ Dryſtrauns that ylorde that vppon a day he tobe a lytyll barget and and thys wyth Isode le blaunche mayny with Syr Peyhydyns her bro to ſporte hem on the coſtis and whan they were frome ꝑ londe ꝑ was a wynde ꝑ drove hem in to the coſte of walys vppon thus ſyde of ſerbage where as was ſ lamerok̄e and there ꝑ barget all to rove and ꝑ dame Isode was ſmyte and as well as they myggt they gate in to ꝑ foreſt and ꝑ by a welle he ſye ſ Begwanydes and a

dameselle wt hym and thaw aythir salewed ofr the seyde
Sir Segwarydes I know you welle for þ Tristrams
de lyones the man in the worlde yt I have moste
cause to hate by cause ye depted ye love be tweene
me & my wyff But as for that seyde þ Segwary
des I wolle ned hate a noble knyght for a lyghte
lady and ye fore I pray you to be my frende and
I wolle be youre vnto my power for wete you welle
ye ar garde be stadde in this valey and we shalle
have I nowe a do ayr to succowre ofr and so Sir
Segwarydes brought sir Tristrames to a lady
ye by that was borne in Cornwayle and she tolde
hym alle ye pelé ofr ye valay how ye cowd ned knyght
there but he were taken presonere or slayne
Wete you welle fayre lady seyde þ Tristrames
that I preve þ chaulte and delynde Cornwayle
fromye ye trewage ofr Irelonde and I am he that
delynde the kynge ofr Irelonde fromye þ Blamond
de Ganys and I am he that bete þ Palomydes
and wete you welle ye I am þ Tristrames de lyo
nes that by the grace ofr god shalle delyn this the
wofulle yle ofr knage so þ Tristrames was rel
eased yt nyght than one tolde hym ye was a knyght
ofr kynge Artus that was wrabbed ow ye rocke
What is his name seyde þ Tristrames we wote
nat seyde the fyssheres but he kepyth hit no counsel
that he is a knyght ofr kynge Artus and by þ
nyghtly londe he settyth nought I pray you seyde
Sir Tristrames and ye may kynge hym thyn
ye I may se hym and if he be ony ofr ye noble
knyghtes I know hym than the good lady prayde

the fysshers to bringe hym to ther place So on the
morne they brought hym thydir in a fysshers gar-
mente and as sone as sir Dryastramed sy hym he smy-
led vppon hym and knew hym well But he knew
nat sir Dryastramus Sayre sir seyde sir Dryastramus
me semyth ye be yonge esquyre that ye have bene desy-
sed but late and also me thynkyth I sholde know
you here to forne Wolt well seyde sir Lamerok
that ye have seyne me for the nobelyst knyght of
the table rownde have seyne me & mette wt me
Sayre sir seyde sir Dryastramed telle me youre
name Sir vppon a covenaunte I wolle telle you
so that ye telle me wyche p̄ ye be lorde of that yon
I londe or no that is callyd sir Sabon le noyre
I am nat nor I sholde nat of hym but I am hys foo
as well as ye be and so shall I be founde on I de-
yre of thys Well seyde sir Lamerok syn ye
have seyde so largely vnto me my name is syn
Lamerok de galys Now vnto bringe Sellynore for-
sothe I trow well seyde sir Dryastramus ford and ye
seyde oy I know the contrary What ar ye seyde
Sir Lamerok that knowyt so me for sothe sir I am
sir Dryastramed de lyonesd a sir remembr ye nat of
ye falt ye did gyffe me onys and after that ye re-
fused to fyght on foote wt me Sir that was
nat for no feare that is of you but me shamed at
p̄ tyme to have more ado wt you for as me se-
med ye had I nowe a do But sir wete you well
for my kyndenesse ye put many ladyes to a re
preff Wyche ye sente the gentyll knyght vnto bringe ajarbe and hit sholde have

gone to kynge Arthure where as ye dud ꝑ̄ in dispyte
of me Well seyde he and ꝯ were to do a gayne so wolde
I do for I had leid stryff and debate felle in kyng charlys
comte retyer than in kynge Arthurs conte for ꝑ̄ gode
of bothe contys be nat lyke as to ꝑ̄ seyde ꝑ̄ Diystrauns
I know well But that ꝑ̄ was done was done for dispy
te of me but all youre malyce I thanke god thurte nat
gretly therefore. Fyde seyde ꝑ̄ Dinystraunes ye shall leve
all youre malyce & so wolle I and lette vs assay how we
may wynne worshyp be twene you & me vppon this graunte
sir Gabon le noyre that no lorde of this londe to destroy
kynd Bn seyde Bn lamerok now I vndirstonde youre
bnygthode ꝯ may nat be false ꝑ̄ all men sey for of youre
bounte nobles & worshyp of all bnygthis ye ar peveles
& for yo curtesy & sauntyines I shewed you vnkyndnesse and
that now me repentyth Do in the meane tyme cam word
ꝑ̄ to Gabon had made a cry that all people sholde be
at his castell the .v. day after and the same day the somme
of Gabon sholde be made bnygth & all the bnygthis of ꝑ̄
valey and there a boute sholde be there to juste and all
the of ꝑ̄ [illegible] realme of logrys sholde be ꝑ̄ to juste wyth
them of northe walys and thyder cam .v. C. bnygthis and so
they of ꝑ̄ contrey brought thyder ꝑ̄ lamerok and ꝑ̄ Dinys
traunes and ꝑ̄ heyghdyns and ꝑ̄ Begwarydes for they
durste none of wyse do and than Gabon lete sir lamerok
horse and armo at his owne devyse and so sir lamerok
justed and dud suche dedis of armys ꝑ̄ ꝑ̄ Gabon and all ꝑ̄
people seyde ꝑ̄ was neid bnygth that ever they sie ꝑ̄ dud such
dedis of armys for as ꝑ̄ booke seyth he for justed all that
were ꝑ̄ for the moste pty of .v. C. bnygthis ꝑ̄ none abode
kynd in his sadyll Than ꝑ̄ Gabon gfunde ꝑ̄ lamerok

to play this play wt hym for I saw neu one knyght do so
muche vpon one day // I wolde well seyde sir launcelote
play as I may but I am wery and sore bruised & þ aythir
gate a speare but this ſ Nabone wolde nat encounter
wt ſ launcelote but smote his horse in the forhede & so slew
hym and than ſ launcelote yode on foote and trusted his
shylde and drew his swerde and þ be gan stronge batayle
on foote // But sir launcelote was so sore bruised & shorte
bretthid þ he traced and traised sore what a backe // Fayre
felow seyde ſ Nabone holde thy honde and I shall shewe þ
more curtesy than eu I serued knyght be cause I haue sene
this day thy noble knyghthode and thow art sore stonde þ by
and I wolde wete whether ony of thy felowes wolde haue
a do wt me // Than ſ Tristramed gan de þ he seyde ſ
Nabone lende me horse and fine armoure and I wolde
haue a do wt you well felow seyde ſ Nabone go you to
yondir pabylyon and arme þ of the beste þ kyndest there
& I shall play sone a vnrayled play with þ Than seyde
sir Tristramed lete ye play well of ellys aduenture I
shall lerne you a new play // What is well seyde seyde ſ
Nabone So whan ſ Tristramed was armed as hym
lyked beste & well shylded & swerded he dressed to hym on
foote for well I know þ ſ Nabone wolde nat a byde a strok
wt a speare and þ fore he wolde sle all knyghtis horse // Now
fayre felow seyde ſ Nabone latte vs play and so they fought
longe on foote traysynge and traisynge smytynge and for
wynge longe wt oute ony reste // So at þ laste ſ Nabone
prayde hym to tell hym his name Sir seyde he my name
is ſ Tristramed de lyones a knyght of Cornwayle why
ose am vndir kynge marke a you arte well com seyde
sir Nabone for of all knyghtis I dame moste desyred to fyght

how ſ Nabon
& his sou wed
slayne by the
hondis of sir
Tristramys n
þ ske of ſ nag

wyth alle other ellys wyth ſ lancelot and ſo they wente
thaw egerly to gyder that at ye laſte ſir Tryſtrames ſlew
ſir Labone and ſo forth alle ge lepe to gid ſomme and
ſtrake off gid hede // Thaw alle the contrey ſeyde they wolde
holde of ſ Tryſtrames alle the hole valay of ſhuage
Nay ſeyde ſ Tryſtrames ſ wolle nat ſo. ffor here is a wor-
ſchypfulle kny3t Sir lamerok de galys that for me
ge ſhalle be lorde of this ſle ffor ge hathe done here gre
dede of armys // Nay ſeyde ſ lamerok ſ wolle nat be
lorde of this contrey for ſ thane nat defyne hit as well
as ye ye fore gyffe ye hit vnto ſ wolle ſone ſ wolle thane
well ſeyde ſ Tryſtrames ſyn ye noy ſ wolle nat thane
hit lette vo gyffe hit vnto ſyrn that hathe nat ſo well
defyned hit // Sir do as ye lyſte for the gyffte is ouered
for ſ wolle none and ſ had defyned hit and ſo by aſſente
hit was yelyrid vnto ſ Begwaryes and he thanked
them and ſo was he lorde ſ worſchypfully he and gomme
gewn and than ſ Begwaryes delyrede alle ye ſpiſoners
ſ ſette good gomnaunce in ye valey and ſo he tornede in
to Cornwayle and tolde kynge Arthure and la beale Iſode
how ſir Tryſtrames had abannyd kynd in ye ſle of ſer
vayge and ye he proclaymed in alle Cornwayle of alle
the aventures of thes. iij. kny3tis and ſo was hit oppul
lyche kynd But fulle wo was la beale Iſode when ſhe
herde telle that ſ Tryſtrames had wt kynd Iſode le blaun
che maryys // Bot tornne we vnto ſ lamerok that rode
towarde kynge Arthures courte and ſo ſir Tryſtrys
ryde ſ ſ keyſydyns tolde a veſſelle ſ ſayled in to Bretay
ne vnto kynge Howelle where they were welle cowd
wayd they herde of thes aventures they merbayled
of this noble dedys // Now tornne we vnto ſ lamerok

tha[t] wha[n] he was dep[te]d fro[m]e ꝑ Tryſtramed he rode
oute of[f] the foreſte tyll he cam to an Ermytage And wha[n]
the Ermyte ſerue hym he aſked fro[m]e whens he com. ꝑ
and com fro[m]e this valey Wha[t] merwayle we of[f]
yo[n] this. ſayd the Ermyte I ſaw neu[er] bwyght
paſſe this contrey but he was ſo[r] ſlayne and vylanſely
wo[r]nded ou[er] paſſe as a poore ꝓſoner But the ſayd
cuſtomyd are for done ſeyde ꝑ Lamerok for ſu[r] Tryſ-
tramed Hath ſlayne youre lorde Bu[r] Nabone and his
ſonne Wha[n] was the Ermyte glade and all his bre
thr[e]n for he ſeyde ꝑ was neu[er] ſuche a tyraunte a
monge cryſtyn men and ꝑ fore ſeyde the Ermyte pu
valey ſt fyancayſe ſhall ben holde of[f] ſu[r] Tryſtramed
So on the morne ꝑ Lamerok dep[te]d and as he rode
he ſaw. iij. bwyghtſ fyght a yenſte one ſt ꝑ one bwyght
defended hym well but at ꝑ laſte the. iij. bwyghtſ had
hym downe And wha[n] ꝑ Lamerok wente be tweyne
them and aſked them why they wolde ſle ꝑ one bwyght
and ſeyde it was ſhame. iij. a yenſte one So
ſhalt well wete ſeyde ꝑ. iij. bwyghtſ that he is falſe
So that ꝯ tale ſeyde ꝑ Lamerok and wha[n] I here thy
ſpeche I wolde ſley as ye ſey Bu[r] ſeyde ſu[r] Lamerok how
ſey you can ye nat excuſe you none of[f] ayſe but that
ye ar a falſe bwyght Bu[r] yett can I excuſe me bothe
w[t] my worde and w[t] my dondyd And that wolde I make
good vpon one of[f] the beſte of[f] them my body to his body
Wha[n] ſpake they all at onyd We wolde nat ſoupte
one to bodyed But wete ꝑ well they ſeyde and bynge
Arthure were gave hym ſelff yt ſholde nat lye in his
power to ſave his lyff. That is ſeyde to large ſeyde
Bu[r] Lamerok but many ſtrokyng be dyde a man more

thaw he wolde seye to his face and for be cause of yond
wordis ye shalde vndirstonde þt I am one of þe symplyst
of bynge Arthures courte and in þe worshyp of my
lorde nowe do yo beste and in þe disprye of you I shalde
reskow hym and thaw they layshed alle at onys to Sr
lamerok But at ij. strokis he gaf slayne .ij. of them
Thaw the ope. ij. fled So thaw þ lamerok turned
a gayne vnto that knyght and horsed hym & asked
hym his name Sr my name is þ ffrolle of þe ounte
of yo and so he rode wt Sr lamerok and bare hym
company and as they rode by the way they sawe a
semely knyght rydynge and comynge a yenst thaym
and alle in whyght a seyde þ ffrolle yondir knyght
justed but late wyth me and smote me downe þ
fore I wolde juste wt hym ye shalde nat do so seyde
Sr lamerok be my counceyle and ye wolde tell me
yo quarell where ye justed at his requeste of he
at yonnes I may seyde þ ffrolle I justed wt hym at my
requeste Sr thaw wolde I counceyle you deale no mo
re wt hym for lyte his countenaunce he sholde be a
noble knyght and no laper for me thynke yo he sholde
be of þe vounde table As for þt I wolde nat spare seyde
sr ffrolle Thaw he cryed and seyde þ knyght make þe
redy to juste Thatt wedyth nat seyde þe whyghte
knyght for I have no luste to tape nor juste So they
feautred þ speres and þe whyght knyght ouerthrewe
Sr ffrolle and thaw he rode his way a softe pace
Thaw Sr lamerok rode after hym & prayde hym
to telle his name for me semyth ye sholde be of the
felyshyp of þe vounde table Sr I graunte a covenaunte

that ye wolle nat telle my name and also that ye wolle
telle me yowre // Sir my name is lamerok de galis
and my name is launcelot du lake Than they putte
vp ther swerdys and hyssed hertely to gydur at ayther ma
de grete ioy of oyr Sir segyde lamerok and gyf pleasse
you I wolle do you hyrse // God defende that ony of so no
ble a blood as ye be sholde do me hyrse Than seyde
launcelot I am in a queste that I must do my selffe alone
Now god spede you seyde sir lamerok and so they
departed Than lamerok com to Sir ffrolle and horsed
hym a gayne and seyde sir what knyght is that seyde
ffrolle that gyf I nat for you to know no for I no peynte
of yowre chaunge / ye ar the more vncurteyse seyde
ffrolle and therefore I wolle departe felyshyp // ye may
do as ye lyste and yett be my company ye shall fynde
the fayrest flowre of yowr gatelonde // So they departed
Than within .iij. dayes lamerok fownde a knyght
at a welle slepynge and his lady sate with hym and watched
hym so com sir Gawayne and take that knyghtis lady and
sette hir vp be hyrde hys stedys // So lamerok rode
after sir Gawayne and seyde sir turne a yen Than seyde
sir Gawayne what wolle ye do with me I am neven bu
to bynge awtchone Sir for that cause I wolle fore beare
you other elles that lady sholde a byde with me Than
Sir Gawayne turned hym and raid to hym that ought the
lady with his speare but that knyght with pure myght
smote downe sir Gawayne and take his lady with hym
and alle this frye Sir lamerok and seyde to hym selffe
but I revenge my felow he wolle sey me dishonowre
in bynge awtchone counte Than sir lamerok returne
ned and profyrde that knyght to fyght // Sir I and redy

seyde he and there they cam to gedyns wt all/ there
myght/ and ℔ lamerok/ smote the knyght thorow
both sydis that/ he fylle to the erthe dede// Than t
lady rode to ℔ knyghtis knoth that/ kyght/ ℔ Bellyamce le orgulus that/ swelled faste ℔ by and tolde
kynd how his broℏ was slayne// also seyde he/ wolde
be revenged and so he horsed kynd and armed kynd
and wt in a whyle he ouertoke ℔ lamerok/ and bade
kynd turne and leve that/ lady for ℞ and/ muste
play a new play for thow haste slayne my broℏ
Sir ffrolle that/ was a bettir knyght than ever was
℞ ye may well/ sey that/ seyde ℔ lamerok/ but this day
in the playne fylde/ was founde the bettir knyght/
So they rode to gedyns and vnhorsed eche oℏ and
turned ℔ shyeldis and drew ℔ swerdys & fought
myghtyly as noble knyghtis proved ℞ space of .x.
owres// So than ℔ Bellyamce prayde kynd to telle
kynd his name// Sir my name is ℔ lamerok
de galys/ and seyde ℔ Bellyamce ye ar the man
in the worlde ℔ I moste hate for I slew my fadir
for thy sake where I saved thy lyff/ and now ℞
haste slayne my brothir ℔ ffrolle/ alas how shulde I be
accorded wt the ℔ love defende ℞ ℞ shalt dye ℔ is none
oℏ way nor remedy// alas seyde ℔ lamerok fulle well/
me ought/ to know you for ye ar the man t ℔ moste hane
done for me And there wt all ℔ lamerok/ kneled a downe
and he sought kynd of grace/ and upsesup seyde ℔ Bellyam-
ce other elles ℔ as ℞ knelyste I shall/ fle the Than/ shall/
nat/ nede seyde ℔ lamerok for I wolle/ yelde me to you nat/
for no feare of you nor of youre strengthe but youre good
nesse maketh/ me to lothe to hane ado wt you Where fore
I requyre you for goddis sake and for ℞ sone of knyghtode

for gyff me all / þ I came offended vnto yon / Alas seyde Sr. Bellyaunce leve thy knelynge ony ellys I shall ffle the wt oute mercy / Than they yode a gayne to batayle & ayther wounded other that all þe grounde was blody þ ad they fought / And at þe laste ffr Bellyaunce wt drew hym a backe & sette hym downe a lytyll vppon an hylle for he was sayne for bledynge that he myght nat stonde / Than ffr laun vobe threw his shylde vppon his backe and came vnto hym and asked hym what chere / Well seyde ffr Bellyaunce a fayre yett shall I shew yon favour in yonr male ease a bought seyde ffr Bellyaunce vnto ffr lancelot yon are a foole for and I had the at myne avantage as þe laste me I sholde sle the but thy valyantnesse is so good and so large þt I must nedys for gyff the myne ayght wyll / And than ffr lancelot he kneled a downe and vnlaced fyrst his vmbrere and than his ownne / And than ayther kyssed other wt wepynge tearys Than ffr lancelot led ffr Bellyaunce to an abbey faste by and þ ffr lancelot wolde nat depte from ffr Bellyaunce tylle he was hole and than they were sworne to gyders þ none of them sholde new fyght a yenste ony so ffr lancelot depted and wente to the courte of Arthur

Here endyth of the tale of Sr. lancelot and of Sr. Bryestiaunys and here be gynnyth the tale of Sr. la cote male tayle Thatt was a good knyght

TO the courte of kynge Arthure there came a yonge man lyghly made and he was rychely besene and he desyred to be made a knyght of the kynge / And his owne garmente sate ouerly ouerwartely how be it yt was ryche clothe of golde / What is yonre name seyde

kynge arthure. Sir my name is Sir Guyon le noyre and
w^t in shorte space ye shall knowe y^t I am comyn of goode
kynne. wt may well be seyde ꝑ kay the seneschall but in
mokkynge ye shall be called la cote male tayle that is as
muche to sey the evyll shappyd cote wt is a grete thynge
that y^u asskyste seyde y^e kynge. But for what cause werpt
y^u that ryche cote. wt is for sowe cause. sir he answerde I
had a fadre a noble knyght and as he rode an huntyng up
pon a day wt happed hym to ley hym downe to slepe ꝑ there
cam a knyght that had bene longe his enemy and whan
he sawe he was faste on slepe he alyght to reve hym ꝑ this
same cote had my fadre on that tyme and that makyth
this coote to sytte so evyll vppon me for the stroke be on
wt as I fownde wt and men shall wt be a mendid for me
Thus to kane my fadres dethe in remembraunce I were
this coote tylle I be revenged and be cause ye ar called ꝑ
moste nobelyst kynge of ye worlde I cowde to you to ma
ke me a knyght. Sir seyde ꝑ lamerok and Sir Gaheris
wt were well done to make hym knyght for hym be se
myth well of ꝑsone and of countenaunce ꝑ he shall ꝑve
a good knyght and a myght for sir and ye be remembrid
evyn such one was ꝑ launcelot whan he cam fyrst in
to this courte and fulle fewe of vs knew from whens
he cam ꝑ now is he preved the man of moste worshyp
in the worlde and all ye conte ꝑ vnde table is by ꝑ
launcelot worshypped and amended more than by ony
knyght his kynge That is trouthe seyde ꝑ kynge and to
morow at yowre requeste I shall make hym knyght so
on the morne y^t was an Ester fownden ꝑ the kyng rode kyng
arthure with a company of his knyghtis to se y^e gevyn and
this yonge man y^t ꝑ kay named la cote male tayle was

there lefte be hynde with quene Gwanyvere and by a
ſuddeyne adventure ꝑ was an horrybble lyon kepte in a
towre of ſtoon and the brake lowſe and came hurlyng be
fore ꝑ quene and her knyghtſ And when ꝑ quene ſawe
the lyon ſhe cryed oute and fledde and prayde hir knyghtſ
to reſcow her and ꝑ was none but .xv. knyghtſ ꝑ a bode
and all ꝑ of fledde Than ſeyde la cote male tayle now
I ſe that all cowarde knyghtſ be nat dede and ꝑwt all he
drew his ſwerde and dreſſed hym be fore ꝑ lyon and that
lyon gaped wyde and came vppon hym rawmpyng to ſame
hym and he a gayne ſmote hym in the myddys of
the hede that hit clufe in ſundir and ſo dayſſhed downe to
the erthe and anone hit was tolde the quene how ꝑ yong
man ꝑ ꝑ kay named la cote male tayle had ſlayne ꝑ lyon
and anone wt ꝑ the kynge com home and the quene tolde
hym of that adventure he was well pleaſed and ſeyde
vppon payne of my ne hede he ſhall preve a noble man
and kaytheſull and trewe of his promyſe and ſo forthe
wt all the kynge made hym knyght Now ſir ſeyde this
yonge knyght I requyre you and all the knyghtſ of the
courte ꝑ ye calle me none of name but la cote male tay
le ſir ſo muche ꝑ ꝑ kay hath ſo named me ſo will I be called
I aſſente me ꝑ to ſeyde the kynge and ſo the ſame day there
came a damoſell in to the courte and ſhe brought with hir
a grete blacke ſhylde wt a whyght honde in the myddys
goldynge a ſwerde and of pyctoure was ꝑ none in that
ſhylde when kynge Arthure ſaw her he aſſked her from
whens ſhe came and what ſhe wolde Sir ſhe ſeyde I came
rydden longe and many a day wt this ſhylde many way
es and for this cauſe I am com to youre courte for there
was a good knyght that ought this ſhylde ſ this knyght

had vndertake a grete dede of armys to encheve and so
by mysse fortune and of strange knyght mette with
by suddeyne aventure and that they fought longe and sytthe wou
ded otherr passynge sore and they were so wery that they lefte
the batayle on eyther honde / So that knyght that ought the
shylde sawe none other way but he muste dye and than he
comaunded me to bere this shylde to the courte of kyng
Arthure the requyrynge and prayynge som good knyght
to take this shylde and that he wolde fulfylle the queste that he
was in / Now what sey ye to this queste seyde kynge
Arthure is there here ony of you that wolle take vppon
you to welde this shylde Than was there nat one that wolde
speke a worde Than sayd kay to the shylde in his honde
and lyfte it vp / Sir knyght seyde the damesell what
is youre name wete you well my name is sayd kay the seneс
chall that wyde where is knowyn / Sir seyde the dame
sell lay downe that shylde for wyte you well ye shall lyte
nat for you for ye muste be a better knyght than ye
shall welde this shylde / Damesell seyde sayd kay I take
youre shylde nat to that entente / But go who so go wolle
for I wolle nat go with you / Than the damesell stood stylle
a grete whyle and beheylde many of the knyghtes / and
spake this yonge knyght lacote male tayle and seyde
fayre damesell I wolle take this shylde and the adven
ture vppon me / What and I wyste whyther were my
journey myghte be for be cause I was this day made
knyght I wolde take this aventure vppon me What
is youre name fayre yonge man seyde the damesell
my name is he seyde lacote male tayle well may you
be called so seyde the damesell the knyght wyth the
vyolett sklayven coote / But and ye be so hardy to take

on the to

on the to beare that shylde and to folowe me wote ye well
thy seyme shalle be as well horyd as thy cote ad for ye
seyde sr la cote male tayle wham I am so horyd I wolle
aske you no salff to heale me wt alle and forthy wt alle ye
com in to the courte vij squyers and brought hym grete
horsis and his armoure and spearys and anone he was
armed and tobe his love Dne I wolle nat seyde sr kynge
be my wylle that ye tobe vppon you this harde adventure
Dne he seyde this adventure is myne and ye fyrste that
evir I tobe vppon and yt wolle I folow whatt som evir com of
me Wham yt damesell depted and so sr la cote male tayle
faste folowed after and wt in a whyle he ovir tobe ye dame
selle and anone she wysse seyde hym in the fowlyst maner
Wham sr bay ordayned sr Dagonet kynge arthurs foole
to folow after sr la cote male tayle and there Dne bay
ordayned that Dne Dagonet was horsed and armed
and bade hym folow Dne la cote male tayle and dyde
hym to juste and so he ded and wham he sawe la cote ma-
le tayle he cryed and bade make hym redy to juste Bo sn
la cote male tayle smote sr Dagonet ovir his horse crou
pyn Wham the damesell mocked la cote male tayle and
seyde fye for shame now arte ye ashamed in kynge arthurs
courte wham they sende a foole to shame a do wt the st specially
at thy fyrste justys Whan she rode longe and abydde
and so wt in a whyle there cam sr Bleoberys ye good knyght
and yt he justed wt sr la cote male tayle and there Dne
Bleoberys smote hym so sore that horse and alle felle to
the erthe Wham sr la cote male tayle arose vp lyghtly st
dressed his shylde st drew his swerde st a wolde have done
batayle to the vttraunce for he was wode wroth that
so seyde sr Bleoberys he gaynys as at this tyme I wolle

· A. 4 · b. c. d. e. f. g. h. i. k. l. m. n. o. p. q.

nat fyght vppon foote Than the damesell haledysamte
rebuked hym in the fowleste maner and bade hym turne a
gayne cowarde A damesell seyde he I pray yow of mercy to
myne say me no more for my grefe is I now thoughe ye gryeve
me no more yet I calle me nere the worse knyght thoughe a
mayde sonne hath failed me and also I counte my selfe nere
the worse man for a falle of sir Bleoberys But thus he rode
wt̄ in. dayes and by fortune he encountred wyth sir
Palomydes the noble knyght and in the same wyse Sir
Palomydes served hym as dede sir Bleoberys to fore hym
de Than seyde the damesell What doste thou here in my felyshyp
for thou canste nat fyght no knyght nor wyll stonde hym one
busshette but yf thou were sir Dagonet a fayre damesell
I am nat the worse to take a falle of sir Palomydes and
yett gruete dyshonour have I none for nor sir Bleoberys
nor yett sir Palomydes wolde not fyght wt̄ me on foote Ad
for that seyde the damesell wote yow welle they have dis dayne
ne and scorne to a lyght of horse to fyght wt̄ suche a lowe
de knyght as I am Bo in the meane whyle com Sir
Mordred sir Gawayne bro and so he felle in felyshyp
wt̄ the damesell haledysamte And than they com be fore
the castell Orgulus and there was suche a custom that there
myght com no knyght by the castell but he muste juste
other be prisonere other at the leste to lose his horse Gawey
ne and there came oute .v. knyghtes a yenste them And sir Mordred
justyd wt̄ the formyste and that knyght of the castell smote
Sir Mordred downe of his horse And than sir la cote male
tayle justed wt̄ the other and ayther of them smote downe other
to the erthe And anone they avoyded their horses and ayther of
them toke other horses And than sir la cote male tayle rode
vnto that knyght that smote downe sir Mordred and there

la cote ma
e tayle justed
wt̄ sir bleoberys
t was a fetille

lacote male tayle wounded hym passynge sore and sette
hym from his horse and lay as he had bene dede / Boge
turned vnto hym that mette hym a fore and he toke the
flyght towarde ye castell and ye lacote male tayle rode
after hym and vnto the castell Orfulins and there sir lacote
male tayle slew hym and anone ye cam an C. knyghtes
a boute hym and all assayled hym and whan he sawe his
horse sholde be slayne he a lyght and voyded his horse it
so out hym oute of ye gate And whan he had so done he
marled in a monge them and dressed his backe vntyll a
ladyes chambr wall / Bahynkynge hym selff to ye gadde
lesd dye there wt worshipp than to a byde ye rebukes of the
same sell dyalesyssmnte and so in the meane tyme as he
stood it fought ye lady ye gylde that chambr went oute
sftly at a posterne and wt oute the gatys sye sonde sir
lacote male tayle his horse and lyghtly sye gate hym by
the brydyll and tyed hym to the posterne And than sye yo
de vnto her chambr sftly agayne for to be holde how that
one knyght sanght a yenst an C. knyght And whan sye
had be holde hym longe sye went to a wyndow be hynde
his backe and seyde yon knyght that fyghtyst wondrly
well but for all that at the laste yon muste nedys dye
but yff ye can thorow thy mygghty prowesse wynne vnto you
dn posterne for there game I fastened ye horse to a byde
the but wete ye welle yon muste thynke on thy worshipp
and thynke nat to dye for ye mayde nat wynne vnto ye
posterne wt oute ye do nobely and mygghtyly whan sir
lacote male tayle harde her sey so he gryped his swerde
in his honde and put his shylde fayre be fore hym and
thorow the thyckest pred he thryled thorow / and whan he
cam to the porsterne he sonde ye redy. xx. knyghtes and at

wt the fyrste strokys he slew. vij. of the knyghtis and so he wanne his horse and rode frome them and all that was reserved the kynge Arthures courte how he slew .xij. knyghtis wt in the castell Orguluus and so he rode on his way. And in the meane whyle the damesell sayde vnto sr Gyrflet I wene my foolysshe knyght be otherwise slayne or tabyd presoner And than were they wave and saw hym com ryding and whan he was com to them he tolde all how he had spedde and escaped in the dysspyte of all the castell and sowd of the beste of them wolde telle no talys Thow gabbyst falsely seyde the damesell that dare I make good for as a foole and a dastarde to all knyghtehode they gane latte the passe. Thatt may ye preve seyde lacote male tayle wt that she sente a corroure of hers that all way rode wt her and so he rode thydir lyghtly sr Gyrflet saw it in what wyse that knyght escaped oute of the castell Than all the knyghtis cursed hym and seyde he was a feude and no man for he hath slayne here .xij. of oure beste knyghtis and we went this day that oute had bene to wnche for sir Tristramus de lyones other for sir launcelot de lake and in dyspyte and magre of vs all he is departed frome vs And so the corroure com a gayne and tolde sr Gyrflet all how sir lucote male tayle spedde at the castell Orguluus Than she smote downe the hede and seyde but lytyll Be my hede seyde sr Gyrflet to the damesell ye ar gretly to blame so to rebuke hym for I warne you playnly he is a good knyght and I doute nat but he shall preve a noble man but ad yette he may nat sytte fure on horsebacke for he in must be a good horse man that must com of vsage and exercise but whan he comyth to the strokis of his swerde he is than noble strenghty and sr Gyrflet saw sr Bleoberys and sr Palomydes for wete you well they were wyly men of

ware for they wolde know anone what they sye a yonge man bygght by his rydynge how they were sure to gysse hym a falle frome his horse other a grete busshe but for þ̄ moste pty they wyll nat bygght on foote w̄t yonge bygghtys for they ar mygghtyly strongely armed ffor in lyke wyse Sir lancelot du lake what he was fyrste made bygght he was ostyn put to the worse on horse backe but ever vppon foote he reconde his renowme and slewe and defowled many bygghtys of the rounde table And þ̄fore þ̄ rebukys that Sir lancelot ded vnto many bygghtys causyth them to be mesd of probesse to be ware for ostyn tymes I came seyne þ̄ olde prebed bygghtys rebuked and slayne by them þ̄t were but yonge be gynners Thus they rode sure talkyng by the wey to gydyns

Here this tale old leyth a whyle vnto Sir lancelott that what he was cond to the courte of kynge Arthure tham what sayde he telle of the yonge bygghte Sir lacote male tayle how he slew the lyon & how he tok vppon hym the adventures of the blacke shylde which was named at þ̄t tyme the sandyest adventure of the worlde So god me save seyde sir lancelot vnto many of his felowys that was shame to all the good noble bygghtys to suffir suche a yonge bygght to take so hyze adventure on hym for his distruccion for I wolle þ̄t ye wyte seyde Sir lancelot that this damesell thaledysaunte hath borne that shylde many a day for to seche the moste prised bygghtys and that was she þ̄t sir Breuuys sanze pite tok the shylde frome and after sir Brystiames de lyones rescowed that shylde frome hym and gaff hit to the damesell a gayne a lytyll a fore that tyme that Sir Brystiames fanght w̄t my neveu sir Blamoure de galys for a quarell þ̄t was

be dwyste the kynge of Irelonde and kynd than many knyghtis were sory that ſ la cote male tayle was gone forthe so that adventure trulyly seyde ſ launcelot caste me to ryde after kym And so he dyd by dayes ſ launcelot ouertoke ſ la cote male tayle and than he saluted kym and the damesell ayaledysaunte And whan ſ ayardred salu launcelot than he lefte ſ felyship and so ſ launcelot rode wt hem all a day and ever that damesell rebuked ſ la cote male tayle and than ſ launcelot answerde for kym than she lefte of & rebuked ſ launcelot So thys meane tyme ſ crystrannys sente by a damesell a lettre vnto ſ launcelot excusynge kym of the wedynge of Isa le blaunche maynes and seyde in the lettre as he was a trew knyght he had ned a do ffelyshly with Isode le blaunche maynys & passynge curteysly and gentely Sir crystiñ wrote vnto ſ launcelot and he seckynge kym to be hys good frende and vnto la beall Isod of Cor nwarle and that ſ launcelot wolde excuse kym yf that ever he sawe her And with in shorte tyme by the grace of god ſ crystiñys seyd that he wolde speke with la beall Isade and with kym ryght hastyly than ſ launcelot departed fro me the damesell and fro me ſ la cote male tayle for to ordeyne that lettre and to dwyste another lettre vnto ſ crystiñ And in the meane whyle ſ la cote male tale rode wt ſ damesell vntyll they cam to a castell that kynght ayaledysaunte Pendragon and there were vi knyghtis that stood a fore kym and one of them profred to fyght or to juste with kym And so ſ la cote male tayle smote kym on hys hys horse croppe and than the vi. knyghtis sette vpon kym all at onys with ſ speeres and there they smote la cote male tay downe horse and man & than they dyd alyght suddenly and sette ſ shorde vpon kym all at onys and toke kym presonere And on the morne ſ launcelot a rose and delyvride the damesell with lettres vnto ſ crystrann and than he toke hys way after ſ la cote male tayle and by the way vpon a bryge there was a knyght that profred ſ launcelot

to ſuſte and ſ launcelot ſmote hym dolvne and than they ſmyte
vppon ſvete a noble batayle to zyders and a myzhty And at the
laſte ſ launc ſmote hym dolvne gredelynge vppon hys hondys
and hys knees And than that knyzht yelded hym And ſ launce-
lot reſſeyved hym // ſayre ſir ſeyde the knyzht I requyre you tell
me yowre name for muche my harte yevith vnto you // Nay ſeyd ſ
launcelot as at thys tyme I wolle nat telle you my name onles that
ye telle me yowre name Certaynly ſeyde the knyzht my name
ys ſ Nerovens that was made knyzht of my lorde ſ launcelot
du lake A ſ Nerovens de lyle ſeyde ſ launcelot I am vnyzht glad
that ye av prvved a zvod knyzht for now vnyte you well my name
ys ſ launcelot Alas ſeyde ſ Nerovens what hane I done and ſ
with all he felle flatlynge to hys feete and wolde hane kyſſe
thend But ſ launcelot wolde nat ſuffre hym and than aythir
made zvete ioy of o And than ſ Nerovens tolde ſ launcelot
that he ſholde nat zo by the caſtell of pendragon ffor there ys a
lorde a myzhty knyzht and many myzhty knyzhtis w hym
And thys myzht I ſayde ſey that they tolde a knyzht preſoneve
that vode with a dameſell and they ſey he ys a knyzht of ſ rounde
table A ſeyde ſ launcelot that knyzht ys my felow and hym ſhall
I reſcowe and lovely or elles loſe my hyll there fore and there w all
he vode faſte tyll he cam be fore the caſtell of Deudra-
anone ſ with all there cam vj knyzhtis and all
to ſette vppon ſ launcelot at onys than ſ
ſpeare and ſmote the formyſt that he de
and iij of thend ſmote hym and iij ſ
paſſed thorow thend and kyzhtly ſt
another knyzht thorow the breſt
more than an elle And there
all the remenaunte of pe iij ſ
at ſ launcelot and at eny ſ

strokis that at my strokis sundry they avoyded ꝑ sadyls passynge
sore wounded and smytyn with all the verde kynghte in to ꝑ castell
And anone the lorde of that castell which was called ꝑ Brytan
de les iles which was a noble man and a grete enemy to kynge
Arthure So with in a whyle he was armed and on horse backe
And than they feautred ꝑ speares and kneled to gydurs so strongly that bothe ꝑ horsys russhed to the erthe And than they avoyded
ꝑ sadyls and dressed ꝑ shyldis and drew ꝑ swerdis and stode to
gydurs as wood men and there were many strokis a whyle
At the laste ꝑ launcelot gaff ꝑ Brytan such a buffette that
he kneled vppon hys knees And than ꝑ launcelot russhed
vppon hym with grete force and pulled of his helme And whan
ꝑ Brytan sy that he shold be slayne he yelded hym and put hym
in hys mercy and in hys grace Than ꝑ launcelot made hym to delyver
all hys presoners that he had with in hys castell And there
in ꝑ launcelot fonnde of kynge Arthurs kynghtis pyty kynghtis
and yll ladyes and so he delyvyrde hem and than he rode his way
And anone as ꝑ la cote male tayle was delyvrde he grate hys speyse
and hys harneyse and hys dameselle Ayaled ꝑ saunte Che meane
whyle ꝑ Nerobens that ꝑ launcelot had fowghtyn w^t all be fore
at the bryggys he sente a dameselle after ꝑ launcelot to bete hold
bedde at the castell of ꝑ Dendragon and than they in the
[illegible] what kynght he was that was there whan
[illegible] kynghtis delyvrde all the presoners Eyre
[illegible] seyde seyde the dameselle for the beste
[illegible] was there and ded thys mervayle ꝑ lyte
[illegible]elot than was ꝑ Brytan fulle glad
[illegible] hys kynghtis that he sholde wynne
[illegible]ell and ꝑ launcelot cote male tayle
[illegible]ncelot that had rydden w^t hem
[illegible] bryde there how she had rebukid

hym and called hym ayenwarde than she was passyng hym by //
So than they toke ꝑ horsis and rode forthe a greate pace after
ꝑ launcelot And with in ꝑ myle they on tok hym ꝑ saluted
hym and thanked hym and anone the damesell cryed ꝑ launcelot
mercy of hym dryue dede and seyyng for nowe I knowe ye are ꝑ
floure of all knyghthode of the worlde and ꝑ tryſtrams dede
hit dede be done you for god knowith he my good wyll seyde the
damesell that I shame sowyght you my lorde ꝑ launcelot and ꝑ
tryſtrams longe and nowe I thanke god I shame mette wt you
and oure at camelot I mette wt ꝑ tryſtrams and ꝑ she reſtoryd
thys blacke shylde with the whyght honde holdyng a naked
sworde that ꝑ sir dryaus sanus pite had taken from me Nowe
sayde damesell seyde ꝑ launcelot who tolde you my name Sir
seyde she there cam a damesel from a knyght that ye fought
with all at a bryge and she tolde that you were name was Sir
launcelot du lake Shame shame shame she ꝑ fore sayde he But sir
lorde ꝑ nerodens had tolde hym But damesell seyde ꝑ launce
vppon thys condenaunce I wolle ryde with you so that ye wyll nat
rebuke thys knyght ꝑ lacote male tayle no more for he ys a
good knyght and I dowte nat but he shall preue a noble man
And for hys sake and pite that he sholde nat be destroyed I so
lowed hym to succo hym in thys grete nede A I sayd thanke
you seyde the damesell for nowe I wolle sey vnto you and to hym
both I rebuked hym neu for none hate ꝑ I hated hym but for
grete lone that I had to hym for cause I supposed that he had done
to yonge and to tendre of age to take vppon hym thys aduenture
And there fore be my wyll I wolde shame dryuen hym a way
for I dose that I had of hys lyff for hit may be no yonge knyght
dede that shall encheue thys aduenture to the ende yde seyd ꝑ
launcelot hit ys well seyde of you and where ye are called the
damesel of the ladye of ſtaunt I wolle calle you ꝑ damesell bycause

and so they rode forth to gydrys a grete whyle vnto they cam vnto ꝑ
contreye of Surluse and there they fonnde a fayre bylayde wyth
a stronge brydge lyke a fortresse and whan ꝑ launcelot ꝑ they
were at the brydge there sterte forthe a foye them of ſ antiik Rome
men and yomen many that serde ſtayne lordis ye may nat passe
thys brydge and thys fortresse be cause of that blacke shylde ꝑ
ſſe one of yonre beare and there fore ꝑ ſhall nat passe but
one of yon at onys there fore chose yon whych of yon ſhall
entre with in thys brydge fyrſt whan ꝑ launcelot ꝑ hed hym
selfe fyrste to ſuſte ꝑ entre with in thys brydge / Sir seyde ꝑ la
cote male ſ be seech yon to lette me entre with in thys fortresse and
if ſ may spede well ſ wolle sende for yon and if hit so be that ſ
be slayne there hit goth and if ſ be taken yn presonere yan may
yon rescowe me / Sir ſ am lothe that ye ſholde passe yis passage
fyrſt seyde ꝑ launcelot / Sir seyde ꝑ lacote male tayle ſ pray yon
lat me put my body in that adventure Nowe yonre dey
seyde ꝑ launcelot and ſayd be yonre spede / So he entred anone
and there mette with hym yn brethirne the tone hyȝt Sir
Ꝑolayne de foyx and that other hyȝt ꝑ Ꝑolayne de auncus And
anone they iuſted with ꝑ lacote male tayle and ꝑ lacote male
tayle smote downe ꝑ Ꝑolayne de foyx and after he smote downe ꝑ
Ꝑolayne de auncus and then they dressed yr shyldis and swerdys
and rode ꝑ lacote male tayle a hyȝt and so he ded and there was
day ſſhynge and foynynge with swerdis and so they de gan to
assayle other full harde and they ȝaff ꝑ lacote male tayle many
grete wondis vpon hed and breste and vpon shuldirs And
as he myȝth ded amonge he ȝaff sad strokis a geyne and yan
the yn brethirne traced and tradeverted for to be of both hondis of ꝑ
la cote male tale but he by syne force and hyȝthly prowes ȝafe
them a fore hym and whan he felte hym so wounded yan he
doubled hys strokis and masse them so many wondis yt he felde
them to the erthe and wolde have slayne them had they nat

How ꝑ la cote male tayle smote a downe ꝑ playne de foyx & ꝑ playne de auncus

yelded them and ryght so ſ la cote male tayle tok the beſte horſe þ ſ
was of them m and ſo he rode forth hys way to the other fortres
and bredge and there he mette wt the thirde broþ hys name was
ſ ꝑ lenoxyns a full noble knyght and there they iuſted to gyders
and arthur ſmote oþ adowne horſe and man to the erthe and pan
they deſyred þ horſys and dreſſed þ ſchyldis and ſwerdis and pan
they ſtaff many ſad ſtrokis and one whyle the one knyght was
a fore on the bredge and anoþ whyle the oþ and pus they fought
þ owres and more and non reſted and ewyn ſ launcelot and the
dameſell be hylde them Alas ſeyde the dameſell my knyght hath
paſſyd ouer and on lowde Now may ye ſe ſeyde ſ launce
that he ys a noble knyght for to conſidir hys fyrſte batayle and hys
grevous wondis and dyen forth with all ſo wondid as he ys
ſit ys merwayle that he may endure thys lowde thys lowde batayle
with that grad knyght thys meane whyle ſ la cote male tayle
ſank ryght adowne vpon the erthe What for wondid and for
bled he myght nat ſtonde Whan the tothir knyght had pryte off
hym and ſeyde fayre knyght dyſmay you nat for had ye bene
feyre whan ye mette wt me as I was I wote well that I ſuld
nat haue endured you And therefore for ſowre noble dedys of
armys I ſhall ſhelde to you kyndenes and curtaſy all that I may
And furthe with all thys noble knyght ſ ꝑ lenoxyns tok hym
vp in hys armys and ledde hym wt to hys tolwre and pan he to-
wondid hym the wyne and made to ſerch hym and to ſtop hys ble
dyng wondys // Sir ſeyde ſ la cote male tayle with de ad-
you from me and hyre you to yonder bredge a ſtryne for ſ wolle
mete wt you a noþ maid a knyght pan en was // Why ſeyde
ſ ꝑ lenoxyns ys there be hynde any mo of owre fely ſhip // ye ſ
wyte you well there ys a mucke better knyght pan I and what
ys hys name ſeyde ſ ꝑ lenoxyns ſ ye ſhall nat know for me
well ſeyde the knyght he ſhall be encountred wt all what ſom

Now ſ ꝑ lenoxyns
ſmote adowne la
cote male tayle

en he he And anone he herde a knyght calle that seyde ſ Plenorius
Where arte pou othir pou muſte delyu me that preſonere Pat pou haſte
lad in to thy towre othir elles com and do batayle w me Than ſ
Plenorius tate hys horſe and cam to a ſpeare in hys honde
walopynge towarde ſ launcelot And than they he gan to ſmate
there ſpeares and cam to gyder as thunder and ſmote aythir
othir ſo myghtyly that ſ horſis felle downe vnder them And pan
they drogen ſ horſis and pulled oute ſ ſwerdis and hyelde too
buſſhis they layſſhed to gydres with grete ſtrokis and foynys //
Pat on ſ launcelot recouede grounde vppon hym And ſ Pleno//
rius traced to gane gone a bowte hym Pat ſ launcelot wolde
nat ſuffir that but kaue hym backer and backer tylle he cam nye
hys towre gate And than ſeyde ſ launcelot I bidde pou Wel
ſor a good knyght but wyte pou well thy hyff and deth ys in my
honde and there fore yelde the to me and thy preſonere // Pat he
anſwerde no worde but ſtrake myghtyly vppon ſ launcelotys
helme that the fyre ſprangе oute of hys helme that ſ fyre
ſprangе oute of hys yen Than ſ launcelot doubeled his ſtrok
ſo thycke and ſmote at hym ſo myghtyly that he made hym
bucle vppon hys knees And there with all ſ launcelot lepe
vppon hym and pulled hym gracelyngе downe // Than ſ Ple//
norius yelded hym and hys towre and hys towre and all hys
preſoneres at hys wylle Than ſ launcelot reſceyued hym and
tole hys trouthe And than he rode to the tothir beyde and
there ſ launce mſted with othir iij of hys brethren that one
hyght ſ Pyllounes and the othir knyght ſ Pellogres And the
thirde knyght ſ Pelamydus and firſt vppon horſe bucke ſ launce
ſmote hem downe and after warde he bete them on foote and
made them to yelde them vnto hym And than he returned
a yen vnto ſ Plenorius and there he fonde in hys preſon
hyngе Dayedos of ſtotlonde and many op knyghtis and all they

were dehynde And than ſ lacotemaletale cam to ſ launcelot and
than ſ launcelot wolde haue ryddyn hym all thys fortresse and ſ
brydges ¶ Nay ſ seyde lacote male tayle ſ wolle not haue ſ sir pol-
nary hyrelade with that he wyll awaunte yon my lorde ſ launcelot
to com vnto kynge Arthurs house and to be hys knyght and all
hys brethirne ſ wolle pray yon my lorde to latte hym haue hys
hyrelade ¶ ſ wolle well seyde ſ launc ſ with thys that ye wolle com to
the courte of kynge Arthure and by com hys man and hys bresp-
v. And as for yon ſ sir lenoxyus ſ wolle vndertake seyde ſ launc
at the neyxte feste so there be a place voyde that ye shall be knyght
of the rounde table Sir seyde ſ sir lenoxy at the neyxte feste of
pentecoste ſ wolle be at kynge Arthurs courte And at ꝑ tyme ſ
wolle be ryded and ruled as kynge Arthure and ye wolle haue
me ¶than ſ launcelot and ſ lacote male tayle rescoyed yem ꝑ
nuyght they were hole of hire wondis and there they had myry
chere and good reste and many good gamys and there were
many fayre ladys And so in the meane whyle cam ſ kay the
seneschall and ſ Brandiles and anone they sely skyrmysshed w yem
And so w ſ in v. dayes they dryuen the knyghtis of kynge Arthurs
courte from thes fortres And as ſ launcelot cam by the castell
of pendragon there he put ſ Bryan de les Isles fro me his lord
for be cause he wolde nen be with holde with kynge Arthure and
all the castell of pendragon and all the londis ꝑ of he gaff to
ſ lacote male tayle And than ſ launcelot sente for ſ Merowne
that he made oure knyght and he made hym to haue all ꝑ
rule of that castell and of that contrey vndir ſ lacote male
tayle and so they rode vnto kynge Arthurs courte all hole to
gyders and at pentecoste neyxte folowynge there was ſ pol-
nary And ſ lacote male tayle was called of wyse be ryght
ſ Breduse le nayre and bothe they were made knyghtis of the
rounde table and gyuete londis kynge Arthure gaff them

And there ſ Brenace le noyre wedded that damoiſell Alcedyſtrute and after ſhe was called the lady Breana dynaute but ever after for the more pte ſhe was called la cote male tayle and he proued a paſſyng noble knyght and amyghty and many worſhipfull dedys he did after in hys lyff And ſ Colegrayns proued a good knyght and was full of pyſtes And all the dayes of theyre lyff for the moſte pte they awayted vpon ſ Launcelot and ſ Colegrayns brethirne were ever knyghtes of kynge Arthurs and alſo as the frenſhe booke maketh mencion Syr la cote male tayle reuenged the deth of hys fadir

Now lete we here ſ Launcelot de lake and ſ la cote male tayle and turne we vnto ſ Tryſtram de lyones ſ was in Britayne Whan Iſeult vnderſtood that ſhe was wedded ſhe ſente to hym by hir maydyn dame Brangwayn pytyous lettirs as coude be thought and made and hir concluſion was pat that yf hit pleaſed ſ Tryſtram to come to hir courte and dwelle wt hym Iſode le blaunche mayns and they ſhulde be kepte als well as ever ſelff Than ſ Tryſtram called vnto hym ſ Kehydyus and aſked hym wheder he wolde go wt hym in to Cornewayle ſecretely he anſwerde hym and ſeyde that he was redy at all tymes and than he lete ordayne prevayly a lityll veſſell and there in they ſayled ſ Tryſtram ſ Kehydyus and dame Brangwayne and Gouernayle ſ Tryſtrams ſquyer So whan they were in the ſee a contrary wynde blew them vnto the coſtes of North Walis in the foreyſte perlus Than ſeyde ſir Tryſtrames here ſhall ye a byde me thes v dayes and Gouernayle my ſquyer with you and yf ſo be I com nat a gayne by that day take the neyſte way in to Cornewayle for in thys foreyſte ar many ſtraunge aduentures as I haue harde ſey and ſom of hem I caſte to preue or that I depte and whan I may I ſhall hyre me after you Than ſir

Trystrams and ſ Keyhydyns tokē ꝑ horſis and departed fromē thens
felyſhip and ſo they rode with in that foreſte a myle and more
And at the laſte ſ Trystramys ſaw be fore thend a lytell knyght
ſytting armed by a well and a ſtrongē myghty horſe ſtood paſſyng
myre hynd / tyed to an ok and aman hodyng and redy dyng by
hym ledyngē an horſe lode with ſpearys And thys knyght that
ſate at the well ſemyd by hys countenaunce to be paſſyng redy
Than ſ Trystramys rode neve hynd and ſeyde fayre knyght wolde
ſitte yon ſo dronkyngē ye ſeme to be a knyght arraūnte by yonce
armys and harneys and therefore dreſſe yon to juſte with one of
os or both / Therewith all that knyght made no word
but tokē hys ſchylde and buckeled that a bonte hys neckē ſ lyghtly
he tokē hys horſe and lepte vppon hym and than he tokē a gret
ſpeare of hys ſquyre and dreſſed hys way a fir longe / Than ſ
Keyhydyns aſked leve of ſ Trystraunce to juſte fyrſte / Sir do yē beſte
ſeyde ſ Trystraunce So they mette to gyders and there ſ Keyhydyns
had a falle and was ſore wounded an hyze above the pappys
Than ſ Trystramys ſeyde knyght that ys well juſted now make
yon redy vnto me / Sir I am redy ſeyde the knyght And anone
he tokē a gret ſpeare and encountred with ſ Trystramys
and there by fortune and by gret force that knyght ſmote
downe ſ Trystramys fromē hys horſe and had a gret falle
Than ſir Tryſtrā was ſore aſhamed and lyghtly he avoyded
hys horſe and drew hys ſchylde a fore hys ſchulder and drew
hys ſwerde / And than ſ Trystramys requyred that knyght of
hys knyghthode to alyzte vppon foote and fyght with hym
well wolde ſeyde the knyght and ſo he alyzte vppon foote and
avoyded hys horſe and kaſt hys ſchylde vppon hys ſchulder and
drew out hys ſwerde and there they fought a longe batayle
to gyders / myze I dowte Than ſ Trystramys ſeyde fayre
knyght holde thyne honde a lityll whyle and telle me of whens

yon arte and what ys thy name Ad for that seyde the knyght I will be avysed but and ye wolle telle me youre name paduenture I will telle yon myne Now sayre knyght sir seyde my name ys Cryst-rann de lyones and my name ys launcelot de galys A ys launcelot seyde Crystiñ well be ye mette and be thynke the now of the despite yon dedist me of the sendynge of the horne vnto kynge arthus come to the entente to haue slayne or dishonde my lady quene gaheras Iode And there fore wryte yon wolle seyde Crystrauns the tone of vs ys shall dy or lye depde Sir seyde launcelot that tyme yt we were to gydres in the ste of mayne ye promysed me better feendeship Ad Crystrauns wolde make no lenger delayes but layssched at launcelot and thus they fought longe tylle aythir were wery of other than Crystrauns seyde vnto launcelot in all my lyff mette I nede vt such a knyght that was so hyghe and so well brethed Therefore sayde Crystrauns but were yete that ony of vs bothe shulde here be myschefed Sir seyde launcelot for youre vendyne and ye name I wolle that ye haue the worshyp and ys fore I wolle yelde me vn to yon And there with he tolde the poynte of hys swerde in hys honde to yelde hym Nay seyde Crystraunes ye shall nat do so for wolle I knowe youre gyfte and more of yo iantylnes pan for ony feare or drede ye haue of me And there vt all Sir Crystraunys gafferde hym hys swerde and seyde launcelot as an old com knyght I yelde me to yon as a man of inesse noble prowes that I ey mette Nay seyde launcelot I will do yon iantylnes I requyre yon lat vs be sworne to gydres yt nede none of vs shall after thys day haue ado vt ony And yt vt all Sir Crystraunes and launcelot swore that nede none of hem shulde fyght a gayne other for wolle nor for lose and thys meane whyle com launcelot the good knyght solowynge yquestyng

Here Crystraunes & launcelot fille wyll tylle they were wery bothe & so they lefte on eyther honde & were sworne to gy dur

beste yhad

beste that had in shape lyke a serpentes hede and a body lyke a lybard buttocked lyke a lyon and footed lyke an harte And in hys body there was such a noyse as hit had bene yᵗᵗ coupde of houndys questynge and such noyse that beste made Where som on the wente And thys beste en more ꝑ Palomydes folowed for hit was called hys queste And wyght so as he folowed this beste hit cam by ꝑ Tryſtram and sone after cam ꝑ Palomydes and to dreſſ thys matter he smote downe ꝑ Tryſtramys and ꝑ Iamorak bothe with one speare and so he depted after ꝑ beste with-outyn ſaunte that was called the questynge beste Where fore thes iij knyghtis were passynge wrothe that ꝑ Palomydes wold nat fyght with them on foote // Here men may understonde yᵗ hene men of worshyp that man was nott formed that all tymes myght attayne but som tyme he was nott to the worse by male fortune and at som tyme the worlde knyght nott ꝑ bygynne knyght to a rebuke Than ꝑ Tryſtramys and ꝑ Iamorak gatte ꝑ Kayhydyns upon a shylde be twyxte them bothe ſe led hym to a foſters lodge and there they gaff hym in charge to kepe hym well and with hym they a bode iij dayes than thes iij knyghtis toke ꝑ horsys and at a crosse they depted and than seyde ꝑ Tryſtramys to ꝑ Iamorak I requyre you if ye shall to mete with ꝑ Palomydes say to hym that he shall fynde me at the same welle there we mette to fore and there ꝑ Tryſtramys shall preve whych he be better knyght than I and so they depted from other a sondery way and ꝑ Tryſtramys rode nyze there as was ꝑ Kayhydyns and ꝑ Iamorak rode vnto he cam to a chapell and there he put hys horse vnto pasture And a none ꝑ cam ꝑ Gellyagaunce that was kynge Bagdemags sonne and he there put hys horse to pasture and was nat ware of ꝑ Iamorak and than thys knyght ꝑ Gellyagaunce

made hys mone of the lore that he had to quene Gueuer and
there he made a wofull complaynte / All thys harde sir launcelot
and on the morne sir launcelot toke hys horse and rode vnto the
foreyste and there he mette with iij knyghtis hydynge vnder the
wood shaw sayinge knyghtis seyde sir launcelot what do ye hydyng
here and watchynge and yff ye be knyghtis arrearnte yat ye
muste to fyght redy May sir knyghtis they seyde we a byde nat here
for to fyghte with you but we hye in a wayte vppon a knyght
that slew oure brother // What knyght was that seyde sir launce
lot that we wolde mete with all // Sir they seyde that ys sir launce
lot that we wolde slee and he com thys way ye take vppon you
a grete charge seyde sir launcelot for sir launcelot ys a noble
prouded knyght // As for that sir we doute nat for yf ys none of
vs but we are good ynowe for hym yf we wolde nat be lefe yt seyde
sir launcelot for yf harde nede yet of no knyghtis dares of oure
hyff but sir launcelot was to be drede for hym knyghtis as they
talked sir launcelot was ware how sir launcelot com ryddynge
streyte towarde them Than sir launcelot salewed hym and he
hym a yayne And than sir launcelot asked sir launcelot yf
were ony thynge that he myght do for hym in thys mayde
May seyde sir launcelot nat at thys tyme I thanke you Than ap
poynted fro me and sir launcelot rode a yen there as he lefte
the iij knyghtis and than he fonnde them slayde in the lefed
wode // Lyeth you seyde sir launcelot falsse traytours is that yt
and shame hit ys that ony of you sholde take the hyghe order
of knyghthode // So sir launcelot departed fro them and wt in a
whyle he mette with sir gyllyadamure And than sir launcelot asked
hym why he lefed quene Gueuer as he ded for I was nat fer
fro you whan ye made youre complaynte by the chapell
Ded ye so seyde sir gyllyadamure than wolde I a byde by hit

lone quene Gwenyn what wolt ye with hit I wolle swere and make hit good that she ys the fayreste lady and moste of beaute in the worlde As to that seyde Launcelot I say nay yt to for quene Morgause of Orkeney made vnto Gawayne for she ys the fayreste lady that beryth the hyll That ys nat so seyde Ascellya ffanne and that wolle I prove wt my honde while ye so seyde Launcelot and in a lytle quarell here I nat to fyghte So they dressed fro me other in grete wrathe and than they com ryding to gyders as fyre had ben thunder and aythre smote of so sore that ye horse felle backewarde to the erthe and than they avoyded ye horse and dressed ye shyldes and drew ye swerdes and than they hurtled to gyders as wylde boris and thus they fought a grete while ffor Ascellya ffanne was a good man and of grete myght but Launcelot was stronge byfor hym and put hym all wayes a backe but aythre had wounded other sore And as they stood thus fyghtynge by fortune com Launcelot and Blyoberys And than Launcelot rode betwyxte them and asked them for what cause they fought so to gyders and ye ar bothe of the courte of kynge Arthure Sir seyde Ascellya ffanne I shall telle you for what cause we do this batayle I praysed my lady quene Gwenyvere and seyde she was the fayreste lady of the worlde And sir Launcelot seyde nay yt for she seyde quene Morgause of orkeney was fayrar than she and more of beaute And I seyde Launcelot why sayst thou so hit ys nat thy yte to defyaunce thy pryncis that ye arte vndir obeysaunce and we all And there wt all Launcelot alyght on foote and there fore make the redy for I wolle swere vpon the that quene Gwenyn ys the fayreyst lady and moste of bounte in the worlde Sir seyde Launcelot I am lothe to have a do with you in this quarell for ony man thynketh this owne lady fayreyste and thonge I praise the lady that I love moste ye

sholde nat be wrothe for thynge my lady quene Guenyn be fayreyst in yowre eye wyte yow well quene Morgause of Orkney ys fayreyst in myne eye and so euery knyght thynketh hys owne lady fayreyste And wyte yow well ꝑ ye are the man in the worlde excepte ꝑ Tryſtramys that I am moſte bethyſt to haue a do wt all But and ye wolle nedys haue a do wt me I ſhalle endure yow as longe as I may Than ſpake ꝑ Bleoberys and ſeyde my lorde ꝑ Launcelot I wyſte yow nere ſo myſſe adviſed as ye be at thys tyme for ꝑ Launcelot ſeyth to yow but reſon & knyghtly for I warne yow I haue a lady and me thynketh that ſhe ys the fayreyſt lady of the worlde / Where thys a grete reſon ꝑ ye ſholde be wrothe wt me for ſuch language / And well ye wote that ꝑ Launcelot ys a noble knyght as I knowe owr lyvynge and he hath ovyrcome yow and all ꝙ dyd good wyght there for I pray yow be frendis Than ꝑ Launcelot ſeyde ſ I pray yow for gyve me myne offence and dyght wyll and yf I was myſſeadviſed I wolle make amendis Sir ſeyde ꝑ Launcelot the amendis ys done made be twyxte yow and me And ſo ꝑ Launcelot and ꝑ Bleoberys departed and ꝑ Launcelot and ꝑ Ayellyaganne token ꝑ horſis and eythir departed fromme othir And with in a whyle cam kynge Arthure and mette with ꝑ Launcelot and ſmote hym and hys horſe downe and hurte hym ſore wt a ſpere and ſo he rode fromme hym Where fore ꝑ Launcelot was wroth that he wolde nat fyght wt hym on foote Now be hit that ſir Launcelot knewe nat kynge Arthure

Now ſeyth of thys tale and ſpeketh of ꝑ Tryſtramys that as he rode he mette with ꝑ kay the ſeneſchall and there ꝑ kay aſked ꝑ Tryſtramys of what contrey he was he anſwerde and ſeyde he was of the contrey of Loyneſſe Hit may well be ſeyde ꝑ kay for as yet harde I neuer ꝑ dure

good knyght com owte of Cornwayle that ye welle specyfyed
seyde sr Tryſtram But and hit please you to telle me yo name
I pray you Sir wyte you welle that my name ys sr Kay ye ſeneſ
chall And ys that ye me name seyde sr Tryſtramys nowe wyte
you welle that ye ar named the ſhamefulleſt knyght of yo
twayne that nowe ys lyvynge howbe hit ye ar called a good
knyght but ye ar called vnfortunate and paſſynge vnthryfty
of youre twayne and thus they rode to gyders tylle they cam to
a bryge And there was a knyght that wolde nat latte them
paſſe tylle one of them juſted with hym And so that knyght
juſted wt sr Kay and there he ſtaff sr Kay a ſulle and hys name
was sr Dor sr Kaherys half brothir and than they rode to
ye kynge and there they founde sr Braundiles and sr Dor
cam thydir anone after And as they ſate at the ſoupe per in
knyghtly wyſe of them ſpake all the ſhame by Cornyſh knyght
that conde be ſeyde Sir Tryſtramys harde all that they ſeyde
and ſeyde but lytyll but he thought the more but at that tyme
he diſcouerde nat hys name And vppon the morne sr Tryſtrams
toke hys horſe and rode them vppon ye way And sr Braundiles
profyrde to juſte with sr Tryſtram and ye sr Tryſtram ſmote hym
downe and horſe and all to the erthe than sr Dor le fyze de
Dayſſhonne he encountred with sr Tryſtram and ye sr Tryſtram
ſmote hym downe and than he rode hys way and sr Kay fo
lowed hym but he wolde none of hys felyſhip than sr Braun
diles com to sr Kay and ſeyde I wolde wyte fayne what ys that
knyghtis name com one wt me ſeyde sr Kay and we ſhall pray
hym to telle vs hys name So they rode to gyders tyll they cam
nyze hym and than they were ware where he ſate by a welle
and had put of hys helme to drynke at the welle and whan
that he ſaw them com he laced on hys helme haſtyly and toke

hys horse to gyve hem to vnderstande Nay seyde sir Brandyles we vnderstande wel ynough but we com nat in that entente But we re-quyre you of knyghthod to telle vs youre name Ayr fayre lordys sithyn that hit ys youre and now for to please you ye shall wyte that my name ys sir Tryamour de lyones nevew vnto kynge Marke of Cornwayle Anone seyde sir Brandiles and wel be ye fownden and wyte you wel that we be wyght glad that we have fownde you and we be of a felyshyp that wolde be wyght glad of youre company for ye ar the knyghtes in the worlde that the felyshyp of the rownde table desyreth moste to have the company off God thanke them all seyde sir Tryestram of hir gretenesse But as yet I fele wel that I am nat able to be of yr felyshyp for I was nevir yet of suche degre of worthynes to be in yr compa-nye of suche a felyshyp Ah seyde sir kay and ye be sir Tryestrams ye ar the man called now moste of prowes except sir Launcelot for he bereth nat the lyff ayenste nop kynde that ever fonde suche a nother knyght to fyght of hys prowes and of his hondis and hys swordis with all for yet colde yr nevir create sey hym dyshonowre and make hit good Thus they talked a grete whyle and than they departed ayr fromone of suche wayes as hem semed beste Now shall ye here what was the cause that kynge Arthure cam in to the foreyste pelous that was in northe walis by the meanys of a lady her name was Aūdyr And thys lady cam to kynge Arthure at Cardyff and she by fayre promyses and fayre behestis made kynge Arthure to ryde with her in to that foreyste pelous and she was a grete sorseres and many dayes she had loved kynge Arthure and by cause she wolde have had hym to lye by her she cam in to that contrey So whan the kynge was gone with hir many of hys knyghtes folowed after hym whan they myste hym as sir Launcelot sir Brandiles and many of hem And whan

she had brought hym to hir to-fore she desired hym to ly by her And
than the kynge remembred hym of hy lady and wolde nat for
no avaunte that she colde do Than ev'y day she wolde make
hym ryde m to that foreyste with hys owne knyghtly to the en
tente to have had hym slayne ffor whan thys lady Annoure
sawe that she myght nat have hym at her wylle than she laboun=
red by false meanys to have destroyed kynge Arthure & slayne
hym than the lady of the lake that was alle wayes frendely
to kynge Arthure she understood by hir sittyle avaunte þ kynge
Arthure was lykely to be destroyed And there fore thys lady
of the lake that knyght Nynyve she cam m to that foreyste to
seke after sir launcelot du lake other elles þ Erystramys
for to holpe kynge Arthure for as that same day she knewe
well that kynge Arthur sholde be slayne onles that he had
helpe of one of thes ij knyghtes And thus she rode vppon a dame
she mette with þ Erystram and anone as she sawe hym she
knewe hym and seyde a my lorde þ Erystram well be ye mette
and blyssed be the tyme that I have mette w^t yow for þ same
day and w^t m thys alwys shalle be done the dolefullyst dede
that ev' was done m thys londe A fayre damesell seyde þ
Erystramys may I amende hit // yee þ there fore comyth on
with me m alle the haste ye may for ye shalle se the moste
worshypfullyst knyght m the worlde Harde be stadde than
seyde þ Erystramys I am redy to to helpe yow and suche a
noble man as ye say the ye // Sr hit ys nop lette ne worse
seyde the damesell but the noble kynge Arthure hym selff
God defende seyde þ Erystramys that ev' he shulde be m such
a-fresse Than they rode to-ydwe a grete pace Evyrylle they
cam to a litylle tuvrect m a castell And vndr nethe þ castel
they sawe a knyght stondynge vppon foote fyghtynge w^t ij
knyghtes And so þ Erystramys be held thei'm and at the

how ſ̄ Erystians
resolved kynge
Arthur for
the lady
Annu
vre

laſte thco ꝑ knyghtes ſmote downe that one knyght and one of
hem vnlaced hys helme And the lady Annduvre gaue kynge
Arthure ſwerde in her honde to haue hane ſtrykyn of his hede
And there w^t all com ſ̄ Erystramys as faſte as he myght &
ſeyenge traytoures leve that knyght anone And ſo ſ̄ Erystra
ſmote the tone of hem thordo the body that he fell dede and
than he ruſſhed to the other and ſmote hys backe in ſundre
And in the meane whyle the lady of the lake cryed to kynge
Arthur lat nat that falſe lady aſcape ellan kynge Arthure
on toke hir and with the ſame ſwerde he ſmote of her hede And
the lady of the lake tok vp hir hede and kynge Arthur at hir
ſtirrop leve by the kneye And than ſ̄ Erystramys horſed ꝑ
kynge a ſtrayne and rode forth with hym but he charged ꝑ
lady of the lake nat to diſcouer hys name as at that tyme /
So whan the kynge was horſed he thanked hartely ſ̄ Eryſ
tramys and deſired to wyte hys name but he wolde nat tell
hym none of hit that he was a yonge knyght aduentures
And ſo he lafte kynge Arthure tylle he mette w^t ſom of hys
knyghtes And ſo with in a whyle he mette w^t ſ̄ Ector de ma
ryis and he knew nat kynge Arthur nor yet ſ̄ Erystram
and he deſired to ſuffre with one of them than ſ̄ Erystram
rode vnto ſ̄ Ector and ſmote hym frome hys horſe And whan
he had done ſo he cam a ſtrayne to kynge and ſeyde my lorde
yonder yeman one of youre knyghtes he may leave yon falyshys
And another day that dede that I haue done for yon I truſte
to god ye ſhall vnderſtonde that I wolde do yon ſeruyſe Alas
ſeyde kynge Arthure lat me wyte whether ye are Nat at thys
tyme ſeyde ſ̄ Erystramys So he departed and lefft kynge Arth
and ſ̄ Ector to gyders And than at a day ſette ſ̄ Erystrams
and ſ̄ launcelot mette at a welle and than they toke ſ̄ Ley
degrys at the fosters houſe and ſo they rode with hym to ſhip

wherevpon they lefte Dame Brangwayne and Gouvayle and so they sayled in to Cormayle aff hole to tydwes and by assente and by enformacion of Dame Brangwayne whan they were londed they rode vnto ſ Dynas the seneschall a trusty frynde of ſ Trystramys And so ſ Dynas and Dame Brangwayne rode to the courte of kynge Arthur and tolde the quene Isoode that ſ Trystramys was nyze hir in the contrey thaw for verey pure joy Isoode sowned And whan she myzt speke she seyde Auntyll seneschall Relyze that I myzht speke vn to hym other my harte wolde breste Than ſ Dynas & Dame Brangwayne brought ſ Trystrā and ſ Kehydyns previly in to the courte vnto her chambir where as Isoode assygned them and to telle the joyes that were be fore Isoode and ſ Trystramys there ys no maker can make hit nother no harte can thynke hit nor no penne can wryte hit nor no mowth can speke hit And as the frenysshe booke maketh makith mencion at the firste tyme that ever ſ Kaphidrō sawe Isoode he was so enamered vppon hir ꝑ for verey pure love he myzht ned with drawe hit and at the laste as ye shall hyre or the booke be ended ſ Kehydyns dyed for ꝑ love of Isoode and than pryvaly she wrote vnto her lettres & balades of the moste goodlyeste that were vsed in yo dayes And whan Isoode vnderstoode hys lettres she had yute of hys com playnte and vnadvised she wrote a nop lettre to comforte hym with all And ſ Trystram was aff thys whyle in a turret at the cōmaundemente of Isoode And whan she myzht she yode and come to ſ Trystram Eo on a day kynge Arthur played at the chesse vnder a chambir wyndowe and at that tyme ſ Trystramys and ſ Kehydyns were w in the chambir on kynge Arthur & as hit myshapped ſ Trystrās

ſomde the lettre that ſ kayhydyns ſente vnto la beall ſade // after he had ſomde the lettre that ſhe had ſente vnto ſ keyhydyns and at the ſame tyme la beall ſade was in the ſame chaumbre ſhan ſ Trystramys com vnto la beall ſade and ſeyde madame heye ys a lettre that was ſente vnto yon and here ys the lettre that ye ſente vnto hym that ſente yon that lettre // alas madame the good lode that ſame lovyd yon and many londis and gyte rychesſe ſame ſor ſakyn ſor yonre lode and now ye ar a tytous vnto me wherych dothe me grete payne but as ſor the ſ keyhydyns ſ brought the onte of Bretayne in to thys contrey ſ thy fadir kynge Holdeſt ſ wan hys londis how be hit ſ wedded thy ſyſter ysode le blaunche maynes ſor the goodnes ſhe ded vnto me and yet as ſ am a trede knyght ſhe ys a clene maydyn for me // But wyte yon well ſ keyhydyns ſor thys falſſed and treſon yon haſt done vnto me ſ wolle vedewyte hit vppon the and there w^t all ſ Tryſtrā drew his ſwerde and ſeyde ſ keyhydyns kepe the and than la beall ysode ſolowed to the erthe and whan ſ keyhydyns ſaw ſ Tryſtrā com vppon hym he ſaw none op bote hit lepte onte at a bay wyndowe adyn on the ſyde where ſtode kynge Marke aplay ynge at the cheſſe and whan the kynge ſaw one com hym lyng with hys ſwerde he ſeyde ſelowe what arte yon and what ys the cauſe yon lepe onte at that wyndowe adyn lorde kynge ſeyde ſ keyhydyns hit fortuned me that ſ was a ſlepe in the wyndowe a dyn yonre hede and as ſ ſterte ſ ſtumbrede and ſo ſ felle adowne // thus ſ keyhydyns excuſed hym and ſ Tryſtrā drad hym leſte he were diſtonde vnto the kynge that he was there where ſore he drewe hym to the ſtrengthe of the towre and armed hym in ſuch armo as he had for to fyghte with hem that wolde with ſtonde hym and ſo whan

ſ Tryſtram ſaw that there was no reſiſtence a3eynſte hym
he ſente Gomayle for hys horſe and hys ſpeare & bycauſe
he rode forthonte of the caſtell openly that was called ꝑ caſtell
of Tyntagyll and doyn at the 3ate he mette wt ſ Gyngalyn
Gawaynes ſone and anone ſ Gyngalyn ſmt hys ſpeare in ꝑ
reſte and ran vppon ſ Tryſtram and brake hys ſpeare and
ſir Tryſtram at that tyme had but a ſwerde and 3euſſ hym
ſuch a buffet vppon the helme that he hylle adowne frome hys
ſadill and hys ſwerde ſlode adowne and carved a ſunder hys
horſe necke And ſo ſ Tryſtramys rode hys way in to ꝑ foreſte
And all thys doynge ſaw kynge Marke and than he ſente a
ſqwyer vnto the knyght and commanded hym to come
to hym and ſo he dede And whan kynge Marke wyſt ꝑ knyt
was ſ Gyngalyn he well comyd hym and 3euſſ hym a noble
horſe And ſo he aſked hym what knyght was that encom
bude with hym Sir ſeyde ſ Gyngalyn I wote nat what knyt
hit was 3it well I wote he ſmyth and mabith 3reete dole
than ſ Tryſtramys with in a whyle mette wt a knyght of
hys owne hys name was ſ ffergus And whan he had mette
with hym he made ſuch ſorow that he felle adowne of hys horſe
in a ſowne and in ſuch ſorow he was Inne iij dayes and iij
nyghtſ than at the laſte ſ Tryſtramys ſente vnto the courte
by ſ ffergus for to ſeme what tydynges And ſo as he rode by
the way he mette with a damoſell that cam frome ſ Galo
nydes to knowe and ſeke howe ſ Tryſtramys ded than Sir
ffergus tolde her howe he was all moſte oute of hys mynde
And ſeyde the damoſell whereſe ſhall I fynde hym // In ſuche
a place ſeyde ſ ffergus than ſir ffergus fonde qwene Iſode
ſyke in hir bedde makynge the 3reteſte dole that euer erſthy
woman made And whan the damoſell fonde ſ Tryſtramys

she made grete dole by cause she myght nat a mende hym for
more she made of hym the more was hys payne And at the
laste sr Tryſtram toke hys horse and rode a wey ſrome hym
and than was hit vij dayes or that she conde ſynde hym and
than she bronte hym mete and drynke but he wolde none And
than and tyme sr Tryſtramys aſcaped a way ſrome sr dame
ſelt and hit happened hym to ryde by the ſame caſtell where
sr Palomydes and sr Tryſtramys dyd battayle whan laſell
ſode dyed the end and there by fortune the dame ſelt mette
with sr Tryſtramys a yen makynge the grette ſie dole that
ever erthely creature made and she rode to the lady of that
caſtell and tolde of the myſſadventure of sr Tryſtramys
Alas ſayde the lady of that caſtell where ys my lorde sr
Tryſtramys Be hit ſayde ſhere by yonee caſtell ſayde sr dame
ſelt In good tyme ſayde the lady ys he ſo myze me he ſhall
ſhame mete and drynke of the beſte And an harpe ſhame
of hys where vppon he tawzht me ſor of truely harpynge
he berythe the pryſe of the worlde So thys lady & dame
ſelt brought hym mete and drynke but he ete lityll ther off
than vppon anyzht he ſet hys horse ſrome hym and
enlaced hys armys And ſo he rode into the wyldernes
and beaſte dyone the treys and bowys and other whyle
whan he ſonde the harpe that the lady ſente hym than
wolde he harpe and play ther vppon and wepe to zhedres
And ſom tyme whan he was in the wood the lady wyſt
nat where he was than wolde ſhe ſette hir dowone and
play vppon the harpe And anone sr Tryſtramys wolde
com to the harpe and harkyn ther to And ſom tyme he wolde
harpe hym ſelff thus he there endured a quart off a
yere And ſo at the laſte he ran hys way and ſhe wyſt

nat wolde ete ne drynke and than was he naked & bawed
leane and poore of fleysshe and so lyefelle in the fellyshyppe of
ferde men and shrydes and dayly they wolde gyff hym
som of ye mete and drynke and whan he ded ony shrewde
dede they wolde beatte hym with roddes and so they chapped
hym with shreys and made hym lyke a foole And so vppon a
day ye Dagonet kynge Arthurs foole cam in to Cornwayle wt
yi sqwyers with hym and as they rode thorow that foreyste they
cam by a fayre welle where ye Crystrannys was wonte to be at
the welle was hote and they alyst to drynke of that welle &
in the meane whyle theyre horses brake lowse whyche so cam
ye Crystrannys vnto them and fyrste he solused ye Dagonet
in that welle and after that hys squyres and there at lowze
the shrydes and furth wt all he ran after ye horsis and brought
them azayne one by one and wyght so wete as they were he
made them leave vp and vyde yi wayes Thus ye Crystrannys en
dured there an halff yere naked and wolde nat com in towne
So the meane whyle the damesell that ye Palomydes sent to
sekc ye Crystrain she yede vnto ye Palomydes and tolde hym off
all the mysshyff that ye Crystrain endured Alas seyde ye Palo
mydes hit ys grete pite that en so noble a knyght shulde be so
mysschefed for the love of a lady Nat neuertheles I wolle go and
sekc hym and comforte hym and I may than a lytyll be fore
that tyme la beall Isode had comanded ye kayhydyus onte of
the contrey of Cornwayle So ye Keyhydyus depted wt a dolerous
harte and by aventure he mette with ye Palomydes and they
felyshyppyd to gyders and aythir complayned to other of there hote
love that they lovid la beall Isode Now lett vs seyde ye Palo
mydes sekc ye Crystrannys that lovyth her as well as we and
let vs preve whych we may recou hym So they rode in to ye

soveyste and iij dayes and iij nyghtis they wolde nedi take lodgynge but end sought ſ Tryſtramys and vppon a tyme by aduenture they mette with kynge arthur that was rydden ſyome kys men all alone And whan they ſaw hym ſ Palomydes bad hym but ſ Keyhydyns bade hym nat A falſe knyghte ſeyde ſ Palomydes kut yo ſhalte pon haſte thy lyff for pon arte a deſtroyer of all worſhypfull knyghtis and by thy myſchyff and thy bewgeaunce pon haſte deſtroyed that moſte noble knyght ſ Tryſtramys de lyones And there fore deffende the ſeyde ſ Palomydes for ꝑ ſhalt dye thys day That were ſhame ſeyde kynge arthur for ye to ar armed and I am vnarmed As for that ſeyde ſ Palomydes I ſhalt fynde a remedy there fore haue ys a knyghtis wyne and pon ſhalt haue hys hauneyſe May ſeyde kynge arthur I wolle nat haue a do with pon for cauſe haue ye none to me ffor all the myſſe eaſe that ſ Tryſtramys hath was for a lettre ꝑ he founde for as for me I ded to hym no diſpleſure And god knowith I am full ſory for hys maledye and hys myſſeaſe So whan the kynge had thus excuſed hym ſelff they were frendys and kynge arthur wolde haue had them vnto the caſtell of Tyntagyll But ſ Palomydes wolde nat but tur ned vnto the realme of logrys And ſ Keyhydy ſeyde that he wolde in to Bretayne Nowe turne we vnto ſ Dagonet a gen that whan he and hys ſamyers were vppon horſe backe he demyd that the ſkyrdis had ſerche that ſoole to away them ſo by cauſe that they tadryed at thend and ſo they rode vnto the kepe of the keſtis and all to bete them Whan ſ Tryſtramys ſaw them bethym that were wente to hyff ſ hym mete he ran thydir and smote ſ Dagonet by the hede and ꝑ he gaff hym ſuch a falle to the erthe and bruſede hym ſo that he lay ſtylle and than he vnaſte hys ſwerde onte of hys honde

and there wt he ran to one of hys squyers and smote of hys hede
and hys othir fyr squyer fled And so ſ Trystramys tok his
way wt the swerde in hys honde wenynge as he had bene wyld
wode Than ſ Dagonet rode to kynge ayarke and tolde hym
how he had spedde in the foreyste and there fore seyde ſ Dago
net be ware kynge ayarke that yon com nat a knyte that dwelt
in the foreyste for there ys a fole naked And that fole ſt ſ fole
mette to myder and he had alt moste slayne me // Seyde kynge
ayarke that ys ſ ayatte le Brenne that felle onte of hys wyttes
be cause he loste hys lady ffor whan ſ Gaheryes smote downe
ſ ayatte and wan hys lady of hym nen hyms was he in his
mynde and that was grete pite for he was a good knyght //
Than ſ Andred that was tonsyn unto ſ Trystiñ made a lady
that was hys pame to sey and to noyse hit that she was wt ſ
Trystramys ovr ein he dyed and thys tale she brought unto kynge
ayarkis house that she buryed hym hy dwelle and that or he dyed
he be sonte kynge ayarke to make hys tonsyn ſ Andred kynge
of the contrey of lyonas of the whych ſ Trystramys was loyde
of And alt thys ded ſ Andred by cause he wolde have had Sr
Trystramys londis And whan kynge ayark hade tolle ye
ſ Trystiñes was dede he wepte and made grete dole and nyght
ne sode hande of thes tydynges she made such sorow that she
was nyze onte of hr mynde and so upon a day she thonzt to
sle hr selff and nen the to hyde after the deth of ſ Trystramys
and so upon a day late alt sode take a swerde prevayly and
sete hit in to her grandyne and there she pyzte the swerde
thorow a plumtree up to the hyltis so that hit stode faste and
hit stode brode hyze and as she wolde have vemne upon
the swerde and to have slayne hr selff alle thys aspyed
kynge ayarke how she kneled a downe and seyde swete

lorde that thane may happen me fou[ght] may nat lyve after the deth of ſ Tryſtram de lyones for he was my fryſte lobe and ſhall be the laſte And with thes wordes cam kynge ayſtrke and toke hym hys wemys And than he toke vp the ſwerde and bare hym away with hym in to a tovre and there he made hym to be kepte and wacched hym ſtrecly and after that he lay lenge ſyke nyge at the poynte of dethe// So thys meane whyle ran ſ Tryſtramys naked in the foreſte with the ſwerde in hys honde and ſo he cam to an hermytage and there he layde hym dovne and ſlepte And in the meane whyle the hermyte ſtale away the ſwerde and layde mete dovne by hym Thus was he kepte there a ꝑ dayes and at the laſte he depted and com to the kerde men a yen And there was a tyraunte in that contrey that hyzt Tauleas and for feare of ſ Tryſtra[m] more than vnneth he durſte nedi nmche ryo at large but for the moſte ꝑty he kepte hym in a ſtrec caſtell of hys owne And ſo thys Tauleas harde telle that ſ Tryſtramys was dede by the noyſe of the comte of kynge ayſtrke Than thys tyraunt Tauleas rode dayly ett hys large And ſo he happyd vpon a day he cam to the kerde men woandrynge and lamterynge and ſ he ſette hym dovne to reſte a monge them And in the meane whyle there cam a knyzht of cornevayle that led a lady w+ hym and hys name was ſ Dynadunte And whan the tyraunte ſaw hym he wente fro me the kerde men and hydde hym vnd a tre and ſo the knyzht cam to the well and there he alyzt to repoſe hym and as ſone as he was fro me hys horſe Thus tyraunte Tauleas com be hynde thys knyzht and hys horſe and leped vpon hym And ſo forthe with he rode vnto Sr Dynadunte and toke hym by the colar and pulled hym a fore hym vppon hys horſe and wolde have ſtrayned of hys

hede

Rede than the herde men seyde vnto ſ Erystrau hethe yonder knyght
hethe ye hym seyde ſ Erystrau we dare nat seyde the herde men
Than ſ Erystrau was ware of the sworde of the knyght ꝑ as
hit lay and so thydir he ran and to ke vp the sworde and smote
to ſ Tauleas and so strake of hys hede and so he yede hys way
to the herde men Than ſ Dynadate tolde vp the tyraunt hede
and bare hit with hym vnto kynge ayarke and tolde hym
what aduenture be tyde hym in the foreyste and how a naked
man reskowed hym frome the grymly tyraunte ſ Tauleas
Where had ye thys aduenture seyde kynge ayarke ffor sothe
seyde ſ Dynadate at the fayre fountayne in the foreyst Wher
many aduentures knyghtes mete and there ys the madde man
Well seyde kynge ayarke ſ Wolle se that wood man Go wt in
a day or two kynge ayarke Comaunded hys knyghtes and hys
hunters to be redy and seyde that he wolde hunte on the morw
And so vpon the morne he went in to that foreyste And
whan the kynge cam to that welle he fonnde there kynge
A fayre naked man and a sworde by hym Than kynge
ayarke bleu and streaked and there with hys knyght cam to
hym and than he comaunded hys knyght to take ꝑ naked
man with fayrenes and bringe hym to my castell And so
they ded smethy and fayre and keste mantels vpon Sr
Erystrauys and so lad hym vnto Kyntagyll and there they
bathed hym and wayshed hym and yaff hym hote suppyn
ges tylle they had brought hym well to hys remembrance
But all thys while there was no creature that knew
Sr Erystrauys nothyn what man man he was So hyt
be felle vpon a day that the quene Isabell sade hym of
such a man that ran naked in the foreyste and how ſ
kynge had brought hym home to the courte Than Isabell

How ſ Erystrau slew Tauleas the Gyaunte

Holy ꝑ bracket of la beall Issd distreved Syr Tristrams

Issde called vnto her Dame Brangwayne and seyde com on we
for we wolle go se thys mad that my lorde hwngt frome the so
reste the laste day So they passed forth and sowred where was
the sykke mad And than a sumper tolde the quene that he was in
the stawdyne tabyng hys reste to repose hymd a yenst the sume
So whan the quene loked vppon ꝑ Trystramys she was nat
remembrid of hymd But en she seyde vnto Dame Brangwayne
me semys I shulde shame sene thys man there be fore in many
places But as sone as ꝑ Trystramys sye he her he knewe her
wolle I nowe And than he turned away hys bysante and wepte
Than the quene had alle wayes a lytyll bracchett that ꝑ Tryst
ramys hadde hym the first tyme that en she cam into Cornwayle
and nen wold that bracchet depte frome her But yf ꝑ Trystram
were nyze there as was la beall Issde and thys bracchet was
firste sente frome the kynge hwnte of Irannce vnto ꝑ Trystrams
for grete lobe and anone thys lityll bracchet felte a sawowre
of ꝑ Trystram he lepte vppon hymd and lycked hys leavys and
hys eavys And than he whynned and gnested and she smelled
at hys feete and at hys shoudis and on alle the ptyes of hys bod
that she myzte com to A my lady seyde Dame Brangwayne
seyde Alas I se it ye myne owne lorde ꝑ Trystramys And
vppon la beall Issde felle downe in a sowne and so lay a grete
while And whan she myzte speke she seyde A my lorde Sir
Trystram blyssed be god ye thane comme hyder and nowe I am sure
ye shalle be dystroide by thys lityll bracchet for she wolle nen
lobe you And also I am sure as sone as my lorde kynge
Arthure do knowe you he wolle kanysh you onte of the contrey
of Cornwayle other elles he wolle destroy you And ꝑ fore
for goddys sake myne owne lorde gyvamete kynge Arthure
hys wyffe And than drawe you vnto the contre off kynge
Arthure for there ar ye be lobed and en whan I may I shalle

sende vnto yon And whan ye hyste ye may com vnto me and at
all tymys early and late I wolle be at yowre commaundement
to lyde as poore a lyff as en ded anyene or lady A madame
seyde sir Trystrames yo frome me for mych angwe and damag
hane I astoped for yowre lobe than the quene dopted but sr
quene bracket wolde nat frome hym And there w all cam
kynge arthur and the bracket sate vppon hym and layed
at them all And there with all sir Andred spake and sayde sr
thys ys sir Trystrames I se well by that bracket May
seyde the kynge I can nat suppose that than the kynge asked
hym vppon hys sayethe what he was and what was hys
name So god me helpe seyde he my name ys sir Trystrames
de lyones now do by me what ye lyst A sayde kynge arthur
me repentis of yowre recordynge and so he lete calle hys ba
rownes to gyde ingremente vnto sir Trystrames to the dethe
than many of hys barownes wolde nat assente yr to And m
especiall sir Dynas the seneschall and sir Sagyrus And so by the
deyse of them all sir Trystrames was banyshed onte of yr
contrey for yere and there vppon he toke hys ottbe vppon a
boke be fore the kynge and hys barownys And so he was
made to the depte onte of the contrey of Cornwayle and yr
were many barownes bronghte them vnto hys shyp yr som
were of hys frendes and som were of hys foos And in the
meane whyle there cam a knyght of kynge Arthurs and
hys name was sir Dynadan and hys comyng was for to sek
after sir Trystram than they shelved them where he was
armed at all poyntis goyng to the shyp Now fayre knyght
seyde sir Dynadan or ye passe thys contre that ye wolle juste
w me With a good wyll seyde sir Trystrames and these lordf
wolle gyffe me lobe than the barownes grauntyd yr to And so

How sir Trystrams gaff sir Dynadan a fylle

they ranne to ryder And there ſ̄ Erystrauns ſaw ſ̄ Dynadan
a falle and than he prayde ſ̄ Erystrain of hys fadyrhode to ryde
hym lefe to go in hys felyſhyp // ye ſchall be ryght well com ſeyd
he And than ſ̄ Erystrauns and ſ̄ Dynadan tok ſ̄ horſys &
rode to ſ̄ ſchyppys to ryder And whan ſ̄ Erystrauns was in the
ſe he ſeyde owte well kynge Arthure and all myne enemyes and
ſey to hem I well com a gayne When I may And ſey hym
well am I rewarded for the fyghtyng with ſ̄ Marhalt &
dehnid all hys contrey frome ſeruage And well am I re
warded for the ſeechynge and coſtis of qwene Iſode oute off
Irelonde and the dawnſter that I was In fryſe and laſte And
by the way comyng home whatt dawnſter I had to bryngge
a gayne qwene Iſode frome the caſtell Dleuue And well am
I rewarded whan I fowght with ſ̄ Dleoberys for ſ̄ Sey
warydes wyff and well am I rewarded whan I fawght
with ſ̄ Blamoure de Ganys for kyng Anguyſh fadir vnto
la beall Iſode and well am I rewarded whan I ſmote down
the hed knyght ſ̄ Launcrok de ſtralis at kynge Arthurs ceaſt
And well am I rewarded whan I fawght w̄t the kynge w̄
the C̄ knyghtſ and the kynge of northgalys and both thes
wolde have put hys londe in ſubiccyon and by me they were
put to a rebuke and well am I rewarded for the ſleynge
of Tauloas the myghty gyaunte and many other dedys
have I done for hym and now have I do my warryſon And
telle kynge Arthure that many noble knyghtſ of the rounde ta
ble have ſhawed the bawdnes of thys contrey for my ſake
And alſo I am not no well rewarded whan I fowght w̄t the thrid
knyght ſ̄ Palomydes and reſtored qwene Iſode frome hym
And at that tyme kynge Arthure ſeyde a fore all hys bardnes
I ſholde have bene better rewarded and fowght w̄t all and
fowght with all he tok the ſee

And at the neyste londyngge faste by the see there mette with ſ Tryſtram and with ſ Dynadan ſ Ector de maryſ and ſ Boꝛs de Dauys and there ſ Ector iuſted with ſ Dynadan and he ſmote hym and hys horſe downe and than ſ Tryſtram wolde haue iuſted with ſ Boꝛs and ſ Boꝛs ſeyde that he wolde nat iuſte with no couʒ̃myſſ̃ knyʒt for they ar nat called men of worſſhip and all thys was done vppon a brydge and with thys came ſ Bleoberys and ſ Dryantes and ſ Bleoberys profred to iuſte w̃ ſ Bleoberys Tryſtram ſmote downe ſ Bleoberys than ſeyde ſ Boꝛs de ganys I wyll ne cowmyſſ̃ knyʒt of ſo ſtrete a ꝯdicyon nor ſo vnhappy as that knyʒt that bereth ꝑ trappys enbrowdered with crownys And than ſ Tryſtram and Sir Dynadan departed from thens vn to a foreyſt and there mette thens a damoſell that came for the loue of ſ launcelot to ſeke after ſom noble knyʒtis of kynge Arthurs courte for to reſtore ſ launcelot for he was ordayned for by the treſon of quene Morgan le fay to haue ſlayne hym and for that cauſe ſhe ordayned ypoꝛ̃ knyʒtis to lye in wayte for ſ launcelot and thys damoſell knew thys treſon and for thys cauſe ſhe came for to ſeke noble knyʒtis to helpe ſ launcelot ffor that myʒht of the day aſſ̃ Sir launcelot ſholde com where thes thirty knyʒtis were and ſo thys damoſell mette with ſ Boꝛs and ſ Ector and with ſ Dryantes and there ſhe tolde hem all my of the treſon of Morgan le fay And than they prouyſed her that they wolde be myʒ her whan ſ launcelot ſhold mete with the thirty knyʒtis and yf ſo be they ſette vpon hym we wolde be reſtorers as we cam ſo the damoſell departed and by aduenture ſhe mette w̃ ſ Tryſtram

and ſo ye ſ Dynadan and there the damoſell tolde hem of all the treſon that was ordayned for ſ launcelot // Now fayre damoſell ſeyde ſ Tryſtram bryngeme to that ſame place whereo pey ſholde mete with ſ launcelot Than ſeyde ſ Dynadan what wolle ye do hit ys nat for yo to fyzhte with yyy kn̄yzthh and wyte you wolle I wolle nat ſoffre as to macche o kn̄yzthh ayenſ yo I nowe and they be mene but for to matche yo kn̄yzthh that I wolle nere ſtonde take // ffy for ſhame ſeyde ſ Tryſtram do but yowe yte // Nay ſeyde ſ Dynadan I wolle nat ſoffre but iff ye wolle lende me youre ſhylde for ye bere a ſhylde of Cornwayle and for the Cornwayſe that ys named to the kn̄yzthh of Cornwayle by youe ſhyldys ye bene alſo for borne Nay ſeyde ſ Tryſtram I wolle nat departe fromme my ſhylde for her ſake that ſtraught hit me but one thynge ſeyde ſ Tryſtram I gowyſe the ſ Dynadan but if you wolde gowyſe me to abyde with me vyzht here I ſhalle ſle the for I deſyre no more of the but anſwere one kn̄yzthh and yf thy harte wolle nat ſue the ſtonde by and loke vppon // Sir ſeyde ſ Dynadan I wolle gowyſe you to loke vppon and to do what I may to ſabe my ſelffe but I wolde I had nat mette with you So than among thoſe yyy kn̄yzthh cam faſte by thoſe iij kn̄yzthh and they were ware of them and eythir of oy and ſo thoſe yyy kn̄yzthh lette for thys cauſe that they wolde nat wraththe them yf caſe be they had a do with ſ launcelot And the iij kn̄yzthh lette them paſſe to thys entente that they wolde ſe and beholde what they wolde do with ſ launcelot And ſo the yyy kn̄yzthh paſſe on and cam by ſ Tryſtram and by ſ Dynadan and paſt ſ Tryſtramys eryed on hyzhte to here yo a kn̄yzthh a venſe you for the lobe of ſ launc And there the ſtede ys wo a ſpeare and y with hys ſwerde And than cam in ſ Dynadan and he dod paſſynge welle And ſo of the yyy kn̄yzthh there rode

but ye a way and they fledde And all thys kynyght sayd ſ Sans
de ſtamys and thys in ſekdnys and than they ſayd well but was
the ſame kynyght that iuſted with hem at the bridge Than they
tokē ſ horſys and rode vnto ſ Tryſtramys and prayſed hym
and thanked hym of hys good dedys And they all desyred Sir
Tryſtram to go with them to ſ lodgynge and he seyde he wold
nat go to no lodgynge Than they .iij. kynyght prayde hym to
telle hys name ffayre lordys seyde ſ Tryſtramys as at thys
tyme I wolle nat telle you my name Than ſ Tryſtram and ſ
Synadan rode forthe ſ way tylle they cam to ſchyppis and to
herde men and there they aſked them if they knew ony lodgynge
there nere honde Sir seyde the herde men there by ys good her
bedow in a caſtell but there ys ſuche a cuſtom that ſ ſhalle no
kynyght her bedow there but if he iuſte with .j. kynyght and if
he be but a kynyght he must iuſte with .ij. kynyghtis and as ye
be ſone ſhalle ye be matched There ys ſhrewde her bedow ſeyde
ſ Synadan lodge where ye wolle for I wolle nat lodge there
ffor ſhame ſeyde ſ Tryſtramys ar ye nat a kynyght of the table
rounde wherfore for ye may nat with yo worſhip refuſe yo lod
gynge Not ſo ſeyde the herde men for and ye be beatyn and hane
the warſe ye ſhalle nat be lodged there and if ye bette them ye ſhalle
well be herbedowed A ſeyde ſ Synadan I vndir ſtonde they ar
.j. good kynyghtis Than ſ Synadan wolde nat lodge there in no
mane but as ſ Tryſtramys requyred hym of hys kynyghthode
and ſo they rode thyder and to make ſhorte tale ſ Tryſtram and
ſ Synadan ſmote them dolfne bothe and ſo they entrede in to
the caſtell and had good cheve as they cowde thynke or deviſe
and whan they were vnarmed and thought to be myry and
in good veſte there cam in at the yatis ſ Palomydes and ſ
Gaherys requyrynge to ſhame the cuſtum of caſtell What a
vay ye thys ſeyde ſ Synadan I wolde fayne ſhame my veſte

that may not be seyde ℔ Trystram Now must we needis defende
custom of thys castell in so much as we have the lette of yo lord
of thys castell And there for seyde ℔ Trystram needis must ye
make you redy // In the abbyes name seyde ℔ Dynadan am I
to youre company and so they made them redy And ℔ Galhervs
encountrede with ℔ Trystram and ℔ Galhervs had a falle and
℔ Palomydes encountrede with ℔ Dynadan and ℔ Dynadan
had a falle than was yt falle for falle So than must they hyt
on foote And that wolde not ℔ Dynadan for he was sore bru-
sed of that falle that ℔ Palomydes gaff hym // Than ℔ Trys-
tramys laced on ℔ Dynadans helme and prayde hym to helpe
hym // I wolle not seyde ℔ Dynadan for I am sore wounded of
the yryst knyght that we had a do with all But ye shall
seyde ℔ Dynadan as a man were oute of hys mynde yt wold
caste hym self a way and I may curse the tyme that ever I
you for me all the worlde aw not such ij knyghtis that aw so
wood as ys ℔ Launcelot and ye ℔ Trystram for onys I sette
me the sely shyp of ℔ Launce as I shall done now wt you and he
sette me so a worke that a quarter of a yere I kept my bedde
Than defende me seyde ℔ Dynadan frome such ij knyghtys
and specially frome youre sely shyp Than seyde ℔ Trystram
I wolle fyght with them bothe And anone ℔ Trystram bade
hem com forthe bothe for I wolle fyght with you Than ℔ Pal-
omydes and ℔ Galhervs dressed and smote at them bothe than
℔ Dynadan smote at ℔ Galhervs a stroke or ij and turned
frome hym May seyde ℔ Palomydes yt is to much shame
for vs / ij knyghtis to fyght with one And than he bed bydde
Sir Galhervs stonde a syde with that knyght that hath
no hyste to fyght Than they rode to gyders and fought longe
and at the laste ℔ Trystram doubled hys stroke and drove
℔ Palomydes a bak more than vij stryddys And pan by

ne assente ſ Gaherys and ſ Dynadan wente be thyyet thew-
pted them in ſunder and then by the assente of ſ Tryſtrams
ey wolde haue lodged to zyedwe / But ſ Dynadan ſeyde he wold
t lodge in that caſtell and than he curſed the tyme that ey
he com in theyre ſelyſshp and ſo he tolde hys horſe and hys ſpu-
eyſe and depted than ſ Tryſtram prayde the lordys of that
aſtell to lende hym a man to bryngge hym to a lodgyng / and
o they ded and on tolde ſ Dynadan and rode to hw lodgyngge
myle thens / with a good man in a poyory and there they
eeue well at eaſe And that ſame nyzght / Sw Beas / and ſ
Blioberys and ſ Ector and ſ Dryamus / a lode ſtylle in ſ
ame place there as ſ Tryſtram ſuzght with ſ Tryſtramys
yze nyzght / and there they mette with ſ launcelot / ſ ſame
nyzght and had made pryſe to lodge with ſ Coll ſ euatance
he ſame nyzght / But anone as ſ launcelot / harde of the
ylde of Cornwayle he wyſte well hit was ſ Tryſtram
hat had fozzght with hys / enemyes / And than ſ launce
prayſed ſ Tryſtram and called hym the man of moſte hor-
yp in the worlde / So there was a knyzght in that
oyory that hyzght ſ Pellynore and he deſyred to wete
he name of ſ Tryſtram but in no wyſe he conde nat / and
o ſ Tryſtram depted and lefte ſ Dynadan in that pory
or he was ſo wery and ſo ſore brwſed that he myzght nat ryde
than thys knyzght ſ Pellynore ſeyde vnto ſ Dynadan ſuch
ſyzght ye wolle nat telle me that knyzghtys name / ſhalle ryde aſſa
hym and make hym to telle me hys name or he ſhalle dye
ſ fore / yet be ware ſ knyzght ſeyde ſ Dynadan for and
ye folowe hym ye wolle repente hit / So that knyzght Sw
Pellynore rode after ſ Tryſtram and reſcowed hym of ſuche
han ſ Tryſtram ſmote hym downe and wounded hym

therde the shulder and so the paste on hys way and on the nexte
day forthe wyth ꝑ Tryſtram mette with yonge ſyr Launce and they
tolde hym that there was made a grete crye of turnemente
be twene kynge Carados of ſcotlonde and the kynge of north
walys and aythir ſhulde juſte agayne othir afore the caſtell
of maydens and thes yonge ſyr Launce ſought all the contrey
after good knyghtis and in eſpecialle kynge Carados lete
make grete ſykynge for ꝑ Launcelot and the kynge of north
walis lete ſeke ſpecially for ꝑ Tryſtrams delyones and at
that tyme ꝑ Tryſtrams thought to be at that juſtis and
ſo by adventure they mette with ꝑ kay the ſeneſchall
and ꝑ Sagramore le deſirous and ꝑ kay requyred ſyr Tryſ
tram to juſte and ꝑ Tryſtram in a mad refuſed hym by
cauſe he wolde nat be hurte nothir bruſed a yenſte the grete
juſtis that ſhuld be fore the caſtell of maydens and ꝑ fore
he thought to reſte hym and to repoſe hym And all way
ꝑ kay cryed ꝑ knyght of cornwayle muſte w me othir elles
yelde the to me as recreaunte / whan ꝑ Tryſtram herd hym
ſey ſo he turned unto hym and than ꝑ kay refuſed hym
and turned hys backe than ꝑ Tryſtram sayde as I ſhulde
the I ſhall take the than ꝑ kay turned w t adyll wyll and
Sir Tryſtram ſmote ꝑ kay downe and ſo he rode for the
than ꝑ Sagramoure le deſirous / rode after ꝑ Tryſtram
and made hym to juſte w t hym And there ꝑ Tryſtram ſmote
downe ꝑ Sagramoure frome hys horſe and rode hys way
and the ſame day he mette with a damoſell that tolde
hym that ſhe ſholde wynne grete worſhyp of a knyght
aventures that dud muche harme in all that contrey /
whan ꝑ Tryſtrams herde her ſey ſo he was glad to go
with her to wynne worſhyp And ſo ꝑ Tryſtram rode w t that

damesell a dys myle And than there mette wt hym ſ Galvayne and there with all the Sir Galvayne kneld the damesell t ſ ſhe was/ lowly nyze to gnyne Morgan le fay than ſ Gal- vayne vnderſtood that ſhe had that knyzht to ſom myſchefe // And ſeyde fayre knyzht whyther ryde ye nowe with y dame- ſell // Sir ſeyde ſ Cryſtram I wote nat whyther I ſhall ryde but as thys dameſell wolle lede me Sir ſeyde ſ Galvayne ye ſhall nat ryde with her for ſhe and her lady ded men zwode but yff And than ſ Galvayne pulled out hys ſwerde and ſeyde dameſell but yf yon telle me anone for whatt cauſe yond ledyſt thys knyzht yon ſhall dye for hit ryzht anone for I knowe all youre ladyes treſon and yowrys // A mercy ſ Galvayne ſeyde ſhe and yff ye wolle ſade my lyff I wolle telle yon // Sayon ſeyde ſ Galvayne and than ſhall ſhame thy lyff Sir ſhe ſeyde gnene Morgan my lady hath ordayned a wyth ladyes/ to ſeke and aſſaye after ſ launcelot or after ſ Cryſtin and by the treaſnys/ of theſe ladyes whe that may fynde mete ony of theſe/ in knyzhtly/ they ſhulde turne them vnto Morgan le fayes/ counſell ſayeng that they ſhulde do dedys of worſhip And yf ony of ye in knyzhtly/ wan there be wyth knyzhtly lyvyng/ and watchyng in a towre to wayte vppon ſ launcelot/ or vppon Sir Cryſtramys // Fy for ſhame ſeyde ſ Galvayne that ever ſuch falſe treſon ſholde be wrozht or vſed in a gnene and a kynges/ ſyſter and a kynge and a gnenys dozter

Sir ſeyde ſir Galvayne wyll ye ſtonde wt me and we wolle ſe the malyce of theſe knyzhtly/ Sir ſeyde ſir Cryſtram ze ye to them and hit pleaſe yow and ye ſhall ſe I wolle not fayle yon for hit ye not lonzte a zeo ſem I and a feldy mette with yowr of the gnenys fely/ſhip and zod ſpede we ſo that we moon alway with worſhip So than

ſ Gawayne and ſ Tryſtram rode towarde the caſtell where
Yorſan le fay was/ and ere ſ Gawayne demed that he was ſ
Tryſtram de lyones by cauſe he hard that ȝ knyght had ſlayn
and beatyn yor knyght And when they came a fore ſ caſ
tell Sir Gawayne ſpake on hyght and ſeyde quene Yorſan
ſende ovte yonre knyghtȝ that ye haue layde in wayte for
ſ launcelot and for ſ Tryſtram Now ſeyde ſ Gawayne I
knowe yonre falſe treſon and all places where that I ryde
ſhall knowe of yonre falſe treſon And now lat ſe ſeyde Sir
Gawayne whether ye dare com ovte of yonre caſtell ye yor
knyghtȝ ſeyde than the quene ſpake and all the yor knyghtȝ
at onys and ſeyde A ſ Gawayne full well wotiſt yon what
yon doſt and ſeyſt for ȝede we knowe the paſſyngȝ well But
all that yon ſpeckyſt and doyſt yon ſayſte ſith vppon pryde
of that ȝond knyght that ys there with the ſſor ſ he ſonne
of vs knowe the kondyȝ of that ȝond knyght and well
and wyte yon well ſ Gawayne the knyght that berith
the armȝ of Cornwayle we knowe ryght and what he ys
than ſ Gawayne and ſ Gawe Tryſtram dopted and rode
on ſ wayes a day or ij to ȝedwerd and there by aduentvre
they mette with ſ Kay and with ſ Sagramo le deſyrous
and than they were glad of ſ Gawayne and he of them
But they wyſt nat what he was with the ſkylde of Cor
nwayle but by demyngȝ and thus they rode to ȝedwerd a
day or too And than they were ware of ſ Breuſe ſanuȝ
pite chaſyngȝ a lady for to haue ſlayne her for he had ſlayn
her payno a fore holde yon all ſtylle ſeyde ſ Gawayne and
ſhalle none of yon forth and ye ſhall ſe me redreſſe yonde
falſe knyght for and he aſſaye yon he ys ſo well horſed ſ
he wolle aſcape away And than ſ Gawayne rode be hynde

ſ Breuſe and the lady and ſayde falſe knyght lede her and hane
a do with me / So whan ſ Bredwſe ſalw no mand but Sr
Gawayne he feantred hys ſpeare and ſ Gawayne a yeſte
hym and there ſ Breuſe on threw ſ Gawayne and pan he
rade hym and on Awarte hym yt tymyd to hane deſtroyed
hym and ſ Tryſtraim ſalw hym do ſo vylanne a dede he
hurled onte a yenſte hym // And whan ſ Breuſe hym ſalw
with the ſhylde of Cornwayle he bnew hym well that hit
was ſ Tryſtraim and than he fledde and ſ Tryſtraims folowed
hym And ſo ſ Breuſe was ſo horſed that he wente thys
way ryte And ſ Tryſtraim folowed hym longe aſſe for he
wolde fayne hane bene avenged vppon hym And ſo whan he
had longe chaced hym he ſalw a fayre well and thyder he rode
to repoſe hym and tyed hys horſe tylle a tre and pan he pulled
of hys helme and waſſhed hys vyſayge and hys hondſ
and ſo he ſette on ſlepe And ſo in the meane whyle cam a
dameſell that had ſought ſ Tryſtraim many wayes and dayes
with in thys londe And whan ſhe came to the welle ſhe
loked vppon hym and had forgotyn hym as in remembrance
of ſ Tryſtraimes but by hys horſe ſhe bnew hym
that hyght ꝑaſſe Bredwell that had ben hys hors many
yeres for whan he was made in the forceyſte ſ ffergus
kepte hym // So thys lady dame Brangwayne a rode ſtylle
tylle ſhe was awake And whan ſhe ſalw hym awaked
ſhe ſalewed hym and he her a ſtayne for aythr bnew of
of olde acquayntaunce than ſhe tolde ſ Tryſtiñ how ſhe
had ſought hym longe and brode and there ſhe tolde hym
how ſhe had lettres from the quene la beall Iſade than a
none ſayde lady dame Brangwayne ye ſhall ryde w me
tylle the turnemente be done at the caſtell of maydens // And

than shalt ye leave lettres and tydyngs of yow And than ſ Tryſtrā
toke hys horse and yode ſtyll lodgynge and there he mette wt a yong
mancelle knyght and prayde hym to lodge with hym Knyght
ſo com Gouuayle vnto ſ Tryſtrā that was ſtad of the
comyns of the lady And thys olde knyghtſ name was Sr
Dellowes and he tolde hym of the grete tornemente that
ſhulde be at the caſtell of maydens And there ſ launcelot
and .ij. of hys knyghtſ of hys blood kame ordayne ſhyldis of
Cornwayle And vpright ſo there com one vnto ſ Dellowes
and tolde hym that ſ Dſides de Bloyſe was com home
than that knyght ſtylde vp hys honds and thanked god
of hys comyng home and there ſ Dellowes tolde Sr
Tryſtrā that of .ij. yere a goe he had nat ſene hys ſon Sr
Dſydes Sr ſeyde ſ Tryſtrāmys I knowe yowre ſon well I
nowe for a good knyght And ſo one tyme ſ Tryſtrāmys
and ſ Dſydes com to y lodgyng both at onys and ſo they
vnarmed hym and yave vpon them ſuch clothyng as they
had And than thes .ij. knyghtſ eche well comyd of and behynd
ſ Derſides vnderſtod y ſ Tryſtrā was of Cornwayle he
ſeyde he was onys in cornwayle and there I juſted be ſoye
kynge Agarde and ſo that happened me at that ſame day to
on thrdw .x. knyghtis And than com to me ſ Tryſtrāmys
de lyonas and on thrdw me and tok my lady fro me and y
ſhalt I neu ſoo grete but I ſhalt remembr me and eu I ſemy
tyme A ſayde ſ Tryſtrā nowe I vnderſtonde that ye hatte
ſ Tryſtrā What deme yow that ſ Tryſtrā ys nat able to
withſtonde yowre malice yes ſeyde ſ Dſydes I knowe well
that ſ Tryſtrā ys a noble knyght and a muche bettre
knyght than I am yet I ſhalt nat owze hym my good wyll

kyght as they stood thre tallynge at a bay wyndow of ye castell
they sye many kny3tes ryde to and fro towarde the turnemente
And than was sr Tryestraun ware of a kyhy kny3ght rydynge
vppon a 3reete blacke horse and a blacke coude shylde // What
kny3ght ys that seyde sr Tryestraun with the blacke shylde and ye
blacke horse I knowe hym wele seyde sr Persides he ys one of
the beste kny3ght of the worlde than hit ys sr launcelot seyde
sr Tryestraunys nay seyde sr Persides hit ys sr Palomydes that
ys yett on cryestynde than they sawe mneye people of the contrey
salewe sr Palomydes and seyde with a lowde voice Jhu saue
the and kepe the jon noble kny3ght sr Palomydes and w'in a
whyle after there came a sqwyer of that castell that tolde sr Per
sydes that was lorde of that castell that a kny3ght w' a blacke
shylde had smytten downe yon kny3ght // Now sayre syre seyde sr
Tryestraun vnto sr Persides lat vs caste on vs kny3ght clothe & lat
vs 3o se that play Not so seyde sr Persides we wolle nat 3o lyke
knaves/thydir but we wolle ryde lyke men and as 3ood kny3ght
to withstonde owre enemyes So they armed them and toke ye
horses and 3reete spearys and thydir they rode there as many
kny3ghtes assayed them self by fore the turnemente And a none
sr Palamydes sawe sr Persides and than he sente a sqwyer vnto
hym and seyde 3o pon to the yonde kny3ght with the 3reene shyld
and there in a lyon of 3oldys and say hym I requyre hym
to Juste with me and telle hym that my name ys sr Palo
mydes When sr Persides vnderstood the request of sr Palomy
des he made hym redy and there a none they mette to 3ydirs
but sr Persides had a falle than sr Tryestraun dressed hym to
be revenged vppon sr Palomydes And that sawe sr Palomy
des that was redy and so was nat sr Tryestraun and toke hym
at a bawntryste and smote hym ouer hys horse tayle Whan

he had no speare in hys reste than sterte vp ꝑ Erystiñ and to-
horse lyghtly and was wrothe out of mesure and sore a shamed
of that falle than ꝑ Erystrauns sente vnto ꝑ Palomydes
by Gouvayle and prayde hym to iuste vt hym at hys rekeyste
nay seyde ꝑ Palomydes as at thys tyme I wolle nat iuste with
that knyght ffor I knowe hym bettir than he weneth and yf
he be wrothe he may ryght wel to morne at the castell may-
dens where he may se me and many oꝑ knyghtis So with
that cam ꝑ Synadan and whan he sawe ꝑ Erystiñ wrothe
he hyste nat to iape but seyde to ꝑ Erystrau here may a man
preue be he new so stout yet may he shame a falle And he was
new so wyse but he myght be old shame and he rydyth wel
that new felle So ꝑ Erystrau was passyng wrothe and seyde
to ꝑ Osides and to ꝑ Synadan I wolle reuenge me hyght so
as they stode talkyng there cam by ꝑ Erystrau a lytely knyght
ryding passyng sobirly and shrewdly with a blacke shylde What
knyght ys that seyde ꝑ Erystrau vnto ꝑ Osides I knowe hym
wel seyde ꝑ Osides for hys name ys ꝑ Bryamure of north
walis and so he paste on a monge oꝑ knyghtis of north walis
And there cam in ꝑ launcelot de lake with a shylde of ꝑ armys
of Tornewayle and he sente a squyer vnto ꝑ Bryamure ꝛ requy-
red hym to iuste with hym wel seyde ꝑ Bryamure sythyn
that I am requyred to iuste I wolle do what I may And ther
ꝑ launcelot smote adowne ꝑ Bryamure fro me hys horse a grete
falle And than ꝑ Erystrau merueyled what knyght he was
that bar the shylde of Tornewayle Sir what so euir he be he
seyde ꝑ Synadan I warrante he ys of kyng Bannys
blode wherfor bene knyghtis of the noblyst prowes in ꝑ worlde
for to accompte so many for so many than ꝑ cam in ꝑ knyghtis
of northgalys that one hyght ꝑ Helyas de la mountayne and

Now ꝑ Erystiñ was takyn with a vauntage & he was redy by ꝑ Palomydes had a fall

the os ꝑ

the of ꝑ agadok de la mountayne and they chalenged ꝑ launcelot
foote hote // Sir launcelot not refusynge hem but made hym
redy and with one grete speare he smote downe bothe on ꝑ
horse tayles and so ꝑ launcelot rode hys way // By the grad leyde
seyde ꝑ Tryestram he ys a grad knyght that kepyth the shylde
of fordwayle and me semyth he rydith on the beste mann ꝑ en
I sawe knyght ryde than the kynge of northgales rode vnto
ꝑ Palomydes and prayed hym hartely for hys sake to iuste
with that knyght that hath done vs of Northgales dispite Sir
seyde ꝑ Palomydes I am full lothe to haue ado w̄ that knyght
and cause why as to morne the grete turnemente shall be and
therefore I wolde kepe my self freyssh be my wyll May seyde
the kynge of Northgales I pray yow requyre hym of iustis Sir
seyde ꝑ Palomydes I wolle iuste at yowre requeste and requyred
that knyght to iuste with me and of tyn I haue seyne amand
at hys downe requeste haue a grete falle than ꝑ Palomydes
sente vnto ꝑ launcelot a squyre and requyred hym to iuste //
Squyre folow seyde ꝑ launcelot telle me thy lordis name Sir my
lordys name ys ꝑ Palomydes the grad knyght I grad downe
seyde ꝑ launce for there ys no knyght I sayd thys by yere
that I had leuer haue a do with alle and so ayth knyghtis
made them redy with ȳ grete spearys // May seyde ꝑ Dynadan
ye shalle se that ꝑ Palomydes wolle quyte hym wyght wolle hyt
may be so seyde ꝑ Tryestram but I vnder take that knyght w̄
the shylde of fordwayle shall gyff hym a falle I be leue hit
nat seyde ꝑ Dynadan Bycause they spurred ꝑ horsis & feautred
ꝑ spearys and aythir smote ov̄ and ꝑ Palomydes brake a
speare vppon ꝑ launce and he sate and meued nat But ꝑ launce
smote hym so harde that he made hys horse to avoyde ꝑ sadull

and the stroke brake hys shylde and the halvbarke and had he nat fullyn he had be slayne // Now now seyde ꝑ Crystrian | wyst well by the mayd of ꝑ vrdyngne lothe that ꝑ Palomydes | shulde have a fulle // kynyght so ꝑ launcelot | rode hys way and rode to a well to drynke and repose hym And they of northgalis aspyed hym whos he were And than ꝑ folowed hym vn- kynyght for to have myscheved hym for thys cause that vpon the morne at ꝑ turnemente at the castell of marydyns that he shulde nat wyn the victory So they com vpon ꝑ launcelot | suddeynly and vnethe he myght gete on hys helme and th take hys horse but they were in redynes with hym And than ꝑ launcelot | tate hys speare in hys honde and ran thorow them and ꝑ he slew a kynyght and brake hys speare in hys body Than he drew hys swerde | and smote vpon the vyght honde vpon the lyfte honde that with in a fewe stroke he had slayne .iij. kynyghtis and the remenaunte that a bide he wounded them sore all that ded a byde Thus ꝑ launcelot | astayed fro hys enemyes of northe wales And than ꝑ launc rode hys way tylle a fryende and lodged hym tylle on the morowe for he wolde nat the fyrste day have a do in the turnemente by cause of hys grete labour And on the fyrst day he was with kynge Arthur there as he was sette on hye vpon a chaffet to dyscerne who was beste worthy of hys dedis So ꝑ launcelot | was ꝓclayme kynge Arthur and lasted nat ꝑ fyrste day

Here begynnyth ꝑ turnement of ꝑ castel maydyns ꝑ fyrste day

Now turne we vnto ꝑ Crystrianys de lyones ꝑ commanded Gouvayle hys knaave to ordayne hym a blacke shylde with none of remembraunce ꝑ on And so ꝑ Persides | and ꝑ Crystrianys departed from ꝑ Pellownes and they rode ryght toward the turnemente and than per

dredo them to kynge Carydos syde of Scotlonde And anone kynge
be than the syde what of the kynge of northgalys syde And
of kynge Carydos and there be gan a grete fyght // than ꝑ was
hurlynge and russhynge bytwixt so cam in ꝑ Psides and Sr
Trystram and so they ded fawe that day that they put ꝑ kynge
of northgalis a backe than cam in ꝑ Bleoberys de ganys
and ꝑ Galeron with them of northgalis And than was Sr
Psides smytten a downe and all moste slayne for no thynge
yf. horse men wente on hym ffor ꝑ Bleoberys ded grete ded
of armys And ꝑ Galeron stayled hym not // whan ꝑ Cristiñ
be hylde them and sye them do such dedis of armys he mer-
vayled what they were // Also ꝑ Trystram thought shame that
ꝑ Psides was so done to And than he gate a grete speare
in hys honde and rode to ꝑ Galeron and smote hym down
fromie hys horse And than ꝑ Bleoberys was wrothe and
gate a speare and rode ayenste ꝑ Trystiñ in grete ire and
there ꝑ Trystram smote ꝑ Bleoberys fromie hys horse
So than the kynge with the C knyghtis was wrothe and
he horsed ꝑ Bleoberys and ꝑ Galeron a gayne and ꝑ be
gan a grete medle And en ꝑ Trystram hylde them passyng
shorte And en ꝑ Bleoberys was passyng hyse vppon Sr
Trystram And there cam in ꝑ Dynadan ayenst ꝑ Trystiñ
and ꝑ Trystram gaff hym such a buffette that he sowned
vppon hys horse And so anone ꝑ Dynadan cam to ꝑ
Trystram and seyde ꝑ I fynde the better pan pon promyse
the shut here I promyse the my worshi. I wolle nedi com a gayne
the more for I promyse the that swerde of thyne shalle nedi
com on my helme So with that com ꝑ Bleoberys and
ꝑ Trystiñ gaff hym such a buffett ꝑ downe he a bayssed

hys hede and than he ranyshte hym so sore by the helme þ he pulled hym vndir hys feete And than kynge Arthure bleu to ladynge than þ Tryſtram depted to hys pauylion and þ Dynadan rode with hym And þ Poſides And kynge Arthure than and the kynges vppon the tyres merueyled what knyghte that was with the blacke ſhylde many knyghtes ſayde þ abyde and ſone knew hym for þ Tryſtram and ſayde þ peace and wolde nat ſay So that firſte day kynge Arthure and all the kynges and lordis that were ſuyres/ graff þ Tryſtram the peyce holy be hyt they knew hym nat but named hym the knyghte with the blacke ſhylde Than vppon the morne þ Palomydes returned from þ kynge of northe gales/ and rode to kynge Arthurs ſyde where was kynge Carados and the kynge of Irelonde And þ Sann dalotte kynne And þ Gawaynes/ kynne So þ Palomydes/ ſaw the dameſell/ vnto þ Tryſtram that ſhe ſeme to ſeke hym whan ſhe was/ come of hys/ myynde in the foreyſt And this Dameſell aſked þ Tryſtramys/ what was/ hys name and what ſhe was/ As for that telle þ Palomydes that ſhe ſhalle nat wete as/ at thys tyme vnto the tyme I haue broken my ſpeare vppon hym But lat hym wete thys/ mych that I am the ſame knyghte that ſhe ſmote adowne in the old auenture at the tuenemente and telle hym playnly on what pty that ſhe be. I wolle be of the contrary pty Or ſeyde the dame ſell ye ſhalle vnderſtonde that þ Palomydes/ wolle be on kynge Arthurs/ pty where the moſte noble knyghte of þ worlde be// In the name of god ſeyde þ Tryſtram than wolle I be with the kynge of northe gales be cauſe of þ Palomydes wolle be on kynge Arthurs ſyde and elles/ I wolde nat but for hys/ ſake So whan kynge Arthure was com ſey ſtedly vnto the ſylde and than there be gan a grete party

And so hymyte Carados ſmyted with the hymyte w^t the ¶. knyght and there hymyte Carados had a ſtalle than was þ^t hym hymyt and ruſſhymyte And ryght ſo com ſm knyght of hymyt Arthu and they bare on ſo hab the hymyte of north walis knyght than ſ^r Tryſtram cam ſm and he wan ſo rowzly and ſo hyghly that þ^t was none myght w^t ſtonde hym And thus he endured longe and at the laſte by fortune he felle a monge þ^t felyſhyp of hymyt Ban So þ^t fylle vpon hym ſ^r Bors de ganys and ſ^r Ector de maris and ſ^r Blamo de ganys and many othr hymyght And than ſ^r Tryſtram ſmote on þ^t ryght honde and on the lyfte honde that all lordis and ladyes ſpake of hys noble dedis But at the laſt ſ^r Tryſtm ſholde hane had the wars had nat the hymyte with the ¶. knyghtis bene And than he cam with hys felyſhyp and reſcowed ſ^r Tryſtram and brought hym a way from the knyghtis that bare the ſchyldis of tornoyle And than ſ^r Tryſtm ſaw anoþ^r felyſhyp by them ſelff and there was a yole knyght to hym dw And ſ^r kay le ſeneſchal was þ^t gromonre than ſ^r Tryſtram rode ſm a monge hys thend and there he ſmote downe ſ^r kay from hys horſe and there he fowed a monge the knyghtis as a wrechomde a monge tompes than ſ^r launcelot fonde a knyght that was ſore wownded vpon the hede // Sir ſeyde ſ^r launc^t who wownded yon ſo ſore Sir he ſeyde a knyght that bearyth a blacke ſchylde and I may curſe the tyme that ev^r I mette with hym for he ys a dewyll and no man So ſ^r launcelot depted from hym and thought to mete with ſ^r Tryſtram and ſo he rode with hys ſwerde I drawyn in hys honde to ſeke ſ^r Tryſtram and than he aſpyed hym hwely hyte here and there And at ev^r ſtroke ſ^r Tryſtm

wellt nyze smote dowyne a knyzght // A nay sayd sr launcelot
sayth the firste tyme that euer I bare armys sawe I neuer one knyzt
do so merbayloue dedys of armys And yf I shulde seyde sr launc
to hym selff I sette vppon thys knyzght nowe I ded shame to my
selff And there with all sr launc put vp hys sworde And
than the kynge with the .c. knyzghtf and an .c. mo of noyth
walis sette vppon the yye knyzghtf of sr launcelott knyzghtf
kynne and they yye knyzghtf kylde pem euery to zydur ac
wylde swyne and none wolde fayle op So sr cryfstram whan
he be kylde the noblest of thes yye knyzghtf he merbayled
of p zood dedys for he sawe by p fare and vnkle that pey had
ledyr dye than to abyde the fylde // Now sayd sr cryfshū
well may ye be called valyaunte and full of prowes p hath
fuch a sorte of noble knyzghtf vnto hys kynne And full lyke
ys he to be a noble man that ys p lederr and zoumonne
he meute hit by sr launcelot du lake // So whan sr cryfstram
had be holde them longe he thowzght same to se ij .c. knyzghtf
fyttynge vppon yye knyzghtf than sr cryfstram rode vnto
the kynge with the .c. knyzghtf and seyde sr lede yo fyztynge
with yo yye knyzghtf for ye kynne no worfship of thend ye
be so many and they so feawe and wyte you well pey wolle
nat out of the fylde I se by p chere and countenaunce pat
worfship zet yon none and ye se thend chere fore lede yo
fyzghtynge with thend ffor I to encrese my worfship I wolle
ryde vnto the yye knyzghtf and helpe them vt all my myzt
and powder May seyde the kynge with the .c. knyzghtf
ye shalle nat do so nowe I se yowre corayze and curtesye I
wolle vt dreade my knyzghtf for yowre p leswre for euermore
a good knyzght wolle fauowne anoys and lyke wolle dreade

name

to hyde than the kynge with the .C. knyghtes with dede
hys knyghtes and all thys wholle and tourne to foye Sr
Launcelot had watched vppon .S. Tryſtrām in hearyng
purpoſe to haue ſelyſshipped with hym and ran ſuddeynly
.S. Tryſtram .S. Dynadan and Sornnayle hys man rode .S. way
in to the foreſte that no man perceyued where they were //
So than kynge Arthure blew vnto lodgynge and graff the
kynge of northgalis the pryce by cauſe .S. Tryſtrām was vppon
hys ſyde // than .S. launcelot rode here and there as wode as
a lyon that fawhted hys ſylfe be cauſe he had loſte .S. Tryſtrām
and ſo he returned vnto kynge Arthure and than all .S. felde
was / in a noyſe that with the wynde hit myght be haude .ij.
myle ſtoo the lordys and ladyes / cryed the knyght w^t .S. blacke
ſchylde hath won the felde Alas ſeyde kynge Arthure beſeye
ye / that knyght be cowd nat ye / ſhame to all ye in the fylde ſo
to lette hym aſcape away ſroome you but w^t gantyluess & curteſye
ye myght haue brought hym vnto me to thys caſtell of mayden
than kynge Arthure went to hys knyghtes & comforted
them and ſeyde my fayre felowis / be nat diſmayde ſonne ye
haue loſte the fylde thys day and many were ſmyte & ſore
wounded and many were ſlone ayy felowys ſeyde kynge Arth
loke that ye be of good chere for to morow I will be in ye fylde
with you and reſcowe you of youre enemyes / So that nyght
kynge Arthure and hys knyghtes repoſed them ſelff So the
damoſell that com ſroome la beall iſſod vnto .S. Tryſtrām
all the wholle the tournement was / a doynge ſhe was w^t
quene Gwenyuere and cm the quene aſked her for what
cauſe ſhe cam in to that countrey madame ſhe anſwerde I
cowd for none oy cauſe but ſroome my lady beall iſſade to wete
of youre welfare for in no wyſe ſhe wold nat telle .S. quene

that she cam for ꝑ Crystrannys sake To thys lady dame Bragwayn
toke hir leve of quene Guenyn and she rode after ꝑ Crystan and as
she rode thorow the foreyste she harde a grete cry than she comanm
ded hir squyar to go in to that foreyste to wyte what was that
noyse and so he cam to a welle and there he fonnde a knyght
fonnden tyll a tre armyd as he had bene wode and hys horse
and hys harneys stondynge by hym And whan he aspyed
the squyar with a brande he braste hym self lowse and tok
hys swerde in hys honde and ran to hane slayne that squyer
than he tok hys horse and fledde to dame Bragwayne &
tolde hir of hys adnenture than she rode vnto ꝑ Crystrannys
sadylond and tolde ꝑ Crystran what adnenture she had fonnde
in the foreyste Alas seyde ꝑ Crystran vpon my hede ꝑ ys fond
good knyght at mysthyff than ꝑ Crystran tok hys horse
and hys swerde and rode thyder and there he harde how the
knyght complayned vnto hym self and sayde ⁊ wofull knyght
ꝑ Palomydes what mysse adnenture be fallith me ꝑ thys
am defoyled with falsehed and treson thorow ꝑ Sire and ꝑ
Kay Alas she seyde why lyve ⁊ so longe And than he grate hys
swerde in hys honde and made many strangge fyghtes and
tokyns and so thorow the rattrynge he threw hys sword in ꝑ
fomtayne than ꝑ Palomydes wayled and wrange hys
hondys and at the laste for pure sorow he ran in to that
fomtayne and sought after hys swerde than ꝑ Tryst
saw that and ran vpon ꝑ Palomydes and hylde hym in
hys armys faste What art pou seyde ꝑ Palomydes ꝑ
holdith me so ⁊ am a mand of thys foreyste that wold ꝑ none
harme Alas seyde ꝑ Palomydes ⁊ may noo wyn worship
where ꝑ Crystran ys forsoth where he ys and ⁊ be there

yete / no worshyp and yf he be there a way for the moste ryghty / shame
the gre onles that ſ launcelot be there other elles ſ launcelot than
ſ palomydes ſayde o̅nys̄ in ſecrete Sr tryſtram put me to ꝑ word
and a nother tyme in tornoyenge and in oꝑplace in thys londe what
wolde ye do ſayde ſayde ſ tryſtram and ye had ſ tryſtram / wolde
fyght with hym ſayde ſ palomydes and ease my harte vpon
hym and yet to say the ſothe Sr tryſtram ys the / auntyeſte
knyght in thys worlde hydynge // Sr what wolle ye do ſayde Sr
tryſtram wolle ye go with me to yonve ladyenge // Nay he ſayde
to the kynge with the ꝯ. knyghtes for he reſcowed me fro̅me ſ
aguas de ſtatyns and ſ ector and ellis / had / bene ſlayne tytom̄ely
and ſ tryſtram ſayde hym ſuch. kynde wordys / that ſ palomy-
des went with hym to hys ladyenge than Gonnayle went
to fore and charged dame Bragwayne to go oute of ye way
to hir ladyenge and byd ye ſ pides that he make hym no
quarels / and ſo they rode to gedyr / tyll they cam to ſ tryſtā
ys / padylon and there had ſ palomydes all the chere that
myght be had all that nyght but in no wyſe ſ tryſtram
myght nat be knowyn with ſ palomydes and ſo after ſoper
they yede to reſte and ſ tryſtram for yete tradayle ſlepte
tylle hit was day // And ſ palomydes myght nat ſlepe for an
ꝟwyſſhe and ſo in the advenyng of the day he toke hys horſe
prevaylly and rode hys / way vnto Camerys / and to ſ Sagra-
more le deſyrous where the were in ꝑ padylons for pey in
were folowyd / at the begynnyngge of the tweyncemente and paſſ
vppon the morne the kynge blew vnto the tweyncemente vp
pon the thyrd day

So the kynge of Northe gales / and the kynge of the
ꝯ. knyghtes they ꝯ encountred with kynge Carados
and the kynge of / ireloude and there the kynge w ꝑ ꝯ knyghtes

smote downe kynge Carados and the kynge of north walis smote
downe the kynge of irelonde So with that came in ſ palomydes
and he made grete worshe for by hys endented ſhylde he was
well knowyn So ꝑ came in kynge Arthur and did grete deds
of armys to ryders and put the kynge of north walis & ꝑ kny-
with the c. knyghtis to the wawes (So with came in ſ Tryſtram
with hys blak ſhylde and anone he ſmote with ſ palomydes
on hys horſe ouerthwart And there by fyne force ſ Tryſtram
smote ſ palomydes on hys horſe ouerthwart than kynge Arthur
cryed knyghtis with the blacke ſhylde make the redy to me And
in the ſame wyſe ſ Tryſtram smote kynge Arthure And than
by force of kynge Arthurs knyghtis the kynge and ſ palomy-
des were horſed a fayne than kynge Arthur with a grete
ſpere ſharte he thrue a grete ſpeare in hys honde And ſ vpon
the one ſyde he ſmote ſ Tryſtram on hys horſe than foote
hote ſ palomydes came vpon ſ Tryſtrā as he was vpon
foote to hane on ryddyn hym than ſ Tryſtrā was ware off
hym and ſodyed a lytell a ſide and with grete ire he thrue
hym by the arme and pulled hym downe from hys horſe
than ſ palomydes lyghtly a roſe and daſſhed to ryders w-
thore ſwerdys myghtyly that many knyght quenys lordys
and ladyes ſtode and be held the end And at the laſt ſ Tryſtrā
ſmote ſ palomydes vpon the helme wt myghty ſtrokes at eny
ſtroke that he gaff he ſeyde hane thys for ſ Tryſtramys ſake
And with that ſ palomydes felle to the erthe godelynge
than came the kynge of the c knyghtis and brought ſ Tryſtrā
an horſe and ſo was he horſed a fayne And by that tyme
was ſ palomydes horſed and with grete ire he ſmote vp
on ſ Tryſtrand with hys ſpeare as hit was in the reyſe
and gaff hym a grete dayſſh with hys ſwerde than ſ

Tryſtram avoyded hys ſpeare and ſmote hym by the neſe wt hys
bothe hondis and pulled hym clene oute of hys ſadde and ſo he
bare hym a force hynd the lengthe of ye ſpearys and pan he
lete hym falle at hys adventure Than ſ Tryſtram was ware
of kynge Arthure with a naked ſwerde in hys honde And with
hys ſpeare ſ Tryſtram ran vppon kynge Arthure and p̄an kynge
Arthure boldely abide hym and with hys ſwerde he ſmote at
hys ſpeare And there with all ſ Tryſtram was a ſtoned and
ſo kynge Arthure ȝaff hym m̄. or m̄. ſtrokis or he myȝte
ȝete oute hys ſwerde And þ ſ Tryſtā drew hys ſwerde and
aythir of them aſſayled othir paſſynge harde And wt ſ the
ȝrete preaſe departed Than ſ Tryſtram rode here and there
and ded hys ȝrete payne that a ȝe of the ȝood knyȝte of the blacke
ſhylde Than that were of ſ launcelottis that day ſ Tryſtā
ſmote doune that all the eſtatis merbarled of ſ ȝrete dedis and
all people vppon the knyȝte with the blacke ſhylde So thys ax
was ſo large that ſ launcelot harde hit and than he ȝate a
ȝrete ſpeare in hys honde and came towardis the ax Than
ſ launcelot axed knyȝte with the blacke ſhylde make ye redy
to ſuſte with me Whan ſ Tryſtram harde hym ſay ſo he ȝate
hys ſpeare in hys honde and ayē a keyſed ſ hedys doune
lowe and came to ȝyder as thynder that ſ Tryſtramo ſpeare
brake in pecis And ſ launcelot by male fortune ſmote ſ Tryſ
tram on the ſyde a depe wounde myze to the dethe Nott yet
ſ Tryſtram avoyded nat hys ſadyll and ſo the ſpeare brake
ē with all And yete ſ Tryſtram ȝate oute hys ſwerde and
he ruſſhed to ſ launcelot and ȝaff hym m̄. ȝrete ſtrok vp
pon the helme that ſ fyre ſprange oute that ſ launcelot a
keyſed hys hede lowe towarde hys ſadyll bowe and ſo ē wt all
Tryſtram departed ſeeme the fylde for he felte hym ſo wounded

that he were he shold have dyed And ſ Dynadan aſſayed hym and ſolowed hym in to the foreyſte Than ſ launcelot a lode and ded merwayllous dedys // So whan ſ Tryſtiñ was dreyted by the foreyſte ſyde he a lyghſt and vnlaced hys harneys & freyſſhed hys wounde Than went ſ Dynadan that he ſholde have dyed and wepte Nay nay ſeyde ſ Tryſtram nen drede you ſ Dynadan for I am hurte hole and of thys wounde I ſhall ſone be hole by the myght of god // And anone ſ Dynadan was ware where cam ſ Palomydes rydynge ſtreyte vpon them Than ſ Tryſtiñ was ware that ſ Palomydes cam to have deſtroyed hym And ſo ſ Dynadan gaff hym warnynge and ſeyde ſ Tryſtiñ my lorde ye ar ſo ſore wounded that ye may nat have a do with hym there fore I wolle ryde a gayneſte hym and do to hym what I may And yf I be ſlayne ye may ꝑy for my ſoule and ſom the meane whyle ye may with draw you and go in to the caſtell or in to the foreyſte that he ſhall nat mete with you Sir Tryſtram ſmyled and ſeyde I thanke you ſ Dynadan But ye ſhall vnderſtond that I am able to handyll hym and a none haſtely he armed hym and tooke hys horſe and a grete ſpeare in hys honde And ſeyde to ſ Dynadan a dew and rode toward ſ Palomydes a ſofft pace // Whan ſ Palomydes ſaw hym he a lyght and made a countenance to a mende hys horſe but he ded hit for thys cauſe for he a bode ſ Galerys that cam after hym And whan he was com he rode toward ſ Tryſtiñ Than ſ Tryſtiñ ſente vnto ſ Palomydes and requyred hym to juſte with hym And yf he ſmote downe ſ Palomydes he wolde do no more to hym And yf ſ Palomydes ſmote downe ſ Tryſtram he bade hym do hys vttirraunce And ſo they were accorded and mette to gyders And ſ Tryſtram ſmote downe ſ Palomydes that

he had a dyllaunce fulle and lay stylle as he had bone dede
than ſ Tryſtrã ran vppon ſ Gaherys and he wold nat haue
jufted but whether he wolde or wolde nat ſ Tryſtrã smote hym
on hys horse ouerthwart that he lay stylle And ſ Tryſtrã rode hys
way and lefft ſ Gaheris hys squyar with in the padelons
And ſ Tryſtrams and ſ Dynadan rode to an olde knyghtis place
to lodge them and thys olde knyght had v. sonnes at ye tornement
that prayde god hartely for ye comynge home And so as the
frenshe booke sayeth they com home all .C. well beatyn And
whan ſ Tryſtrams entred in to the foreyste ſ launce hylde all
wayes the stowre hyrte hym as a mad wraythed that tolde
none hede to hym selff and wyte you well there was many
a noble knyght a ponste hym And whan kynge Arthure
sawe ſ launcelot do so merueylous dedis of armys he than
armed hym and toke hys horse and hys armys and rode in
to the fylde to helpe ſ launcelot and so many knyghtis cam to
kynge Arthur and to make shorte tale in conclusion the kynge
of northe walis and the kynge of the .C. knyghtis were put to
the wars And by cause ſ launcelot a rode and was the laste
in the fylde the preyse was thought hym But ſ launcelot nor
for kynge quene nor knyght wolde ye off And where he cry
was cryed thorow the fylde ſ launcelot hathe wonne ye fylde
thys day Sir launcelot made a nor cry contrary ſ Tryſtrã
hathe won the fylde for he be gan fyrste and lengyst fylde
on and so hathe he done the fyrste day ye seconde and ye thirde
day than all the aſſaute and of degrees hyre and lowe seyde
ſ launcelot yeue hym the worshyp for the honowre that he ded to sir
Tryſtrams and for the hono doyng by ſ launcelot he was
at that tyme more preayſed and renowned than he had
ony thrughyn v. .C. knyghtis And all the peple holy for hym

Jantilnes fyrste the aſtate kyng and lorde and uſt the comynalte
omys cryed ſ launcelot hath won the gre wyth ſo en ſeyth nay
than was ſ launcelot wrothe and aſhamed and ſo there w alle
he rode to kynge Arthure Alas ſeyde the kynge we ar all diſmaide
that ſ Tryſtram ys thus departed from vs ye ſeyde kynge Arth
he ys one of the nobleſt knyghtſ that end I ſalv holde ſpeare in
honde or ſworde and the moſte cwnyng knyght in kyng ſtryfthyng
for full harde I the kyng be ſtad ſeyde kynge Arthure when he
ſmote ſ Palomydes vppon the helme thryſe that he abayſſhed
kyng helme with kyng ſtrokis And alſo he ſeyde here ys a ſtroke
for ſir Tryſtram And pus he ſeyde thryſe than kynge Arthur
and ſ launcelot and ſ Sodynas le ſavage tolde ſ kerſis to ſeke
after ſ Tryſtram And by the meanys of ſ Pſides he had tolde
kynge Arthure where ſ Tryſtramys ſ anglion was ſent when
they cam there ſ Tryſtram and ſ Dynadan was gone than
kynge Arthur and ſ launc was redy and returned a yen to
the caſtell maydyns mabynt grete dole for the hurte of ſ Tryſ
tram and kyng ſuddeyne departynge Go god me helpe ſeyde kynge
Arth I am more redy that I can nat mete with kyng than I and
for all the hurtys that all my knyghtſ thane had at ye tornement
And ſo forth with cam ſ Galerys and tolde kynge Arthur
how ſ Tryſtram had ſmyten downe ſ Palomydes and that was
at kyng downe requeſte Alas ſeyde kynge Arthur that was gret
diſhonowre to ſ Palomydes In as much as ſ Tryſtrm was ſo
ſore wounded And may we all kynges and knyghtſ and mem
of worſhip ſey that ſ Tryſtram may be called a knyght and
one of the beſte knyghtſ that ever ſalv dayes of my lyff for
I well that ye all kynges and knyghtſ knowe ſeyde kynge Arth
that I nevr ſalv knyght do ſo merveylous as he hath done
thes iij dayes for he was the fyrſte that be gan and leaſt
that hylde on ſadel thys laſte day And tſonne he were hurte

hit was a manly adventure of yͤ noble knyght And whan yͤ no
ble men encounter nedes must the tone haue the worse hyde as
wel wyll suffre at that tyme // Sir as for me seyde ſ launcelot
for all the londys that en my fadir leffe I wolde nat haue hurt
me ſ Tryſtram and I had kndwyn hynd at that tyme that I hurte
hynd for I salv nat hys ſchylde ffor and I had seyne hys blacke
ſchylde I wolde nat haue medled with hynd for many causis seyde
ſ launcelot for but late he ded as myche for me as en ded
knyght and that ys well kndwyn that he had a do wt xxv
knyghtis And no helpe only sadir ſ Dynadan And one thynge
ſchall I promyse yon seyde ſ launcelot Sir Palomydes ſchall
repente hit as yͤ hys lenbnyghthy delynge ſe for to folow
noble knyght that I be myn fortune hurte hym myn So ſ laun
seyd all the worſchip that myght be ſpoken by ſ Tryſtan Than kyng
Arthure made a greete feſte to all that wolde cond And myn We
lat passe kynge Arthure And a lityll we wolle twene vnto ſ
Palomydes that after he had a falle of ſ Tryſtan he was myn
honde awarded onte of hys wytte for deſpite of ſ Tryſtan and
so he folowed hym by adventure and as he cam by a ryuer m
hys wodnes he wolde haue made hys horſe to haue lopyn
on the watir and the horſe fayled footynge and felle in yͤ ryuer
where fore ſ Palomydes was a drad leſte he ſchulde haue
bene drowned And than he auoyde hys horſe and ſwam to
the londe and lete hys horſe go adowne by aduenture And
whan he cam to the londe he tokc of hys harmys and sate
hym vpe and eyynge as a man onte of hys mynde Right
so cam a damoſell adyn by ſ Palomydes that was ſente
for ſ Gawayne and hys brothir vnto ſ Mordred that lay
ſyke in the ſame place with that olde knyght where ſ Tryſtan
was ffor as the booke ſeythe ſ Gawaynes hurte so ſ Mordred a

ye dayes a pese and had hit nat bene for the love of ſ Gawayne and hys brethren ſ pſides had ſtayne ſ ayordred and ſo this damyſell cam by ſ Palomydes and ſhe and ſhe had langage to gyd which pleased neythir of them and ſo thys dameſell rode her wayes tyll ſhe cam to that olde knyghtis place And there ſhe tolde that olde knyght how ſhe mette with the wodiſt knyght by adventure that en ſhe mette with all / what bare he in hys ſchylde ſeyde ſ Tryſtram Sir hit was endented w^t / whyght and blacke ſeyde the dameſell A ſeyde ſ Tryſtrā that was Palamydes / the good knyght for well / know hym ſeyde ſ Tryſtram for one of the beſte knyghtis lyvyng in thys realme Than ſ^t olde knyght tolde a lityll hakeney and rode for ſ Palomydes and brought hym vnto hys avne man And ſuth well knew ſ Tryſtram hym but he ſayde but lityll ffor at ſ^t tyme Sir Tryſtram was walkyng vpon hys feete and well amended of hys hurtis And all wayes whan ſ Palomydes ſalw ſ Tryſtram he wolde be holde hym ſuch merveylouſly and en hym ſemed that he had ſene hym Than wolde he ſey vnto ſ Dynadan and en / may mete w^t ſ Tryſtrā he ſhall nat eſcape myne hondis / / merveyle ſeyde ſ Dynadan ſ^t yede to ſee be hynde ſ Tryſtrā ſo for hit ys but late that he was in yowre hondys and ye in hys hondis / why wolde ye nat holde hym whan ye had hym for / ſalv my ſelff ayyſe or thryſe that ye ſtate but lityll worſhip of ſ Tryſtram Than was ſ Palomydes a ſhamed to lede we them a lityll whyle in the eaſtell with the olde knyght Sir Darras Now ſhall we ſpeke of kynge Arthure that ſeyde to ſir Launcelot had nat ye bene we had nat loſte ſ Tryſtram for he was here darkly vnto thys tyme ye mette with hym and in an evyll tyme ſeyde kynge Arthure ye encountred with hym / ayy lorde Arthure

ſeyde ſ

seyde ſ launcelot ye ſhalt vnderſtonde the cauſe ye put now vppon me that I ſholde be cauſer of hys deſtruccion God knoweth hit was a yenſte my wyll But whan men bene hote in dedis of armys oftyn hit ys ſeyne they hurte ꝑ frendis as well as ꝑ foys And my lorde seyde ſ launcelot ye ſhalt vnderſtonde that ſ Tryſtã ys a man that I am wyth lothe to offende to for he hath done more for me than euyr ded for hym as yet But than ſ launcelot mad hym forthe a boke And than seyde ſ launcelot here ar .v. knyghtis that wolle ſtreve vppon thys boke now to reſte one myght where we reſte anoꝑ thys yer monyth vnleſſe that we fynde ſ Tryſtã And as for me seyde ſ launcelot I ꝓmyſe yow vppon thys boke that and I may mete wt hym oꝑ wyth ſpyrres other wyth ſwerdes I ſhalle bryngge hym to thys cowrte oꝑ elſe I ſhalle dye ꝑ ſore And the namys of thes .v. knyghtis that had vndirtake thys queſte fyrſt was ſ launcelot ſ Ector de maris ſ Boos de ganys and ſ Bleoberys ſ Blamo de ganys ſ Lucan de Butlar ſ Bwayne ſ Galyhud ſ Lyonel and ſ Galyodyn So thes .v. noble knyghtis departed fromme the cowrte of kynge Arthur and ſo they rode vppon thevre queſte to ſeyndre tyll they com to a croſſe Where departed my Wayes and there departed the fayr ſhyp m my to ſeke ſ Tryſtã And as ſ launcelot rode by adventure he mette wyth dame Brangwayne that was ſente m to that contrey to ſeke ſ Tryſtram and ſhe fled as faſte as her palfrey myght go So ſ launcelot mette wyth her and aſked why ſhe fled A fayre knyght ſeyde dame Brangwayne I flee for drede of my lyff for here folowith me ſ Breuſe ſanz pite to ſle me holde yow myne me ſeyde ſ launcelot And whan ſhe ſyr ſ Breuſe ſanz pite seyed vnto hym and ſeyde falſe knyght deſtroyer of ladyes and damyſels now thy laſte dayes be come Whan ſ Breuſe

Sithence yede sadly sr launcelotte whyle he knew hit well for at that tyme he bare nat the shylde of Cornwayle but he bare hys owne And than sr Breuse returned and fled and sr launcelot folowed after hym But sr Breuse was so well horsed that wythin hym hyst to fle he myght wythin the wolde and a hyde wythin the wode And than sr launcelot returned vnto dame Bran Gwayne & thanked hyr launcelot of hys curtesy and grete labour

Now wolle we speke of sir Lucan de butler that by fortune he cam vydynge to the same place there as was sir Tristram and in he cam for none of entente but to aske herberdw Than the porter asked what was hys name Sir telle yonre lorde that my name ys sr Lucan de butler a knyght of the vnnde table So the porter yede vnto sr Barras lorde of the place and tolde hym who was there to aske herberdw Nay nay seyde sr Sanam that was nedew vnto sr Barras sey hym that he shall nat be lodged there But bydde hym lete sr Sanam wolle mete with hym anone and bydde hym make hym redy So sr Sanam com forthe on horse back and they mette to gyders with speares And sr Lucan smote adowne sr Sanam on hys horse cowpe And than he fled in to that place And sr Lucan rode after hym many tymes Than sr Synadan seyde to sr Tristram hit ys shame to se the lordys contyne of thys place desoyled A bydde seyde sr Tristram and I shall redresse hit And in the meane whyle sr Synadan was on horse backe and he justed with sir Lucan and he smote sr Synadan thorow the thycke of thyghe and so he rode hys way and sr Tristram was wroth that sr Synadan was smyte and he folowed after and thought to adowne hym and with in a whyle he ouertoke sr Lucan and bade hym turne and so they mette to gyders And sr Tristram smote sr Lucan passynge sore and staff hym a falle // So with that com sr Gwayne a knyght knyght and whan he sawe sir Lucan so smyte he called

to ſ Eryſtrám to juſte // ſſeyne kny3ght ſeyde ſir Eryſtrám telle me
yowre name / I requyre yow // Sir kny3ght wete yow well my name
ys / ſ Vwayne le fyze de voy Vreyne a ſeyde ſ Eryſtiñ be my doylle
I wolde nat haue a do with yow at no tyme // Sir ye ſhalt nat do
ſo ſeyde ſ Vwayne but ye ſhalt haue a do with me And than ſ
Eryſtiñ ſaid none of hem but vde a yenſte hym and on thevelo
ſ Vwayne and hmte hym in the hyde and ſo he depted vnto hys
lodgynge a ſtayne And whan ſ Gawam vnderſtood that ſ Eryſ-
trám had hmte ſ Inotu he wolde haue ryddyn after hym for to
haue ſlayne hym but ſ Eryſtrám wolde nat ſuffre hym than
ſ Vwayne lete ordayne an horſe lytt and brought ſ Inotu to
the abbay of Gawys / And the caſtell there by hyzt the caſtell off
Gawys / of the which ſ Bleoberys was lorde and at that caſtell
ſ launcelot / ſomyſed all hys felowes / there to mete in the neſte
of ſ Eryſtrám So whan ſ Eryſtrám was com to hys lodgynge
there cam a dameſell that tolde ſ Gariras that iij of his ſunes
were ſlayne at that turnemente and vj grevouſly wounded ſo
that they weve non hyke to helpe them ſelff And all this was
done by a noble kny3ght that bare a blacke ſchylde and that was
he that bare the ſpyce than cam one and tolde ſ Gariras y
the ſame kny3ght was / with jn hys comyte that bare the blacke
ſchylde than ſ Gariras / yode vnto ſ Eryſtrámys / chamber and ſ
he ſounde hys / ſchylde and ſchewed hit to the dameſell & ſir ſayde
the dameſell thys ſame ys / he that ſlewe yowre iij ſunys / than
with ovte ony taryynge ſ Gariras / put ſ Eryſtiñ ſ Galomy-
des / And ſ Synadan with jn a ſtronge preſon and there Sir
Eryſtrám was / hyke to haue dyed of grete hyknes / and on
day ſ Galouydes / wolde reprede ſ Eryſtiñ of olde hate he bygat
them and ene ſ Eryſtiñ ſpake fayre and ſeyde hym // that wiſed
ſ Galouydes / ſe that ſ Eryſtiñ was ſulle in hyknes / than was

he hedy for hym and comforted hym in all the beste wyse he conde
And as the seyenshe booke sayth there cam fourty knyghtis to s Dar
ras that were of hys owne kynne and they wolde have slayne s
Trystram and hys felowe but s Darras wolde not but yet pend
in presond and mete and drynke they had So s Trystram endu
red there grete payne for sykenes had undertake hym and p ye p
grettist payne a presoner may have for all the whyle a pre
soner may have hys helthe of body he may endure under the
mercy of god and in hope of grad delyuerance But wo and
sykenes towcheth a presoners body than may a presoner say
all welth ys hym be vanysshe and than hath he cause to wayle
and wepe // Bryght so ded s Trystram whan sykenes had under
take hym for than he tok such sorowe that he had all messe
payne hym selff // Now wolle we speke and leve s Trystram
s Palomydes and s Dynadan in presond and speke we of other
knyghtis that sought after sir Trystram many dyuerse ryues
of thys londe and some yede in to Cornwayle and by aduenture
s Gaheryes nedewe vnto kynge Arthure cam vnto kynge Marke
and there he was well resseyued and sate at kynge Markys
owne table and at hys owne messe than kynge Marke asked
s Gaheryes what tydynge there was wt in the realme of logrys
Sir seyde s Gaheryes the kynge regnys as a noble knyght
And nowe but late there was a grete justis and tornemente
that euery salve with in thys realme of logres and p moste
nobelyste knyghtis were at that justis But there was one
knyght that ded merveylously in dayes and he bare a blacke
shylde and on all the knyghtis that euery salve he preved p beste
knyght that was seyde kynge Marke s Launcelot or ellis
Sir Palomydes the paynym Not so sayde s Palomydes Gaffe

rys for they were both of the contrary party a grymyste ꝑ knyght
with the blacke shylde / than was hit ꝑ Trystram de Lyones seyde
knyght and there with all he smote downe hys hede and in hys
darte he ferde sore that ꝑ Trystram sholde gete hym such wor-
shyp in the realme of Logrys where thorow hym self shuld nat be
able to withstonde hym thus / ꝑ Galerys had grete chere w^t
knyght ayarke and with the quene la beale Isode was glad of his
wordis for well she wyste by hys dedis / and maner that hit
was ꝑ Trystram And than the knyght made a feste royall and
to that feste cam ꝑ Uwayne le fyze de ivy Uwayne and som called
hym ꝑ Uwayne le blaymche maynes And thys / ꝑ Uwayne chal-
lenged all the knyghtis of Cornwayle than was the knyght
lead wrothe that she had knyghtis to answere hym than Sir
Andred nedely unto knyght ayarke lepe yn and sayde / Wolt-en
counter with ꝑ Uwayne than he rode and armed hym and
horsed hym in the beste maner And there ꝑ Uwayne mette w^t
ꝑ Andred and smote hym downe that he rolled on the erthe
than was knyght ayarke sory and wrote onte of measure that
he had no knyghtis to revenge hys / nedely ꝑ Andred Go ꝑ knyght
called unto hym ꝑ Dynas le Seneschalle and prayde hym for
hys sake to take upon hym for to Iuste with ꝑ Uwayne Sir sayd
ꝑ Dynas / I am full lothe to have ado with ony of the knyghtis
of the rounde table yet for my lorde take upon you for to Iuste
So ꝑ Dynas made hym redy to Iuste and anone they encoun-
tirde to tymes / with grete spearys But ꝑ Dynas was on
thrydwyd horse and mad a grete falle / whe was wroth pan but
knyght ayarke alas he seyde shame / no knyghtis that wolle encounte
with yonder knyght Sir seyde ꝑ Galerys for yowre sake / wolle Iuste
So ꝑ Galerys made hym redy and whan he was armed he rode
in to the feld And whan ꝑ Uwayne saw ꝑ Galerys shylde he

rode to hym and seyde / ye do nat yonre yte for the fyrste tyme / ye
were made knyghte of the rounde table ye sware that ye shuld nat
flane a do with none of yonre felyshyp vylanously And yede Sir
Gaherys ye knowe me well / now by yonre shylde And so do / knowe
yon by yonre shylde And thanne ye wolde breke yonr othe / I wolle
nat breke myne for there ye nat one here nor ye that shalle thynke
/ am a ferde of yon but that / dwelle rygghte wolle flane a do wt
yon and yet we be fyrster sonnys than was / Gaherys a shamed
and so there with all ony knyghte wente / way And / Gwayne
rode onte of the contrey than hyrnge ayarde armed hym & tolde
hys horse and hys spreare with a shynne with hym and pan
he rode a fore / Gwayne and sodenly at a gyap he ran vppon
hym as he that was nat ware of hym and there he smote
hym all moste thorow the body and / the lefte hym So wt in
a whyle there cam / kay and fonnde / Gwayne and asked
hym how he was smyte / I wote nat seyde / Gwayne why nor
where fore but by treson / am sure / gate thys smyte ffor there
cam a knyghte sodenly vppon me or that / was ware & sod
denly smote me than there was cam / Andred to seke hym
ayarde than traytonre knyghte seyde / kay and / werste hit were
yon that thus traytonrely haste smyte thys noble knyghte
yon shuldest nat passe my handys Sir seyde / Andred / ded
nat smyte hym and that / reporte me to hym selffe / ffy on
yon falce knyghtes of cornwayle seyde / kay for yo nanyt worth
So sir kay made cary / Gwayne to the abbay of the blacke crosse
and there was he holed than / Gaherys toke hys tele of hyng
ayarde but or he departed he seyde / hynge ye ded a fowle shame
whan ye flemyd / Tryftram onte of thys contrey for ye nedid
nat to flane denyted no knyghte and he had bene here and /
he departed than / cam / kay the seneshalle vnto hynge ayarde

and there he had tyed there shelynge outewarde Now sayre
lordys seyde kynge Arke wolle ye prede ony adventure in this
foreyste of adventure wherein ye an harde adventures as I knowe
ony Sir seyde sir Kay I wolle prede hit And sir Sakerys seyde he
wolde be adyysed for kynge Arke was ever full of treson And p
with all sir Sakerys depted and rode hys way And by the same
way that sir Kay sholde ryde he leyde hym downe to reste shaw
ynge hys sqwyar to wayte vppon hym and yf sir Kay come
ayayne me wolde he comyth So w^t yn a whyle sir Kay cam ryding
that way and than sir Sakerys toke hys horse and mette hym
and seyde sir Kay ye ar not wyse to ryde at the rekeyste of kynge
Arke for he delith all with treson than seyde sir Kay I requyre
you that we may prede wolle hys adventure I wolle not fayle
you seyde sir Sakerys and so they rode thatt tyme tylle a lake that
was that tyme called the perlous lake and there they a lode vnd
the sadve of the wood The meane whyle kynge Arke w^t yn the
castell of Tyntagyll adyyded all hys lordwnes and all ope
sadde suche as were prevy with hym that were adyyded oute
of the chambre And than he let calle hys nevew sir Audred
and bade arme hym and horse hym hyghtly for by y^e tyme
hit was myze mydnyzht And so kynge Arke was armed
all in blacke horse and all and so at a prevy posterne they yede
owte with y^e dew late with them and so rode tylle they came
to that lake Than sir Kay aspyed them furste and thate hys sheld
in hys honde and prikede to juste And kynge Arke rode a yeyst
hym and smote ech of hym full harde for the moone shone as the
bryzhtist day And at that justes sir Kayes horse felle downe for
hys horse was nat so bryzhe as the kynges horse was And sir
Kayes horse bruysed hym full sore than sir Sakerys was wrothe

that ſ kay had a ſalle than he cryed kny3ght ſitte yon ſaſte in thy ſadle
for I wolle revenge my ſelfe than kynge marke was a ferde off
Gaherys and ſo with dyrke wylle kynge marke rade a yenſte hym
and ſ Gaherys ruſſ hym ſuch a ſtroke that he felle adowne and ſo
forth with all ſ Gaheris ran vnto ſ Andred and ſmote hym
from hys horſe quyte that hys helme ſmote in the erthe and
myȝe had brokyn hys nake And there w^t all ſ Gaheris a lyȝt
and rente vp hir kay and than they rode bothe on ſonte to them
and bade them yelde them and telle ꝑ names other elſe they ſholde
dey than with grete payne ſ Andred ſpake fir ſte and ſeyde
hit ys kynge marke of Cornwayle there fore be ye ware what
ye do And I am ſ Andred hys conſyn ſhy on yon bothe ſeyde ſ
Gaheris for ye ar falſe traytoms and falſe treſon hane
ye wrought Endr yonre ſemble there that ye made vs ſlor
hit were pite that ye ſholde lyde any lenger ſeyde ſ Gaheris
Sade my lyff ſeyde kynge marke and I wolle make a mendys
and conſider that I am a kynge anoynted hit were ꝑ moȝe
ſhame ſeyde ſ Gaheris to ſade thy lyff for yon arte a kynge
anoynted with cr̃yme And ꝑ fore yon ſholdeſt holde w^t all mede
of worſhip and there fore yon arte worthy to dye And ſo w^t
that he kaysſhed at kynge marke and he conde hym with
hys ſchylde and defended hym as he myȝte And than ſ kay
kaysſhed at ſ Andred and there with all kynge marke yelde
hym vnto ſ Gaheris and than he kneled adowne and made
hys othe vpon the croſſe of the ſwerde that nen wolde he
lyved he wolde be a yenſte Arthurs kny3ght And alſo he
ſwore to be good feyende vnto ſ Cryſtram of en he came in
to Cornwayle And by that tyme ſ Andred was on ꝑ erthe
And ſ kay wolde hane ſlayne hym but he ſeyde ſ Gaheris
ſle hym nat I pray yon for hit were pite ſeyde ſir kay

that he sholde lyve ony lenger for he ys cosyn nyze vnto ſ Tryſtā
and en he hath bene a tru tomre vnto hym and by hym he was
exyled out of fornwayle and therefore I wolde ſle hym seyde
ſ Kay // ye shalle nat do so seyde ſ Sadeuys for sythyn I haue
yeuyn the kynge hys lyff I pray yow myff hym dys lyffe and
therewith alle ſ Kay lete hym go And so they rode her wayes
vnto ſ Dynas le seneſchalle for by cause they harde sey that
he lobed well ſ Tryſtā So they reposed them and sone after
they rode vnto the realme of lozeys and so w^t yn a lityll whyle
they mette with ſ launcelot that alle wayes had dame Bryans
wayne with hym to that entente he wente to haue mette the
squyer with ſ Tryſtā and ſ launcelot asked what tydynge
in fornwayle and whether they harde of ſ Tryſtā Sr
Kay and ſ Sadeuys answerde that they harde nat of hym
And so they tolde worde by worde of ye adventure than ſ
launcelot smyled and seyde harde hit ys to take onte off the
fleyſshe that ys bredde in the bone and so they made hem
merry vp on dyuers // Now lete vs of this tale and speke
vs of ſ Dynas that had with yn the caſtell a pauo and she
lobed a notbru kny3ght better than hym and so whan ſ
Dynas was onte an hunting she stopped alone by a tolwell
and toke with her ye bracchettis and so she rode to ye kny3ght
that she lobed And whan ſ Dynas cam home and myſſe
hys pauonce and hys bracchettis than was he ye more wroth
ther for hys bracchettis more than for hys lady So than
they rode after the kny3ght that had hys pauonce and bade
hym turne and fyghte // So ſ Dynas smote hym alone
that with the falle he brake hys lenge and hys arme And
than hys lady and pauo cryed and seyde ſ Dynas mercy
and she wolde lobe hym better than ere she ded // Nay seyde

ſ Dynas ſhalt nev̄ truſte them that onys betrayeth me
and there fore as ye thane be tyme ſo ende for ſ wolle nedyr
meddill with yon And ſo ſ Dynas dyȝted and tok his ba-
chettis with hym and ſo he rode to hys caſtell // Now wolle
we turne vnto ſ launcelot that was ryȝtfull keby that
he cowth nev̄ hyre no tydyngis of ſ Tryſtrem for all this
whyle he was in preſon with ſ Sarras ſ Palomydes
and ſ Dynadan Than dame Bragwayne tok hyr
leve to ȝo in to Cornwayle And ſ launcelot ſ kay and ſ
Gaheryȝs rode to ſeke the contrey of Surluſe // Now ſpe-
kith thys tale of ſ Tryſtrē and of hys ſ felowis for ony
day ſ Palomydes bradeled and ſeyde lawdyngis a-yenſte ſ
Tryſtram Than ſeyde ſ Dynadan ſ merbayle of the Sar-
Palomydes whether yon hadyſt ſ Tryſtrē here
trowe yon woldiſte do none harme ffor and a wolff and
a ſheepe were to ȝyder in a preſon the wolff wolde ſuffir
the ſheepe to be in pees and wyte yon well ſeyde ſ Dyna
dan thys ſame ys ſ Tryſtrē at a worde and now make
yon do thy beſte with hym and latte ſe now ſhyffte hit be
yonce handys Than was ſ Palomydes abaſſhed & ſeyde
lityll Than ſeyde ſ Tryſtrē to ſ Palomydes ſ thane harde
mech of yonce malyce a-yenſte me but ſ wolle nat meddill
with yow at thys tyme be my wylle by cauſe the lorde of this
place that hath vs in ȝowmanner for and ſ dred hym nat
more than ſ do the ſone hit ſholde be ſhyffte and ſo they
peaced them ſelff // Ryȝtſt ſo cam ſ in a dameſell and ſeyde
Ryȝtſt be of ȝead chere for ye ar ſure of yonce lyves &
that ſ thande my lorde ſ Sarras ſeyſo than were they
all ȝlad for dayly they wente to hane dyed Than ſone aft̄
thys ſ Tryſtrē ſhyft ſyde that he wente to hane dyed

Than ſ Pryadan wepte and ſo did ſ Palomides vnder
them bothe makynge grete ſorow So a damoſell cam in to pem
and founde them mornynge than ſhe went vnto ſ Sarras
and tolde hym how the myghtyeſt knyght that bare the blacke
ſhylde was lykly to dye that ſhall not be ſeyde ſ Sarras
for god deffende whan knyghtes com to me for ſuche ſ ſholde
ſuffre hem to dye with in my preſon there fore ſeyde ſ Sar-
ras go feeche me that ſame knyght and hys felowes a fore me
and whan ſ Sarras ſaw ſ Tryſtiñ bronght a fore hym
he ſeyde ſ knyght me repentis of yonre ſykenes for ye ar cal-
led a full noble knyght and ſo hit ſemyth by yon and wyte
yon well that hit ſhall nevir be ſeyde that ſ Sarras ſhall
deſtroy ſuch a noble knyght as ye ar in preſon how be hit
that ye have ſlayne my of my ſonnes wherefore I was gretly
agrieved but now ſhall yon go and thy felowys and take
yonre horſe and yonre armes for they have bene fayre &
clene kepte and ye ſhall go where hit lykith yon vpon this
condicion that ye knyght well promyſe me to be good frynde
to my ſonnes ſ. that bene now on lyve and alſo ſ ye telle me
thy name // Sir as for my name yes ſ Tryſtiñ de lyones &
in forneyne was I bone and nedeth I am bnto knyght-
hode and as for the dethe of yonre ſ ſonnes I myght not do w all
for and they had bene the nexte kyn that I have I myght have
done none other wyſe And if I had ſlayne hem by treſon or
trechory I had bene worthy to have dyed // Alſo thys I conſider
ſeyde ſ Sarras that all that ye did was by force of knyghthode
and that was the cauſe I wolde not put yon to dethe but ſith
ye be ſ Tryſtiñ the good knyght I pray yon hartyly to be my
good frynde and my ſonnes Sir ſeyde ſ Tryſtiñ I pro-
myſe yon by
the fayithe of my body and whyle I lyve I
well do yon ſyrwyſe for

ye have done to vs but as a natural knyght ought to do than
for Tryſtram reposed hym there a whyle tyll that he was a
mended of hys ſyknes And whan he was lyght and ſtronge
they toke ye lede and eny knyght to be ye horſes & harneys and
ſo departed and rode to gyders tyll they cam to a croſſe way // Nowe
felowes ſeyde ye Tryſtram here muſt we departe in fundry And
by cauſe ye Synadan had the ſyrſte adventure of hym / muſt he

// thyn

Do as ye Synadan rode by a well he fownde a lady ma
kynge grete dole // What ayleth you ſeyde ye Synadan
Sir knyght ſeyde the lady I am the wofulleſt lady of the worlde
for within thys v dayes there com a knyght called ye Breuſe
ſanz pite and he ſlewe myne owne brothr and eny ſyne
he hath kepte me at hys owne wylle and of all men in the
worlde I hate hym moſte And there fore I requyre you of
knyghthode to avenge me for he muſt nat tarry but he
here anone // Lat hym com ſeyde ye Synadan and by cauſe
of honoure of all women I muſt do my pte So with thys
com ye Breuſe and whan he ſaw a knyght with his lady
he was wood wrothe And than he ſeyde kepe the ye knyt
from me And ſo they ſmoted to gyders as the thunder and
ayther ſmote other paſſynge ſore that ye Synadan ſmot
hym thorow the ſchulder a ſpere lengh wounde and or ony ye Sy
nadan myght tourne hym ye Breuſe was gone and ſtode
than the lady prayde hym to bryngе hyr to a caſtell there
he ſhe but iij myle And ſo ye Synadan brought her there
and ſhe was well cond for the lorde of that caſtell was
hys uncle And ſo ye Synadan rode hys way vppon hys
adventure // Nowe tweyth thys tale vnto ye Tryſtram that
by adventure he cam to a caſtell to aſke lodgyng whych

I was quene Morgan le fay And so when ſ Tryſtiū was det in to that caſtell he had good chere all that myght And so vppon the morne when he wolde haue depted the quene ſeyde wyte you well ye ſhall nat depte lyghtly for ye ar here as a preſoneye // Then deffende me ſeyde ſ Tryſtiū for I was but late a preſoneere Now ſeyre knyght ſeyde the quene ye ſhall a byde w me tyll I wyte what ye ar and frome whens ye cam And en the quene wolde ſette ſ Tryſtiū on her one ſyde and her dame on her oth ſyde and en more the quene wolde he holde ſ Tryſtiū And there at thys other knyght was ſeleous and was in wyll ſuddeynly to haue come vppon hym with a ſwerde but he for bare for ſhame Than the quene ſeyde vnto ſ Tryſtiū telle me your name and I ſhall ſuffre you to depte when ye wyll vppon that dyenaunte madame I will telle you my name ye ſ Tryſtiū de lyones A ſeyde quene Morgan le fay and I had wyſt that you ſhold ſo nat haue depted ſo ſone as you ſhalte But ſithyn I haue made a promyſe I wolde holde hit w that you wolde promyſe me to beare vppon the ſame ſhylde I ſhall delyu the for at the caſtell of the harde rocke where kynge Arthure hath cured a grete tournemente and there I pray you that ye will be and to do as much of dedys of armys for me as ye may do ffor at the caſtell of maydens ſ Tryſtiū ye did merveylous dedis of armys as en I haue dude knyght do madame ſeyde ſ Tryſtram but me ſe the ſhylde ye I ſhall beare Than the ſhylde was brought forthe and the ſylde was ſtouldes with a knyght and a quene there I paynted and a knyght ſtondynge a boben theym with hys one foote ſtandynge vppon the knyghtes hede and the other vppon the quenes hede madame ſeyde ſ Tryſtiū thys is a fayre ſhylde and a myghty but what ſignyfyeth this knyght and ys quene and that knyght ſtondynge vppon bothe ſ hedes // I ſhall

talle yon seyde Morgan le fay hit suffyseth kynge Arthure and quene Gwenyvi and a knyghte that holdith them bothe in bondage and in serbage // madame wolde ye that knyghte seyde sr Tristram // Sir that shalle ye natt wyte as at thys tyme seyde the quene Bute as the storyne boke seyde quene Morgan loved sr launcelot beste and en she desired hym and he wolde nen love her nor do no thynge at her veleyste and therefore she hylde many knyghtis to gyder to have take hym by strengthe and by cause that she demed that sr launcelot loved quene Gwenyvi dame and she hym a grayne therefore dame Morgan ordayned that shylde to put sr launcelot to a rebuke to that entente that kynge Arthure myghte understonde the love betwene them // So sr Trystiu toke that shylde and promysed her to leave hit at the turnemente of the castell of Harde rocche Bute sr Trystiu knewe nat of that shylde that hit was ordayned a yenste sr launcelot but afterwarde he knewe hit So sr Trystiu toke hys leve of the quene and toke the shylde with hym Than cam the knyghte that shylde Morgan le fay whos name was sr Hemyson and he made hym redy to folowe Sir Trystiu Nowe fayre knyghte seyde Morgan wylle ye natt aftir that knyghte for ye shalle wynne no worshyp of hym shee on hym edwarde knyghte seyde sr Hemyson for I wyste nebir good knyghte com oute of Cornwayle Bute yf hit were Sir Trystram de lyones // Sir wotest and that be he // Nay nay he seyde he ye wotith ful yeall sode and thys ys but a duffyshe knyghte Alas my fayre frende ye shalle fynde hym the beste knyghte that ever ye mette with all for I knowe hym better pan ye do // madame for yowre sake seyde sr Hemyson I shalle sle hym And fayre frende seyde the quene me repentith that ye wolle folowe that knyghte for I feare me sore of yo[u] a-tayne

dwynge And so with thys ꝑ knyght rode hys way and wyth
after ꝑ Eryſtian as faſte as he had be chaced with knyghth // So
whan ꝑ Eryſtian hawde a knyght com after hym ſo faſte he re
turned a bonte and ſaw a knyght comynge a grayuſte hynd
And whan he cam nyze to ꝑ Eryſtian he cryed on hyzt & ſeyde
ꝑ knyght kepe the fro me than they encſſhed to gyders as
fyt had bene thunder And ꝑ Hemyſon bruſed hys ſpeare
vpon ꝑ Eryſtian but hys harneys was ſo good ꝑ he myght
nat hurte hym And ꝑ Eryſtian ſmote hym harder and bare
hym therow the body and fylle on hys horſe eronze than ꝑ
Eryſtian turned to hame done more with hys ſwerde but he ſy
ſo much blode yo fro me hynd that hym ſemed hyrely to dye
And ſo he departed fro me hynd and cam to a fayre man to an
olde knyght And there ꝑ Eryſtian lodged // Nowe lete we Sr
Eryſtram and ſpeke we of the knyght that was wounded to
the dethe than hys barlette alyzt and tok of hys helme and
than he aſked hys lorde wether there were ony lyff in hym //
There ys in me lyff ſeyde the knyght but lyt ys but lytyll
and there fore kepe pon vs be hynde me whan pon thynke the
pyn me vs and holde me faſte that I falle nat and bryngze
me to ꝙ Morgan for the dedze dradeyth of dethe dradeth
to my harte that I may nat lyde for I wolde ſpeke wyth hym
er I dyed ffor my ſonle wolde be in gzete pell and I dye ffor vt
gzete payne hys barlet brought hym to the caſtell And pze
B Hemyſon fylle adowne dede // whan ꝙ Morgan le fay ſaw hynd
dede ſhe made gzete ſorowe onte of reſon and than ſhe latte
vnſpoyle hynd vnto hys ſhurte and ſo ſhe lete put hym in to
a tombe And a bonte the tombe ſhe lete wryte he lyeth Sr
Hemyſon ſlayne by the handis of ꝑ Eryſtram de Ironeſ // Now
turne we vnto ꝑ Eryſtian that aſked the knyght hys offyce yf he

sawe late ony kynghtis adventures // Sir he seyde here lodged a faire
myghti kynght called Brian de mayys and a damesell with hym // And a damesell
tolde me that he was one of the beste kynghtis of the worlde that
ys nat so seyde Tristram for I knowe my fadir kynghtis of his owne
blood And the fyrste ys Launcelot du lake calle hym the beste
kynght And Bors de ganys and Blioberys de ganys and Sir
Blamor de ganys and also Galeryes May seyde hys oste Gawayne
ys the fadir kynght that ys nat so seyde Tristram for I came
metee with hem bothe and I shame seide Galeryes for the fadir
kynghtis and Lamorak I calle hym as good as ony of theym except
Launcelot // Sir why name ye nat Tristram sayde hys oste for
I accompte hym as good a kynght as ony of theym I knowe nat
Tristram seyde Tristram thus they talked and komened as longe
as them thought beste and than wente to reste And on the morne
Tristram depted and tok hys lefe of hys oste and rode forthe
the rathe denre And none aventure but that And so he rested
nat tylle he cam to the castell where he sawe v. C. tentis // So
the kynge of Scotis And the kynge of Irelonde hylde a myghti
kynge Arthurs kynghtis and there he slew a grete medle
So there cam In Tristram and did merveylous dedis of ar-
mys for he smote downe many kynghtis And eu[er] he was before
kynge Arthure with that shylde And whan kynge Arthure
sawe that shylde he merveyled gretly in what entent it was
made But qne Guenyu demed as hit was Wherefore sone she was
ryden than was I a damesell of qneue Morgan in a chambir
by kynge Arthure and whan she harde kynge Arthure spekke
of that shylde than she spake openly unto kynge Arthure Sir
kynge wete you well this shylde was ordayned for you to wynne
you of youre shame and dishonoure that longith to you and
youre qneue And than anone that damesell ayrted her away
fryvayly that no man wyste where she was de cond than was

kynge Arthure

kynge Arthure sad and wrothe and asked home wysens com that
damesell And there was nat one that knew her no wyst nat
where she was be cond than quene Gwenyuere called to ſ Cite
de maryse and there she made hyr complaynte to kynd and seyde
I wote well thys shylde was made by Ayorgan le fay in ye dispite
of me and of ſ Iannicelot where fore I drede me sore leste I shall
be distroyed And eu the kynge be kylde ſ Trystiu that ded so
merbaylous deds of armys ye she wondred sore what knyght
hit myght be and well she wyste hit was nat ſ Iannicelot
And also hit was tolde hym that ſ Trystiu was in Bretayne
wt Isade le blaunche maynys for he demed and he had bene in
the realme of Logryes ſ Iannicelot ey sone of kyng Ectorius ye were
in the queste of ſ Trystiu that they shulde slane fo unde kynd
or that tyme So kynge Arthure had merbayle what knyght
he myght be And eu kynge Arthure ye was on that shylde
And all that aspyed the quene and ye made hir sore a ferde eſpu
eu ſ Trystiu smote adune knyghtis wonderly to be holde What
upon ye ryght honde and upon the lyfte honde ye vnnethe no knyght
myght withstonde hym And the kynge of Scotis and ye kynge of
Irelonde he slan to with deade thend Alſan kynge Arthur aspyed
that he thought ye knyght wt ye rede straunge shylde shulde nat
eskape hym than he called unto ſ Uwayne le blaunche maynes
and bade hym arme hym and make hym redy So anone kynge Ar-
thure and ſ ſ Uwayn dressed pem be fore ſ Trystiu and requyred hym
to telle where he hadde that shylde Sir the seyde I had hit of quene
Ayorgan le fay ſyſt to kynge Arthure So here lefith of this
boke for hit ys the fyrſte booke of ſ Trystiu de lyones And ye ſeconde
boke begynnyth where ſ Trystiu smote adune kynge Arthure
and ſ Uwayne by cause why he wolde nat telle hem where fore
that shylde was made but to sey the soth ſ Trystiu conde nat
telle the cause for he knewe hit nat

Hadyst thou so ye can dyscryve what ye beare
ye ar worthy to beare armys As for yt seyde ꝑ
Tryestraun I wolde answere you · As for this shylde
was yeven me not desyred of quene Igoverne le fay and
as for I can nat dyscryve this armys for hit is no poynte
of my charge and yet I truste to god to beare hit wt worshyp
Truly seyde kynge Arthure ye ought nat to beare none
armys but yf ye wyste what ye bare But I pray you
telle me youre name Do what entente seyde ꝑ Tryestraun
for I wolde wete seyde kynge Arthure Sir ye shall nat
wete for me at this tyme Than shall ye fyght do batayle
to gyder · Why seyde ꝑ Tryestraun wolde ye do batayle wt
me but yf I telle you my name for sothe yt lytyll nedyth
you yf ye were a man of worshyp ye wolde nat haue a
do wt me for ye haue seue me this day haue had grete
trabarle and therefore ye ar no valyaunte knyght to
asshe batayle of me consyderynge my grete trabayle how
be hit I wolde nat fayle you And haue ye no doute yt I feare
nat you thought ye telle me ye haue me at a grete avan-
tage yet shall I ryght well endure you And there wt all
kynge Arthure dressid his shylde & his speare And Sir
Tryestraun a yenst hym and they come egerly to gyders
And ꝑ kynge Arthure brake his speare all to pecis on
ꝑ Tryestraun shylde With ꝑ Tryestraun smote kynge Arthure
a gayne so sore yt horse & man felle to ye erthe And yt was
kynge Arthure wondid on yt lyfte syde a grete wounde
& a pelous Whan ꝑ vwayne saw his lorde kynge Arthure
ly on ye erthe sore wondid he was passynge heavy And yan
he dressid his shylde & his speare & cryed a lowde vnto ꝑ
Tryestraun and seyde knyght defende the So they come to
gyder as faste as yt horse myght renne And ꝑ vwayne brusid

gud speare all to pecis vppon ſ Tryſtrams ſkylde and
ſ Tryſtram ſmote hym harder & ſoner w^t ſuch a mygh^t
y^t he bare hym clene oute off his ſadyll to the erthe / w^t
that ſ Tryſtram turned his horſe a boute & ſayde to them
fayre knyghtis ſhad now no nede to ſuſte w^t you for y^{ou} haue
had ſ nowȝe to do this day. Dthan a voſe vp kynge Arthure
and went to ſ Vwayne and than he ſeyde to ſ Tryſtram
we haue now as we haue deſtryd for thou arte one of
the gentyleſt we demaunded batayle off you and yet yonne name
we know nat / Than the leſſe by ſeynte Croſſe ſeyde ſ Vwayne
he is a ſtronge knyght at myne adviſe of any in kyngis
Dthan ſ Tryſtram departed and in eny place he aſked after
ſ Launcelot but in no place he cowde here of hym wherfor he
were dede or on lyve wherfore for ſ Tryſtram made grete
dole & ſorowe So ſ Tryſtram rode by a foreyſte & than
was he ware of a fayre towre by a marys on the tone ſyde
& on that other ſyde was a fayre medow & there he ſawe .xv.
knyghtis fyghtyng to gyders and en^{e} nere he cam he ſaw
how y was but one knyght ded batayle a yenſt a .xv. knyghtis
and that one knyght ded ſo marvelouſely y ſ Tryſtram had
grete wondir that on knyght myght do ſo grete dedis
of armys. And than w^t in a lytyll whyle he had ſlayne halff
there horſys & vnderſtid them & y horſys ran in to y feldys
& foreſtis Dthan ſ Tryſtram had ſo grete pite of y one knyght
that endured ſo grete payne & in hym thought that ſtolde
be ſ Dalomydes by his ſkylde So he rode vnto the knyghtis
and cryed vnto them & bade them ceiſe of y batayle for they
ded them ſelf grete ſhame ſo many knyghtis to feyght with
one. Dthan anſwerde y mayſtir of the knyghtis hys name
was called ſ Brumys ſanuze pyte that was at y^{e} tyme
the moſte myſchevuſte knyght lyvyng & ſeyde thus Sir

How sr tryſtrā reſtowed ſr palomydes from ſr Brunes ſanz pite & from ye knyghtis

knyght what haue ye a do wt vs to medyll and therefore & ye be wyſe depte oū yowre way as ye cānd for this knyght ſhall nat ſcape vs That were grete pyte ſeyde ſr Tryſtram that ſo good a knyght as he is ſholde be ſlayne ſo cowardly and therefore I make you warē I will ſuccō hym wt all my puyſſance Do ſr Tryſtram a lyght of his horſe by cauſe they were on foote that they ſholde nat ſle his horſe and than ſr Tryſtram dreſſyd his ſhylde wt his ſwerde in his honde and he ſmote on the ryght honde and on the lyfte honde paſſynge ſore that well nye ony ſtrobe he ſtrake downe a knyght And whan they a ſpyed his ſtrokys they fledde both ſir Brunys ſanze pyte and hys felyſhyp vnto the towre & ſr Tryſtram folowed faſte after with his ſwerde in his honde but they aſcaped in to the towre & ſhut the gate Tryſtram with oute the gate and whan ſr Tryſtram ſawe that he returned a backe vnto ſr Palomydes & fonnde hym ſyttynge vndir a tre ſore wounded A fayre knyght ſeyde ſr Tryſtram well be ye fonnde Grauncy ſeyde ſir Palomydes of youre grete goodneſſe for ye haue reſcowed me of my lyff & ſaued me of my dethe What is yo name ſeyde ſr Tryſtram & my name is ſr Palomydes A ſir ſeyde ſr Tryſtram you haſte a fayre grace of me this day that I ſholde reſcowe you And that art the man in the worlde that I moſte hate but now make the redy for I ſhall do batayle wt the what is yo name ſeyde ſr Palomydes my name is ſr Tryſtram yo mortall enemy Ah may be ſo ſeyde ſr Palomydes but ye haue done oū vnckle for me this day that I ſholde fyght wt you for in as vnckle as ye haue ſaued my lyff Ah well be no worſhyp for you to haue a do wt me for ye are freyſhe

and I am sore wounded and ye sore and ye wolle nedys
haue a do wt me assygne me a day & than shalle I mete
wt you wtoute fayle // ye sayd welle sayde sr Tristramys
now I assygne you to mete me in the medowe by the
ryver of Camelot where kerlyon sette pr Perdrone //
So they were agreed Than sr Tristram asked sr Pa
lomydes wesshe pr. xx. knyghtis ded batayle wt hym for
this cause sayde sr Palomydes as I rode vppon myne
aduentures in a foreyste here be fyde I aspyed where
lay a dede knyght & a lady wepynge be fydys hym and
whan I came to hir mabynge sucche doole I asked her who
slew her lorde Sir she sayde pr falsyste knyght of pr world
de and moste he is of vylany and his name is sr Brew
nes sanze pite Than sayd sir pite I made pr dame sekir to kepe
on her palfrey & I promysed her to be her warraunte & to
helpe to entyre hir londe and suddenly as I came ridyng
by this towre ye come oute sr Brewnys sanze pite and
suddenly he strake me fro my horse & or ever I myghte
recouer my horse this sr Brewnys slew pr dame sekir And
so I take my horse a gayne & was sore a schamyd and so
be gan this medle be twyxte vs and this is the cause
where fore we ded this batayle // Welle sayde sr Tryst
nowe I vnderstonde the mayd of yo batayle but ni ony
wyse yt ye shall remembrance of yo promyse to ye shall
made wt me to do batayle this day fourtenyght // I shall
nat fayle you sayde sr Palomydes Welle sayde sr Tryst
tram as at this tyme I wolle nat fayle you tylle that
ye be oute of pr damage of yo enemyes So they anowntid
vppon hir horsys & rode to gydirs vnto pr foreyste and yt
they fonde a fayre welle wt clere watir bubelynge
fayre by sayde sr Tristramys to dryuke of that wat

I ſaw grete curage And thaw they a knyght off ꝑ contre And thaw were they ware be ſyde them were ſtode a grete horſe tyed tylle a tre ⁊ on he nayed Than they aſſyed ſir ꝑnote ⁊ thaw were they ware off a fayre knyght armed vndir a tre lachynge no pece off harneſ ſave hys helme lay vndir his hede // By the good lorde ſeyde ſ Tryſtram yondir lyethe a wolle ſtrynge knyght what is beſte to do ſeyde ſ Tryſtram a wake ſyrr ſeyde ſ palomydes Do ſ Tryſtram a wakyd hym with ꝑ butte off hys ſpeare and ſo the knyght aroſe vp haſtely ⁊ put his hys helme vppon his hede ⁊ mownted vppon his horſe ⁊ gate a grete ſpeare in his honde ⁊ wt wt oute ony mo wordis he hurled vnto ſ Tryſtram and ſmote hym clene frow his ſadyll to the erthe ⁊ hurte hym on the lyffte ſyde Than ſ Tryſtram lay ſtylle in grete payne Than he thaloppyd fro ꝑ and fette his courſe ⁊ come hurlynge vppon ſ palomydes and ꝑ he ſtrake hym a ꝑte throrow the body that he felle frome his horſe to ꝑ erthe and thaw this ſtrounge knyght leſte them there ⁊ tobe his way throrow the foreſte // Do with this ſ Tryſtm and ſ palomydes were on foote ⁊ gate ꝑ horſys a gayne and aythir aſked counceyle off op what was beſte to done Be my hede ſeyde ſ Tryſtram I wolle folow this ſtrounge knyght that this hathe ſhamed vs // Welle ſeyde ſ palomydes we and I wolle repoſe me here wt a frende off myne Be ware ſeyde ſ Tryſtram to ſir palomydes lorke ꝑ ye fayle nat ꝑ day that ye came ſette wt me for as I deme ye wolle nat holde yo day for I am myche bygger than ye ar as for that ſeyde ſ palomydes be as be may for I feare you nat for ⁊ I be nat ſyke nor ꝑſoned I wolle nat fayle you but I drame more doute off you ꝑ ye wolle

nat mete wt me for ye wolde ryde after yonder stronge knyght
and yf ye mete wt hym that is of my aduenture & cal ye scape
thys bondys Do sr Tryestram and sr Galahydes depted and
ayth tobe yn wayes dyuerse and so sr Tryestram rode longe
after thys stronge knyght and at ye laste he sye where lay a
lady on warte a dede knyght fayre lady seyde sr Tryestramys
who hath slayne yor lorde Sir she seyde there came a knyght ry
dynge as my lorde & I rested vs there and asked hym of whens
he was and my lorde seyde of kynge Artharis coute Bysene
fore seyde ye stronge knyght I wolde iuste wt thy for I hate
all thy that be of Artharis coute and my lorde ye knyght there
dede a mounted vppon ayns horse & ye stronge knyght and my
lorde recomtyed to gyder & there he smote my lorde thorow
oute wt his speare and thus he hath brought me in grete woo
and damage Dthat me repenty seyde sr Tryestram of yonre
grete hevynesse But please hit you to telle me yor bondys
name Sir quod he name was sr Galardonne that wolde haue
preuyd a good knyght So depted Sir Tryestram fro me ye
dolorous lady and had nyne dyuerse lodgynge Dthan on the
tenthe day sir Tryestram mette wt sr Gawayne and sr Bleo
berys in a foreyste at a lodge and ayth were sore wounded
Dthan sr Tryestram asked sir Gawayne and sr Bleoberys yf
they mette wt ouche a knyght wt ouche a conysaunce wyth a
coude shylde sayre knyght seyde these wounded knyghtis such
a knyght mette wt vs to our damage and fyrste he smote
downe my felowe sr Bleoberys and sore wounded hym by
cause he bade me I shulde nat haue a do wt hym for why
he was on stronge for me ye stronge knyght tobe his wordis
at scorne and seyde he seyde hit for mockery and than they
rode to gedyr and so he hurte my felowe and whan he had
done so I myght nat for shame but I muste iuste wyth hym

and at ye fyrste course he smote me downe and my horse to
the erthe and yt he had allmoste slayne me and frome vs
he tobe his horse and departed and in a cyrtll tyme we mette
wt hym slayne bygghtf seyde sr Tryestram so he mette wyth
me and wt another bygght sr Palomydes and he smote vs both
downe wt one speare and hurte vs rygght sore Be my faythe
sayde sr Gawayne be my counceyle ye shall lette hym passe
and sette hym no farther for at ye neyste feste of the rounde
table vppon payne of myne hede ye shall fynde hym there
Be my faythe sayde sr Tryestram I shall nedi reste tyll yt
I fynde hym and than Syr Gawayne asked his name
and so ayther departed and so sir Tryestram rode his way
by fortune in a medowe he mette wt sr Kay the seneschall
and wt sr Dynadan wyth tydyngs seyde sr Tryestram wt
yon bygghtf hath good seyde these bygghtf Nay so seyde
sr Tryestram I pray you tell me for I ryde to sette a bygght
wyth countenance beryth he seyde sr Kay he beryth seyde sr
Tryestram a shylde coupde close Be my hede seyde sr Kay yt
is the same bygght yt mette wt vs for this nyght we were
lodged here by in a wydowes house and yt was yt bygght lod
ged and wyth he wyste we were of kynge Arthurs
courte he spake grete vylony by yt kynge and specially
by the quene Gwenyth and than on the morne was wa
ged battayle wt hym for yt cause and at ye fyrste recountre
he smote me downe seyde sr Kay fro myne horse and hurte
me passyngly sore and wyth my felowe sr Dynadan saw
me smytten downe and hurte sore yet he wolde nat reven
ge me but fledde fro me and thus is he departed from vs
and than sr Tryestram asked wyth was yt names and so ayther
tolde of yr names and so sr Tryestram departed from sr Kay
and fromе sr Dynadan and so he paste throw a grete

forey[illegible]te m to a playne tylt[illegible] was ware of a pryory
& þ he repos[illegible]d hym w[illegible] a good mand vij. dayes and then
he sente hys squyer Gonayle & comaunded hym to go to
a cite þ by to fecche hym newe harneyse for hit was
longe tyme a fore þ sir Tryst[illegible]am had bene refreyssh[illegible]ed for
his harneyse was brused and brokyn fore and when Gonayle
was com w[illegible] his apparayle he tobe his leve at þ wydow and
mownted vppon his horse & rode his way erly on þ morne
and by fuddayne adventure he mette w[illegible] sir Sagramo[illegible]re le desyrus
and wyth sir Dodynas le saveage and then[illegible] j. knyght[illegible] mette
w[illegible] sir Tryst[illegible]am and questyonde w[illegible] hym & asked hym yf he wolde
juste wyth them sayne knyght sayde sir Tryst[illegible]am w[illegible] good
wyll yf I wolde juste w[illegible] you but I have promysed a day I sette nere
honde to do batayle wyth a stronge knyght & þ fore and I
lothe to have ado w[illegible] you for that myght myspertuned me to be
mute hereafter I sholde nat be able to do my batayle where
I promysed & for þ sayde sir Sagramo[illegible]re magre yo[illegible] hede ye shal
juste w[illegible] me or ye passe fro me wel sayde sir Tryst[illegible]am
yf ye force me þ to I muste do what I may & then they dres-
sed þ sheldis & cam rennyng to gyder w[illegible] grete spre[illegible]s but
therow sir Tryst[illegible]am[illegible] grete force he stroke sir Sagramoure
from his horse & then he hurled his horse further & seyde
to sir Dodynas knyght make þ redy and so therow fyne
force sir Tryst[illegible]am strake downe sir Dodynas from
his horse and when he sawe them ly on þ erthe he tobe
his brydyll & rode further on his way & his maner Gonayle
w[illegible] hym and a none as sir Tryst[illegible]am was paste sir Sagramo[illegible]re
and sir Dodynas gate þ horsys & mownted vp lyghtly and
folowed after sir Tryst[illegible]am and when sir Tryst[illegible]am sawe
them com so faste after hym he returned his horse to them
& asked them what they wolde me thynkyth[illegible] ye nat longe

a go sytte[illegible] I smote you downe to the erthe at yo[illegible] owne
a go sytte[illegible] I smote you downe de[illegible]yne and I wolde have
rydden by you ȝf ye wolde have suffyred me but now me
semyth ye wolde do more batayle w[illegible] me Thatt is trouthe
seyde ȝ Dagramo[illegible] and sir Dodynas for we wolle be re-
vengyd of ye dyshyte ye have done to vs I sayre bwyght
seyde ȝ Tristram thatt shall lytyll nede you for all thatt
I sed to you ye caused but where fore I requyre you of yo[illegible]
bwyghtnode leve me as at this tyme for I am sure and
I do batayle w[illegible] you I shall nat ascape w[illegible] ounte grete shame
and as I suppose ye shall nat ascape all[illegible] lotles and this
is ye cause why thatt I am so lothe to have a do wyth you
for I muste fyght w[illegible] in this .ij. dayes w[illegible] a good bwyght
and a valyaunte as ony now is lyvynge and ȝf I be
sure I shall nat be able to do batayle w[illegible] hym. What
bwyght is ye seyde ȝ Dagramoure thatt ye shall fyght
wyth all Sir ette is a good bwyght calle ȝ Palomydes
Be my fayth seyde ȝ Dagramo[illegible] and sir Dodynas ye
have a cause to drede hym for ye shall fynde hym a
passynge good bwyght and a valyaunte and by cause
ye shall have a do wyth hym we wolle for beare you
as at this tyme and elles ye sholde nat ascape vs
lyghtly But fayre bwyght sayde sir Dagramoure
telle vs yo[illegible] name Syrr yis my name is ȝ Tristra[illegible]
A sayde ȝ Dagramoure and ȝ Dodynas welle be
ye fownde for muche worshyp have we spoke of
you and than aythir tobe leve of other departed on there
way and ȝ Tristram rode streyte to Camelott to ye
perowne thatt dyerly you had made to fore where
ȝ launcelot ye[illegible] was ye kynge son of Irelonde thatt was
slayne by the hond yo[illegible] of ȝ Balyn and in ye same

place was ye fayre lady Columbe slayne ye was love
vnto sr launcelot for after she was dede she tobe kyd
sweride & threwe hit thorow her body and so by ye craffte
of ayerlyon he made to entyre thys knyght launcelot
and this lady Columbe vndir one stone and at ye tyme
ayerlyon prechid that in ye same place shulde fyghte ye
the beste knyghtis that ever were in kynge arthurs
dayes and .v. of ye beste lovers So whan sr Tristram
come to the tombe of stone he loked a boute hym after sir
Palomydes Than was he ware where come a semely
knyght ridynge a yenst hym all in whyght and ye conde
shylde. whan he cam nyze sr Tristram he seyde on hyght
ye be welcome sir knyght and welcome truely shalle ye holde
yo ayme and than they dressid ye shyldis & spearis & cam
to gedirs with all her myghtis off ye horsis & they mette so fer-
sely that bothe ye horsis & knyghtis felle to the erthe and as
faste as they myght avoyde there horsis and put ye shyldis
afore them & they strake to gedirs with bryght swerdis
as men ye were off myght & aythir wondis othir wondirly
sore ye the bloode ran oute vppon ye grasse & thus they foughte
the space of .iij. owres ye neir one wolde speke to oyr and of
ye dammeys they had gevyn of many precious londe sithin seyde
Gonmayle merbayle gretely of the grete strokis my
mayster hath yeven to youre mayster Be my hede seyde
sr launcelottis servaunte yonne mayster hath not yeven
hym so many but yo mayster hath nesseyede so many or
more a sithin seyde Gonmayle hit is to muche for sr palo-
mydes to suffir of sr launcelot and yet pyte hit were
that aythir of these good men knyghtis shulde dystroy oyr
bloode So they stoode and wepte bothe and made grete dole
whan they sawe ye swerdis ovir conde wt bloode off there

bodyes Wgan at the laste ꝑ launcelot spake and seyde
knyght ꝑ fyghtyst wonder well as ed I serue knyghte
here fore and knyght please you telle me yo name ꝑ seyde
ꝑ Tristram that wo me lothe to telle ony man my na-
me Truly seyde ꝑ launcelot and I were requyred
I was nedy lothe to telle my name ye say well seyde sir
Tristram tgan I requyre you to telle me yo name
ffayre knyght my name is ꝑ launcelot du lake Alas
seyde ꝑ Tristram what gane I done for ye ar the
man in the worlde that I love beste Now fayre knyght
seyde ꝑ launcelot telle me yo name Truly ꝑ I knyght
ꝑ Tristram de lyones A sir seyde ꝑ launcelot what
aventure is be falle me ⁊ there with ꝑ launcelott
kneled a downe and yelde kynd vp his swerde And
ꝑ wt all ꝑ Tristram kneled a downe ⁊ yelde kynd vp
his swerde and so ayther gaffe o͂ ꝑ gre And tgan they
bothe forth wt all they went to the stone and set kene
downe vppon knyt and tobe of ꝑ helmys to beele them
and ayther byste o͂ an C. tymes And tgan a none after
they tobe ꝑ horsis and rode to Camelot ⁊ there they
mette wt ꝑ Gawayne and wt ꝑ Gaheryo that had
made q̃myse to bynge arthure nedy to cowe a gayne
to the countre tyll they had brought ꝑ Tristram wt
them // And tho mone met a gayne seyde ꝑ launcelot for
youre queste is done for I gane mette wt sir Tris-
tram lo here is his owne ꝑson Tgan was ꝑ Gawayne
glad ⁊ seyde to ꝑ Tristram ye ar well cowe for now
gane ye eased me gretly of my grete labour // ffor
what cause seyde ꝑ Gawayne cowe ye in to this cow-
trey // ffayre ꝑ sayde sir Tristram I cowe in to this
countrey be cause of ꝑ Palomydes for he ⁊ I assigned

knowyn that I was of youre counte I seyde no worshyp
be youre house Thatt is trouthe seyde ꝑ Gawayne Ywe
kay and sir Bleoberys Than kynge Arthure tobe
Sir Tristram by the honde & went to the table rounde
Than come quene Gwenyu and many ladyes w^t her &
all the ladyes seyde at one voyce welcom ꝑ Tristram
welcom seyde Sanuseld welcom seyde kynge Arthure
for one of y^e beste knyghtis and y^e gentyllyst of y^e worlde
and y^e man of moste worshyp ffor all maner of huntynge
y^u beryste y^e pryce and of all mesures of blowynge y^u
arte y^e begynynge of all the termys of huntynge and
hawkynge and ye arte the begynner of all instrumentis
of musyk ye arte the beste Therfore forsaulyll knyghte
seyde kynge Arthure ye are welcom to this counte
and also I pray yow seyde kynge Arthure graunte me a
done Sir that I shall be at youre comaundemente seyde sir
Tristram well seyde kynge Arthure I wyll desyre that
ye shall abyde in my counte Sir seyde ꝑ Tristram I crave
to me is lothe for I have to do in many contreys Nat so
seyde kynge Arthure ye have promysed me ye may not
say nay Sir seyde sir Tristram I wolle as ye wolle Than
went kynge Arthure unto the seges abonte y^e rounde
table & lobed on ony syege ony were wyde y^t lacked
knyghtis and than the kynge sette in the syege of ꝑ Ayarsalt
lettyng y^t seyde this is the syege of y^e noble knyght ꝑ Ayar-
Tristramys and than kynge Arthure made ꝑ Tristram
a knyght of the rounde table with grete nobeley and a
feste as myght be thought for ꝑ Ayarsalte was slayne a
fore by the honde of ꝑ Tristram in an honde and that
was well knowyn at that tyme in y^e counte of kynge Ar-
thure for this ꝑ Ayarsalte was a worthy knyght & for

wyth dedis that he ded to the contreye of Cornwayle sir Tristram and he fought so longe tyll they felle bledynge to the erthe for they were so sore wounded that they myght nat stonde for bledynge and sir Tristram by fortune recouerde and sir Gyarsalte dyed therow the strobe he had in the hede So leve we sir Tristram and turne we vnto kynge Gyarbe

Than kynge Gyarbe had grete dispyte atte Tristrā and whan he chaced hym oute of Cornwayle yette was he nevew vnto kynge Gyarbe but he had grete suspecti on vnto sir Tristram by cause of his quene Isabeal Isode for hym semed that ther was muche love betwene them twayne So whan sir Tristram was departed oute of Cornwayle in to Ingelonde kynge Gyarbe harde of the grete grefe that sir Tristrā ded vnto his wyfe he wyscbe he grevede So he sente on his party men to aspye what dedis he ded & the quene sente prively on his pty spyes to knowe what dedis he had done for full grete love was there betwene them So whan the messyngers were com home they tolde the trouthe as they herde and how he passed alle op knyghtes but yf it were sir Launcelot than kynge Gyarbe was wyght wery of the tydynge and as glad was Isabeale Isode Than grete dispyte kynge Gyarbe had at hym and so he tobe vnto hym .ij. knyghtes and .ij. squyers and disguysed hym selfe and tobe his way in to Ingelonde to the entente to sle sir Tristram and one of the knyghtes hyght sir Bersules and the op knyght was cullyd Amaunte So as they rode kynge Gyarbe asked a knyght that he mette where he myght fynde kynge Arthure & he seyde at Camelot also he asked that knyght after sir Tristram whych herde of hym in the counte of kynge Arthure Wete you well seyde that knyght ye shall fynde sir Tristram

thane for a man of worshyp moste ꝑ is now lyvynge
for thow hit proved he wan the tornement at the
castell of maydus ꝑ stondyth by the rocke dure And
fyrthen he hath wonne with his hondis xxti. knyghtis
that were men of grete renowne and ꝑ laste batayle that
ever he ded he fought wt ꝑ launcelot and ꝑ was a merveylus batayle And by love and not by force ꝑ launcelotte
brought ꝑ tryſtram to the courte and of thym kynge
arthure made passynge grete joy et so made thy knyght
of the table rounde and his seate is in the same place
where ꝑ marsalte the good knyghtis seate was Whan
was kynge charbe passynge sorry whan he harde of the
deth of ꝑ tryſtram and so they depted Whan seyde kynge
charbe vnto his knyghtis now I wolle telle you my counsel
for ye ar the men that I moste truste on lyve and I wolle
that ye wete my comynge hydir is to this entente for to
destroy ꝑ tryſtram by sowdyrs or by treson and yit shalle
harde et ēn he astape owre hondis Alas seyde ꝑ bersules
my lorde what meane you for and ye be sette in such
a way ye ar disposed shamfully for ꝑ tryſtram is ꝑ knyght
of worshyp moste that we knowe lyvynge et ꝑfore I warne
you playnly I wolle not consente to the deth of thym and ꝑ
fore I wolle helde thym my knyghte and for sake you Whan
kynge charbe harde thym say so suddeynly he drewe his
swerde and seyde a traytowre and smote ꝑ bersules on
the hede ꝑ the swerde wente to his tethe Whan ꝑ amant
his felow sawe thym do ꝑ vylaunce dede et his squyer also
seyde to the kynge hit was foule done et myschevously wrought
fore we wolle do you no more knyghte And wete you wolle we
wolle appele you of treson a fore kynge arthure Whan
was kynge charbe wondirly wrothe and wolde have

Amaunte but he and the .iij. squyers shylde them to gydnes and
sette nought by his malyce So whan kynge Ayanbe sawe he
myght nat be revenged on them he seyde thus vnto the knyght
Amaunte wyte yow well & yow approche me of treson I shall yow of
defende me a fore kynge Arthure but I requyre the yow tell
me nat my name that I am kynge Ayanbe What som ever
come of me ad for that seyde the Amaunte I wold nat discon ye
name & so they departed And the Amaunte and his felowys toke the
body of the Bersiles & buryed hit Than whan kynge Ayanbe rode tyll
he com to a fountayne and there he rested hym by the fountayne
and stode in a dwere wher he myght ryde to kynge Arthurs
courte on none or to retire a gayne to his contrey And as he
thus restyd hym by the fountayne he cam by hym a knyght well
armed on horsebacke & he a lyght & tyed his horse & sette hym
downe by the brynke of the fountayne & he made grete lan-
gore & dole And so he made the dolefullyst complaynte of love
that ever man herde And all thus was whyle was he nat ware
of kynge Ayanbe And thus was a grete complaynte he cryed
and wepte and sayde O yow fayre quene of Orkeney kynge
Lottys wyff & modir vnto the Gawayne and to the Gaherys and
modir to many on for thy love I am in grete payne Than
kynge Ayanbe a rose and wente nere hym & seyde fayre
knyght ye have made a pitevs complayte Truly seyde the
knyght that was an .C. tyme more vnfullyer than myne herte
can with I requyre yow seyde kynge Ayanbe telle me yowre
name Sir as for my name I wyll not hyde but from no knyght
that berythe a shylde Sir my name is the Lamerok de galys
But whan the Lamerok herde kynge Ayanbe speke pan wyste
he well by his speche & he was a Cornysh knyght Sir knyght
seyde the Lamerok I vnderstonde by yowr tunge that ye be of Cor-
newayle where in the dwellyth the shamfullist knyght of a

kynge that is now kynge for he is a grete enemy to all good knyghtes & prevyte well for he hath chased oute of that contrey ℔ Tryssiam that is the worshypfullyst knyght that now is kynge & all knyghtes prekyth of hym worshyp and for the seleousnes of his quene he hath chaced hym oute of his contrey this is pite seyde ℔ lamerok that ony such falle kynge owarde as kynge marke is shulde be maynteyned w^t such a fayre lady & a good as Isabeal Isode is for all y^e wolde of hym spekyth shame and of her grete worshyp as ony quene may have. I have nat a do in this mater seyde kynge marke But ℔ can you telle me ony tydyngis I can nat telle you seyde Sir lamerok y shall be a grete turnemente in haste by syde Camelot at the castell of Jagent and y^e kynge with y^e C. knyghtes and the kynge of Irelonde as I suppose mabyth that turnemente Thand cam y^e a knyght that was called ℔ Dynadan and salewed them both and when he wyste y^t kynge marke was a knyght of Cornuayle he reproved hym for y^e love of kynge marke a .xv. folde more than ded ℔ lamerok and so he ysude to juste w^t kynge marke and he was full lothe there to But ℔ Dynadan egged hym so y^t he justed with ℔ lamerok and Sir lamerok smote kynge marke so sore y^t he bare hym ou his speare ende ou his horse tayle and than kynge marke arose & gate his horse a gayne and folowed after sir lamerok But Sir Dynadan wolde nat juste w^t ℔ lamerok But he tolde hym how kynge marke that ℔ lamerok was ℔ kay the seneschall That is nat so seyde kynge marke for he is muche bygger than ℔ kay and so he folowed & ou toke hym and bade hym abyde what wolde ye do seyde ℔ lamerok ℔ he seyde I wolde fyght with a fownde for ye have shamed me w^t a speare and there

wyth they dayssshed to gydyns wyth swerdis And ß lamerok
sussyrde kyng ar for bare kyng ar kynge Marke was passyng
besy a shote thycke strokys Whan ß lamerok saw ge wolde
nat stynte ge wolde waved som wyth wrothe and doubled
his strokys for ge was off the nobelyste off p̄ worlde a ge
beete kyng so on p̄ helme p̄t his hede nyze oin p̄ sadyll
bowe, Whan ß lamerok saw kyng fare so he sayde hyght
wyth chere me semyth ye have nyze yowre fylle off fyztynge
nyt were pyte to do you ony more harme for ye ar but a
meane knyght p̄ fore I gyff you leve to go where ye lyst
Grauncy seyde kynge Marke for ye ar no macche
Whan ß Dynadan mocked kynge Marke and seyde ye
ar nat able to macche a good knyght as for p̄t seyde kynge
Marke at p̄ fyrste tyme p̄t I susted w̄t this knyght ye refused
kym Wherfore ye p̄t a shame seyde ß Dynadan Nay sir
is ein worshyp to a knyght to refuse p̄t thynge t p̄t he may
nat attayne Where fore ys worshyp has bene macche
more to have refused kym as I sed for I warne you playnly
ge is able to beate suche .v. as ye ar and I be for ye knyghtis
off Cornwayle ar no men off worshyp as oth knyghtis ar and
by cause ye ar nat off worshyp ye gate all men off worshyp
for men in yis contrey was bredde suche a knyght as Sir
Tristram Whan they rode furth all to gydyns kynge Marke
Sir lamerok and sir Dynadan tylle that they com to a
Bryggge and at the ende there off stood a fayre towre Whan
saw they a knyght on horsebacke well armed Bramd shynge
a speare chynge a fyrde kym self to suste Now seyde sir
Dynadan vnto kynge Marke yonder ar too brethrne that one
kyght Alyne and that oth kyght Tryan that wolde suste w̄t
ony p̄ passyth this passayge Now fayr yowne self seyde sir
Dynadan vnto kynge Marke for ein ye be leyde to p̄ ert the

Whan kynge Arthur was ashamed and þt wt ye swanteyde kyds
spreare & gurteled to ꝑ Bryan and aytyr bare þ spreary alle
to peces & passed thorow a none Whan ꝑ Bryan smotebynge
Arthur an op spreare to juste more but in no wyse ye wolde
nat juste no more Whan they com to the castell alle thre
knyghtes & prayde þ lorde of that castell of herborow ye
ar ryght welcom seyde þ knyght of þ castell for þ love
of þ lorde of thus towre þ wayte knyght ꝑ Torre le fyze
Aryes And than they com in to a fayre comte well repay
red & so they had passynge good chere tylle þ lyeff tenaunte
of þt castell þt knyght Berluse aspyed kynge Arthur of
Cornwayle Whan seyde sir Berluse Dut knyght I know
you well bett than ye wene for ye ar kynge Arthur þt
slewe my fadir a fore myne owne yzen & me had ye slayn
had I not ascapyd in to a woode Abut wyte you well for
þ love of my lorde ꝑ Torre Whyche is lorde of thus castel
I wolle nat at thus tyme nor gurte nor harme you nothin
none of yo felyshyp Abut wyte you well Whan ye ar paste
thus loggynge I shalle gurte you and I may for ye slewe my
traytorously & cowardly Abut fyrste for my lorde ꝑ Torre
& for the love love of ꝑ launcelot the honorable knyght that
here is lodgid ye sholde have ayte lodgynge for ayte pyte
þ ein ye sholde be in the company of good knyghtes for ye
ar þ moste vylanne knyght of a kynge þt is now lyvynge
for ye ar a dystroyer of good knyghtes & alle þt ye do is but by
treson Whan was kynge Arthur sore a shamyd & seyde but
lytylle a gayne Abut Whan ꝑ launcelot and sir Dynadan
wyste þt he was kynge Arthur they were sory of yonne
felyshyp So after supper they went to lodgynge So on the
morne they arose and kynge Arthur and ꝑ Dynadan rode
to gydyr & iij myle of þ mette wt iiij knyghtes and ꝑ

Berluse rode to gydyns was one of his cosyns
whan Berluse saw Synge Arthur he cryed on hyghte
traytour lepe from me for wete thou well that I am sir
Berluse knyght seyde Dynadan I counceyle you ad at
this tyme medyll nat with hym for he is myghtyer to
fyght Arthure and by cause I am myssed to conduyte hym to
my lorde Synge Arthure nedis must I take a pte with
hym how be it I love nat his condicion I saye I wolde be
from hym well Berluse Dynadan seyde sir Berluse
me repentyth that ye wolle take pty with hym but now do youre
beste Than he hurteled to Synge Arthur and smote hym
sore vppon the sheylde that he bare hym clene onte of his sadil
to the erthe That saw Dynadan and he feautyred his
speare and rode to one of his felowys and smote hym of his
sadyll Than Dynadan turned his horse and smote the
thirde knyght in the same wyse that he went to the erthe
for this Dynadan was a good knyght on horse backe
and so that he gaf a grete batayle for Berluse and his
felowys helde them to gydyns strongely on foote and so tho
now the grete force of Dynadan Synge Arthur had sir
Berluse at the erthe and his .iij. felowys fled and had nat Dyna
dan bene Synge Arthur wolde have slayne hym and so Dy-
Dynadan rescowed hym out of his eyen for this Synge Arthur
was but a mayden and than they tobe that horsys and depted
and leste Berluse his sore wounds Than Synge Arthur and
Dynadan rode forth a .iij. leagis englyshe tyll that they com
to a brydge where lowed a knyght on horse backe armyd
redy to iuste Lo seyde Dynadan vnto Synge Arthur yond
lowyth a knyght that wolle iuste for that shalle none passe this
brydge but he iuste with that knyght ye say well seyde
Synge Arthur for this iustys fallyth for you But Dy-

Dynadan knew ye knyght for a noble knyght & sayne he
wolde gane iusted but he had knew ye knyge ayanke had iust
ted wt hym but by no meane knyge ayanke wolde nat iuste
Than ye Dynadan myght nat refuse hym in no maner and
so ayther dressed yr speares & yr sayldys & smote to gydyrs that
thorow fyne force ye Dynadan was smyttyn to ye erthe &
lyghtly he arose vp & gate his horse & requyred ye knyght
to do batayle wt swerdys And he answerde & seyde sayne
knyght as at this tyme I may nat gane a do wt you no
more for ye custom of this passage is suche Than was sir
Dynadan passynge wrothe ye he myght nat be revenged
of ye knyght & so he depted and in no wyse wolde ye knyght
telle his name But ever ye Dynadan thought he sholde be
knew hym by his shylde that he sholde be ye Torre

So as they rode by the way knyge ayanke than be
gan to mocke ye Dynadan and seyde I wene you
knyghtis of ye rounde table myght in no wyse fynde your
macche // ye sey well seyde ye Dynadan as for you or my
lyff calle you none of ye good knyghtis but sythe ye gane such
dispyte at me I requere you to iuste wt me to preve my
strengthe / Nat so seyde knyge ayanke for I wolle nat gane
a do wt you in no maner but I requyre you of one thynge
t yr than ye com to knyge Arthures court disconfyte my
name for I am sore yr be gatyd // knyght is shame to you seyde
ye Dynadan that ye gome you so shamfully for I se by yͤ
ye ar full of cowardyse & ye ar also a mysdoer And yt
is ye grettyst shame yt ony knyght may gane for never
had knyght murthered worshyp nor neu shall gane for
I save but late thorow my horse ye wolde gane slayne
sir Bersules a bett knyght than ever ye were or ever shall be

and more of proves Thus they rode forthe tallynge
tyll they come to a fayre place where stoode a bryggte
that prayde them to take yn lodgynge wt hym so that ye requeste
of the bryggte they reposyd them yt made them well at ease
that had grete chere for all auaunte bryggte to hym were
welcom and specially all tho of lynge Arthure counte //
Than sr Lyonadan demaunded hym ofte what was the bryggtes
name that kepte the bryge for what cause asse you seyde hym
ofte for hit is nat longe a go seyde sr Lyonadan sythen ye
gaff me a falle A fayre bryggte seyde hym ofte yf of shame ye
no mervayle for he is a passynge good bryggte and his name
is sr Borre the sonne of Aryes le Vayssheure A seyde sr
Lyonadan was that sr Borre truly so did me thynke // So
wyghte as they stood thus tallynge to gydres they sawe com
rydynge by them on a playne vj. bryggtes of the contre of
lynge Arthure well armyd at all poyntes and by yn shylded
sr Lyonadan bycam them well The fyrste was the good knyzt
sr Lvayne the sonne of lynge Vryen The secunde was the
noble bryggte sr Brandyles The thyrde was Ozana le cure
hardy The. iij. was sr Lvayne les Adventurys The. v. was
Sr Agrauayne The vj. sr Gaherys to Sr
Gallvayne When sr Lyonadan had aspyed thes vj. bryggtes
he thought to hym self he wolde brynge lynge Arthure by
som wyle to fyste wt one of them and than a none they to be
yn horsyd and rayd after these vj. bryggtes well nye a. iij. myle
englysshe Than was lynge Arthure ware where they sate
all vj. a boute a welle and ete and dranke suche metys as they
had and yn horsyd walynge and somtyed and yn shylded lynge Ar
thure place a boute them So seyde sr Lyonadan yonder ar
bryggtes auaunte yt wolde fyste wt vs God forbede seyde
lynge Arthure for they be vj. and we but. iij. Als for that

seyde ſ Synadan lat vs nat ſpare for ſwolle aſſay ꝑ formyſt
and ꝑ wꝫ ge made hym redy / wꝫan kynge ꝺyarde ſawe hꝫ
do ſo as faſte as ſ Synadan rode towardis them kynge
ꝺyarde rode fro warde them wꝫ them all hꝫ mayneall
mayne Do wꝫan ſ Synadan ſaw ꝑ kynge ꝺyarde was
gone he ſette ꝑ ſpeare oute of ꝑ reaſte ſ threwe hys
ſhylde vppon hꝫ backe ſ cam rydynge to ꝑ felyſhyp of the
rounde table and anone ſ Wayne knew ſ Synadan and
welcomed hym ſ ſo ded all hꝫ felyſhyp and than they aſ
ked hym of aventures ſ wher ꝑ ge ſawe of ſ Tryſtram
othr ſir launcelot Do god me helpe ſeyde ſ Synadan
as for me I ſawe none of them ſythyn we departed fro
Camelot / what knyght is ꝑ ſeyde ſ Brandyles that
ſo ſodeynly departed from you ſ rode on yondr fylde /
Hit ſyr is a knyght of Cornwayle ſ ꝑ moſte orryble
coward ꝑ ever he ſtrode horſe / what is hꝫ name ſeyde
all thos knyghtis I wote nat ſeyde ſ Synadan Do wꝫan
they had reposed them ſ ſpoken to gyders they tobe there
horſys ſ rode to a caſtell wher dwellyd an olde knyght
that made all knyghtis ar-maunte good chere Do in the
meane whyle that they were talkynge com in to the
caſtell ſ Gryfflet le fyz de ieu and there was ge welle
com and they all aſkyd hym wher in ge frye ſ launce
lot or ſ Tryſtram ge anſwerde ſ ſeyde I ſawe hem nat
ſythyn they departed from Camelot Do as ſ Synadan
walkyd and be hylde the caſtell there by in a chambr
he eſpyed kynge ꝺyarde and than he rebuked hym ſ
aſked why he departed ſo Hit for I drede nat a hyde for
they were ſo many But how eſcaped ye ſeyde kynge
ꝺyarde Hit they bett ſ wndis than I went they had bow
wher wt captayne of them felyſhyp ſeyde kynge ꝺyarde

for to feare hym / Dynadan seyde hit was / launcelot / a / sir
seyde bynge arthe mygh / ye knowe / launcelot / by his shylde
ye seyde / Dynadan for he berythe a shylde of sylu & blacke
bendis all / thus he seyde to feare bynge arthe for / launcelot /
was nat / in the felyshyp · Now I pray you seyde bynge arthe
/ ye wolle / ryde in my felyshyp & so they mounted vppon there
horsys & rode on / wayes & talked of / the cornysshe knyght / for /
Dynadan tolde them / he was in / castell where they were
lodged · hit / is well / seyde / Gryffiet for here came I
bronght / Dagonet / bynge arthurs foole / is / beste felow
& merieste in / worlde / wolle ye than do well / seyde / Dyna =
dan / I came tolde / cornysshe knyght / here is / launcelot / and /
Cornysshe knyght / asked me what / shylde he bare and / I tolde
hym that he bare / same shylde / / arthur berythe / wolle ye
do well / seyde / arthur / I am mute & may nat / well / beare my
shylde nor / harneys / and / fore dute my harneys & my shylde
vppon / Dagonet / and lete hym sette vppon the cornysshe knyght /
That / shalle be done seyde / Dagonet / be my fayth · and so a none
/ Dagonet / was armed in sir arthurs harneys and his
shylde & he was sette on a grete horse & a speare in his honde
Now seyde / Dagonet / sette me to / knyght & I trowe I / shalle /
beare hym downe · Do all thus knyght rode to a woodis syde
& abode tyll / bynge arthe cam by the way Than they out /
for to / Dagonet / and he cam on all / wyfe his horse mygh /
reme vppon bynge arthe and when he cam nye to bynge
arthe he cryed as he were woode & sayde kepe / knyght of /
Cornwayle for I wolle / slee / and anone as bynge arthe be
hylde his shylde he seyde to hym self / yondyr is / launce
lot / alas now am I destroyed & / wt all he made his horse to ren
& fledde as faste as he myght thorow thycke & thorow thynne
and eu / Dagonet / folowed after bynge arthe crynge and

ratynge hym as a wode man thorow a grete foreste / Whan
ꝑ Wayne and ꝑ Braundules saw ꝑ Dagonet so chace hynge
thanbe they lawzed all as they were wylde and than they tolde
ꝑ yonge knyght rode after to se how ꝑ Dagonet spedde for they
be loved for no good ꝑ ꝑ Dagonet were sqeute for hynge
Arthure loved hym passynge well & made hym knyght hys
owne body and at eny tme nemente he be ga to make hynge
Arthure to lawze Than ꝑ knyght rode here & ꝑ cryynge and
chasynge after hynge thanbe that all ꝑ foreyste range of the
noyse Do hynge thanbe by fortune rode by a welle in ꝑ way
Where stood a knyght armante on horse backe armed at all
poynts Wt a grete spere in his honde and Whan he saw hynge
thanbe come fleynge he seyde to the knyght retnne a gayne
for shame & stonde Wt me & I shall be thy warante A fayre
knyght seyde hynge thanbe lette me passe for yondre comyth
after me ꝑ beste knyght of ꝑ worlde wyth ꝑ blacke beauded
shylde fly for shame seyde ꝑ knyght for he is none of ꝑ wor-
thy knyghtf Nut & yf he Were ꝑ Launcelot other ꝑ Tristā
I shall nat doute to mete ꝑ bettyr of than both Whan hynge
thanbe harde hym sey ꝑ worde he returned his horse and
a bode by hym and than ꝑ stronge knyght bare a spreare to
ꝑ Dagonet and smote hym so sore that he bare hym on his
horse tayle ꝑ myze he had broken his necke and anone after
hym cam ꝑ Braundules and Whan he sawe ꝑ Dagonette
gane that falle he was passynge wrothe & seyde kepe ꝑ knyght
and so they hurled to gyderd wondr sore But the knyghte
smote ꝑ Braundules so sore ꝑ he went to the erthe horse and
man Sr Wayne com after & sy all this thus he seyde yondyr
is a stronge knyght and than they feautred ꝑ spreares & this
knyght com so egrly ꝑ he smote downe ꝑ Wayne Than cam
ꝑ Ozana Wyth ꝑ hardy harte & he was smytyn downe

Now seyde ꝑ Gryfflet/ be my counceyle lat/ vs sende to yonder
auenaunte knyght/ & wete whey he be of/ kynge Arthures
courte for as/ I deme ther/ is ꝑ launcelote de galys/ Do they
sente vnto hym & prayde that/ stronge knyght/ to telle vs/ his
name & whether he were of/ kynge Arthures courte or nat/
as for my name telle they knyght/ I am a knyght/ auenaunte as
they ar but/ my name they shall nat wete at/ this tyme and lat
them wete ꝑ I am no knyght/ of/ kynge Arthures/ and so ꝑ squyer
rode a yen & tolde as he seyde Be my fede seyde ꝑ Aggrauayne
he is one of ꝑ strongyst knyghtes that euer I saw for he hathe
ouercomyn with hym nyne noble knyghtes & nedis we muste encounty-
re with hym for shame/ so ꝑ Aggrauayne feautred his speare and
ꝑ other was redy & smote hym downe and his horse tayle to
ꝑ erthe and in the same wyse he smote ꝑ Wayne le auoutres/ and also ꝑ Gryfflet/ that had he serued them all but/ Sir
Dynadan for he was be hynde & ꝑ Dynadan shorderede
with he ꝑ Dagonet/ had his harneys/ Do when this was done
this stronge knyght/ rode ouer his way a softe pace and kynge
Arthur rode after hym prayenge hym mykyll/ but he wolde
answere no wordys but/ sygged wondirly sore & groungynge
downe his hede tabynge no hede to his wordys Thus they
rode well nye a .xij. myle englyssh and than this knyght/
callyd to hym a varlet & bade hym ryde vnto yonder fayre
mayd and comaunde me to ꝑ lady of ꝑ castell & place and
pray hir to sende me som refressshynge of/ good metys and
drynkys and yf she aske ꝑ what/ I am Telle her ꝑ I am the
knyght ꝑ folowyth ꝑ Blatyaunte beste ꝑ is in Englyssh to
sey ꝑ questynge beste for the beste where som euer he rode
he quested in ꝑ bealy with such a noyse as ther/ had bene a xxti.
couple of/ houndis Than ꝑ varlet/ went his way & cam to
ꝑ mayd & salewed ꝑ lady & tolde her frome whens he come

and wham he vnderstode that he cam fro the knyght that folowed the questynge beste // A swete lorde sayn he seyde wham shall I se that gentyll knyght my dere sonne sir Palomydes Alas wolde he nat a byde with me and that wolde he sowned and wepte and made passynge grete dole But all so sone as he myght he gaff the varlet mete all that he axed and than the varlet retourned vnto sir Palomydes for he was a varlet of kynge Arthurs and as sone as he cam he tolde the knyghtis name was sir Palomydes I am well pleased seyde kynge Arthur but holde the stylle and sey no thynge Than they alyght and sette them downe and reposed them a whyle and anone with all kynge Arthur fylle on slepe Do wham sir Palomydes serue hym sounde on slepe he tobe his horse and rode his way and seyde to them I wolde nat be in the compayny of a slepynge knyght and so he rode a grete pace Now turne we vnto sir Dynadan that fonde thes .ij. knyghtis passynge heuy and wham he wyste how that they had sped Sir Ywayne seyde sir Dynadan I dare ley my hede that is sir Lamerok de galys I myse you all I shall fynde hym and he may be fonde in this contrey and so sir Dynadan rode aftir this knyght and so did kynge Arthur that soughte hym thorow the foreyste and so as kynge Arthur rode aftir sir Palomydes he herde a noyse of a man that made grete dole Than kynge Arthur rode as nye the noyse as he myght and as he dirste Than was he ware of a knyght that was dissended of his horse and he had putte of his helme and there he made a petevous complayte and a dolevous of love Now leve we of and talke we of sir Dynadan that rode to seke sir Palomydes and as he cam with in a foreyste he mette with a knyght a chacer of deere Sir seyde sir Dynadan mette ye with ony knyght with a shylde of sylu and lyons gedys // ye

fayre knyght seyde the o^{r} w^{t} such a knyght mette I wyth
but a whyle a gone and streyte yondir way he yeode
Gromoy seyde s^{r} Dynadan for myght I synde the tracke
of his horse I sholde nat fayle to synde that knyght bryst
so as s^{r} Dynadan rode in the evenynge late he harde a
dolefull noyse as hit were of a man Than s^{r} Dynadan
rode towarde y^{e} noyse and whan he cam nyze that noyse
he alyght of his horse streyte were hym on foote Than
was he ware of a knyght y^{t} stoode vndir a tre & his horse
tyed by hym & his helme off and eu^{r} y^{e} knyght made a
dolefull complaynte as ever made knyght & alwayes
he complayned off la beale Isode the queene of Cornwayle
and seyde a fayre lady why love I the for you ame fay=
ryst off all othir and as yet haddyst y^{u} neu^{r} love to me
nor bonute pde & yet alas must I love y^{e} and I may
nat blame the fayre lady for myne eyen caused me
& yet to love the I am but a foole for the beste knyght
of the worlde lovyth the & ye hym a gayne that is s^{r}
Tristram de lyones & the falsyst knyght and kynge
of the worlde is y^{o} husbande & y^{e} moste cowarde and
full of tresou is yowre lovde kynge Marke and alas
so beawtebous a lady & peereles of all othir sholde be
matched w^{t} y^{e} moste vylanous knyght of y^{e} worlde
And all this language harde kynge Marke what Sir
Palomydes seyde by hym where fore he had a drad
whan he sawe s^{r} Dynadan leste that he had aspyed hy^{m}
and y^{t} he wolde tell s^{r} Palomydes that he was kynge
Marke where fore he toyth drewe hym and take his
horse and rode to his men where he co^{m}maunded them
to a byde and so he rode as faste as he myght vnto Came
lot and y^{e} same day he founde y^{e} s^{r} Launcelot the knyght redy

that a fore kynge Arthure had appelyd kynd of treson and so lyghtly the kynge comaunded them to do batayle and by myshaventure kynge Marke smote ſ Amaunte thorow the body and yet was ſ Amaunte in the ryghtvous quarell and ryght ſo he tobe his horſe & departed fro me ye courte for drede of ſ Dynadan that he wolde telle ſ Tryſtram and ſ Palomydes what he was Thand was ye dameſell that Isabeale Iſode had ſente to ſ Tryſtram that knew ſ Amaunte well Thand by the lycence of kynge Arthure they went to kynd and ſpake wt kynd for whyle ye truncheon of the ſpeare ſtake in his body he ſpake a fayre dameſell ſeyde ſ Amaunt recomaunde me vnto Isabeale Iſode and telle her that I am ſlayne for the love of her and of Dyr- Tryſtram and yf he tolde the dameſell how cowardly kynge Marke had ſlayne kynd & ſ Berſules his felow and for ye dede I appeled kynd of treſon and gave him ſlayne in a ryght vous quarell and all was by cauſe ſ Berſules and I wolde nat conſente by treſon to ſle the noble knyght ſ Tryſtram Thand the .v. mayde cryed alowde ye all the courte myght ſeyde a ſorete Iſeu that knowyſte all ſydde thyng ſ why ſuffereſt ye ſo falſe a traytour to vanquyſhe and ſle a trewe knyght that comyth in a ryghtevous quarell Thand anone ſir was ſprongen to the kynge and the quene and to all the lordis that ſir was kynge Marke that had ſlayne ſ Amaunte and ſ Berſules a fore honde where fore they did there ye batayle Thand was kynge Arthure wrothe oute of meſure and ſo was all ye knyghtis. But when ſ Tryſtram wyſte all he wepte for ſorow for the loſſe of ſ Berſules and of ſ Amaunte when ſ launcelot aſkyed ſ Tryſtram wepe he wente haſtely to kynge Arthure and ſeyde ſ I pray you gyff

me lefe to retourne a yen yondr fulse kynge and knyght I pray
yon seyde kynge Arthure fetche hym a gayne but I wolde
nat ye sholde hym for my worshyp Than sr launcelot armed
hym in all haste and mounted vppon a grete horse and tobe
a spere in his honde and rode after kynge charle and frome
thens a .iij. myle englysh sr launcelot on tobe hym and bade
hym torne hym recreaunte kynge and knyght for whatsyn-
von wylte thou nylte yt shalt go with me to kynge Arthurs comyn
Than kynge charle returned & lobed vppon sr launcelot and
sayde fayre sr what is yo name wyte you well my name is
sr launcelot and thefore I defende the and whan kynge
charle knew yt it was sr launcelot and cam so faste vppon
hym with a speare he cryed thand a lowde & seyde I yelde me to
the sr launcelot honorable knyght But sr launcelot wolde
nat hyre hym but cam faste vppon hym kynge charle saw
yt and made no defence but tumbeled a downe onte off his sa
dyll to the erthe as a sak and yt he lay stylle and cryed sr laun
celot have mercy vppon me I yelde recreaunte kynge and
knyght Sir I wolle nat fyght seyde kynge charle but whyp
that ye wolle I wolle go with you Alas seyde sr launcelotte
that I myght nat gyve the one buffette for the love of Sir
Tryestram and of la beale Isode and for the .ij. knyghtes that
yt caste slayne trayturly and so he mounte vppon his horse
and brought hym to kynge Arthure and yt kynge charle a
lyght in that same place and threwe his helme frome hym
vppon the erthe and his swerde and falle flatte to the erthe
at kynge Arthurs feete and put hym in his grace & mcy
So god me helpe seyde kynge Arthure ye ar welle com in
a mans and in a maid ye ar nat welle com in this maid ye ar
welle com yt com hyder magre yo hede as I suppose Than I
trouthe seyde kynge charle and elles I had nat bene here

now for my lorde ꝑ launcelot/ brought me hyder by fyne force and to hym am I yoldyn to as recreaunte // Well/ seyde kynge arthure ye ought to do me fryse omayge and feaute and nede wolde ye do me none but/ eu ye gane bene a yenste me and a dystroyer of my kynghtf now how wolle ye acquyte you Dn seyde kynge arbe wyght as youre lordshyp wolle requyre me vnto my power I wolle make a large amendys // ffor he was a fayre speker and falsse ꝑ vndr Dgaud for the grete plesure of ꝑ Tryfstram to ma ke them. ꝙ. accordid the kynge wt hylde kynge arbe as at that tyme yt made a twoby yd lode day be twene them

Now tunne we a gayne vnto ꝑ Palomydes how sir Dynadan comforthyd hym m all ꝑ he myght fro me his grete sorowe What kynght ar ye seyde ꝑ Palo mydes ꝑ I am a kynght arraunte as ye be that gane sought you longe by yo shylde here w my shylde seyde ꝑ Palomy des wete you well and ye wolde ought ꝑ wt I wolle defende yt/ play seyde ꝑ Dynadan I wolle nat gane a do wt you but in good maner and yf ye wyll ye shalle fynde me sone redy // Dn seyde ꝑ Dynadan who ware ryde ye this way // Be my hede seyde Dn Palomydes I wote nat who but as fortune ledyth me // But garde ye of salve ye ought of sir Tryfstram Do god me helpe of ꝑ Tryfstram I bothe gerde and salve and nat for thy we love nat vnwardly well to gydyrs yet at my myscheffe ꝑ Tryfstram reskowed me fro my dethe and yet or he and I dested by bothe owre assen tys we assygned a day ꝑ we shulde gane mette at the stony grete that Merlyon sette be syde Camelot and ꝑ to gane done batayle to gydyrs how be yt I was lettyd seyde ꝑ Palo mydes that I myght nat holde my day Wherfore gentylth

The sone

me sore but / ſ gane a layrge expense for / ſ was ꝑsonere wt a
lorde and many op̄ mo and that / ſhall ſ Tryſtram well / vnder
ſtonde that / ſ bi abe qut / of no feare of / cowardyſe and then ſ
Palomydes tolde ſ Dynadan the ſame day that / they ſholde
gane mette Do god me / helpe ſeyde ſ Dynadan that / ſame day
mette ſ launcelot and ſ Tryſtram at / the ſame graue of / ſtone
and p̄ was p̄ moſte myghtyeſte batayle p̄ ever was / ſene in this
londe be twyxte .ij. knyghtſ for they fought / more than v. owr
res / and p̄ they bothe bled ſo muche blood that / all / men met-bur
led p̄ ever they myght / endure qut / and ſo by bothe p̄ aſſentyd they
were made frendys and ſworne bretherne for ever ſo no man
colde / ſaye p̄ better knyght / and now is ſ Tryſtram made a
knyght of / p̄ rounde table and ſe ſyttyth / in the ſrege of / the
noble knyghtſ ſ thanſalte Be my hede ſeyde ſ Palomydes
ſ Tryſtram yt ſarre knyghter than is ſ launcelot and p̄ gardyner
knyght ſ gane ye aſſayde them both ſeyde ſ Dynadan / ſ gane
ſayde ſ Tryſtram yt knyght / ſeyde ſ Palomydes but / nede ſir
launcelot to my wyttynge but at / the fountayne where lay ſ
launcelot on ſlepe and p̄ wt one ſpeare he ſmote downe ſ Tryſ-
tram and me ſ Palomydes But at / that tyme they knewe
nat / but / after ward / Now fayre knyght / ſeyde ſ Dynadan as
for ſ launcelot and ſ Palomydes lette them be for the warre
of / them wolle nat / be knyghtly wacchid of / no knyghtſ p̄ / knowe
lyvynge / So ſeyde ſ Palomydes god deffende but / and / gadde
a quarell / to the better of / them both / ſholde wt as good a wyll
fyght / wt them as wt you Bu / requyre you ſeyde ſ Dynadan
telle / me yo name and in good fayth / ſhall holde you company
tyll / that / we com to Camelot and p̄ ſhall ye gane grete wor-
ſchyp now at / this grete turnemente for there ſhall be quene
Gwenyn and labeale / ſiſter of Cornwayle / wyte you well /
ſ knyght for the love of / labeale / ſiſter / wolle / be there / telle

nat but I wolle nat game a do in kynge Arthurs courte Dis-
seyde sir Dynadan I shalle ryde wt you and do you knyghte so
ye wolle telle me youre name Syr ye shalle understonde
my name is Palomydes brothir unto sir Saphyre the
good knyght and sir Segwarydes and were Sarezyns
borne Dis I thanke you seyde sir Dynadan for I am glad
that I knowe yo name and by me ye shalle nat be hurte but
rather a vaunced and I may on my lyffe for ye shalle wynne
worshyp in the courte of kynge Arthure and be ryghte
welcome and so they dressed on yer helmys and put on there
shyldis and mounted upon yer horsys and tooke yer brode
way toward Camelot and than were they ware of a cas-
telle yt was fayre and ryche and also passynge stronge as
ony was wt in this realme Do sir Palomydes seyde to sir
Dynadan here is a castelle yt I knowe well yt in dwellyth
queene Morgan le fay kynge Arthurs sustyr and kynge
Arthure gaff hir this castelle by the waycke he hath ben
pented hym sythyn a dyvers tymes for sythen kynge Arthur
and she hath bene at debate yt stryff but this castelle conde
he neir gete nor wynne of hir by no man of engyne yt cowde
she myght she made warre on kynge Arthure and all
daungerous knyghtis she wythholdyth wt her for to dystroy
all thos knyghtis that kynge Arthure lovyth and yt shalle
no knyght passe this way but he muste juste wt one knyght
of wyth .v. or wt .vj. and yff hit hap yt kynge Arthurs
knyghte be beatyn he shalle lose his horse & harnes & all yt
he hath yt lande yff that he escape but yt he shalle be prisoner
So god me helpe seyde sir Palomydes this is a shamefull
and a vylanous vsage for a queene to use and namely to ma-
ke suche warre upon her owne lorde that is called yt floure
of curtesy that is crystyn oughr hethyn & wt all my harte I

wolle destroy thate shamefulle custom and I wolle þt alle þe worlde
wyte she shalle have no knyse of me and yf she sende oute
eny knyghte as I suppose she wolle to juste they shalle have
bothe there hondys fulle and I shalle nat fayle you seyde sir
Dynadan but to my grymmaunce vppon my lyfe Do as they
stoode on horse backe afore þe castelle þ cam a knyghte wyth
a rede shylde and .ij. squyers after hym and he cam strayte
vnto þ Palomydes and sayde fayre knyghte arraunte I
requyre the for the love þt owyste vnto knyghtlode that þ
wylle not have ado here wt this men of this castelle this þ
lamerok seyde for I cam hydir to sette this dede and thi is my
rebeyste and þ fore I be seche you knyghte lette me deale and
yf I be beatyn revenge me in the name of god seyde Sir
Palomydes lat se how ye wolle spede and we shalle be holde
you Thand anone come furth a knyghte of þ castelle and fynde
to juste wt the knyghte wyth þ rede shylde and anone they
encountyred togydirs and he wt þ rede shylde smote hym
so harde that he bare hym and to the erthe and þ wt anone
cam and opp knyghte of the castelle and he was smyttyn so sore
that he avoyded hys sadylle and furth wt all cam the thirde
knyghte and the knyghte wt þ rede shylde smote hym to the
erthe Thand cam sir Palomydes and he sought hym that
he myghte helpe hym to juste Now þ knyghte he seyde suffre
me as at this tyme to have my wylle for and they were
iij. knyghtes I shalle nat doute them and ever þ were vppon
the wallys of the castelle many lordys þt cryed and seyde
wolle have ye justed knyghte wt þ rede shylde But as sone
as the knyghte had smyttyn hem downe his squyers tobe þ
horsys and avoyded there sadylls and brydylls of the horsis and
turnede theym in to the forseyste and made the knyghtes to
be kepte to the ende of the justys Tyghte so cam forth of

the castell & fourthe knyght and fiersshly & fyrde to smyte wyth
the knyght wt the rede shylde and he was redy & he smote hym
so sore that horse & man felle to the erthe & the knyght backe
brake wt the falle & his necke also Anon sayde sr Palomydes
that yonder is a passynge good knyght and the beste juster that
ever I sawe Be my fayth sayde sr Gyuadan he is as good
as ever was sr Launcelot other sr Tristram what so knyght
so ever he be Than anone there came a knyght oute of the
castell wt a shylde bended wt blak & wt whyte and anone
the knyght wyth the rede shylde & he encountred so sore
that he smote the knyght off the castell thorow oute the
bended shylde & thorow the body & brake the horse backe
Sayre knyght sayde sr Palomydes ye have ow unckle ow
fayde for I pray you lette me juste for ye had nede
to be reposed Why sir sayde the knyght seme ye that I am wery
be & feeble & yf me thynketh ye profre me grete wronge
and shame ayenst I do welle I nolde for I telle you now as
I tolde you ayste and they were .vij. knyghtes I shall beate
them and yf I be beatyn of shame than may ye revenge
me and yf ye thynke that I be wery and ye have and appetyde
to juste wt me I shall fynde hym justynge I nowze Than
sayde he I sayde nat be cause that I wolde juste wt you
but me semyth ye have ow unckle ow fayde and there fore
and ye were I autyll sayde the knyght wt the rede shylde ye
wolde nat thus me no shame fore I requyre you to juste
wt me & ye shall fynde that I am nat wery Syth ye requyre
me sayde sr Palomydes take kepe to youre self Than they
iij knyghtes com to gyders as faste as the horses myght ren
and the knyght smote sr Palomydes so sore on the shylde that
the speare wente in to his syde and gave hym a grete
wounde & a pelous And the wt sr Palomydes aboyded his

sadyllt. And tha bwyght turned vnto ꝑ Dynadam and wha
he salve hym cōmynge he cryed a lowde and sayde sir wolt
nat hane a do wt̄ you but for tha he spared nat but com
stwayte vppon Do ꝑ Dynadam for shame put forth hys
speare and all to shyvrede hit vppon ye bwyght but he smote
ꝑ Dynadam a gayne so harde tha he bare hym frome hys
horse but he wolde nat suffyr hys squyer to meddyll wyth
thewe horsys and by cause they were bwyghtis auwaunte
Dha he dressid hym a gayne to the castell and justed wt̄
vn· bwyghtis no and ye was none of hem tha myght wt̄ stonde
hym but he have thew to the erthe and of those a· vij· bwyghtis
he slawe in playne justys· my· and the· vn· bwyghtis he made
thew to swere on ye crosse of a swerde tha they sholde neu
vse the dyvll customs of the castell and wha he made
thew to swere tha othe he lete them passe and stoode ye lor
dis and the ladyes on the castell wallys crynge & sernge
bwyght wt̄ ye rede he sayde merbayllously well done as ew
we salve bwyght do· And ye wt̄ come a bwyght oute of ye castell
warmed and seyde bwyght wt̄ ye rede shylde on muche dama
ge hane ye done this same day and ye shall returne whos
ye wolt for here ar no mo tha wolt hane a do wt̄ the for we
repente sore ye ew ye cam here for by the is for done all the
olde customes of this castell And wt̄ tha worde he turned
a gayne in to the castell and shett the patys Dha ye bwyght
wyth ye rede shylde turned and called hys squyer· and so
paste forth on hys way and rode a grete pace and wha
he had paste ꝑ Galomydes wente to ꝑ Dynadam & seyde
to hym I had neu sucche a shame of one bwyght tha ew
mette and ye shall I caste me to ryde after hym and to be
wrebenged vppon hym wt̄ my swerde for on horse bacbe I
deme I shall gete no worshyp of hym and for this cause

that ye have seene hym this day have had ow muche to done / & ow muche trabayled // Be all myghty Jesu seyde sr Palomydes / shall neuer be at ease tyll that I have had a do wt hym Dn seyde sr Dynadan / shall gyue you mybe gold ynge. Well seyde sr Palomydes Than shall ye se how we shall redresse owre myghtis Do they tobe there horsys of p varlettis and rode after the knyght wt pe rede sheylde and downe in a valay be syde a fountayne they were ware where he was a lyght to repose hym and had done of his helme for to drynke at pe welle / Than sr Palomydes rode faste tyll he came nyze hym and than he seyde knyght remembre ye me and of the same dede p ye ded to me late at the castell Where fore ye dresse pe for I wolle have a do wt the / fayre knyght seyde sr Lancelot of me ye wynne no worshyp for ye have seene this that I have be trabayled sore // do for that seyde sr Palomydes I wolle nat lette for wyte you well I wolle be revenged well seyde p knyght I may happyn to endure you and there wt all he mounted vpon his horse and tobe a grete speare in his honde redy to juste // Nay seyde sr Palomydes I wolle nat juste for I am sure at justynge I gete no pryce Now fayre knyght sayde he yt wolde be seene a knyght to juste & to fyght on horse backe // ye shall se what I wolle do seyde sr Palomydes And pwt he alyght downe vpon foote and dressed his sheylde a fore hym and pulled oute his swerde Than the knyght wt the rede sheylde descended downe from his horse and dressed his sheylde a fore hym and so he dreuve oute his swerde and than they come to gydyrs a softe pace and wondurly they layssed to gydyrs passynge thycke the mowntenaunce of an owre or ellis they breethed Than they treased and trauced and weyed wondurly wyo the and ayther be fyghte ofte dede they hewe so faste wyth

there seuenth that they putte downe halfe ye shyldis and
they come to gydyns on helmys & mayles that the bare
fleyshe in sondry places stoode a bowyd there harneys and
wyghan ye Palomydes be hylde his felowys sweride on heled
w^t his blood hit grebed hym sore and sond whyle they soy-
ned and somwhyle they strake downe as wylde mene
But at the laste ye Palomydes wayed wondir fayute by
cause of his fyrste wounde that he had at ye castell wyth a
speare for that wounde grebed hym wondirly sore. Now
fayre knyght sayde ye Palomydes me semyth we haue
assayed ayth of passyngly well and yff it may please you
of yo knyght gode to telle me yo name. Sir he sayde that
id me nygh lothe for ye haue done me grete wronge &
no knyght gode to pfyn me batayle consyderynge my grete
trabayle But and ye wolle telle me youre name I wolle
telle you mync Sir wyte you well my name is ye Pa
lomydes Thand ye shalle vnd-stonde my name is Sir
lamerobe de Galys sone and ayre vnto the good knyght
and kynge kynge Pellynore and ye Torre The good knyt
id my halfe brothir wyghan sir Palomydes had hende hym
sey so he kneled a downe and asked mercy for outrageously
haue done to you this day consyderynge the grete dedis
of armys I haue sene you done & shamefully and vnkynthy
I haue requyred you to do batayle w^t me. & ye Palomydes
seyde ye lamerok ouermuche haue ye done and seyde to me
and there wyth he pulled hym vp wyth his bothe hon
dis and seyde ye Palomydes the worthy knyght in all
this londe is no bettir than ye be nor more of prowes
and me repentys sore that we shulde fyght to gydirs
So hit dothe nat me seyde ye Palomydes and yett I am
sore wounded than ye be but as for that I shalle sone

be sole ¶But sayenly I wolde nat for the fayrest castell
in this londe but yf ye and I had mette for I shalle lobe
you dayes of my lyff a fore all op̄ knyghtis excepte my
brop̄ sr Dapin̄ I say the same seyde sr launcelote excepte
my brop̄ sir Borre ¶than cam sr Dynadan and he ma
de grete ioy of sr launcelot ¶than p̄ squyer dressed
bothe p̄ shyldis and p̄ garnes and stapes and womudis and
p̄ by at a pryory they rested them all nyght ¶ Now turne
we a gayne p̄ wgan sr Wayne and sr Brandyles wt
his felowys cam to the courte of kynge arthure and they
tolde the kynge sr launcelot and sr Tristram how sr Da
gonet the foole chaced kynge ryanbe thorow out p̄ fores
te and how p̄ stronge knyght smote them downe all. vij
wt one spere ¶than p̄ was grete lawghynge at sappynge
at kynge ryanbe and at sr Dagonet ¶But all thos knyghtis
conde nat telle what knyght sir was p̄ rescowed kynge
ryanbe ¶than they asked of kynge ryanbe yf p̄ the knewe
hym and he answerde & sayde he named hym selff p̄ knyght
that folowed the queste kynge beste and in that name he sent
onte one of my varlettis to a place where was his modr
and when she harde from whens he cam she made passyng
grete dole and so dis conde to my varlette his name and
seyde a my dere son sr Palomydes whp wolde yf nat se
me and there fore I seyde kynge ryanbe sir is to undr
stonde his name is sr Palomydes a noble knyght ¶than
¶than were all p̄ vij knyghtis passyng glad that they
knewe his name ¶ Now turne we a gayne for for on
the morne they tobe p̄ horsys bothe sr launcelote sr Palomy
des and sr Dynadan whych p̄ squyer and varlettis tylle
they sawe a fayre castell that stoode on a mountayne
well closyd and thyder they rode and p̄ they fonde a knyght

that knyght ſ Galiagaltе that was lorde of that caſtell ſ ꝑ
they had grete chere and were well eaſed ſo ſ Dynadan
ſeyde to ſ launcelot what wolt ye do / Dw I wolt to morne
to the courte of kynge arthure Be my fayth ſeyde ſ Palo
mydes I wolt nat ryde this .x. dayes for I am ſore hurte
and mache blode ſ ꝑ fore I wolt repoſe me here
Truly ſeyde ſ launcelot and I wolt abyde here wyth you
and whan ye ryde than wolt I ryde onles that ye tarry ou
longe Than wolt I take myne horſe Where fore I pray
you ſ Dynadan abyde ye and ryde wt vs / ffayrly
ſeyde ſ Dynadan I wolt nat abyde for I have ſuche a ta
lente to ſe Sir Triſtram that I may nat abyde longe
from hym / Alſ Dynadan ſeyde ſ Palomydes now do I
vnderſtonde that ye love my mortall enemy and ꝑ fore
how ſholde I truſte you Wryte you well ſeyde ſ Dynadan
I love my lorde ſ Triſtram abouyn all othir knyght and
hym wolt I ſerve and do honoure So ſhall I ſeyde ſ lance
lote in all that I may wt my power Do on the morne ſ
Dynadan rode vnto the courte of kynge arthur and
by the way as he rode he ſawe where ſtoode an armed
knyght and made hym redy for to juſte / Nat ſo ſeyde ſ
Dynadan for I have no wylle to juſte Wyth me ſhall
ye juſte ſeyde the knyght or that ye paſſe this way / ſir
whey aſke you juſtys of love othir of hate The knyghte
anſwerde and ſeyde Wyte you well I aſke hit for love
and nat of hate hit may well be ſeyde ſ Dynadan but
ye proffyr me harde love whan ye wolde juſte wt me
Wyth an harde ſpeare But fayre knyght ſeyde ſ Dy
nadan Wythyn ye wolt juſte wt me mete Wyth me
in the courte of kynge arthure and ꝑ I ſhall juſte wyth
you well ſeyde the knyght ſythyn ye wolt not juſte wyth

me I pray you telle me yo name & bycause my name yo
& Dynadan & seyde that bycause full well knowe I you
for a good bycause and a jantyll and wyte you well & I
lobe you gentyly Than shall leve be no justyd seyde Sy
Dynadan be twyxte vs Bo they dessyted and the same day
the cond to Camelot where lay bruce dartoure and there he
salewed ye bruce & the quene & Cauncelot and & Tryst̄n
and all ye courte was glad of & Dynadans Comynge fo
me for he was jantyll wyse & a good bycause and m a
special & Trystram lobed & Dynadan passyngly well
Than the bruce asked & Dynadan what adventures
he had sene Sir seyde & Dynadan I sawe seyne many ad
ventures and of sowe bruce thanke knowyth but nat all
Than ye bruce demaunded to & Dynadan how he tolde ye &
Palomydes and he were by fore ye castell of ayorgan le
fay and how & lanceroke tolde ye justyd a fore then & how
he for justed vij. bycausef and of them. iij. he slew and how
after that he smote downe & Palomydes and me bothe I
may nat be lybe ye seyde the bruce for & Palomydes is
a passynge good bycause Than is verey trouthe seyde sir
Dynadan but yett I sawe eyn better proved hande for
hande and then he tolde ye bruce of all that batayle and
how & Palomydes was the more wayber and sorer was
smyte and more he loste of his blood than Sir lanceroke
and w̄oute doute seyde & Dynadan had the batayle lasted
ony lenger & Palomydes had be slayne a syn seyde bruce
dartoure this is to me a grete merbayle Sir seyde &
Trystram merbayle ye no thynge ye of for at myne
advyce there is nat a valyaunter bycause in ye worlde by
bruce for I know his mygth and how wolle I say you
was neuer so wery of bycause but yf hit were my lorde sir

launcelot and ꝑ is no knyght in the worlde except ꝑ launcelot that I wolde ded so well as ꝑ launcelot Do god me helpe seyde ꝑ kynge I wolde sayne ꝑ knyght ꝑ launcelot wolde come to this counte Sir seyde ꝑ Dynadan ye wolde be leve in shorte space and ꝑ palomydes bothe but I leve me that ꝑ palomydes may nat yett travayle Do wyth m. ni. dayes after the kynge lete make a justenynge at a pryory fromme the justys and ꝑ made them redy many knyghtes of ꝑ rounde table and ꝑ Gawayne and his brethren they made them redy to juste but ꝑ launcelot Syr Trystram nor ꝑ Dynadan wolde nat juste but suffryd Sir Gawayne for the love of kynge Arthure with his brethren to wynne the degre yf they myght Do on ꝑ morow they appayred them to juste ꝑ Gawayne and his iii. brethren they ded grete dedis of armys and ꝑ Ector de Maryse ded mervaylously well But ꝑ Gawayne passed all that felyshyp where fore kynge Arthure and all ꝑ knyghtes gave ꝑ Gawayne the honoure and ꝑ begynynge bycause he was kynge Arthure wave of a knyght and ii. squyers that coud ryde of a forey stis hyde with a coverd shylde of lether Than he cam in styffly and hurled here and there and anone w̄ one speare he had smytten downe ij. knyghtes of the rounde table and so with his grete kynge he loste the coverynge of his shylde Than was the kynge and all ware that he bare a rede shylde a stern seyde kynge Arthure se where rydyth a strong knyght he with ꝑ rede shylde and ꝑ was a noyse and a grete cry be ware ꝑ knyght w̄ the rede shylde Do with in a lytyll while he had ouerthrowyn. iii. brethren of ꝑ Gawaynes Do god me helpe seyde kynge Arthure me semyth youdu is the beste juster that ever I sawe Do

he loked a bonte and saw hym encountr wt̄ ꝑ Gawayne the
smote hym downe wt̄ so grete force that he made his horse
to avoyde his sadyll / how now seyde ꝑ kynge to ꝑ Gaway
ne me thynkyth ye have a falle well were me ꝑ I knew
what knyght he were wt̄ the rede sayelde I know hym well
I nowze seyde ꝑ Dynadan but as at this tyme ye shall not
know his name Be my hede seyde ꝑ Tristram he justyth
bett̄ than ꝑ Palomydes and yf ye lyste to know his name
wt̄ ꝑ launcelot de galys and as they stood thus they saw sir
Gawayne and he encountred to gedr a gayne ꝑ there he
smote ꝑ Gawayne from his horse and bruised hym sore ꝑ
in the fyght of kynge Arthure he smote downe xv. knyghtis
be fyde ꝑ Gawayne and so cheerly was ꝑ prynce pervyn hym
as a knyght pierceles Than shyly and merveylously Sr.
launcelot wyth drewe hym from all the felyshyp in to
the forcyst syde all this aspyed kynge Arthure for his
yze went̄ neir frome hym Than the kynge ꝑ launcelot
and ꝑ Tristram and ꝑ Dynadan tobe there habenayes
and rede strayte after ꝑ good knyght ꝑ launcelot de galis
and there fownde hym and thus seyde kynge a fayre knyght
well be ye fownde / Whan he saw the kynge he put off
his helme and salewed hym and whan he sawe ꝑ Tris
tram he a lyghte a downe of his horse and ran to take hym
by the stirroppe But ꝑ Tristram wolde nat suffir hym
but he a lyghte or that he cam and ayn̄ toke other in armys
and made grete joy off ayn̄ Than the kynge was gladde
so was all the felyshyp off the rounde table excepte sir
Gawayne and his brethyne and whan they wyste that knyght
was ꝑ launcelot they had grete displyte off hym that were
wonderly wrothe wyth hym that he had put hym to such
a dishonowre that day / Than he called to hym prevaly

in counceyle all this breyne and to them seyde this: Fayre breyne geve may ye se whom ye we hate kynge Arthure lady[th] and whom that we love ge: hat[th] and wyte you well my fayre breyne that this ye Lamerok[e] wolde never love vs be cause we slew his fadir kynge Pellynor for we demed that he slew oure fadir kynge lotte of Orkeney and for the det[h] of kynge Pellynor ye Lamerok[e] ded vs a shame to oure modir therefore I wolde be revenged Then seyde ye Galwayned breyne late se dewyse how ye wolde be revenged & ye shalle fynde vs redy Well seyde ye Galvayne holde ye stylle and we shalle aspye oure tyme // Nowpase we on oure mater and leve we ye Galwayne and speke we of kynge Arthure that on a day seyde vnto kynge Ban[k]e sir I pray you gyffe me a gyffte that I shalle aske you // Then seyde kynge Ban[k]e I wolle gyffe you what gyffte I may gyffe you // Then gramcy seyde kynge Arthure this wolle I aske you that ye be good lorde vnto ye Trystram for he is a mad of grete honoure and that ye wolle take hym wt you in to Cornwayle and late hym se his frendis & there cherysshe hym for my sake // Then seyde kynge Ban[k]e I pro myse you be my fayth and by the fayth that I owe vnto god and to you I shalle worshyp hym for youre sake all that I can or may // Then seyde kynge Arthure and I wolle for gyffe you all the evylle wylle that ever I ought you and ye sware yt vppon a boobe a fore me Wyth a good wyll seyde kynge Ban[k]e and so he yt sware vppon a boobe a fore hym and all his knyghtis And yt wt kynge Ban[k]e and ye Trystram tobe ayy[n] other by the houdis gave buylle to gy dyr[e] But for all this kynge Ban[k]e thought falsely as hit proved after for he put ye Trystram in prison and cowardly wolde have slayne hym // Then sone after

kynge Arthur take his leve to ryde in to Comwayle And
sir Tristram made him redy to ryde with him Where of the
moste pty of the vounde table were wrothe and sory
in especiall sir launcelot and sir lamerok and sir Dynadan
were wrothe oute of measure for well they wyste that
kynge Arthur wolde sle or destroy sir Tristram Alas seyde
sir Dynadan that my lorde sir Tristram shall depte and sir
Tristram take such a sorow that he was a mased // Alas
seyde sir launcelot vnto kynge Arthure What have ye
done for ye shall lose yͤ man of moste worshyp that
ever cam in to youre courte // Why quod he owne
desyre seyde kynge Arthure and there fore I myght
nat do wyth all for I have done all that I cam and
made them at accorde // Accorde seyde sir launcelotte
now fye on that accorde for ye shall have yͤ shame
destroy sir Tristram or put him in to gresom fore de
th the moste colwarde of yͤ vylaunste kynge and knyght
yͤt is now lyvynge and there with sir launcelot depted and
cam to kynge Arthur and sayde to him thus Sir kynge
wyte you well the good knyght Sir Tristram shall
go with the be ware I rede the of treson for and yͤ myss
chyff that knyght by ony maner of falsehode or treson by
yͤ fayth I ame to god and to the ordre of knyghthode
I shall sle the myne owne hondis Sir launcelot of much
have ye sayde vnto me and I have sworne and seyde ofte
largely a fore kynge Arthure and the kynge of all the
knyghtis and of much shame that were to me to breke
my promyse // ye sey well seyde sir launcelot but ze ar cal
led so false and fulle of felony that no man may be leve
you // Lorde god is knowyn well for what cause ye cam
in to this contrey and for none of my cause but to sle sir

kynge Marke to be gyffe leve to ryde w^t to Camelvayle And
ꝑ Tryſtram made gyrnd redy to ryde w^t gynd Where of the
moſte ꝑte of the rounde table Were Wroth and gedy
w^t especiall ꝑ launcelot And ꝑ lamerok and ꝑ Dynadan
Were Wroth oute of meſure ffor Well they Wyſte that
kynge Marke Wolde ſle or deſtroy ꝑ Tryſtram Alas ſeyde
ꝑ Dynadan that my lorde ꝑ Tryſtram ſhall depte And ꝑ
Tryſtram to be ſuche a ſorow that he Was a maſed // Alas
ſeyde ſir launcelot Vnto kynge Arthure What have ye
done for ye ſhall loſe yͤ mayd of moſte Worſhyp that
ever came in to youre courte // Sir quod he gyffe ouvne
deſyre ſeyde kynge Arthure and thave fore I myght
nat do Wyth all ffor I have done all that I can and
made thend at accorde // Acorde ſeyde ꝑ launcelotte
now fye on that accorde for ye ſhall have yͤ ye ſhall
deſtroy ꝑ Tryſtram oꝑ put gynd in to preſon for he
is the moſte cowarde of yͤ wrlaumſte kynge and knyght
yͤ is now lyvynge And thave w^t ꝑ launcelot depted and
came to kynge Marke and ſayde to gynd thus Sir kynge
Wryte youre Well the good knyght Sir Tryſtram ſhall
go w^t the be Ware I rede the of treſon for and yͤ myſ-
chyff that knyght by ony mayd of falſehode or treſon by
yͤ fayth I awe to god and to the ordre of knyghthode
I ſhall ſle the myne owne hondis Sir launcelot ond much
have ye ſayde Vnto me and I have ſworne and ſeyde on
lawgely a fore kynge Arthure and kynge of all thys
knyghte and on much ſhame that Were to me to breke
my gwyſe // ye ſey Well ſeyde ꝑ launcelot but ze ar cal
led ſo falſe and fulle of felony that no mayd may be leve
you // Ode quod he knowyn Well for What cauſe ye came
in to this contrey and for none oꝑ cauſe but to ſle kyn-

was ware ꝑ Gaheryꝺ and rode afore ꝑ ſame nyght and wayted vppon ꝑ lamerok and thaw he ſy where he cam ryꝺynge all armed and where he alyght and tyed his horſe to a prebay poſtrew and ſo he wente in to a parler all vnarmed hym and thaw he wente vnto the quenys bed and ſhe made of hym paſſynge grete ioy and he of her a gayne for ayꝑ lovid oꝑ paſſynge ſore. Bot whan ꝑ Gaheryꝺ ſawe his tyme he cam to there beddis ſyde all armed with his ſwerde in hed and ſuddanly he gate his modir by the heyre ꝑ ſtraite of her hede // whan ꝑ lamerok ſawe the blood dayſſhe vppon hym all hote whyche was the bloode that he lovid paſſyng well wyte you well he was ſore abayſſhed and diſmayed of ꝑ dolerous hyght and ꝑ wt all ꝑ lamerok lepte onte of ꝑ bed in his ſhurte as a knyght diſmayed ſayinge thus a Sir Gaheryꝺ knyght of the table rounde fowle and evyll haue ye done and to you grete ſhame alas why haue ye ſlayne youre modir that bare you for wt more vyght ye ſhulde haue ſlayne me. Thé offence haſte ꝑ done ſeyde ꝑ Gaheryꝺ nat withſtondynge a man ſo borne to offir his bruſe but yett ſholdeſt you be ware wt reaſon you medelyſt for you haſte put my brethir and me to a ſhame and thy fadir ſlew oure fadir and you to ly by oure modir is to muche ſhame for vs to ſuffir and as for thy fadir kynge Pellynor my brothir ꝑ Galhayne and I ſlew hym // ye ded the more wronge ſeyde ꝑ lamerok for my fadir ſlew nat yo fadir but was Balyn le ſalvage and as yett my fadyrs deth is nat revenged // leve thoo wordy ſeyde ꝑ Gaheryꝺ for and you ſpeke vylamſly I wolle ſle the but by cauſe you arte naked I am aſhamed to ſle the But wyte you well in what place I may gete the I wolle ſle the and now is my modir myrte of the for ſhe ſhal-neid ſhame her ſelfe dyꝺ and therfore fore hyde the and wyth-

drawe the and take thyne armꝭ that ꝑ were gone // Do Sir lamerok saw ꝑ was none oꝑ boote but faste armed hym and tobe his horse and roode his way makynge grete sorow But for shame and sorowe he wolde nat ryde to kynge Arthurs courte but rode an oꝑ way But wha̅ his knowyng that ꝑ Gaheryꝭ had slayne his modr the kynge was wrothe and co̅manded hym to go oute of his courte Wyte you well ꝑ Gawayne was wrothe that ꝑ Gaheryꝭ had slayne his modr and lete ꝑ lamerok astape and forthis mater was ye kynge passynge wrothe and many oꝑ knyghtꝭ. Sir seyde ꝑ launcelot here is a grete myschefe fallyn by fellony and by foule caste ye kyng hath his systr slayne and I dare say that was wrongfully by treson and I dare say also that ye shall lose that good knyght sir lamerok and I wote well ꝑ Sir tristra̅ wyste that he wolde nevꝭ come w̅in ye courte God defende seyde kynge Arthur that I sholde lese ꝑ lamerok yes seyde ꝑ launcelot for sir Gawayne and his brethre̅ wolle sle hym by one meane oꝑ by a nodꝭ That shall I lette seyde kynge Arthur now leve we of ꝑ lamerok and speke we of ꝑ Gawayne and his brethre̅ ꝑ Agrauayne and ꝑ Mordred as they rode on ye adventured they mette with a knyght flyynge sore wounded and they asked hym what tydynge seyde he slayne knyght sayde he here comyth a knyght after me that wolle sle me Do with that come ꝑ Synadan fastrydynge to them by adventure but he wolde promyse them none helpe But ꝑ Agrauayne and ꝑ Mordred promysed to reskowe hym and there w̅all come ye knyght streyte vnto them and anone he assayde to juste That sawe ꝑ Mordred and rode to hym and strake hym but he smote Sir Mordred oꝑ his horse tayle That sawe ꝑ Agrauayne

and wyght so as he fued ꝑ Ayordred so he fued ꝑ Aggrabayne and wyte you well fyrre bothe that and ꝑ Brewnys Sauuze pite that hath done thus to you and yet he rode on ꝑ Aggrabayne v. or vj. tymes Whan ꝑ Dynadan saw this he muste nedis muste wt hym forshame and so ꝑ Dynadan and he encountyrd to gydyrs But wyth myne strengthe ꝑ Dynadan smote hym on his horse tayle Than he tobe his horse and fledde for he was on foote one of the valyaunte knyghtis in artha dayes and a grete dystroyer of all good knyghtis Than rode ꝑ Dynadan vnto ꝑ Ayordred and vnto ꝑ Aggrayne Sir knyght well hane ye done Well hane ye reden ged vs where fore we pray you tell vs yo name fayre fyrs ye ought to knowe my name whyche is called ꝑ Dynadan Whan they vnderstode that it was ꝑ Dynadan they were more wrothe than they were before for they hated hym oute of measure by cause of ꝑ lamerote for ꝑ Dynadan had such a custom that he loved all good knyghtis that were valyaunte and he hated all tho that were destroyers of good knyghtis and ꝑ was none that hated ꝑ Dynadan but tho that ou were called mur theuers Than spake the knyte knyght that Brewnes Sauuze pite had chaced his name was Dalan and sayde vpon be ꝑ Dynadan pon sleve my fadir knyght myght well be so seyde ꝑ Dynadan but than knyght was w my defence and at his requeste be my rede seyde Dalyn pon shalt dye there fore and ꝑ wt he dressed his speare and his shylde ꝑ to make shorte tale ꝑ Dynadan smote hym downe of his horse that his necke was nye brokyn and in the same wyse he smote ꝑ Ayordred and ꝑ Aggrabayne and after w the queste of ꝑ Sankgreal.

cdwardly and felonsly they slew ꝑ Dynadan whyche was a
grete bounder & a passynge good knyght and so ꝑ Dyna-
dan rode to a castell that hyght Beal valet and there
he founde ꝑ Palamydes that was nat hole of the
wounde that ꝑ lamerok gaff hym and there ꝑ Dyna-
dan tolde ꝑ Palomydes all the tydyngs ꝑ he harde &
sawe of ꝑ Trystram and how he was gone wt hynge
Arthur and wyth hym he hath all his wylle & desyre
There wt ꝑ Palomydes wepyd wrothe for he lovyd
la beale Isode and than he wyste well that ꝑ Trystram
enjoyed her Now leve we ꝑ Palomydes and ꝑ Dyna-
dan in the castell of Beale valet and turne we a gay-
ne vnto hynge Arthure There came a knyght oute of
Cornwayle his name was ꝑ Sewgus a felow of the
rounde table & ꝑ he tolde the hynge and ꝑ launcelot
good tydyngis of ꝑ Trystram and ꝑ was brought
goodly lettyrs & how he lefte hym in ꝑ castell of Dyn-
tagyll Than came a damesell that brought goodly
lettyrs vnto hynge Arthure and vnto ꝑ launcelot &
there she had passynge good chere of the hynge & of
ꝑ quene and of ꝑ launcelot and so they wrote goodly
lettyrs a gayne But ꝑ launcelot bade ev ꝑ Trystram
be ware of hynge Arthur for ev he called hym in his
lettirs hynge Fore as ye shall saye he fawyth all they
wt wylys and tresoun Where of ꝑ Trystram in his
herte thanked ꝑ launcelot Than the damesell wente
vnto la beale Isode and bare her lettirs frome ꝑ hynge
and from ꝑ launcelot Where of she was in grete joy
Fayre damesell seyde Isode how fawyth my lorde Ar-
thure and quene Gwenyn and ꝑ noble knyght Sir
launcelot she answerd & to make shorte tale muche

the lettre that ye and ſ Tryſtram bene in ioy God re-
warde them ſeyde Iſode for ſ Tryſtram hath ſuffred
grete payne for me and I for hym // Do ſ dameſelle
depted and brought ſ lettres to kynge Marke ſ when
he had rad them and vnderſtonde them he was wroth
wyth ſ Tryſtram for he demed ſ̄ he had ſente ſ̄ dame-
ſelle to kynge Arthure for kynge Arthur and ſ Launce-
lot / ſith a mayd tretyd kynge Marke in his lette and
as kynge Marke red thus lettres he demede treſon
by ſ Tryſtram dameſelle ſeyde kynge Marke wolde ye
ryde a gayne and bene lettres fro me vnto kynge
Arthure Sir ſhe ſeyde I wolde be at yowre comaundement
to ryde whan ye wylle // ye ſey wel ſeyde the kynge Com-
ye a gayne to morne and fecche yowre lettres Than
ſhe depted ſ̄ came to la beale Iſode and to ſ Tryſtram ſ̄
tolde them how ſhe ſholde ryde a gayne w̄ lettres to
kynge Arthure Than we pray you ſeyde they that
whan ye haue reſceyved yowre lettres that ye wolde
come by vs that we may ſe the ſpryte of yowre lettres
All that I may do madame ye wote wel I muſte do
for ſ Tryſtram for I ſaue be longe his owne may
dyd // So on the morne the dameſelle wente vnto
kynge Marke to haue reſceyved his lettres and to
depte // Dameſelle I am nat alyſed ſeyde kynge
Marke as at this tyme to ſende my lettres But ſo
preyvely and ſecretely he ſente lettres vnto kynge
Arthure and vnto quene Gwenyu and vnto ſ Lau-
celot / So the varlet depted ſ̄ fonde ſ̄ kynge and the
quene ſith walyd at Carlyon and as ſ̄ kynge and ſ̄
quene was at maſſe ſ̄ varlet came wyth the lettres
And whan maſſe was done the kynge ſ̄ the quene

opened the lettres prevayly and to be syr the kynges
lettres spake wondirly sore sporte vnto kynge Arthure
and bade syr consuete wt syr self and wyth his
wyff and of his knyghtis for he was able to rule
his wyff and his knyghtis // Whan kynge Arthure
vndirstode the lettir he mused off many thyngis and
thought off his fyrst wordis quene Igerayne saye
that she had seyde be tweyne quene Gwenyvere and sr
launcelot and in this thought he studyed a grete
whyle / Than he be thought hym a gayne how his
owne fistir was his enemy and that she hated the
quene and sr launcelot to the deth and so he put
all out off his thought Than kynge Arthure had
the lettir a gayne and the lattir clause seyde that kynge
Ayanbe hade sr Tristram for his mortall enemy
Wherefore he put kynge Arthure oute off doute
he wolde be revenged off sr Tristram Than was
kynge Arthure wrothe wyth kynge Ayanbe / Whan
quene Gwenyvere had his lettir and vndirstode wyth
she was wrothe oute off mesure for the lettir spake
shame by her and by sr launcelot and so prevayly she
sente the lettir vnto sr launcelot and Whan he wyste
the entente off the lettir he was so wrothe that he layde
hym downe on his bed to slepe Where off sr Dynadan
was ware for wyth was his maner to be prevy wt
all good knyghtis and as sr launcelot slepte he stale
the lettir oute off his honde and rad wyth wonde by
wonde and than he made grete sorow for anguisshe
and sr launcelot so wakened and went to a wyndowe
and redde the lettir a gayne Whyche made
hym angry Therfore seyde sr Dynadan Wherefore be

ye angry / pray you dyscon yͦ arte to me ffor parde ye
knowe well / that / wolde you but well / for / am a poore
knyght / and a seruyture vnto you and to all / good knyzth
ffor thought / be nat / of worship my self / love all /
tho that bene of worship and / no trouthe seyde ſ Lanu=
celot / ye ar a trusty knyght / and for grete trust / wol.
ſhewe you my conuceyle and whan ſ Dynadan vn
derstoode and well / he seyde ſ thus / my conuceyle
sette you ryght / nought / by thes thretenyngs ffor.
bynge dayre / so vylanne a knyght / that / by fayre
speche shall / neid man gete ought of / hym / But / ye
ſ shall / se what / shall / do. / wolle / make a lay for
hym and whan and / made / made and harpe to bring
and / shall / afore hym / and so anone he wente and made
and / taught / and / to ayn harpe that / knyght / Elyot / and
whan he cowde / and / he taught / and / to many harpers
and so by the wylle of bynge arthure and of Sir
launcelot / the harpers wente in to walys and so
to Cornuwayle to synge the lay that ſ Dynadan mad
de by bynge dayre / whyche was the worste lay þ
and harpers songe wt harpe or wt ony of instrumet /

Now turne we a gayne vnto ſ Tristram and
to bynge dayre / how as ſ Tristram was
at / a iustys and at / a turnemente and / fortuned he
was sore hurte bothe wt a speare and wt a swerde
But / yet all / wayes he wan the gre and for to re
pose hym he wente to a good knyght / that / dwelled
in Cornuwayle in a castell / whos name was Sir
Dynas the seneschall / So by mysse fortune there
come oute of Dyssoyne a grete nombre of men of

armys and an sedeond oste and they entyred wyte the castell
of Tyntagyll and the capteus name was ꝑ Elyad a good
man of armys / Whan kynge arthure undrstood his enemy-
es were entyred in to his londe he made grete dole & sorow
for in no wyse by his good wylle kynge arthure wolde nat
sende for ꝑ Tristram for he hated hym dedly Do whan his
counceyle was comen they delyfred and caste many pellys of ꝑ
grete strengthe of the enemyes and than they concluded all
attonys and seyde thus vnto kynge arthure Sir wyte you
well ye must sende for ꝑ Tristram the good knyght or
ellys they wolle nede be oure conqueror by ꝑ Tristram they must
be sought ꝑ with or ellys we wolle a yense ꝑ streme / Well
seyde kynge arthure / Wolle do by youre counceyle but yette
he was full lothe ꝑ to but nede constrayned hym to sende for
hym and so he was sente fore in all haste that myght be
that he sholde come to kynge arthure and whan he vndrstoode
that he had sente for hym he be strode a soffte .imbulat vode
to kynge arthure and whan he was come the kynge seyde thus
Fayre nevew ꝑ Tristram this is all the cause we be come oure enemy
es of Cessoyne that are here ny londe and w̄oute tarryynge
they must be mette with shortly or ellys they wolle destroy
this contrey / Sir seyde ꝑ Tristram wyte you well all my
power is at yo comandement / But ꝑ this .vij. dayes I may
beare none armys for my wondis be nat hole and by ꝑ day
I shall do what I may / Ye say well seyde kynge arthure Than
go ye a gayne and repose you and make you fresshe and I
shall go mete ꝑ Cessoynes w̄ all my power. So the kynge
departed vnto Tyntagyll and ꝑ Tristram went to repose hym
and the kynge made a grete oste and departed them in .iij. Che
fyrste ꝑte ledde ꝑ Dynas the seneschall and ꝑ Andret led
the secunde ꝑte and ꝑ Argyus led the thyrde ꝑte and he was

of the bloode of kynge Arthur and the Bessoynes had .m. gre
te batayles and many good men of armys and so kynge
Arthur by the advyce of his knyghtes yssued oute of ye cas
tell of Tyntagyll vppon his enemyes and ꝑ Dynas the
good knyght rode oute a fore and sleve .v. good knyghtes
his owne houdis and than he gan the batayles and there
was merbaylous bredynge of speares and sure dynge of
swerdys and bylled downe many good knyghtes and ever was
ꝑ Dynas the seneschall beste of kynge Arthurs ꝑty ⁊ thus
the batayle endured longe w^t^ grete mortalyte But at the
laste kynge Arthur and ꝑ Dynas were they nere so lothe they
were drevyn to the castell of Tyntagyll w^t^ grete slaughte
of people and the Bessoynes folowed on faste that ye .vij.
than were getyn wythin the yatys and .m. slayne with
the portecolyes Than kynge Arthur sente for ꝑ Trystram
by a varlet a gayne that tolde hym of all the mortalyte
Than he sente the varlet a gayne and bade hym telle
kynge Arthur that I wolde com as sone as I am hole for
arste I may do hym no goode Than kynge Arthur gadde
hys answere and there w^t^ cam Elyas and bade ꝑ kynge
yelde vp the castell for ye may not holde hit no wyse
Sir Elyas seyde kynge Arthur and yff he nat ꝑ soner
restowed I muste yelde vp this castell and anone the
kynge sente a yen for restow to ꝑ Trystram and by that
tyme ꝑ Trystram was hyze hole and he had getyn hym
ye .vij. good knyghtes of kynge Arthurs and with them he rode
vnto Tyntagyll and whan he salve the grete ost of Bes
soynes he merbayled wondir gretly and than ꝑ Trystram
rode by the woodys and by the dychis as secretely as he
myght tyll he cam ny the gatis and anone there dressed
a knyght to hym Whan he salve that ꝑ Trystram wolde

hane entard Dhan ſ Tryſtram rad to hym and ſmote hym
downe dede and ſo he ſued .vj. mo and enyese of the ſe .x
bu ght ſleave a man of armys Do ſ Tryſtram cutyde
m to the yatys of Dyntagyll and whan hynge marke wyſte
that ſ Tryſtram was com he was glad of his comynge and
ſo was all ye felyſhip and of hym they made grete ioy and
on the morne Elyas the captayne cam and bade hynge
marke com out and do batay for now the good knyght
Sir Tryſtram is cutyd and ſyt wolle be ſhame ſeyde Elyas
for to bere thy wallys // Whan hynge marke vnderſtoode
this he was wrothe and ſeyde no worde but went to
ſ Tryſtram and axed hym his counceyle Sir ſeyde Sir
Tryſtram wolle ye that I gyffe hym his answere I wolle
well ſeyde hynge marke Dhan ſ Tryſtram ſeyde thus to
the meſſengere beare thy lorde worde frome ye hynge
and me and ſey how ye we wolle do batayle to morne with
hym in the playne fylde // Sir what is ye name ſeyde ye
meſſengere Sir wyte you well my name is ſ Tryſtram
de lyones Do thare w^t all ye meſſengere departed and tolde
his lorde Elyas Sir ſeyde ſ Tryſtram I pray you gyffe
me leve to hane the rule of youre oſte to morowe Sir
I pray you take the rule ſeyde hynge marke Dhan Sir
Tryſtram lete devyſe the batayle in what man ye they
ſholde be Do he lete his oſte be departed in .iij. batayles
and ordayned ſ Dynas the ſeneſchall to hane ye vawarde
and of good knyghtis to rule the remenaunte and the
ſame nyght ſ Tryſtram gaue byen all the Deſſoyned
ſhyppis vnto the colde wat and anone as Elyas wyſte
ye he ſeyde hit was of ſ Tryſtramis doynge for he caſ
tyth that we ſhall nede aſcape wodyns ſhame of vs
Dherfore forwe fayre felowys fyght ſtirely to morowe and

myscomfort you nought for one knyght for thought he be
the beste knyght of the worlde he may nat done a do wt
vs all And than they ordayned .iij. batayles .iij. parties well
and well arrayled arrayled and garnysshed men
of armys And thus they with in issued out and they with
out sette fuerly vpon them and there sir Dynadan ded gret
dedis of armys nat for than sir Dynadan and his felyshyp
were put to the worse Do wt that can sir Tristram
and sawe .ij. knyghtes wt one speare Than he sawe on y
ryght honde of on the lyfte honde that men unarayled
that cam he myght do suche dedis of armys and than
he myght se som tyme the batayle was dryven a bow
draught from the castell and som tyme hit was
at the yatys of the castell Than cam Elyadan y capi-
tayne russhynge here and there and smote kynge
Anthe so sore vpon the helme that he made hym to
a voyde his sadyll and than sir Dynadan gate kynge
Anthe a gayne to horse backe and y with cam syr
Tristram lyke a lyon and there he mette with sir
Elyadan and he smote hym so sore on the helme that
he avayded his sadyll and thus they fought tylle hit
was myght and for grete slaughter of people and for
wounded people ony pty wt drew there vessayte and
than kynge Anthe was com with in the castell of
Tyntagyll he lacked of his knyghtes and .C. and they
wt oute lacked .ij. C. Than they serched the wounded
men on bothe ptyes and than they went to conneyle
and wyte you well eythir pty were loth to fyght mo
re so that aythir myght ascape wt y worshyp When
Elyadan the captayne understoode the dethe of his men
he made grete dole Also when he knew that they wer

loth to go to batayle a gayne he was wrothe onto hys
mesynge. Than elyad sente vnto kynge arthur hys
gyfte desyryte vppon hede wher he wolde fynde a
kny3ght that wolde fy3ght w^t hym body for body and
yf that he myght sle kynge arthur kny3ght he to
have p^r trebwage of Cornwayle yerely and yf that
hys kny3ght sle myne I fully releace my clayme for
ev. Than the messynge depted vnto kynge arthur
and tolde hym how that hys lorde Elyad had sent
hym worde to fynde a kny3ght to do batayle with
hym body for body // Than kynge arthur vnderstood
the messynge he bade hym a byde and he sholde have
hys answere Than callyd he all the batayle to hym
to wyte what was beste counceyle and they seyde all
atonys to fy3ght in a fylde we have no luste sfor-
gad nat bene the grobes of f Tristram hit hadde
bene lytly that we nede sholde have scaped and ther-
fore f had we bene hit were well done to fynde
a kny3ght that wolde do batayle with hym for
he kny3ghtly proferyth // Nat for than when all
this was seyde they conde fynde no kny3ght that
wolde do batayle w^t hym // Sir kynge seyde they
all here is no kny3ght that dare fy3ght w^t Elyad
Alas seyde kynge arthur than am I shamed and
vttirly distroyed oules that my nevew f Tris-
tram wolde take the batayle vppon hym Sir wyte
you well they seyde all he had yesterday on muche
on hande and he is wery and travayled and sore
wounded. Where is he seyde kynge arthur Than
one answeryd and sayde f he lyeth in hys bedde for
to repose hym Alas seyde kynge arthur but I

gaue the succo^r of my nebew ſ^r Tryſtram ſ am vtt^rly
deſtroyed for ev^r and ſ^r w^t all^e one went to ſ^r Tryſ-
tram there he lay and tolde hym wyat kynge Marke
he feyde & there w^t ſ^r Tryſtram aroſe lyghtly and
put on hym a longe gowne and cam afore ye kynge
and the lordis And whan he ſaw them ſo diſmay-
ed he axed thaym wyat tydynge Nay worſe ſeyde
the kynge and there wyth he tolde hym all as ye haue
herde afore hande And as for you ſeyde the kynge we
may aſke no more of you for ſhame for thorow youre
cowardyneſſe yeſterday ye ſaued all^e oure lyues Sir ſeyde
ſ^r Tryſtram now I vnderſtonde ye wolde haue my ſuc-
cour and reſon wolde that I ſholde do all^e my lyth^e in me to do
ſaluynge my worſhip & my lyff how be that I am ſore bun-
ſed & hurte & ſtyll hyd ſ^r Elyas yf euyth^e ſo largely I ſhall
fyght w^t hym or ellys I wolle be ſlayne in the fylde other
ellys delyu^r Cornuayle of the olde trebage and there for
lyghtly calle ho^e meſſyngere & he ſhall be anſwerde for
as yett my wounde beue grene & they wolle be ſoner
gete after vn. myght than they be now and ſ^r fore he ſhal-
hane ho^e anſwere that I wolle do batayle to morne Than
was y^e meſſyngere wrongh^t be fore kynge Marke Now
gentyll my felow ſeyde ſ^r Tryſtram go faſte vnto thy
lorde & bid hym make twelue aſſuraunce on ho^e pty for y^e
trebayge as the kynge here ſhall on ho^e pty and than
tell thy lorde y^t ſ^r Tryſtram kynge Arthure^s knyght
and knyght of the table rounde wyll as to morne mete
w^t thy lorde on horſe bak to do batayle as longe as I may
endure and after that to do batayle w^t hym on foote to the
vttraunce The meſſyngere be fylde ſ^r Tryſtram fro me
y^e top to y^e too & ſ^r wyth all he depted and ſo he cam to ho^e

londe & tolde hym how he was answere of ß Tristram
and þ wt all was made ostage on bothe ptyes and made
hit as fayre as hit myght be that whether soeu ptye had
the victory so for to ende and than were bothe ostys assembled on bothe ptyes the fylde wythe oute the castell of Tyntagylle and there was none that bare armys But sir
Tristram and ß Elyas Do wpdraw all þ poynteneute
was made they dyd in fayth and cam to gydres wythe
all þ myght that there horsys myght ren that ayþ thyght
smote other so harde that bothe horsis & thyghtis wente
to the erthe / & that for than they bothe a vpe lyghtly and
dressed þ shyldis on þ sholdyrs wt naked swerdys in þ
hondis and they dayssed to gydres so that hit semed a flamynge fyre a boute them Than they traced and traunsed
and hewe on helmys and hawbergh & cut a way many cantellys off þ shyldis and aythir wounded other passynge
sore that the goote blood ran fryesshly vppon the erthe
and by than they had fought the mowntenaunce of
an owre / Sir Tristram wayed faynte & wery and
bled sore and hasse sore a bath / That sawe ß Elyas and
folowed fyersly vppon hym & wounded hym in many
placis and ey ß Tristram traced & traunced & wente
fforward hym there and there & coude hym wt his shylde
as he myght all waykely þ all men sayde he was or
com for ß Elyas had tyryn hym .xx. stroke a yenste
one Than was þ lawghynge a monge the Bessynes
pty & grete dole on tyrnge sydis pty alas seyde the
tynge we ar all shamed & destroyed for ey for as the
boote seyth ß Tristram was nere so macched but yff
hit were off ß launcelot Than as they stode & be hylde
bothe ptyes that one pty laughynge and the other pty

wepynge Dw Tryſtraun remembred hym of hys lady
la beale Iſode that lobed vppon hym & how he was nev
lykly to com in hys preſence Wban he pulled vp his ſkyrt
de that he ſowe hynge full lowe and than he dreſſed hy
vnto ſ Elyas and gaff hym many ſad ſtrokys. yt. a yeuſt
one and all to brabe his ſkylde and his halberke that
p̄ hote bloode ran downe as yt had bene rayne Wban
he gan hynge ajarde and all Corrupſte men to lauze
and p̄ op̄ pty to wepe and ed ſ Tryſtraun ſeyde to ſ
Elyas yelde the and wban ſ Tryſtraun ſaw hym ſo
ſtabn on the grounde he ſeyde ſ Elyas I am vyll ſory
for the for p̄ arte a paſſynge good knyght as ev I mette
w̄t all excepte ſ launcelot and p̄ w̄t all ſ Elyas felt to
the erthe and there dyed Now what ſhall I do ſeyde ſ
Tryſtraun vnto hynge ajarde for this bataple ys at
an ende Wban they aſſented and hynge ajarde tobe off
how many preſoners to redreſſe the harmys ſt p̄ ſcathys
and the remenaunte he ſente in to hys contrey to bo
wow ovte p̄ felonys Wban was ſ Tryſtraun ſurtyſed
and well healed yett for all this hynge ajarde wolde
have ſlayne ſ Tryſtraun But for all that ev ſ Tryſ
tram ſaw op̄ herde by hynge ajarde he wolde nev be
ware off his treſon but ov̄ come he wolde be p̄ as la beale
Iſode was Now wolle we paſſe on this matter and
ſpeke we of the harpere p̄ ſ launcelot and ſ Dyna
dan had ſente in to Cornwayle and at p̄ grete feſte p̄
hynge ajarde made for the joy that the Meſſoynes were
put ovte off his contrey Wban cam Elyas the harpere
w̄t the lay that ſ Dynadan had made and ſecretly
brought hit vnto ſ Tryſtraun and tolde hym the lay
that ſ Dynadan had made by hynge ajarde and wban

ſ Tryſtram garde ſyr ge ſayde O lorde ſeyn yͤ ſ Dynadan
can make wondrely welle and yͤ he ſholde make a ryght ſ
ſeyde Elyas dave ſtynge thys ſonge a fore tynge darke
yee ow my gentyll ſeyde ſ Tryſtram for ſ ſhalle be thy wa
rraunte // So at the mete ſyd cam Elyas the harper a
monge of̄ mynſtrelſ and he gan to harpe and he cauſe
he was a coryous harper men garde hym ſynge yͤ ſame
lay yͤ ſ Dynadan made wherfore ſpake the moſte vylany
by tynge darke and of̄ hys treſon yͤ ewyll man herde //
And whan the harper had ſunge hys ſonge to the ende
tynge darke was wondrely wrothe and ſayde harper
how durſte yͤ be ſo bolde ow thy̆ hede to ſynge thys ſonge a
fore me Sir ſeyde Elyas wyte yow well̆ I am a mynſtrell̆ ſt
I muſte do as I am comaunded of̄ thos lordis that I leave
the armys of̄ and ſ wyte yow well̆ that ſ Dynadan a bydȳ
of̄ the table rounde made this ſonge and made me to ſynge
hit̆ a fore yow Thow ſeyſte well̆ ſeyde tynge darke and
by cauſe yow arte a mynſtrell̆ yow ſhalt̆ go quyte but I
charge the ryde the faſte out̄e of̄ my ſyght̆ So Elyas the
harper depted and wente to ſ Tryſtram and tolde hym
how he had ſped Thand ſ Tryſtram let̆ make lett yng as
goodly as he cowde to Camelot̆ and to ſ Dynadan and ſo
he let̆ conduyte the harper out̄e of̄ the contrey But to
ſey that̆ tynge darke was wondrely wrothe for he demed
that̆ the lay that̆ was ſunge a fore hym was made by ſ
Tryſtrams counceyle wherfore he thought̆ to ſle hym
and all̆ hys well̆ wyllers in that̆ contrey

NOw turne we to a noy̆ matter yͤ felle be twene tyng
darke and hys broy̆ that̆ was called the good prynce
Bodwyne that̆ all̆ yͤ peple of̄ the contrey loved hym paſſyng
well̆ So hit̆ be felle on a tyme that the dyſcreaunt yng

Barezynes

Barezynes londis in the Contrey of Cornwayle sone after
these Bessoynes were depted And when the good prynce K
Bodwyne was ware of them where they were londed and
than at the londynge he areysed the people prively & hasty
ly and or that were day he let put wylde fyre in .iij. of his
owne shyppis and suddenly he pulled up the sayle and with
the wynde he made the shyppis to be dreven amonge the navy
of the Barezynes and to make a short tale po. iij. shyppis sett
on fyre all the shyppis that none were saved and at the poynte
of the day the good prynce Bodwyne with all his felyshyp set
on the mystreamtys with showtys & cryes and slew the nmbr
of .xl. ml. and lesse none on lyve When kynge Aarke
wyste this he was wondirly wrothe for his broy sholde wyne
such worshyp & goud and by cause this prynce was bettr
be lovid than he in all the contrey and also this prynce Bod
wyne lovid well K Brystram and therefore he thought
to sle hym and thus hastely & reppon hede as a man that
was full of treson he sente for prynce Bodwyne and An
glydes his wyff and bade them bryng the yonge sone with
them that he myght se hym and all this he ded to the entente
to sle the childe as well as his fadir for he was full fals
trayto that ever was borne Alas for the goodnes & for hys
good dedis this vaylyaunt prynce Bodwyne was slayne So
When he cam with his wyff Anglydes the kynge made
them fayre semblaunte tylle they had dyned And when
they had dyned kynge Aarke sente for his broy and seyde
thus broder how sped you When the mystreamtys arybed
by you The kempis that were bene redy to have sente me
worde that myght have bene at the iourney for that were
reson that I had had the honowre that ye
Bodwyne that was so that I had sente for you po mystreamtys

had distroyed my contrey // Dhon lyeste falsse traytowre
seyde bynge Marbe for you arte cvd a boute to wynne wor-
ssep from me & put me to dishonowre and p cserysght p
gate and p wt he strok hym to the herte with a dagger
p the new astu spake worde Dhan the lady Anglydes made
grete dole & sowned for she saw her lorde slayne a fore her
face Dhan was y no more to do but pryuce Bodwyne
was dispoyled & brought to his burydyng But his lady
Anglydes prybaly gate hir husbandis dubled and his
sqwte & p she kepte secretly Dhan was y mvche sorow
and cryynge & grete dole made be twyxt ß Trystrau
ß Dynas and ß ffergus and so ded all bynght p were ye
for that pryuce was passyngly well be loved Do labeall
Ssode seute for Anglydes his wyff and bade her devyde
delyuly of ellys hir yonge sonne Alyssaundir le Orpchelyne
sholde be slayne // Whan she harde this she tobe her horse
and hir chylde & rode away with suche poore men as hur-
ryde with hir ß Scot wythstondynge // Whan bynge Marbe
had done this dede yet he thought to do more vengeaunce
and with his swerde in his honde he sought frome chaumbir
to chaumbir for Anglydes and hir yonge sonne and whan
she was myst he called a good bynght to hym p bynght ß
Sadoke and chanyged hym in payne of deth to fette a gay-
ne Anglydes and hir yonge sonne So ß Sadoke depted and
rode astir Anglydes and wt iij. myle he on tobe her and
bade hir turne a yen & ryde with hym to bynge Marbe Alas
sayne bynght she seyde What shall ye wynne be my sunys
deth of ellys by myne for I came on vncle hayme and to
grete a losse thadame seyde ß Sadoke for yo losse is grete
dole and pite but madame seyde ß Sadoke wolde ye de-
parte oute of this contrey with yonne sonne and kepe

kynd tyll he be off ayge that he may revenge his fadyrs
deth thaw wolde I suffre yon to depte fromme me so ye
nyse me to revenge the deth of pryuce Bodwyne a
sauntyll knyght sith thanke the and yff ever my sonne Aly
samudre le Orphelyne lyve to be a knyght he shall have
his fadrs dublet & his sqwte w^t the blody mayle and I
shall gyff hym suche a charge that he shall remem
bre yt wel yo he lyvyth and there w^t all depted ffadoke
fromme hem and ayther depted fromme oyr and wan Sr
Dadoke cam vnto kynge Ayarke he tolde hym faythfully
that he had drownyd yonge Alysamudre her sonne and ys
off kynge Ayarke was full glad ¶ Now turne we vnto
Anglydes that rode bothe nyght and day by adventure
onte off Cornwayle and fylden and nu feaw places he
rested but ever he drewe southwarde to the see syde tyll by
fortune he cam to a castell ys is called Hagouns yt now
is called Arundell in southsex and the Conestable of that
castell welcomed Anglydes and seyde he was welle com
to her owne castell and so he was yworshypfully reseyv
ved for ye Conestable his wyff was her ny Cousyn and
the Conestablys name was ye Bellynger and he tolde
Anglydes that the same castell was hers by ryght yn
Erytaunce Thus Anglydes endured yerys and wyntyrs
tyll Alysamudre was bygge & strounge and ye was none
so wyghty in all ye contrey that ye was no man myght
do no man off maystry a fore hym Than vppon a day
ffe Bellynger the Constable cam to Anglydes and seyde
madame ye were tyme my lorde ffAlysamudre were
made knyght for he is a strounge yonge man Sr seyde
he I wolde he were made knyght but thaw myste gyff
hym the moste charge ye can fynde made hym to be slayne

As for that/ do as ye lyste ſt/ ſhall/ gyff/ hym warnynge t/ ye ſhall/ be made knyght/ and that/ wolle/ be well/ done t/ ye be made knyght/ at/ oure lady day in lente // Be that/ ſo ſeyde Anglydes/ and I pray you make ye redy t/ fore Do cam t/ Conestable to Alyſaundr/ and tolde hym t/ he ſholde at/ oure lady of/ lente be made a knyght/ Dan/ I thanke god and you ſeyde Alyſaundr/ for this/ is t/ beſte tydynge/ t/ euer came to me Than/ the conestable ordayned xxti/ of/ the grettyſte/ and tylmenes/ ſonnys/ and the beſte borne men of/ that/ countrey whyche ſholde be made knyght/ the ſame day t/ Alyſaundr/ was made knyght/ and ſo on the ſame day t/ he and this/ xxti/ felowys/ were made knyght/ at the offeryng of/ the maſſe there cam this lady Anglydes/ vnto her ſonne & ſeyde this/ a my fayre ſwete ſonne/ I charge the vppon my blyſſynge and of/ the hyze order of/ chevalry t/ pon tabyde here this/ day to take hede what/ I ſhall/ ſey and charge the wyth/ all/ and there w/t all/ ſhe pulled oute a blody dublet/ and a blody ſhurte t/ was be bled bled w/t olde bloode // Than/ Alyſaundr/ ſaw this/ he ſtarte a bak/ & waxed pale and ſayde fayre mod/ what/ may this/ be or meane I ſhall/ telle/ t/ fayre lord this/ was thyne oune fadyr/ dublet/ and ſhurte that/ he ware vppon hym that/ ſame tyme t/ he was ſlayne and t/ he tolde hym why & where fore and for hys/ good dedis/ hynge Ayarde ſlow hym w/t his/ dagger a fore myne oune yzen and t/ fore this/ ſhall/ be youre charge t/ I gyff/ you at/ this/ tyme

Now I requere the and I charge the vppon my blyſſynge and vppon the hyze order of/ knyght/ hode that/ you be revenged vppon hynge Ayarde for the dethe/ of/ thy fadr/ and there wyth/ all/ ſhe ſowned

Wgan Alysaundr lepte to his modr & tolde her wepyn in his armys and sayde Fayre modr ye gaue gylbyn me a gte charge and here I promyse you I shall be avenged vppon kynge Charle Wgan þt I may & that I promyse to god and to you So this feste was ended & the Constable by þ abyce of Duglydes let purvey that Alysaundr were well horsed & harneyste Wgan he justed w^t his .xx^ti. felowys þ were made knyghtt w^t kynd but for to make a shorte tale he ouercame alle the .xx^ti. þ none myghtt w^t stonde kynd a buffet Wgan one of the knyghtt lepte vnto kynge Charle and tolde alle how Alysaundr was made knyghtt and alle the charge that his modr gaff kynd as ye haue harde a fore tyme // Alas falsse tresoñ seyde kynge Charle I wente that younge traytoure had bene dede Alas Wgam may I truste and there w^t alle kynge Charle tokke a swerde in his honde and soughtt þ Badoke from chaumbr to chaumbr to sle kynd // Wgan þ Badoke saw kynge Charle com w^t his swerde in his honde // Bye he seyde be ware Charle and come nat to nyze me for wyte you well þ I saued Alysaundr his lyff of the wayte I nede repente me for you falsely & cowardly slew his fadr prynce Godwyne traytourly for his good dedis Where fore I pray alle myghtty sende Alysaundr myghtt & power to be vengeed vppon the and now be ware kynge Charle of younge Alysaundr for he was made a knyghtt Alas seyde kynge Charle that euer I sholde kyne a traytoure sey so a fore me And þ w^t .iij. knyghtt of kynge Charle drew þ swerdis to sle þ Badoke but a none kynge Charle his knyghtt were slayne a fore kynd and þ Badoke paste forthe in to his chaumbr & tokke his harneys and his horse and rode on his way

for þ was nop þ Tryſtram þ Dynas nop þ ffergus
that wolde þ Sadoke ony dyſh wyll Dhan was
kynge Ryance wood wrothe and thought to deſtroy þ
alyſaundr for kynd he dradde þ gated moſte of any
man lyvynge // Whan þ Tryſtram vndrſtood that alys
saundr was made knyght a none furth wt all he sent
kynd a lettr prayynge and chargynge kynd that he
draw kynd to the courte of kynge Arthure and þt he
put kynd in pfr rule ſt in the londis of þ Launcelot
So this lettr was sente vnto þ alyſaundr from his
Cousyne þ Tryſtram and at þt tyme he thought to do aſt
his cōmaundemente Dhan kynge Ryance called a knyt
that brought kynd the tydyngs frome alyſaundr and bade
kynd a byde ſtylle in þ contrey Dr ſeyde pr knyght so
muſte I do for in my noſthe contrey dare I nat com
No force ſeyde kynge Ryance for I ſhall gyff the kene
double as muche londis as ev pr gaddyſte of thyne owne
Butt wt in ſhorte ſpace þ Sadoke mette wyth that falſe
knyght and ſlew kynd Dhan was kynge Ryance wood wro
the onte of meſure Dhan he sente vnto quene Morgan
le fay and to the quene of Northe Galys prayynge them
in his lettrs that they pr ſouſerevs wolde ſette all pr con
trey enbyrone wt ladyes that were cuſtaumtoo and by
ſuche þt were damagevous knyghts as þ Pulagryne and þ
Brebrys ſaunze pyte that by no meane alyſaundr le orphe
lyne ſhulde nede aſcape but op he ſholde be tabrd or ſlayne
and all this ordynaunce made kynge Ryance to diſtroy þ alyſaundr

NOw turne we vnto þ alyſaundr that at his deſyryng
his modr tobe wt kynd his fadyrs blody ſherte and
ſo he bare itt wt kynd tyll his deth day in tokenynge to theym
vppon his fadyrs deth Do was alyſaundr purpoſed to ryde

to london by the comceyle of ſ Tryſtram to ſ lonncelot and
fortune he went aſtir ye ſee ſyde and rode wronge and there
he wan at a tnemente the be that bynge Carados made ſt
there he ſmote downe bynge Carados and xxti. of his knyghtſ
and alſo ſ Suſſir a good knyght yt was ſ Palomydes brop
and alſ this ſawe a dameſell and went to Morgan le fayſt
tolde hir how ſhe ſaw the beſte knyght ſuſte yt ever ſhe ſawe
and ever as he ſmote downe knyghtſ he made them to ſwere
to were none harneyſe of a .xxti. monthe at a day Thus is
well ſeyde ſeyde Morgan le fay for yt is the knyght that I
wolde fayne ſe and ſo ſhe tobe her palfrey and rode a grete
whyle and than ſhe reſted her in her pavylyon So yt cam
iij. knyghtſ. ij. of them were armed and .ij. were unarmed
and they tolde Morgan le fay there namys the ſyrſte was
Elyas de gonnet the ſecunde Carde gonnet bo .ij. were
armed and ſ or .ij. were of Camylyarde Couſyns unto
queene Gwenyu and that one knyght ſ Kye and that other
knyght ſ Garaunte bo .ij. were unarmed and thos iij.
knyghtſ tolde Morgan le fay how a ponge knyght had ſmyt
tyn them downe afore a caſtell for the mayden of that
caſtell ſeyde yt he was but late made knyght and ponge
but as we ſuppoſe but yf that were ſ Tryſtram other Sir
lancelot or elſe ſ lanncrobe the good knyght yt myght
ſytte eyn a buſſette wt a ſpeare well ſeyde Morgan le fay
ſhall mete with yt knyght or that he longe tyme and he
dwelle in yt contrey Do turne we to the dameſell of ye
caſtell that wan Alyſaunder le Orpheline had for ſuſted
the iij. knyghtſ ſhe called eyn to her and ſeyde thus ſ knyght
wolde yt for my ſake ſuſte ſt fyght with a knyght of thos
contrey that is and hath bene longe and evyll neyghbonre
to me his name is ſ Valeguyne and he wolde nat ſuffir me

to be maryde in no maner Damesell seyde sir Alysaundir
And he cam the wayle yt and gere wolde fyght with hym
And there wt all she sente for hym for he was at her
comaundemente and when ayr had a fyght of or they
made hem redy for to juste and so they cam to gydyr
egirly and this sir Galagreyne bruste his speare vppon
sir Alysaundir and he smote hym a gayne so hard yt he bare
hym quyte from his horse But this Galagreyne debor
ded lyghtly arose & dressed his shylde & drew his swer
de and bade hym a fyght for wryte yn wolde sir Bmyghte
ponze yn game the bettir on horse backe pou shalt fynde
that I shall endure the fyght a fmyght on foote ye sey wolde
seyde sir Alysaundir And so he departed his horse & by tooke
hym to his varlet and than they russhed to gydyr fyght
iij. boorys and leyde on yr helmys & shyldis longe tyme by
the space of iij. owrys that neid man conde sey which
was ye bettir fmyght And in ye meane while cam Morgan
le fay to the damesell of ye castell and they be gylde ye batay
le But this Sir Galagreyne was an olde rooted fmyght
and he was called one of the dangerous fmyghtis of the
worlde to do batayle on foote but on horsebacke there was
many bettir And eu this Galagreyne awaytted to sle sir
Alysaundir and so wounded hym woundirly sore that but
was merwayle that eu he myght stonde for he had bled so
muche for this sir Alysaundir fought eu wyldely and nat
wyttyly and that other was a felons fmyght and awaytted
hym and smote hym sore and som tyme they russhed to gy
dyr wt yr shyldis fyght iij. boorys or tramys and felle gro
velynge bothe to the erthe Than sir Bmyght seyde sir Gala
greyne holde thyne honde a while and telle me what
pou arte What wolde I nat seyde sir Alysaundir but yf me

lyst well But tell me thy name and why ꝑ kepyste thys
contrey or ellys ꝑ shalt dye of my honds Dn wyte ꝑ well
seyde ſ galagryne that for thys maydyns love of this cas-
tell I slane slayne ꝙ good knyght by mysse hap and by oute
rage owtlyte of my selff I slane slayne otqw ꝙ knyght
Do god helpe me seyde ſ alysaundr thys is the fowlyste
confe confession that en I slaude knyght make and thi wre
pite ꝑ pon sholdyste lybe ony lenger and ꝑ forꝫ kepe ꝑ for
as I am a trewe knyght or pon shalt sle me or ellys I shall
sle the Dthan they layssed to gydyns fyersely and at the
laste ſ alysaundr smote hym to the erthe and than he wa
ced of his helme ⁊ smote of his hede and whan he had
done this batayle he tobe his horse ⁊ wolde have mown
ted vppon his horse but he myght nat for payne and
than he seyde a ihu succourre me Do by that com gorgan
le fay and bade hym be of good comforte and so she layde
hym this alysaundr in an horse lettr and so led hym
in to the castell for he had no foote to stonde vppon the
erthe for he had ꝓy grete wounds and in especiall one
of them was lyke to be his dethe Dthan queue gorgan le
fay serched his wounds and gaff hym sucche an oynement
that he sholde have dyed and so out the mowne whan she
cam to hym a payne he complayned hym sore and than
she put a nop oynemente vppon hym and than he was
oute of his payne Dthan cam the damesell of ꝑ castell
and seyde vnto gorgan le fay I pray yon helpe me that
this knyght myght wedde me for he hath wonne me wt
his honds ye shall se seyde gorgan le fay what I shall
sey Dthan this queue gorgan le fay wente to ſ alysaundr
and bade hym in ony wyse that he shulde refuse this lady
and she desyre to wed you for she is nat for you Do this

dameselle cam & desired of hym mariage Dameselle seyde
to Alysaundr I thanke you but as yet I caste me nat to
marry in this contrey Sir sche seyde sythen ye wolle
nat marry me I pray you in so muche as ye have wone
me pt ye wolle gyffe me to a burgeys of this contrey that
hath bene my frende and loved me many yeres Wyth
all myne herte seyde Alysaundr I wolle assente there
to Than was the burgeys sente for and his name
was Garyus le grose and anone he made them
bonde faste and wedded them Than cam quene Mor-
gan le fay to Alysaundr and bade hym a ryse and
put hym in an horse lytter and so sche hath hym fecche
a dyvise pt ost. xv. dayes and .xv. nyghtes he waked nevr
but slepte and so sche brought hym to his owne castell pt
at that tyme was called la beale regarde Than Mor-
gan le fay com to Alysaundr and axed hym yf he wolde
have be hole Madame who wolde be syke & he myght
be hole Well seyde Morgan Than shall ye gwyse me
by youre burgeys thode that this .xv. monthes & a day
ye shall nat passe the compace of this castell and ye
shall lyghtly be hole I assente me seyde Alysaundr
and pr he made hir a promyse and was sone hole And
whan Alysaundr was hole he repented hym of his
othe for he myght nat be revenged vppon kynge Ban-
be kynght so pr cam a dameselle that was Consyn nyze
to the Erle of Pase and she was Consyn also vnto
Morgan le fay and by vyghte pt castell of la beale rega-
de sholde have bene hers by trew enheritaunce So
this damesell entred in to this castell where lay sir
Alysaundr and pr she sounde hym vppon his bedde pas
synge sely and all sad Sir knyght seyde pr damesell

and ye wolde be myrry I coude telle you good tydyngis
well were me seyde ꝑ alysaundr and I myght kyre of
good tydyngis for now I stonde as a presonere be my pro
myse Sir sche seyde wyte you well that ye be a preso
nere and wow that ye wene ffor my lady my cousyn
quene ayorgan kepyth you kepe for none of entente
but for to do hir plesire wan hit lykyth hir. A sirs
defende me seyde ꝑ alysaundr fro me such pleasire
for had I wyst but a way my dangere than I wolde do
her ony such pleasire. A sirs me helpe seyde ꝑ da
meselle and ye wolde love me and be ruled by me I
shalle make yo delyuaunce wt yo worship Telle me now
by by what meane ꝑ ye shalle have my love ffayre lyzth
sayde sche this castelle ought of ryght to be myne and I
have an vncle is a myghty Erle and he is Erle of
the Pace and of all folkis he hatyth ayorgan le fay
and I shalle sende vnto hym ꝑ pray hym for my sake to
destroy this castelle for the evyll custonys that bene
vsed yn and than wolle he come ꝑ sette fyre on ev yte
wt wylde fyre ꝑ so shalle I gete you at a prely postreu
and ꝑ shalle ye have yo horse ꝑ youre harneys ffayre
damesell ye sey passynge well and than may ye kepe
the none of this castelle this. xij. monthe and a day
and than breke ye nat youre othe Truly fayre dame
selle seyde ꝑ alysaundr ye say sothe and than he kyssed hir
and ded to her plesaunce as hit pleased them both at
tymes and leysers. So a none sche sente vnto hir vncle
and bade hym come to destroy that castelle for as ꝑ boke
seyth he wolde have destroyed ꝑ castelle a fore tyme had
nat ꝑ damesell bene. Whan ꝑ Erle vndirstode hir lettir
he sente her worde on such a day he wolde come ꝑ destroy

thatt castell/ Do wpan ꝑ day cam ꝑ alysaundr yode to a postren where he sholde fle in to the gardyne and ꝑ he sholde fynde his armoure and his horse Do wpan ꝑ day cam thatt was sette thydr cam the Erle of ꝑ pase wyth .xij. C. knyghtꝭ and sette on fyre all the ptyes of the castell ꝑ or they seased they lefte nat one stone stondynge and all this wayle thatt this fyre was in the castell he a bode in the gardyne and wpan ꝑ fyre was done he letꝭ crye thatt he wolde kepe thatt pyce of certe ꝑ as the castell of la beale regarde was a ꝓy. mouthe ꝑ a day fro me all man of knyghtꝭ ꝑ wolde com/ Do cutꝭ happed ꝑ was a Deuke amustrens and he was of ꝑ kynne of ꝑ launcelot and this knyght was a grete pylgryme for eny thyrde yere he wolde be at certin and by cause he vsed all his lyff to go in pylgry mage men called hym Deuke amustrens ꝑ pylgryme And this Deuke had a doughꝑ thatt hyght alys thatt was a passynge fayre woman and by cause of her fadr she was called alys le beall pylgryme and a none as she harde of this crye she avente vnto kyng arthurs and seyde openly in hyrynge of many knyghtꝭ thatt wyll knyghtꝭ may ow com thatt knyght ꝑ berythe the pyce of certe shall have me and all my londis wpan knyghtꝭ of the rounde table harde hir sey this many of them were glad for she was passynge fayre and ryche and of grete rentys/ knyghtꝭ so she lete crye in castellys & townys as faste on her syde as ꝑ alysaun dr ded ow his syde Dwan she dressed her pavylion streyte by the pyese of certe thatt ꝑ alysaundr kepte Do she was nat so sone ꝑ but there cam a knyght of kynge arthurs courte thatt hyght ꝑ Dagynamour le

desyrous and he yferde to juste wyth ꝑ alysaundr and
so they encountyrd and he breuse his speare vppon ꝑ Aly
saundr. But ꝑ Alysaundr smote hym so sore ꝑ he avoyded
his arsow of his saddyll to the erthe wher la beale Alys
salve hym juste so well she thought hym a passyng goodly
knyght on horse backe and than she lepe unto hym palyfroy
and toke ꝑ Alysaundr by ꝑ bridyll and thus she seyde fayre
knyght of thy knyghthode shew me thy vysayge That dare I
well seyde ꝑ Alysaundr shew my vysayge and than he put of
his helme and when she salve his vysage she seyde a swete
sadw jhu the I muste love and new other. Than shewe me your
vysage seyde he and anone she vnhelmeled her ſt when he
sawe her he seyde a lorde jhu here have I fonde my love and
my lady and therfore fayre lady I promyse you to be youre
knyght and none other ꝑ ꝑ beryth the lyff I now saufly knyghte
seyde she telle me youre name thadame my name is Du
Alysaundr le orphelyne a ꝑ seyde she syth ye lyst to know my
name wyte you well my name is Alys la beale pellaron and
when we be more at oure ly[b]erty ease bothe ye ſt I shall telle
you what blode we be com Do there was grete love be twyxt
them and as they thus talked ꝑ cam a knyght that hyght ꝑ
Garlense le Berbuse and axed ꝑte of ꝑ Alysaundrus sheavys
Than ꝑ Alysaundr encountred w[t] hym ſt at ꝑ ſyrste ꝑ Aly
saundr smote hym on his horse croupe and than ꝑ cam a nother
knyght ꝑ hyght ꝑ gelyon and ꝑ Alysaundr smote hym downe
as he did that other. Than ꝑ gelyan ꝑfyrde batayle on foote ſt
anone ꝑ Alysaundr on the rewe hym w[t] iii. my. strokys and pan
ne raced of his helme ſt ꝑ wolde have slayne hym had he not yel
ded hym Do than ꝑ Alysaundr made bothe yo knyghtis to swere
to were none armys of a yer. monthe and a day Than ꝑ Aly
saundr a lyghte and wente to reste hym and to repose hym

Whan the damesell that halpe sir Alysaundr oute of ye castell
in her play tolde alys all to gyder how he was prisonere in ye
castell of la beall regarde and yt she tolde her how she gate
hym oute of prison Anone seyde alys la beall pillarou me se
mytht ye ar mucle be holdynge to this mayden / What so
trouthe seyde sir Alysaundr And yn alys tolde of what bloode
she was com and seyde sir wyte yon well yt I am of the bloode
of kynge Ban that was fadr vnto sir launcelot / wyth sayd
lady seyde sir Alysaundr my modr tolde me my fadr was bro
thr vnto a kynge and I am nye Cousyn vnto sir Tristram
So this meane whyle cam .iij. knyghtf that one hyght sir
Vayne and yt other hyght sir Arbis le marchis and ye thirde hyzte
Perynne de lamountayne and wt one speare sir Alysaundr
smote them down all .iij. and gaff them such fallys yt they
had no lyst to fyght vppon foote So he made them to swere
to were none armys of a .yer. mouthe So whan they were
depted Anone alysaundr he hylde his lady alys on horse bak as
she stode in his prysonyng and than was he so enamered vppō
her yt he wyst nat what he were on horse backe or on foote
fyght so cam the false knyght sir Ahordred and salle sir Alysau
dr was so a fonned vppon his lady and yn wt all he tobe hys
horse by the brydyll and lad hym fore and yt st had caste to have
lad hym oute of yt place to have shamed hym So whan the
damesell yt halpe hym oute of yt castell sawe how shamefully
he was lad anone she lete arme her st sette a shylde vppon
her shuldr and yn wt she amounted vppon his horse st gate
a naked swerde in hir honde and she thrueste vnto Alysaundr
wt all his myght and she gaff hym such a busset that hym
thought yt fyre flowe oute of his yzen // And whan sir Aly
saundr felte yt stroke he lobed a boute hym and drew his
swerde and whan she sawe that she fledde st sodenly sir Ahordred

m to the forereste and the damesell fled m to the parylyon
Do wpan ꝑ Alysaundr vndurstood gynd selff how the false
knyght wolde hane shamed gynd had nat the damesell bene
thar was he wrothe wt gynd selff ꝑ ꝑ Etjordred had so ascaped
his londis Bute than ꝑ Alysaundr and his lady Alys had good
game at ꝑ damesell how sadly she shote gynd wpon ꝑ helme
Than ꝑ Alysaundr justed thus day be day and on foote ded
many batayles wt many knyghtis of kynge Arthurs courte
and wt many knyghtis straungerd that for to tell batayle by
batayle hit were ovr muche to reherse for ewry day m that
yer. monthe he had to do wyth one knyght owꝑ wyth and ov
and sum day wt. iij. or. iiij. And ꝑ was ned knyght that put
gynd to the warre and at the. xxj. monthes ende he depted
wt his lady la beall pylleroune and ꝑ damesell wolde ned
go frome gynd and so they wente m to ꝑ countrey of Benoy
& lyved ꝑm grete joy // Bute as the boke tellyth kynge Ban-
ke wolde ned stynte tylle he had slayne gynd by treson and by
alle he gate a chylde that hyzte Bellengerus le Beuse &
by good fortune he came to the counte of kynge Arthure &
preved a good knyght and he revenged his fadris deth. for-
thi false kynge Claraunce slew bothe ꝑ Bryestrau and Sir
Alysaundr falsely & felonsly and hit happed so ꝑt ꝑ Alysaundr
had ned grace ne fortune to come to kynge Arthurs courte
for and he had come to ꝑ launcelot alle knyghtis seyde that
knew gynd ꝑt he was one of the strengyste knyghtis that was
m his kynge Arthurs dayes and grete dole was made for
gynd Do lette we gynd passe and turne we to a noy tale //
Do hit be felle ꝑ ꝑ Galagalte the gante prynce lorde of
ꝑ countrey of Surluse where of came onte many good knyzth
and this noble prince was a passynge good man of armys &
ew he kylde a noble felyship to gydirs and than he cam to

kynge Arthure comte & tolde kynd his entente how this was
his wylle he had let cry a justys in ye contrey of Surluse
the whyche contrey was wt in ye bandis of kynge Arthur
and yt he asked leve to crye a justys / wolde hym leve
seyde kynge Arthur But wyte you well / I may not be
yr my selff // Sir seyde quene Gwenyu please hit you to
gyff me leve to be at that justis wyth wyght a good wylle
seyde kynge Arthur for & Galahalte the good prynce
shall haue you in gouernaunce Sir as ye wylle so be hit
Than the quene seyde / wolde take wt me fyue knyghtis
as lykyth me beste Do as ye lyste seyde kynge Arthure
Do anone she comaunded & launcelot to make hym redy
wt fyue knyghtis as hym thought beste So in ony goode
towne & castell of this londe was made a crye that in
ye contrey of Surluse Sir Galahalte shulde make a
justis that sholde laste .vij. dayes and how ye gayste prue
wt ye helpe of quene Gwenyu knyghtis sholde juste a
gayne all maner of men that comyn / whan this crye
was knowyn kynge and prynces Duk Erlys & Barowns
& noble knyghtis made them redy to be at yt justys
and at ye day of justenynge There came in & Dynadan
disgysed & did many grete dedis of armys That at ye
requeste of quene Gwenyu and of kynge Bagdemagus & launcelot
com in to the straunge but he was
disgysed yt was ye cause yt fewe folke knew hym and
there mette wyth hym & Ector de maris his owne
brod & ayn brake y speare vppon hy to y landis and pa
ayinst gate a nod speare and than & launcelot smote
downe & Ector his owne brod That saue & Bleobe
ryd did he smote & launcelot vppon ye helme such
a busshet that he wyste nat well where he was / pan

Sir launcelot

Sir launcelot smote ꝑ Bleoberys so sore vppon the
helme ꝑt his hed bowed downe bak warde ꝑt he smote
hym efft a nop stroke ꝑt ꝑ wt he avoyded his sadyll and so
he rode by ꝑt tpeste m a mange ꝑ tpyll tpyst. Whan the
kynge of Nortp galys saw ꝑ Ector and ꝑ Bleoberys
ley on ꝑ grounde tpan was he wrothe for tpey cam on
his pty a ſ.tynte gayne tpem of Surluse. Do ꝑ kyng
of Nortp galys rad vnto ꝑ launcelot and brake a
speare vppon hym all to pecis and ꝑ wt ꝑ launcelot
on toke the kynge of Nortp galys ꝑt smote hym such
a busset on ꝑ helme wt his swerde ꝑ he made hym to
avoyde ꝑ arsow of his sadyll and a none ꝑ kynge
was horsed a gayne so kynge Bagdemagus and ꝑ kyng
of Nortpe galys aytin. pty encled to oꝑ and tpan be gan
a stronge medle but tpey of Nortpe galys were much
bygger tpan ꝑ oꝑ. Do whan ꝑ launcelot saw his party
go so to the warre he tpwange onte to the tpyckyst wt a
bygge swerde in his honde and ꝑ he smote downe on
the ryght honde ꝑt on the lyfte hond ꝑt pulled downe kny3tp
and vnsshed of helmys that all men had wondir ꝑ en
kny3ght myght do suche dedis of armys. Whan ꝑ dyelly
agaunce tpat was sonne vnto kynge Bagdemagus saw
how ꝑ launcelot fared and whan he vndirstood tpat kny3t
was he he wyste well tpat he was disgysed for his
sake Tpan ꝑ dyellyagaunce prayde a kny3ght to fle Sir
launcelotꝑ house oꝑ wt swerde or speare and at ꝑt tyme
kynge Bagdemagus mett wt an oꝑ kny3ght ꝑ kny3ght
Sauseyse a good kny3ght and sayde now fayre kny3ght ꝑ
Sauseyse encounter wt my sonne ꝑ dyellyagaunce and
gyff hym kynge pay for I wolde tpat he were well
beatyn of tpy hondis tpat he myght depte onte of this

felyssyp and thanne ſ Dauseyse encountred wt ſ Helliagaunce
and aythir smote oþ adowne and thanne they fought on foote
and þ ſ Dauseyse had wonne ſ Helliagaunce had there natt
com rescowyd Do thanne þ gaunte prynce bleewe to lodgynge
and eny knyght vnarmed hym ſt went to the grete feyste
Thanne in þ meane whyle þ came a dameselle to the gaunte
prynce and complayned þt there was a knyght þt kyllyd sir
Gonneyes that wt hylde alle hir londis And so þ knyght was
þ presente and beste his glove to hir on to ony þt wolde fyzte
in hir name Do the dameselle tobe vp the glove alle helyly for
þ defaute of a champyon Thanne þ cam a varlet to her ſt seyde
dameselle wolle ye do after me ſtulle fayne seyde þ dameselle
Thanne go ye vnto ſuche a knyght þt lyetth here be ſyde in an
Ermytage ſt þ knyght folowyth þ queſtynge beeſte and pray
hym to take the batayle vppon hym ſt anone he wolle graunte
yow Do anone ſhe tobe her palfrey ſt wt in a whyle ſhe fonde
that knyght whyche was called ſ Palomydes and whan ſhe
requyred hym he armed hym ſt rode wt her and made her go
to þ gaunte prynce ſt to aſke leve for his knyght to do batayle
ſ wolle welle seyde þ gaunte prynce Thanne the knyght made
them redy and cam to þ fylde to juſte on horſe backe ſt aythir
gate a grete ſpeare in his honde ſt ſo mette to gydres ſo hard
þt there ſpeares alle to ſhebrid And anone they flange oute þ
ſwerdis and ſ Palomydes smote ſ Gonneyse downe to the erthe
and thanne he raced off his helme ſt smote off his hede Thanne they
went to ſonge And this dameselle loved ſ Palomydes as her
paramour But þ booke ſeyth ſhe was of his kynne Do thanne sir
Palomydes diſgyſed hym ſelff in this maid in his ſtylde he
bare the queſtynge beſte and in alle his trapoms And whan
he was thus redy he sente to the gaunte prynce to gyff hym
leve to juſte wt othir knyghtis but he was a dounted off Syr

launcelot. Then the haute prynce sente hym worde a gayne
that he sholde be well com and that launcelot sholde nat iuste
with hym Then sir Galahalte the haute prynce lete cry that
what knyght sowdeid smote downe sir Palomydes sholde have
his damesell to hym selff to his demayne

Here be gynnyth the secunde day and anone as sir Palo
mydes came in to the felde Sir Galahalte the haute
prynce was at the vttirmyste ende & mette with sir Palomydes
and he with hym with grete spearys & they cam so harde to gy
dyrs that the spearys all to shyvirde But sir Galahalte smote hym
so harde that he bare hym backwarde ouir his horse but yet he loste
nat his styroppis Then they pulled oute their swerdis & layshed
to gydyrs many sad strokes that many worshypfull knyghtis
lesste their bassnetis to be holde then But at the laste sir Galahalte
smote a strobe of knyght vnto sir Palomydes so sore vppon the
helme but the helme was so harde that the swerde knyght nat byte
but slypped and smote of the hede of his horse But when sir
Galahalte saw the good knyght sir Palomydes fall to the erthe
he was ashamed of the strok and with all he alyght adowne of
his owne horse and prayde sir Palomydes to take that horse
of his gyfte and to for gyff hym that dede Sir seyde sir Palo
mydes I thanke you of your grete goodnes for end of a man
of worshyp a knyght shall neid shame dysworshyp and so he mown
ted vppon the horse and the haute prynce had a noy horse anone
Now seyde the haute prynce I release to you that maydyn for
shame wonne and sayde sir Palomydes the damesell is at
your comandement So they departed & sir Galahalte ded grete
dedis of armys and knyghtis so cam sir Dynadan and encoun
tyrd with sir Galahalte and aythir cam ouir oy so faste that they
spearys brake to theire handis But sir Dynadan had wente
the haute prynce had bene more werar than he was and

thand he smote many sad strokes at ye gaute prynce. But whan
ye Dynadan saw he myght nat gete hym to the erthe he
seyde my lorde I pray yow leve me a take a noth. Do the
gaute prynce knew nat ye Dynadan but lesste hym goodly
for his fayre wordis and so they departed but a nop knyght ye
cam & tolde ye gaute prynce that that was ye Dynadan
Wyo seyde ye gaute prynce ye fore am I sory ye he is so asca
ped fro me for wt his mokkis & his Iapes now shall I nev
gane done wt hym and than ye Galahalte rode faste after
hym & bade hym a byde ye Dynadan for kynge artlus
sake Nay seyde ye Dynadan Do god me helpe we mete no
more to gydyr this day Than in ye gaste ye Galahalte met
wt ye ayellyagaunce and he smote hym so in ye throte that
and he had fallyn his necke had be brokyn & wt ye same
speare he smote downe and other knyght Than cam in
they of the Nor the galys & many straungers wt them &
were lyke to gane put them of Thenluse to the worse for
ye Galahalte the gaute prynce had on muche in honde
Do ye cam ye good knyght ye Dynomude the valyaunte wt
yl. knyghtis & bete them all a backe Than quene Gweny
and ye Iaunselot let blow to lodgynge and eny knyght vnarmed
hym & dressed them to the feste Do whan ye Palomy
des was vnarmed he ayed lodgynge for hym selff and ye
damesell and a none ye gaute prynce comaunded them to
lodgynge and he was nat so sone in his lodgynge but ye
cam a knyght that hyzt Archade he was brothr vnto Sir
Gonoreyes that ye Palomydes slewe a fore in the dame
sels quarell and this knyght Archade called ye Palomydes
traytonne & appeled hym for the deth of his brop By the
leve of the gaute prynce seyde ye Palomydes I shall an
swere the Whan ye Galahalte vndrstood there quarell

he bade them go to the dyner and assone as ye have dyned loke yat ayther knyght be redy in yr fylde Do what they had dyned they were armed both and tooke yr horses yt ye queue and yr prynce and yt launcelot were sette to be holde them and so they lette ren yr horses and yt Palomydes and Sir Arcade mette and he bare yt Arcade on his speare ende on his horse tayle and than yt Palomydes a lyzt yt drewe his sworde but yt Arcade myght nat a ryse and there sir Palomydes raced off his helme and smote off his hede // yā the gaute prynce and queue Guenyn went to soup Than kynge Bagdemagus sente a way his sonne Ayellyagaunce by cause yt launcelot sholde nat mete wt hym for he hated yt launcelot and that knewe he nat

Vpon be gynnyth yr thirde day of Iustis and at that day kynge Bagdemagus made hym redy and yr cam a gaynste hym kynge Ayarsyll that had in gyfte an honde off yt Galahalte the gaute prynce and this honde was called Pomytayne Than his be felle than yr kynge Bagdemagus and kynge Ayarsyll off Pomytayne mett to gyder wyth speares and kynge Ayarsyll had suche a buffet that he felle on his horse crompe Than cam yr in a knyght off kynge Ayarsyls to revenge his londe and kynge Bagdemagus smote hym downe horse and man to the erthe Do there came an erle that knyght yt Arrouse and yt Breuse and an .C. knyght wyth hem off Pometaynes and the kynge off Northe galys was wt hem and all they were a gaynste them off Surluse and than yr be gan a grete batayle and many knyght were caste vndr yr horse fyete and en kynge Bagdemagus ded beste for he fyrste be gan and en he was lengyste that helde on But yt Gaherys Gawaynes

brok̄ smote ou̇t at the face off kynge Bagdemagus and at the laste he smote downe ſ Galeryꝺ horſe & man and by aventure ſ Palomydes mette w^t ſ Blamor de Ganys brok̄ vnto ſ Bleoberys and ayth̄ smote oth̄ w^t grete ſpeares that bothe horſe and men felle to the erthe With ſ Blamor had allmoſte brok̄e his necke for the blood braſte oute at y^e noſe mouthe and eares Thaw cam in Deuke Ascalens off Clarannce and vnder his gou̇naunce there cam a knyght that kyght ſ Elys la noyre and y^e encountryd w^t kynn kynge Bagdemagus and he smote ſ Elys that he made kynn to avoyde his arſon off his ſadyll Do this Deuke Ascalence off Clarannce ded there grete dedis off armys and ſo late as he cam in the thyrde day y^t ded no man ſo well except kynge Bagdemagus and Sir Palomydes And y^e pryce was gyvyn that day vnto kynge Bagdemagus and than they blew vnto lodgyng and warnned them & went to the feyſte kyghtly ſo cam in ſ Dynadan and mocked & japed wyth kynge Bagdemagus that all kyghtly lowde at kynn for he was a fyne japer and lovynge vnto all good kyghtly Do a none as they had dyned y^t cam a varlet berynge .iij. ſpearys on his backe and he cam to ſ Palomydes and ſeyde thus Sere ſir a kyght by y^t kyght hath ſente y^e choyſe off .iij. ſpearys & requyryth yon for youre ladyes ſake to take that one halff off thes ſpearys and juſte w^t kynn in the fylde Telle kynn ſeyde ſ Palomydes I wolle nat fayle yon Do ſ Galahalte ſeyde make you redy Do qneene Gwenyn the haute prynce and ſ Launcelot they were ſette in Scaffoldis Thaw ſ Palomydes and y^e ſtraunge kyght rade to gydnis and brake there ſpearys to y^e londys And a none aythir off them tobe a

nost speare and shyvyrd thew/ in peces/ and than ayn tokē a gretter speare/ and than the kynght/ smote dowrne Sir Palomydes horse and man and as he wolde have passed ouer hym the kynghtis horse stombeled & felle downe vppon ß Palomydes Than they drewe theire swerdis/ & layshed to gydir wondirly sore Than the haute prynce and ß launcelot/ seyde they saw neid. n. kynghtis fyghtē bettir/ but/ ey ye straunge kynght/ doubled his strokys & put/ ß Palomydes a bak/ and there w^t all/ the haute prynce cryed wsoo/ and than they wente to lodgynge and when they were vnarmed anone they knew hym for ß launcelot/ and when launcelot/ knew ß launcelot/ he made muche of/ hym for of all/ erthely men he loved hym beste excepte ß Tristrā Than quene Gwenyth comaunded comended hym and so did all/ good knyghtis/ made muche of/ hym excepte ß Gallaynes knyght/ Than quene Gwenyvr seyde vnto ß launcelot Sir/ I requyre you p^t and ye/ juste any more that/ ye/ juste w^tyth/ none of/ ye blood of/ my lorde kynge Arthure & so he promysed he wolde nat/ as all/ p^t tyme

Ere be gynnyth/ the. xiij. day Than cam in to the felde ye kynge w^t the. C. knyghtis and all/ they of Northe galys and Denbe Chaleus of Clarannce and kynge Clarsylle of Pometayne and ye cam ß Sapyn ß Palomydes knyght and he tolde hym tydyngis of/ hys fadir and of his modir and his name was called an Erle and so I appeled hym a fore ye kynge for he made warre vppon owre fadir and modir and there I slewe hym in playne batayle Do they. n. wente in to ye felde and the damesell/ w^tyth/ hem and there cam to encounte a gayne them Sir Bleoberys de ganys and ß Ector de maris and ß Palomydes encountryd w^tyth/ Sir

Bleoberys and aytyn smote off downe in ye same wyse
ded ye Bayon and ye Ector and these .ij. couplyd ded batay-
le on foote Than cam in ye launcelot and ge encom-
tyned wt the kynge of the C. kynghtes and smote kynd
ryte on ouer house tayle and in the same wyse ge fued
the kynge of Nortge galys and also ge smote downe
kynge Clarys and so or ell ge stynte ge smote downe
wyth ouer sheld and wt ouer sworde xxxti kynghtys
Whan Deube Galeud saw ye launcelot do so grete pro
wes ge wolde nat medyll wt kynd for shame and than
ge charged all ouer kynghtes in payne of deth yt none
of you towche kynd for ouer were shame to all goode
kynghtes & that kynght were shamed Than yt .ij. kynge
gadird them to gydird and all they sett vppon ye launce
lote and ge fayled them nat but russhed here and
there and raced of many helmys that ye haute piece
and queue Gweniu seyde they saw neu kynght do
suche dedis of armys on ouer backe Alas seyde
ye launcelot to kynge Bagdemagus I wolle arme
me and helpe ye launcelot and I wolle ryde wyth you
seyde kynge Bagdemagus And whan they .ij. were
horsed they cam to ye launcelot that stood amonge xxx
kynghtes and well was kynd that myght recke kym
a buffet and ell ge smote a grayne myghtyly Than
cam there in to the prees ye launcelot and ge there
downe ye Clador de la porte and wt ye troncheon of
that speare ge there downe many kynghtes & kynge
Bagdemagus smote on the lyfte honde and on ye
myghte honde mayghtyly well and than the kynge
stedde a bak and yn wt all ye Galagalte lat blode to god
kynge and all gerrowdis gaff ye launcelot the prycc

and all thys whyle fought ꝑ Palomydes and ꝑ Bleoberys and ꝑ Safer and ꝑ Ector on foote and nede was ꝑ. iij. knyghtes more ayrmer macched and anone they were dyghted and had vnto ꝑ lodgynge and vnarmed and so they wente to ꝑ grete feste Bute whan ꝑ lamerok was come vnto ꝑ comte ꝓnce Gwenyn embraced hym in hys armys and seyde ꝑ Welcome ye done this day Than cam the haute prynce and he made of hym grete ioy and so ded ꝑ Dyuadan for he wepte for ioy Bute ꝑ ioy that ꝑ launcelot made of ꝑ lamerok ꝑ nyght no tonge telle Than they wente vnto reste and so on ꝑ morne the haute prynce Sir Galahalte blew vnto the fylde

Ere be gynnyth the vth. day Bo hit befell that Sir Palomydes cam in the morne tyde and profyrde to juste there as kynge Arthure was in a castell ꝑ be sydys Sinwlise ꝑ encountryd wt hym a worshypfull Duke that hyght Adrallus and ꝑ ꝑ Palomydes smote hym of his horse croupyd and this Duke was vncle vnto kynge Arthure Than ꝑ Elyce his sonne rode vnto ꝑ Palomydes and so he seuerid ꝑ Elyse in the same wyse. Whan ꝑ Gawayne sawe this he was wrothe Than he tobe his horse and encountrid wt ꝑ Palomydes and ꝑ Palomydes smote hym so harde that he wente to the erthe horse and man and for to make a shorte tale he smote downe sixe. ix. knyghtes that is for to say Sir Mordred ꝑ Gaherys and ꝑ Aggrauayne a sixth seyde kynge Arthure this is a grete dyspyte that suche a Paynym shall smyte downe my blood and there wt all kynge Arthure was wrothe and thought to haue made hym redy to juste Than aspyed Sir lamerok that kynge Arthure and his blood was so discomfite and anone he was redy and axed ꝑ Palomydes yf he wolde ony more juste Why sholde I nat juste seyde Sir Palomydes Do they hurled to gydres and brake ꝑ speares ſt

all to schynd them that all the castell wange of ye dyntys pa
ynym gate a gretter speare and they cam so fyersly to gydr ye
of Palomydes speare brake & of lamerok sylde and ye wyth all
of Palomydes losse his sprurys and so he lay vp vyght on his
horse backe But of Palomydes reconde a gayne and tobe
his dameselle and so of Dasshe and he went ye way Do when
he was depted ye kynge cam to of lamerok and thankyd hym
of his goodnes and prayde hym to telle hym his name Wyr
seyde of lamerok wyte you well sowre you my lyfe but as
at this tyme I wolle nat a byde here for I so off myne enemy
es many a boute you alas seyde kynge Artour nowe wote
I well sir yo of Galys I of lamerok a byde with me
and be my crowne I schalle neid fayle the and nat so gandy m sir
Gawayne hede nothyr none of his brethyr to do the wronge
Dr grete wronge hane they done me and you both That
to trouthe seyde kynge Artour for they slew ye owne modr
my sistr sir had bene mucche fayrer and bettr that ye hadde
wedded her for ye ar a kynge sonne as well as they I Ywa
ney seyde of lamerok her deth schalle I neid for gete and if sir
were nat at ye request of yonne kynge I schulde be revenged
vppon of Gawayne and his brethyr Truly seyde kynge Artour
I wolle make you at a corde Dr seyde of lamerok as at this
tyme I may nat a byde w^t you for I muste to the justis where
to of lamcelot and the gaute prynce of Galahalte Do there
was a dameselle ye was doughtr vnto kynge Bandas and ye
was a Sarazen bwyght that sygght of Corsabrynes she loved
the dameselle and in no wyse she wolde suffr her to be maryed
for ewr this Corsabrynes moysed her and named her ye she was
onte of her mynde and this she lette her that she myght nat
be maryed Do by fortune this dameselle harde telle that sr
Palomydes ded mucche for dameseles and anone she sente hym

a penselle and prayde hym to hyghte wt̄ ꝑ Corsabrayne for her
love and he sholde have her and all her londis and of her fa-
dris that sholde falle after hym Than the damesell sente vnto
ꝑ Corsabrayne and bade hym go vnto ꝑ Palomydes yt̄ was
a payrym as welle as he and she gaff hym warnynge yt̄ she
had sente hym her penselle and yf he myghte on̄ com ꝑ Palo
mydes she wolde wedde hym // Whan ꝑ Corsabrayne wyste of
her dedis Than was he wood wrothe and anone he rode vn-
to Surluse where the gaute prynce and ꝑ he fonde Dñ
Palomydes redy the whyche had yͤ penselle and so ꝑ they
waged batayle aythr wt̄ othr a fore ꝑ Galahalte well seyde
the gaute prynce thus day nuste noble knyghte juste and
at after dyner we shalle se how ye can do than they blew to
justys and in cam ꝑ Dynadan and mette wt̄ ꝑ Beryne a
good knyghte and he threw hym downe on his horse croupen
and ꝑ Dynadan on̄ threw .xij. knyghtis mo and ꝑ he dede gͤte
dedis of armys for he was a good knyghte but he was a gͤte
scoffer and a gaper and yͤ merryste knyghte a monge felyshyp
that was that tyme lyvynge and he loved ev̄y good knyghte
and ev̄y good knyghte loved hym Do whan the gaute prynce
saw ꝑ Dynadan do so welle he sente vnto ꝑ launcelot and bade
hym stryke hym a downe and so brynge hym a fore me and
quene Gwenyth Than ꝑ launcelot ded as he was requyred
Than cam ꝑ launcelot and smote downe many knyghtis
and raced of helmys and drosse alle yͤ knyghtis a fore hym
and ꝑ launcelot smote a downe ꝑ Dynadan and made his
men to vnarme hym and so brought hym to the quene
and to the gaute prynce lowze at ꝑ Dynadan that they
myghte nat stonde welle seyde ꝑ Dynadan yet shame I no
shame for the olde shrew ꝑ launcelot smote me downe so
they wente to dyner alle the comte and had grete disporte

at ſ Dynadan Do whan ye dyner was done they blew to ye
fylde to be golde ſ Palomydes and ſ Corſabryne Dyu
Palomydes pyght his penſell in myddys off ye fylde &
than they ranne to gydnes wt ther ſpeares as ſtyf were
than dun and they ſmote aythir op to the erthe and than
they pulled oute there ſwerdis & dreſſed ye ſchyldis and
layſſhed to gydnes myghtyly as myghty buyghtt ye well
wyze ye was no pryſe off harneyſe wolde holde them for
this Corſabryne was a paſſyuge felownſe knyght Than
Corſabryne ſeyde ſ Palomydes wolt ye releaſe me
youdu daneſelt and the penſell Than was he wrothe
oute off meſure and gaff ſ Palomyde ſuche a buffet ye
he bueled on his bne Than ſ Palomydes arooſe lyghtly
and ſmote hym vppon the helme ye he felle vp ryght to ye
erthe and ye wt alle he raced off his helme & ſeyde yelde
ye Corſabryne or pou ſhalt dye ſtye on the ſeyde Dun
Corſabryne and do they warſte Than he ſmote off his
hede and there wt alle cam a ſtrube off his body whan
the ſoule depted that ye myght no body a byde the ſavour
Do was the corpus had away & buryed in a wood by
cauſe he was a paynym Than they blew vnto lodgyng
and ſ Palomydes was warned Than he wente vnto
quene Gwenyn to the ſaute pryuce and to ſ launcelot
Dun ſeyde the ſaute pryuce here shall ye ſeyne this day
a ſwete myracle by Corſabryne what ſavoure was the
re whan the ſoule depted fromme the body Therefore for
alle requyre you to take the baptyme vppon you and pa
alle buyghtt wolle ſette the more be you Dun ſeyde ſir
Palomydes I wolle that ye alle knowe that I to this houde
I cam to be cryſtyned and in my harte I am cryſtynde

and cryſtynde wolde ſ be. But ſ ſaue made ſuche a vowe ſt ſ
may nat be cryſtynde tyll ſ ſaue done vij. treuue batayles
for ſ ſake and than wolde ſ be cryſtynde and ſ truſte that
god wolde take myne entente for ſ meane truly Than ſt
Palomydes prayde queue Gwenyth and ſe ſaute pryuce
and ſo ſe ded bothe ſt Launcelot and ſt Lancrot and many
oth good knyghtes Do on the morne they herde ſ maſſe ſt
bleeue to the and pan many worſhipfull knyghtes made ſe redy
Ere be gynnyth the vj. day Than cam ſ ni Du-
Gaheryes and ſ encountyred wt ayen ſt Oſſayſe of
Dnrluſe and ſt Gaheryes ſmote ayen oth his horſe croupe
and than ayſt pty encountyred wt othr and ſ were many
knyghtes caſte vndr fyete Do ſ cam ſt Danuarde and
ſt Agglovale that were breſne vnto ſt Lancrot and they
mette wt oth ij. knyghtes and arthur ſmote oth ſo harde that
alle. ij. knyghtes and horſis felle to the erthe // Than ſir
Lancrot ſaw his ij. breſne downe he had wroghte oute
of meſure and than he gatte a grete ſpeare in his honde
and ſ wt alle he ſmote downe. ij. good knyghtes ſt than
his ſpeare brake // Than he pulled oute his ſwerde and
ſmote a bonte ayen on the ryght honde and on the lyfte
honde and raced off helmys and pulled downe knyghtes
that alle men merbayled off ſuche dedis off armys as he
ded for he fared ſo that many knyghtes fledde // Than he
horſed his breſne a gayne and ſayde breſne ye ought
to be aſhamed to falle ſo off yo horſis What is a knyght
but than he on horſe backe. ffor I ſette nat by a
knyght than he is ow foote for alle batayles on foote
ar but pylloms in batayles for ſ ſholde no knyght fyzte
on foote but yff than were for treſon or elly he were
dryuyn by force to fyzte on foote Than ſaue ſone breſne

fytte faste / in yͤ sadyls or ellys fyght / new more a fore me
Do wt tht / cam in yͤ Deuke Chalence of Clarannce and
yͤ encountyrd wt thym yͤ Erle of Vlbanys of Burlnse and
ayth of thew smote of downe Thand the knyghtf of both pty
es horsed yͤ lordis a gayne for ff Ector and ff Bleoberys
were on foote waytynge on the Deuke Chalence and yͤ
knyge wt the C. knyghtf was wt the Erle of Vlbanys Do
wyth yͤ cam Duc Galerys and layssed to the knyge wyth
the C. knyghtf and he to thym a gayne Thand cam yͤ deuke
Chalence and departed them Do they blew to lodgynge and yͤ
knyghtf warmed them and dreswe them to theyr dyner
at the myddys of thy dyner. / in cam ff Dynadan and be gan
to rayle and thand he held the gaute pryuce yͤ thym semed
wrothe wt som faute yͤ he sawe for he had a condyssion yͤ he
loved no fyssh and by cause was serued wt fyssh and hated
flesh yͤ fore he was nat myrry / and whan ff Dynadan
had a fryed yͤ gaute pryuce he a fryed where was a fyssh
wt a grete hede and anone that he gate be thwyte. y dissh
and fned yͤ gaute pryuce wt that fyssh and thand he sayde
thus Duc Galahalte welle may / lyked you to a wolff for he
wolle nedete fyssh but flaysshe and anone yͤ gaute pryuce
lowze at his wordis / welle welle seyde ff Dynadan to sir
launcelot what debylle do ye in this contrey for here may
no meane knyghtf wynne no worssyp for the / / ensure
the ff Dynadan seyde ff launcelot / shalle no more mete wt
the nor wt thy grete speare for / may nat sytte in my sadyll
whan thy speare quttyth me and / be happy / shalle be ware
of thy boyteous body that yͤ beryst / welle seyde ff launcelot
make good wacche Dii god for bode yͤ ever we mete but yͤ
be at a dysshe of mete Thand lowze the queue and yͤ gaute
pryuce that they myght nat sytte at yͤ table and thus they

made grete ioy tylle on the morne and than they sange masse and blew to the fylde and quene Gwenyu and alle astat yo were sette as ſouged armed clene wt ꝑ ſkyldis to kepe ꝑ vygylle

Now be gynnythe ꝑ vij. batayle here cam in ꝑ Deube Canbynes and ꝑ encountyred wt kyng ꝑ dryſtaunce that was counted a good knyght and they mette ſo harde that aythir bare of a downe horſe and man Than there cam in the Erle launbayle and halpe the Deube a gayne to horſe backe Than ꝑ cam in ꝑ Oſſayſe of Durluſe and he ſmote ꝑ Erle launbayle downe from his horſe and ſo they be gan gete dedis of armys and many ſpearys were broken and many knyghtis were caſte to the erthe Than the kynge of ꝑ lowthe galys and the Erle Ulbawes ſmote to gydyrs ꝑ alle ꝑ ſouged thought hit was mortalle dethe This meane whyle quene Gwenyu and the haute prynce and ꝑ launcelot made ꝑ ꝑ Dynadan to make kyng redy to ſuſte ſ wolde ſeyde ꝑ Dynadan ryde in to the fylde but than eſſ one of you thayne wolde mete wt me Perdeus ſeyde the haute prynce and Sir launcelot ye may ſe how we fytte here as ſouged wt oure ſkyldis and alle way may ye be holde where we fytte here or nay Do ꝑ Dynadan dyſpted and tobe his horſe & mette wt many knyghtis and ded paſſyngly welle and as he was dyſpted Sir launcelot diſgyſed hym ſelffe and put vppon his armo a maydyns garmente freyſſhely attyred Than ꝑ launcelot made ꝑ Galyhodyn to lede hym thorow the rawnge and alle mew had wonder what dameſelle was that and ſo as ꝑ Dynadan cam in to the rawnge ꝑ launcelot that was in ꝑ dame ſelfe a way gate ꝑ Galyhodyns ſpeare & rane vnto ꝑ Dynadan and alle wayes he lobed vp there as ꝑ launcelot was and than he ſawe one fytte in the ſtede off ꝑ launcelot armed But whan ꝑ Dynadan ſaw a man off a dameſelle he dradde

gallys leste hit sholde be ꝑ launcelot disgysed But ꝑ launcelot
cam on hym so faste that he smote ꝑ Dynadan on his house
croupe and anone grete coystrouns gate ꝑ Dynadan and
in to the foreyste there he fyde and there they dispoyled hym
vnto his sherte and put vppon hym a womans garmente
and so brought hym in to fylde and so the blew vnto lodgyng
and ely bryght went and vnarmed them and than was
ꝑ Dynadan brought in amonge them all and whan
quene Gwenyu sawe ꝑ Dynadan so brought in so amon
ge them all than she lowhe that she fell downe and so dede
all that ꝑ was Well seyde ꝑ Dynadan ꝑ launcelot ꝑ
ante so false ꝑ I can neu be ware of the Than by all ꝑ
assente they gaff ꝑ launcelot the pryce the next was sir
lamerok de galys And the thyrde was ꝑ Palomydes
The iij was kynge Bagdemagus So thes iij knyghtes
had ꝑ pryce and there was grete ioy and grete nobelay in
all the courte and on the morne quene Gwenyu and sir
launcelot depted vnto kynge Arthur But in no wyse sir
lamerok wolde nat go with them Sir I shall vndyr take
seyde sir launcelot that and ye wolt go with vs kynge
Arthure shall charge ꝑ Gawayne and his brethren nedi to do
you ayde Do for that sayde sir lamerok I wolt nat truste to
ꝑ Gawayne nor none of his brethren and wyte you well sir
lamerok and but were nat for my lorde kynge Arthurs
sake I shuld macche ꝑ Gawayne and his brethren well I nowe
But for to sey that I shall truste them that shall I nedi and
ꝑ I pray you recomaunde me vnto kynge Arthure and all my
lordys of the rounde table and in what place that euer I com
I shall do you all seruyse to my power and ꝑ yet hit is but late
that I revenged them whan they were put to the by ꝑ Palo
mydes Than ꝑ lamerok depted from ꝑ launcelot and all

The felyship

the felyshyp and aythir of them wepte at her departynge

NOw turne we fro this matter and speke of sir Trystram of whom this booke is principall and leve we the kynge and the quene and sir launcelot and sir launcelot and there be gynnyth the treson of kynge marke that he ordayned agayne sir Trystram and ye was cryed by the costys of Cornwayle a grete turnemente and justis and all was done by sir Galahalt ye hawte prynce and kynge Bagdemagus to the entente to sle Syr launcelot of ellys vtturlyte to destroy hym and shame hym by cause sir launcelot had ever more the hyger degre Where fore this prince and this kynge made this justys a yenst sir launcelot and this her conceyte was disconde vnto kynge marke where of he was glad Whan kynge marke vnderstode hym that he wolde hane sir Trystram vnto the turnemente disgysed that no man sholde knowe hym to that entente that the hawte prynce sholde wene that sir Trystram were sir launcelot and so at that justys came in sir Trystram and at that tyme sir launcelot was not there Bvt whan they sawe a knyght disgysed do suche dedis of armys they wente it had bene sir launcelot and in especiall kynge marke seyde it was sir launcelot playnly Whan they sette vppon hym both kynge Bagdemagus and the hawte prynce and there knyght seyde that it was wonder that ony sir Trystram myght endure that payne Not withstondynge for all ye payne that they ded hym he wan the degre at that turnemente and there he hurte many knyght and bruised them wondirly sore So whan the justys was all done they knewe well that he was sir Trystram de lyones and all they that were on kynge markis pty were glad that sir Trystram was hurte and all the remenaunte were sory of his hurte for sir Trystrams was nat so he hated as was sir launcelot nat withstondynge in ye realme

of Ingelonde Than cam kynge Marke vnto ſ Tryſtrams
and ſayde fayre nevew I am glad of yo^r metyng Gramercy
my lorde ſeyde ſ Tryſtram Than kynge Marke made hym
to be put in an horſe letter in grete tokenynge of love And
ſayde fayre Couſyne I ſhall yo^u lecche my ſelff and ſo he rode
forth with ſ Tryſtram and brought hym hym to a caſtell by
day lyght and than kynge Marke made ſ Tryſtram to ete
And after that he gaff hym a drynke And anone as he hadde
dronke he felle on ſlepe And when hit was nyght he made
hym to be caryed to a no^y caſtell and there he put hym in a
ſtronge preſon And a man and a woman to gyff hym hys
mete and hys drynke So there he was a grete while
Than was ſ Tryſtram myſſed and no creature wyſt where
he was he cam And when la beall Iſode harde how he was
myſte prybayly ſhe wente vnto ſ Sadocke and prayde hym
to aſſpye where was ſ Tryſtram And when ſ Sadocke knew
how ſ Tryſtram was myſte he ſought and made ſpyes for hym
And than he aſſpyed that kynge Marke had put the good knyght
in preſon by hys owne aſſente and the traytours of Magon
Than ſ Sadocke toke with hym too of hys Couſyns And he layde
them and hym ſelff anone in a buſſhemente faſte by the caſtell
off Tyntagyll in armys And as by fortune there cam rydyng
kynge Marke and .iij. off hys nevewys and a ſtayne off the
traytours of Magonus When ſ Sadocke aſſpyed them
he brake oute of buſſhemente and ſette there vppon them And
when p kynge Marke aſſpyed ſ Sadocke he fledde as faſte as
he myght and there ſ Sadocke ſlew all the .iij. nevewys off
kynge Marke hys Couſyns But the traytours off Magonus
ſmote one of ſ Sadocks Couſyns a grete wounde in p^r necke
But ſ Sadocke ſmote op the ſayne to the deth Than ſ Sadocke
rode vppon hys way vnto the caſtell that was called Lyonas ſt

there he a sprde of the treson and felony of kynge Marke Do of that castell they rode with ſ Badocke tyll they cam to a castel that hyght Arbray and there in the towne they founde ſ Dynas the Beneschall that was a good knyght But when ſ Badock had tolde ſ Dynas of all the treson of kynge Marke Than he desyred ſuche a kynge and seyde he wolde gyff vp all his londis that hylde of hym and when he seyde these wordis all his knyghtis seyde as ſ Badocke Dynas sayde Than by his advyse and of ſ Badockes he let stuff all the townys & castelis with in the contrey of kynoes & assemble all that they comde make

NOw tunne vnto kynge Marke that was when he was ascaped frome ſ Badocke he rode vnto the castell of Tyntagyll and there he made a grete cry and noyse and cryed vn to harneyse all that myghte bere armys Than they sought and founde where was dede .iij. Conſyns of kynge Marke and the traytoure of Magonus Than the kynge lette entyre them in a chapell Than kynge Marke lette cry in all the contrey ꝑ hylde of hym to go vnto armys for he vndirstood that to the warre he muste nedis So when kynge Marke hande & vndirstood how ſ Dynas and ſ Sadok were a rysyng in the contrey of kynoes he remembred of treson and wyles And so thus he ded lete make and counterfete lettirs frow the Pope and dede make a straunge clarke to bryngе po lettirs vnto kynge Marke The whyche lettirs specifyed that kynge Marke sholde make hym redy vppon payne of Interdyte wyth his oste to come to the Pope to helpe hym to go to Jerlm for to make warre vp pon the Sarasyns So when this clarke was come by ꝑ meane of the kynge Amore ꝑ wyth kynge Marke sente that clarke vn to ſ Tristram and bade hym sey this that and he wolde go warre vppon the myscreaunts he sholde go oute of pryson and have all

his power wt hym / Whan sr Tryſtram vnderſtood this lettir than he ſayde this to the clerke / a kynge marke ert gaſte yon bene a traytour and ert wolt be But yon clerke ſeyde sr Tryſtram Bey yon this vnto kynge marke Syne the Pope hath ſente for hym bid hym go thidir hym ſelff for telle hym traytour kynge as he is / wolt nat go at his comaundemente gete onte off yon as welt as I may for I ſe I and welt rewarded for my trewe ſeruyſe Than the Clarke returned agayne vnto kynge marke and tolde hym off the anſwere off sr Tryſtram Welt ſeyde kynge marke yet ſhalt he be be gyled And anone he went vnto hys chaumbir and counterfeted lettyrs ſpecifyed that the Pope deſyred sr Tryſtram to come hym ſelf to make warre vppon p̄ myſcreaunt / So whan the clerke came agayne vnto sr Tryſtram and toke hym this lettyrs he ſayed them they were off kynge marke counterfet ynge and ſayde a kynge marke falſe gaſt yon ert bene and ſo wolt yon ende Than the clarke departed fro me sr Tryſtram and came vnto kynge marke agayne And ſo by pan there was come. my. wounded knyghtſ wt in the caſtell off Tyntagyll and one off them his necke was wryen brokyn in twayne and a nop had his arme wryen ſtrykyn a way The thirde was boren thorow wt a ſpeare The fourthe had his thyghe ſtrykyn in twayne / And whan they came afore kynge marke they cryed and ſayde kynge way fleyſte yon nat for all this contrey yo cherly anyſen a yenſte the Than was kynge marke wrothe onte off meſure And ſo in the meane whyle there came in to the contrey sr Percivale de Galys to ſeke after sr Tryſtram And whan sr Percivale harde that sr Tryſtram was in preſon he made clerly the delyuraunce off hym by his knyghtly meanys And whan he was ſo delyuerde he made grete ioy off sr Percivale and ſo ded echone off ther / Than sr Tryſtram ſeyde vnto sr Percivale and ye wolt a lyde in this marches I wolt ryde wt yon

ſ ſayd ſeyde ſ Percivale ſu thes contreyes ſ may nat tary for-
ſ muſte nedis ẽ to walys So ſ Percivale departed from Sir
Tryſtram and ſtreyte he rode vnto kynge Marke and tolde hym
how he had delyvred ſ Tryſtram and alſo he tolde ỹ kynge that he
had done hym ſelff grete ſhame for to preſon ſ Tryſtram ſo for-
he is now the knyght of moſte reverence in the worlde lyke kynge
and wyte yon well that the noblyſte knyght of the worlde lo
vyth ſ Tryſtram and yff he will make warre vppon yow ye may
nat a byde hit. Whan is trouthe ſeyde kynge Marke But ſ may
nat lobe ſ Tryſtram by cauſe he lovyth my quene la beall Iſode
A fy for ſhame ſeyde ſ Percivale ſey ye nevẽ ſo more for ar nat
ye vncle vnto ſ Tryſtram and by yonre nebeall ye ſholde nevẽ
thynke that ſo noble a knyght as ſ Tryſtram is that he wolde
do hym ſelff ſo grete vylany to holde his vncles wyff how be hit
ſeyde ſ Percivale he may lobe yonre quene fyrſt be cauſe ſhe is
called one of the fayreſt ladyes of the worlde Whan ſ Percivale
departed from kynge Marke but yet he bethought hym of more
treſon Not withſtondynge he graunted vnto ſ Percivale nevẽ by no
maner of meanys to hurte ſ Tryſtram So anone kynge Marke
ſente vnto ſ Dynas the ſeneſchall that he ſholde put downe
all the peeple that he had rayſed for the ſente hym and othe that
he wolde go hym ſelff vnto the Pope of Rome to warre vppon
the myſcreaunts and ſtrow that is fayre warre than thus
to a reyſe peeple a gayuſte yonre kynge and anone as Sir
Dynas vnderſtood that he wolde go vppon the myſcreaunts
Whan ſ Dynas in all the haſte that myght be he putte
downe all his peeple and whan the peeple were departed
ewy man to his home Whan kynge Marke aſſyred where
was ſ Tryſtram with la beall Iſode and there by treſon
kynge Marke lete take hym and put hym in preſon contrey
to his promyſe that he made vnto ſ Percivale Whan

quene Isode vndyrstode that ſ Tryſtram was in preſon a
gayne ſhe made grete ſorow as eyd made lady or ſaintyll
woman Than ſ Tryſtram ſente a letter vnto la beall Isode
and hym to be his good lady and ſayde yf hyt pleaſed her to ma
prayde ke a veſſell redy for her and hym and he wolde go wyth her
vnto the realme of logrys that is this londe Whan la beall
Isode vndyrſtood ſ Tryſtrams and his entente ſhe ſente hym and
ſayd and bade hym be of good conforte for ſhe wolde do make
the veſſell redy and all maner of thynge to purpoſe Than ſayd la
beall Isode ſente vnto ſ Dynas and to ſ Sadok and prayde
hem in ony wyſe to take kynge ayarbe and put hym in pre
ſon vnto the tyme that ſhe and ſ Tryſtram were departed
vnto the realme of logrys Whan ſ Dynas the ſeneſchall
vndyrſtood the treſon of kynge ayarbe he ymyſed her to do
her comaundemente and ſente her worde a gayne ꝑ kynge
ayarbe ſholde be put in preſon and ſo as they devyſed hit was
done and than ſ Tryſtram was delyuerde oute of preſon and
anone in all haſte quene Isode and ſ Tryſtram went
to bee there comcyyle and ſo they tooke with them what
them lyſte beſte and ſo they departed

Than la beall Isode and ſ Tryſtram tooke ꝑ veſſell and
cam by watir in to this londe and ſo they were nat
iij. dayes in this londe but ꝑ was made a crye of a juſtyng
and turnement that kynge Arthure let make Whan Sir
Tryſtram harde telle of that turnement he diſgyſed hym
ſelff and la beall Isode and rode vnto that turnemente and
whan he cam there he ſawe many kyngis juſte & turney
and ſo ſ Tryſtram dreſſed hym to the rawnge and to make
ſhorte concluſyon he ouerthrewe .xxiij. kyngis of the rounde
table Whan ſ Launcelot ſaw theſe kyngis of the rounde
table thus ouerthrowe he dreſſed hym to ſ Tryſtram and

that salve la beall Issode how ꝑ launcelot was comyn in to
the fylde Dgan she sente vnto ꝑ launcelot a ryngе to lat
hym wete hit was ꝑ Tryestram de lyones Wgan launce
lot vnderstood that he was ꝑ Tryestram he was full glad &
wolde nat juste and tgan launcelot aspyed wherin Dyr
Tryestram yeode and after hym he rode and tgan aythir made
grete joy of op and so launcelot brought ꝑ Tryestram and
Issode vnto Joyus garde that was his owne castell and he
had wonne hit wt his owne handis and tgeue Sir
launcelot put tgem in to welde hit for ꝑ owne And wyte
yon well that castell was garnysshed and furnysshed for a
kynge and a quene royall tgere to gane suggeoned and sir
launcelot charged all his people to honowre tgem and love
tgem as they wolde do hym selff Do launcelot depted vnto
kynge arthure and tgan he tolde quene Gwenyn how he ꝑ
justed so well at the laste turnemente was ꝑ Tryestram
and ꝑ he tolde her how that he had wt hym la beall Issode ma
ny kynge charke and so quene Gwenybere tolde all this to
kynge arthure and Wgan kynge arthure wyste ꝑ ꝑ Tryestrā
was a ſcaped scaped and comyn from kynge charke and had
brought la beall Issode wt hym Dgan was he passyng glad
Do by cause of ꝑ Tryestram kynge arthure let make a cry
that on may day shulde be a justis by fore the castell of lone
zep and that castell was faste by joyus garde And thus kyng
arthure devysed that all the knyghtis of this londe of Cornway
le and of Northwalys shulde juste a yenste all thes contrey
is of Irelonde & Scotlonde and the remenaunte of walys and
the contrey of Goore and Surluse and of lystenoyse and
they of Northumburlonde and all those that fylde londis
of kynge arthures a this halff the se Do Wgan this crye
was made many knyghtis were glad and many were sad

Sir seyde ſ launcelot vnto kynge arthure by thys cry that ye have made ye wolle put vs that bene a boute you in grete ſoupte for ye be many knyghtſ that hatſ envy to vs Therefore whan we ſhalle mete at the day off ſuſtis there wolle be garde ſkyfte for vs / ad for ye ſeyde kynge arthure / ſave nat there ſhalle we preve whoo ſhalle be beſte off hys hondis Do whan ſ launcelot vnderſtood where fore kynge arthure made this ſuſtenynge Than he made ſuche purbraunce that la beall iſode ſholde be holde the ſuſtis in a ſecrete place that was ſo weſte for her aſtate Now turne we vnto ſ Tryſtram and to la beall iſode how they made ſoy to gydeyns dayly w alle maner off myrthis that they conde debyſe and eny day ſ Tryſtram wolde go ryde an huntynge for he was called that tyme the cheyeff chacer of the worlde and the noblyſt blower off an horne off alle maner off meſures ffor as bookis reporte of ſ Tryſtram cam alle the good termys off venery and off huntynge and alle the ſyſes & meſures off alle blowynge with an horne and off hym we had fyrſt alle the termys of hawkynge and whyche were beſtis off chace & beſtis off venery and whyche were vermyns and alle ye blaſtis that longed to alle maner of game ffyrſte to the vncompelynge to the ſekynge to the fyndynge to the rechace to the flyght to the dethe and to ſtrake and many oy blaſtis and termys that alle maner ſantylmen hath cauſe to the worldis ende to prayſe ſ Tryſtram and to pray for hys ſoule amen ſayde Sir Dyſonis dyalleonce / Do on a day la beall iſode ſeyde vnto ſ Tryſtram / mercyable me mucche ye wene bir nat vonne ſelff how ye be here in a ſtraunge contrey and here be many felons knyghtſ and welle ye wote that kynge marke is full of treſon and that ye wolle ryde thus

to chace and to hunte vnarmed ye myght be sone destroyed /
thy fayre lady and my lobe mercy I wolde no more do so Do
than ſ Tryſtram rode dayly an huntynge armed and his
men beryng his ſhylde and his ſpeare Do on a day a lytil
a fore the none tyde o may ſ Tryſtram chaced an harte paſ-
ſynge egerly and so the harte paſſed by a fayre welle / and
than ſ Tryſtram a lyght and put of his helme to drynke
of that burbely welle and wyght so he harde and ſawe the
queſtynge beſte comynge towarde the welle / Do than ſ
Tryſtram ſaw that beſte he put on his helme for he demed
he ſholde have of ſ Palomydes for that beſte was his
queſte / Wyght ſo ſ Tryſtram ſaw where came a knyght
armed vppon a noble courſer and so he ſalewed hym / Do
they ſpake of many thynge and this knyghtes name was ſir
Brewnys ſanze pite and so anone w that y came vnto pe
ſ Palomydes and aythir ſalewed other and ſpake fayre to other
how fayre knyghtes seyde ſ Palomydes I can tell you ty-
dynge than is that ſeyde the knyght Brewnys Wyte you
well that kynge Carbe of Cornwayle is put in preſon by
his owne knyghtes and all was for the lobe of ſ Tryſtram
for kynge Carbe had put ſ Tryſtram thryſe in preſon ſ
onys ſ Percyvale delyuerde hym and at the laſte tyme la beall
Iſode delyuerde ſ Tryſtram and went cheerly a way with
hym in to this realme and all this whyle kynge Carbe
is in preſon and this be trouthe ſeyde ſ Palomydes we
ſhall gyve haſtely of ſ Tryſtram and as for to ſay that I
love la beall Iſode ꝑamoure I dare make good that I do
and that ſhe hath my ſ hyſe a borne all other ladyes ſ ſhall
have all the terme of my lyff / and wyght ſo as they ſtoode
thus talkynge they ſawe a fore them where came a knyght
all armed on a grete horſe and his one man have hys

shylde and the other his speare and anone as that knyght aspied hym he gate his shylde and his speare and dressed hym to juste Now fayre felowys seyde ſ Tryſtram yonder ys a knyghte wolde juste with vs now lette vs se whyche of vs shalle encounter with hym for I se well he is of the counte of kynge Arthurs hous and shalle nat be longe ar he be mette with alle seyde ſ Palomydes for I fynde neuer no knyght in my queste of this grete synge beste but and he wolde juste I neuer ret refused hym But as well may I seyde ſ Breunes sanz pite folow that beste as ye Dgaud shalle ye do batayle with me seyde ſ Palomydes So ſ Palomydes dressed hym vnto that other knyght whyche hyght ſ Bleoberys that was a noble knyght and nyz kynne vnto ſ launcelot and so they mette so harde That ſ Palomydes felle to the erthe horse and man Dgan ſ Bleoberys cryed a lowde and seyde this vnto hym be redy yon false traytour knyght ſ Breunys sanze pite for I wolle haue a do with the to the vttraunce for the noble knyghtis and ladyes that you haste be trayde Whan ſ Breunys harde hym say so he tobe his horse by the brydyll & fledde his way Whan ſ Bleoberys saw hym fle he folowed faste after thorow thycke and thorow thynne and by fortune as ſ Breunys fled he saw ayen a fore hym .iij. knyghtis of the table rounde that one hyght ſ Ector de mayrys and the other hyght ſ Dabale de galys The thirde hyght ſ Gawayn de fyze lake a good knyght and an hardy and as for ſ Dabale he was called that tyme as ofte is ayze one of the beste knyghtis of the worlde and ꝑ beste assured So Whan ſ Breunys saw these knyghtis he rode strayte vnto them and cryed & prayde them of restorys What nede haue ye seyde ſ Ector a fayre knyghte seyde ſ Breunys here folowyth me the moste traytour knyght and the moste coward and moste of vylany and his name is ſ Breunys sanze pite and if he may gete me he wolle sle me with oute mercy and pyte

Than a bide ye wt wo seyde ꝑ Percibale and we shall warrande and anone were they ware of ꝑ Bleoberys with his cosyn and his bydyng all that he myght Than ꝑ Ector put hym selff fyrste forthe to juste a fore them all And whan ꝑ Bleoberys saw that they were iij. knyghtes and he but hym selff he stode in a were whether he wolde turne or holde his way Than he seyde to hym selff I am a knyght of the table rounde and rather than I sholde shame myne ordre and my blood I wolde holde my way what som ever falle there off and than ꝑ Ector dressed his speare and smote ayther of passyng sore but ꝑ Ector felle to the erthe That saw ꝑ Percibale and he dressed his horse towarde hym all that he myght dryve But Syr Percybale had suche a stroke that horse and man felle bothe to the erthe Whan ꝑ Garry saw that they were bothe to the erthe Than he seyde to hym selff nede was ꝑ Breunes of suche prowes Do sir Garry dressed his horse and they mette to gyders so strongly ꝑ bothe the horses and the knyghtes felle to the erthe But ꝑ Bleoberys horse he gan to recou a grete // That saw ꝑ Breunys and cam smyte lynge and smote hym on and on and wolde have slayne hym as he lay on the grounde Than ꝑ Garry arose lyghtly and tobe ꝑ brydyll of ꝑ Breunys horse and seyde fy for shame stryke new a knyght when he is at the erthe for this knyght may be called no shamefull knyght of his dedis for on this grounde he hath done worshypfully and put to the warre passynge good knyghtes Therefore wolle I nat let seyde ꝑ Breunys Thou shalt nat chose seyde ꝑ Garry as at this tyme Do whan ꝑ Breunys saw that he myght nat have his wylle he spake fayre Than ꝑ Garry let hym go and than anone he made his horse to renne on ꝑ Bleoberys and rossed hym to the erthe lyke to have slayne hym Whan ꝑ Garry saw hym do so vylanously he cryed and sayde traytoure knyght lete of for shame // and as ꝑ Garry wolde have taken his horse to fyght with Syr Breunys Than ꝑ Breunys as he was halff vppon his horse

and smote hym downe horse and man and had slayne nere ꝑ Garry the good knyght / Whan ꝑ Percyvale and whan he cryde traytour knyght / What dost thou and whan ꝑ Percyvale was vppon his horse ꝑ Brewnys tobe his horse and fledde all that ever he myght / and ꝑ Percyvale and ꝑ Garry folowed hym faste but ever ꝑ straunger they chaced the farther were they be hyrde Whan they turned a gayne and came to ꝑ Ector de marys and to ꝑ Bleoberys Whan sayde ꝑ Bleoberys Why gane ye so succoured that false traytour knyght / Why sayde ꝑ Garry What knyght is he for well I wote he is a false knyght / seyde sir Garry and a cowarde and a felonous knyght Nay seyde ꝑ Bleoberys he is the moste cowarde knyght ꝑ a dedow rer of ladyes and also a distroyer of kynge Arthurs knyghtes as grete as ony ye now lyvynge Nay What is youre name seyde ꝑ Ector my name is he seyde ꝑ Bleoberys de ganys Alas sayde Cousyn seyde ꝑ Ector for gyfte me for I and Nay Ector de marys Whan ꝑ Percyvale and ꝑ Garry made grete Joy of ꝑ Bleoberys But all they were sory that ꝑ Brewnys sanze pite had a scaped them Where of they made grete dole / knyght so as they stood there came ꝑ Palomydes and whan he saw the shylde of ꝑ Bleoberys hym on the ertne Whan sayde ꝑ Palomydes he that owyght that shylde lette hym dresse hym to me for he smote me downe here faste by here at a fountayne and there fore I wolde fyghte Wyght hym on foote / Nay I and redy seyde ꝑ Bleoberys here to answere the for wyte you well ꝑ knyght that was I and my name is ꝑ Bleoberys de Ganys Well art you mette seyde ꝑ Palomydes and wyte you well my name is ꝑ Palomydes the Sarezyn and aythir of them hated other to the dethe Nay Palomydes seyde ꝑ Ector wyte you well there is noȝt you notyr no knyght that berythe the lyfe that slaythe ony of oure blode but he shalle dye for hit Where fore and you lyste to fyghte go and syke ꝑ Launcelot other elles ꝑ Tryestram and there shalte you fynde thy

matche Wyth thew gane I mette seyde ℔ Palomydes but I had
neu no worshyp of them Was there neu no man of knyght seyde ℔ Ector but they too that eu matched yon yee seyde ℔ Palomydes there was the tone as good a knyght as ony of them & of his ayge he was the beste for-yet I-founde I neu his pyere for and he myght gane lyued tyll he had bene more of ayge an hardyer man there lyuyth nat than he wolde gane bene And his name was ℔ Lamorak de Galys and as he had iusted at a turnemente there he and there me and .xxti. knyghtf no and ye he wan the gre and at his departynge there mette with ℔ Gawayne and his bre thre and wyth grete payne they sleowe hym felonsly vnto all good knyghtf grete damage And a none as ℔ Percyvale herde that his brothr was dede ℔ Lamerok he felle on his horse ma ne sownynge and ye he made the grettyste dole and sorow that eu made any noble knyght And whan ℔ Percyvale arose he seyde Alas my good and noble brop ℔ Lamorak now shall we neu mete And I trowe in all the wyde worlde may nat a man fynde suche a knyght as he was of his ayge and that is to mnche to suffir the deth of oure fadr-hynge Pellynor and now the deth of oure good brop ℔ Lamorak So in this meane wayle there cam a bar let fromie the conrte of hynge Arthure and tolde hem of ye gte turnemente that shulde be at Louezep and how this londis Com wayle & notte Galys shulde iuste a yenst all ye wolde com of op cotreyes

Now turne we vnto ℔ Tryestram that as he rode an aduntynge he mette wyth ℔ Dynadan that was comyn in to the contrey to seke ℔ Tryestram and anone ℔ Dynadan tolde ℔ Tryestram his name But ℔ Tryestram wolde nat tell his name where fore ℔ Dynadan was wrothe for-suche a folysshe knyght as ye an seyde ℔ Dynadan I saw but late this day hynge by a welle and he fared as he slepte and there he lay lyke a fole grenynge and wolde nat speke and his shylde

lay by hym and his horse also stood by hym and well I wote he
was a lovear a fayre ffeyre of Tryfframm ar nat ye a lovear
Dame fye on that traunsse seyde ffe Dynadam Sir that is
no well seyde ffe Tryfframm for a knyght may nevr be oft proved
but yff he be a lovear ye say well seyde ffe Dynadam Now I
pray you telle me youre name fyrst ye be suche a lovear
other ellys I shalle do batayle w^t you As for that seyde sir
Tryfframm but is no reson to fyght wyth me but yff I telle
you my name and as for my name ye shalle nat wyte as
at this tyme for me ffye for shame ar ye a knyght & dare
nat telle youre name to me Wherefore ff I wolle fyght w^t
you As for that seyde ffe Tryfframm I wolle be avysed for I wolle
nat do batayle but yff me lyste and yff I do batayle wyth you
seyde ffe Tryfframm ye ar nat able to w^tstonde me ffye on p^e
Cowarde seyde ffe Dynadam and this as they shoved stylle they
saw a knyght com ryd̄ynge a gayn̄ste them lo seyde ffe Tryfframm
se where com̄yth a knyght ryd̄ynge whych wolle juste wyth
you anone as ffe Dynadam he hylde hym he seyde be my fayth
that same is the dotyd knyght that I saw lye by the welle nor
slepynge nor wak̄ynge Well seyde ffe Tryfframm I know ff
knyght well wyth the conde shylde of a shure for he is the
kyngs sonne of Northumberlonde his name is ffe Cyrus
Gryss and he is a grete a lover as I know and he lovyth the
kyngs doughter of Walys a full fayre lady And now I suppose
seyde ffe Tryfframm and ye requyre hym he wolle juste wyth
you and than shalle ye prove whych a lover be better knyght
or ye that wolle nat love no lady Well seyde ffe Dynadam now
shalt you se what I shalle do and there wyth all ffe Dynadam spa
ke on hyght and sayde ffe knyght make the redy to juste wyth
me for juste ye m̄uste nedis for yt is the custom of knyghtis
arraunte for to make a knyght to juste wolle he other nell he

Bn. seyde ꝑ Eppynogrys yo tgat tge rule and custom of you. do
for tgat seyde ꝑ Dynadan make tge redy for gere is for me
and ꝑ wytg all tgey sprnred ꝑ gorsys and mette to gydrs so
garde tgat ꝑ Eppynogrys smote downe ꝑ Dynadan & anone
ꝑ Trystram rode to ꝑ Dynadan and sayde gow now me se
wytg tge lober gatg well sped ffye on tge cowarde seyde ꝑ
Dynadan and yf you be a good knygt revenge me Nay
seyde ꝑ Trystram I wolle nat iuste as at tgis tyme but take
youre gorse and let vs go gens God defende me seyde Bn.
Dynadan frome tgy felysgyp for I nere spedde well syns I
mette wytg tge and so tgey depted well seyde ꝑ Trystram
pabentnre I colde telle you tydyngs of ꝑ Trystram Godde
save me seyde ꝑ Dynadan from tgy felysgyp for ꝑ Tryst̃
were myscheff tge warre and ge were in tgy company and
tgey depted Bn. seyde ꝑ Trystram yet git may happyn
tgat I may mete wytg yow in other places So rode Bn.
Trystram vnto ioyg garde and tgere ge garde in ꝑt̃ towne
grete noyse and cry What is tgis noyse seyde ꝑ Trystram
Bn. seyde tgey gere is a knygt of tgis castell tgat gatg be
longe a monge vs and rygt now ge is slayne w̃t̃ ij. knyzts
and for none oy cause but tgat oure knygt seyde tgat ꝑ
Launcelot was bettr knygt tgan ꝑ Gawayne Dis at was
a symple cause seyde ꝑ Trystram for to sle a good knyzt
for spryngе well by gis mayster Dgat is lytell remedy
to vs seyde tge men of tge towne ffor and ꝑ Launcelot gad
bene gyne sone we sgolde gane bene revenged vppon tgo
false knygts Wgan ꝑ Trystram garde tgem sey so ge stente
for gis sgylde and gis speare and lyggtly so wytg a wgyle
ge gad on tabe tgem and made tgem turne and a mende ꝑt̃
tgey gad myssе done What amendis wolde ste you gane
seyde tge one knygt and tgere wytg tgey tose tgere course

and ayther mette ofte so harde that ſ Tryſtram ſmote downe that
knyght ouer his horſe tayle Than the other knyght dreſſed hym to
ſ Tryſtram and in the ſame wyſe he ſerued the other knyght and
than they gate of þ horſis as well as they myght and dreſſed þ
ſwerdis and þ ſheldis to do batayle to the vttermoſte ¶ Tho knyght
ſeyde ſ Tryſtram wolde ye telle me of whens ye be and what is
youre name for ſuche men ye myght be ye ſhulde harde a ſcape
my hondis and alſo ye myght be ſuche man and of ſuche a countre
that for all youre yebell dedis ye myght paſſe quyte Wyte þ
well ſ knyght ſeyde they we feare nat muche to telle the oure name
for my name is ſ Aggrauayne and my name is ſ Gaherys bro-
ther vnto the good knyght ſ Gawayne and we be nevewys vn-
to kynge Arthure Well ſeyde ſ Tryſtram for kynge Arthurs ſake
I ſhalle lette you paſſe as at this tyme But what is ſhame ſeyde ſir
Tryſtram that ſ Gawayne and ye be comyn of ſo grete blood þ
ye .m. breyne be ſo named as ye be for ye be called the gretteſte
diſtroyers and murtherers of good knyghtis that is now in the-
alme of ingelonde and as I ſhall harde ſay ſ Gawayne and ye
his brethirne amonge you ſlew a better knyght than ever any of you
was whyche was called the noble knyght ſ Lamorak de Galys
and that had pleaſed god ſeyde ſ Tryſtram I wolde I had bene
by hym at his dethe day Than ſhulde ſone you haue gone the ſame
way ſeyde ſ Gaherys Now fayre knyghte than muſte there haue
bene many mo good knyghtis than ye of youre bloode and there
with all ſ Tryſtram departed from them towarde Joyus garde
and whan he was departed they tolde there horſis and the tone ſay
de to the tother We wolde ouertake hym and be revenged vppon hym
in the deſpyte of ſ Lamerok Do whan they had ouertake ſ Tryſtram
ſ Aggrauayne bade hym turne traytoure knyght ye ſey well ſey
de Sir Tryſtram and there with all he pulled oute his ſwerde
and ſmote ſ Aggrauayne ſuche a buffet vppon the helme that he

Thumbeled dolvne

tumbeled dowme of his horse in a sowne and he had a grevous wounde and therw he turned to ſ Gaherys and ſ Tryſtraun smote his swerde and his helme to gydre wyth ſuche a myght that ſ Gaherys felle oute of his sadyll and so ſ Tryſtraun rode vnto Joyus garde and there he a lyght and vnarmed hym Do ſ Tryſtraun tolde la beall Iſode of all this adventure as ye have harde to forme and whan ſhe harde hym telle of ſ Dynadan Bu ſhe seyde is nat that he ꝑ made the songe by hyme a yarde That same is she seyde ſ Tryſtraun for he is the beste bourder and raper that I knowe and a noble knyght of his hondis and the beste felawe that I knowe and all good knyghtis lovyth his felyship Alas ſ seyde ſhe why brought ye hym nat with you hydir Have ye no care seyde ſ Tryſtraun for he rydyth to seke me in this contrey and therefore he wolle nat a way tyll he have mette with me and there ſ Tryſtraun tolde la beall Iſode how ſ Dynadan hylde a penſte all lovers Tyght so came in a harlette and tolde ſ Tryſtraun how ꝑ was come an arraunte knyght in to the towne with ſuche a coloures vppon his shylde Be my faythe that is ſ Dynadan seyde ſ Tryſtraun Therefore madame wote ye what ye shall do sende ye for hym and I wolle nat be seyne and ye shall hyre the myrryeſte knyght that ever ye habe with all and the maddyſt talker and I pray you hertaly that ye make hym good chere Do anone la beall Iſode sente vnto the towne and prayde ſ Dynadan that he wolde come in to the caſtell and repoſe hym there with a lady With a good wyll seyde ſ Dynadan and so he mownted vppon his horse and rode in to the caſtell and there he a lyght and was vnarmed and brought in to the halle And anone la beall Iſode came vnto hym and aythir saleWed other Than ſhe aſked hym of whens that he was Madame seyde ſ Dynadan I am of the courte of kynge Arthure and a knyght of the table rounde and my name is ſ Dynadan What do ye in this contrey seyde la beall Iſode for sothe madame I ſeke after ſ Tryſtraun

the good knyght for yt was told me that he was in this countrey
yt may well be seyde la beall Isode but I am nat ware of your
dyadame seyde sr Dynadan I mervayle that sr Trystram and mo
of suche lovers wyll entende to be so madde and so a sotted up-
pon women why seyde la beall Isode ar ye a knyght and ar no lo-
vear for sothe yt is grete shame to you wherefore ye may nat
be called a good knyght by reson but yf ye make a quarell for a
lady God defende me seyde sr Dynadan for the joy of love is
to shorte and the sorow there of is dwar on longe I sayde
la beall Isode say ye nevir more so for your faste by was ye good
knyght sr Bleoberys de Galys that fought with iij. knyghtis
at ones for a damesell and he wan hem a fore the kynge off
Northumberlonde and that was worshypfully done seyde la be-
all Isode for sothe yt was so seyde sr Dynadan for I knowe
your well for a good knyght and a noble and comyn of as no-
ble bloode and all be noble knyghtis of the blood of sr launcelot
de lake now I pray you for my love seyde la beall Isode wyll
ye fyght for me with iij. knyghtis that doth me grete wronge
and in so muche as ye bene a knyght of kynge Arthurs I re-
quyre you to do batayle for me Than sr Dynadan seyde I
shall sey you ye be as fayre a lady as ever I sawe ony shall muche
fayrer than is my lady quene Gwenyvir But wyte you well
at one worde I wolle nat fyght for you with iij knyghtis shall
me defende Than Isode lowze and had good game at your Do
ge had all the chyre that the knyght make your and there he
lay all that nyght and on the morne early sr Trystram ar-
med hym and la beall Isode gaff hym a good helme and than
he promysed her that he wolde mete with sr Dynadan and
so they iij. wolde ryde to gedyr unto Lonezep where the tur-
nemente sholde be and there shall I make redy for you where
ye shall se all the feyght So departed sr Trystram with iij.

squyers that bare his shylde and his speare that were grete and longe // Do after that ꝑ Dynadan depted and rode his way a grete space vntyll he had ouertake ꝑ Tryestraun And whan sir Dynadan had ouertake hym he knew hym anone and hated the felyshyp of hym of all other knyghtes // seyde ꝑ Dynadan arte you that coward knyght that I mette yestirday well kepe the for you shalt iuste with me magre thyne hede // Well seyde ꝑ Tryestraun and I and passynge lothe to iuste and so they lette there horses renne and ꝑ Tryestraun myste of hym a purpose and ꝑ Dynadan brake his speare alto shyvyrs and there with all ꝑ Dynadan dressed hym to drawe oute his swerde for sothe so ꝑ seyde ꝑ Tryestraun why ar ye so wrothe I and nat disposid to fyght at this tyme // fye on the coward seyde sir Dynadan you shamyste all knyghtes as for that seyde ꝑ Tryestraun I care nat for I wolle wayte vppon you and be vndir your protection for cause ye ar so good a knyght that ye may save me // God delyu me of the seyde ꝑ Dynadan for ꝑ arte as goodly a man of armys and of thy ꝓsone as ever I save and also the moste coward that ever I saw // what wolt you do with grete spearys and suche weped as you carryeste w̄t the Bir I shalt yeff thend seyde ꝑ Tryestraun to sende good knyght when I com to the turnemente and yff I se that you do beste Bir I shalt gyff thend to you // So this as they rode talkynge they saw where cam an arraunte knyght a fore them that dressed hym to iuste // lo seyde ꝑ Tryestraun yondir is one that wolle iuste now dresse you to hym . A shame be tyde the seyde ꝑ Dynadan Nay nat so seyde ꝑ Tryestraun for that knyght semyth a shrewe I shall I seyde ꝑ Dynadan and so they dressed there shyldis and there spearys and there they mett to grydirs so harde that the other knyght smote downe Sir Dynadan from his horse // lo seyde ꝑ Tryestraun his gad

bone bettr ye had leſt flye on the cowarde ſeyde ſ Dynadan
and than he ſterte vp and gate his ſwerde in his honde and
proffyrd to do batayle on foote Whey in love of in wratthe
ſeyde the ot̄ knyght Bir let vs do batayle in love ſeyde ſ
Dynadan What is youre name ſeyde that knyght I pray you
telle me Bir wyte you well my name is ſ Dynadan
a ſ Dynadan ſeyde that knyght and my name is ſ Gareth
yongyſt brothir vnto ſ Gawayne Than ayther made of
ot̄ grete chere for this ſ Gareth was the beſte knyght of
all the bretheryne and he preved a good knyght Than they
tobe ȳ horſys and there they ſtrobe of ſ Tryſtram how ſuche
a cowarde he was and euy worde ſ Tryſtram gaue hym lowe
than to ſcorne Than were they ware where came a knyght
a fore them well horſed and well armed and he made hym
redy to ſuſte I how ſayne knyght ſayde ſ Tryſtram lobe
be thyne you who ſhalle ſuſte with youin knyght for I wan
ne you I wolle nat haue a do with hym Than ſhalle I ſeyde ſ
Gareth and so they encountryd to gydyrs and there ȳ knyght
ſmote downe ſ Gareth ouir his horſe croupe How now ſeyde
ſ Tryſtram vnto ſ Dynadan nowe dreſſe you and reuenge
the good knyght ſ Gareth Bhat ſhalle I nat ſeyde ſ Dynadan
for he hath ſtrykyn downe a nuncle bygger knyght than I
am a ſ Dynadan ſeyde ſ Tryſtram now I ſe and fele that
youre harte faylyth you and ȳ fore now ſhalle ye ſe what
I ſhalle do and than ſ Tryſtram hurtelyd vnto that knyght
and ſmote hym quyte frome his horſe and whan ſ Dyna-
dan ſaw that he merbayled gretly and than he demed that
he was ſ Tryſtram and anone this knyght that was on
foote pulled out his ſwerde to do batayle Bir what is
youre name ſeyde ſ Tryſtram Wyte you well ſeyde that
knyght my name is ſ Palomydes a ſ knyght Wherfe

knyght gate ye moste in the worlde seyde sir Tristram // for sothe seyde he I gate sir Tristram moste to the dethe for and I may mete with hym the tone of vs shall dye // ye seyr well seyde sir Tristram and now wyte you well that my name is sir Tristram de lyones and now do yo warste // when sir Palomydes saw hym sey so he was astoned and than he seyde than I pray you sir Tristram for gyfte me all my evyll wyll and yff I lyve I shall do you servyse afore all the knyghtes that bene lyvynge and there as I gane owed you evyll wyll me sore repentes I wote nat what eylyth me for me semyth that ye ar a good knyght and that ony of knyght that namyth hym selff a good knyght sholde gate you me sore marvaylyth and there I requyre you sir Tristram take none displaysure at myne unkynde wordis // Sir palomydes seyde sir Tristm ye sey well and well I wote ye ar a good knyght for I gane seyne you preved and many grete entrepryses ye gane done and well enchyeved therfore seyde sir Tristrams and ye gane ony evyll wyll to me now may ye wyght hit for I am redy at youre gande // That so my lorde sir Tristm for I wolde do you knyghtly servyse in all thynge as ye wolde comaunde me // Sir knyght so I wolde take you seyde sir Tryst tram and so they rode forthe on ye wayes talkynge of ma ny thynges // than seyde sir Dynadan a my lorde sir Tryst tram fowle gane ye mocked me for god knowyth I came in to this contrey for youre sake and by the adwyce of my lorde sir launcelot and yet wolde he nat tell me the straynte of you where I sholde fynde you // Truly seyde sir Tristm and sir launcelot wyste beste where I was for I a byde in his owne castell and than they rode untyll they were ware off the coste off lowezep and than were they ware off fourre . C. tentes and pavelons and merbaylous gte

ordynaunce So god me helpe seyde ſ Tryſtraun yondir ſe the
grettyſte ordynaunce that euir ſawe ſ seyde ſ Palomydes
me ſemyth that ſ a grete ordynaunce at the caſtell of mayons
vppon the boche where ye wan the pryce for ſ ſaw my ſelff whe
re ye for ſuſted .x. kn̄yghtſ Sir ſeyde ſ Dynadan and ſir
Dinlinc at the turnemente that ſ Galahalte of the longe ſles
made whyche there dured .vij. dayes for there was a grete a
gaderynge as is ſayne for there were many nacions Syr
Lyonce was the beſte there ſeyde ſ Tryſtraun Sir ſyr was Sir
launcelot du lake and the noble kn̄yght ſ lamerok de galys Be
my fayth ſayde ſ Tryſtraun and ſ launcelot were there I doute
nat ſeyde ſ Tryſtraun but he wan the worſchyp So he had nat
bene old macched with many kn̄yghtſ and of the deth of ſ launo
rak ſeyde ſ Tryſtraun ſyr was old grete pite for I dare ſay he
was the clennyſt myghted man and the beſte wynded of his ay
ge that was on lyve for I knew hym that he was one of the beſt
kn̄yghtſ that euir ſ mette with all but yf ſyr were ſ launcelot
Alas ſeyde ſ Dynadan and ſ Tryſtraun that ſulle wo is vs for
his deth and yf they were nat the Conſyns of my lorde kynge
Arthure that ſlew hym they ſholde dye for hym all that were con
centynge to his deth and for ſuche thyng ſ ſeyde ſ Tryſtraun
I feare to drawe vnto the courte of kynge Arthure Sir I wolle t
ye were ſyr ſeyde ſ Tryſtraun vnto ſ Gareth as for that I blame
you nat ſeyde ſ Gareth for well I vnderſtonde the vengeaunce
of my brethrene ſ Gawayne ſ Agrauayne ſ Gaherys and ſir
Thordred But as for me ſeyde ſ Gareth I medyll nat of ſ
materes and there fore there is none that lovyth me of them
and for cauſe that I vnderſtonde they be myrthe ravs of good
kn̄yghtſ I leſte there company and wolde god I had bene be ſyde
ſ Gawayne when that moſte noble kn̄yght ſ launorake was
ſlayne // Now as I ſchu be my helpe ſeyde ſ Tryſtraun ſyr is

passyngly well/ sayde of you for I had ben sayde ℔ Tryestraums
thand all the golde be twyxte this and rome I had bene there
I wysse sayde ℔ Palomydes so wolde I and yet had I nede the grue
at no justis notwt turnemente and that/ noble knyght ℔ lamo-
rak had be there but of on house bak other elles on foote he put
me end to the wars and that day that ℔ lamorak was slayne he
ded the moste dedis of armys that end I saw knyght do in my lyff
and whan he was gyldyn the grue be my lorde kynge arthure sir
Gawayne and this .iij. bretherne ℔ agrauayne ℔ Gaheryes and ℔
Gawayne Gawayne sedred sette vppon ℔ lamorak in a preyvy place and there
they slew his horse and so they fought vpon foote more than
.iij. owrys bothe by force hym and be hynde hym and so ℔ Gawayne
de gaff hym his dethis wounde be hynde hym at his babbe and
all to kerve hym for one of his squyers tolde me that save hit
I now fre vppon treson sayde ℔ Tryestram for hit shente myne
harte to hyre this tale and so hit dothe myne sayde ℔ Gareth
bretherne ad they be myne Now spede we of other dedis sayde
℔ Palomydes and let hym be for his lyff ye may nat gete a
grayne that is the more pite sayde ℔ Dynadan for ℔ Gawayne
and his bretherne excepte you ℔ Gareth Gatyth all good knyghtis
of the rounde table for the moste pty for well I wote and they
myght prevayly they gate my lorde ℔ launcelot and all his kyn
and grete prydday dispyte they gane at hym and stalyly that is
my lorde ℔ launcelot well ware of and that causyth hym the
more to gane the good knyghtis of his kynne a bonte hym Now
I sayde ℔ Palomydes let vs leve of this mater and let vs se
how we shall do at this turnemente and ℔ by myne advyce lat
vs .iij. holde to gydyrs a yenst all that wolle com Nat be my
counceyle sayde ℔ Tryestram for I se by ℔ pabylonus there wolle
be .iij. C. knyghtis and doute ye nat sayde ℔ Tryestram but there
wolle be many good knyghtis and be a man nede so valyaunte nor

so bygge but ye may be ouercomed and so ganne I seyne knyghtis done many and whan they weute beste to ganne wonne wor-
shyp they loste ffor manhode is nat worthe but yf it be
medled wt wysdome and as for me seyde sr Tristram it may
happen I shall kepe myne owne hede as well as a nother Do thus
they rode untyll they cam to ammbr bauke where they fande
a crye and a dolefull noyse // Whan were they were in ye wyn-
de where cam a vycke vessell heled ouer wt rode fylbe and the
vessell londed faste by them Where wt sr Tristram a knyght
and his knyghtis and so sr Tristram wente a fore and entird
in to that vessell and whan he cam in he saw a fayre bedde
vycekly conde and ye vppon lay a semely dede knyght all ar-
med sauff the hede was all bloody wyth dedly wonndys
vppon hym which semed to be a passynge good knyght //
Sir how may this be seyde sr Tristram that this knyght is
this slayne And anone sr Tristram was ware of a lettir
in the dede knyghtis honde // How maystir maryuard seyde
sr Tristram what meanyth this lettir // Sir seyde they in
that lettir shall ye fynde and knowe how he was slayne and
for what cause and what was his name But sir seyde ye
maryuard wryte you well that no man shall rede ye lettir
and rede it but yf he be a good knyght and that he wolle
faythfully promyse to revenge his dethe and ellis shall there
no knyght se that lettir opyn and wryte you wolle seyde Sir
Tristram that som off vs may revenge his dethe as well as
a nother And yf it so be as ye maryuard sey that his dethe
shall be revenged // And there wyth all sr Tristram tobe
the lettir onte of the knyghtis honde and than he opened
it and rad it And thus it specifyed Sarmanuce kyng
and lorde off the rede cite I sende to all knyghtis arraunte
recommaundynge vnto you noble knyghtis of artuys

counte that I be seche thew all a monge them to fynde one knyght that wolde fyght for my sake w^t .ij. breyne that I brought vp off nought and felomsly and traytorusly they slewe me Where fore I be seche one good knyght to revenge my dethe and that reben gyth my dethe I wolde that ye gane my rede cite and all thy castels Sir seyde the marynard wyte yon well this knyght and kynge that ayne lyeth was a full worshypfull man and off grete pro wes and full he lobed all man off knyghtf arrawnte // So god me helpe seyde f Tryfstram here is a pytefull case and full payne I wolde take this entrepryse but I gane made se seche a pinyse that nedis I muste be at this grete Justys and turnement other ellys I am shamed ffor well I wote for my sake m aspecialle my lorde kynge Arthure made this Justis and turnemente in this contrey and well I wote that many worshypfull people wolde be ayne at this turnemente for to se me and ȳ fore I feare to take this entrepryse vpon me that I shalle nat com a gayne be tyme to this Justys Sir seyde f Palomydes I pray yon gyff me this entrepryse and ye shalle se me euch yelve dit wor shypfully o^r ellys I shalle dye in this quarell // Well seyde sir Tryfstram and this entrepryse I gyff dit you wyth this that ye be w^t me at this turnemente whych shalle be a this day .viij. nyght Sir seyde f Palomydes I promyse you I shalle be wyth you by that day and I be vnslayne and vnmayned So dep ted f Tryfstram f Garetht and f Dynadan and so lefte f Pa lomydes in the vessell and so f Tryfstram be gylde the mary nard how they sayled on lonye thumbr and whan f Palomy des was oute of there fyght they take ȳ horsys and lobed a bonte them and whan were they ware of a knyght that cam ryd pynge a gayne them vnarmed and no thynge but a swer de a bonte hym and whan he cam nyze this knyght salewed them and they hym a gayne f Now fayre knyght seyde ȳ

kynyght / pray you m so mnche as ye be kynyghtes armaute
that ye wolle come and se my castell and take suche as ye
fynde ꝑ / pray you gertely wyth a good wylle seyde sir
Tryestraun and so they rode wt hym vntyll his castell and
there they were brought in to the halle whyche was wolle
apparayled and so they were there marmed and sette at
a borde and wan this kynyght sawe ꝑ Tryestraun anone
he knew hym and weyed passynge pale and wrothe at ꝑ
Tryestraun and wan ꝑ Tryestraun sawe his oste make
suche chere he inwayled and sayde ꝑ myne oste what chere
make you wyte you well sayde he / sawe nnche
the warre that / se the fow / know the fow ꝑ Tryestraun
de lyones fow you slewyste my broꝑ and therefore /
fyght the warnynge that / wolle se the and ellis may
gete the at large / Sir kynyght seyde ꝑ Tryestraun / am
nevi advysed that ellis slew ony broꝑ of yours and
yf ye say that / ded hit / wolle make a mendys vnto
my power / wolle no mendys gaue seyde the kynyght
but kepe the fro me me / Do wan he hadde dyned Sir
Tryestraun asked his armys and dressed and so they rode
on there wayes and wyth in a myle way ꝑ Dynadan
saw where cam a kynyght armed and well horsed wyth a
whyte shylde Sir Tryestraun seyde ꝑ Dynadan take
kepe to yourne selff for / dare vndr take yondr comyth
oste that wolle gaue a do wyth you lat hym com seyde
ꝑ Tryestraun / shalle a byde hym as / may and wan the
kynyght cam nyze to ꝑ Tryestraun he cryed and bade hym
a byde and kepe hym and anone they encountered to gyders
But ꝑ Tryestraun smote the kynyght so sore that he bare
hym ouer his horse croupen Than the kynyght arose lyghtly &
toke his horse a gayne and rode fyersly to ꝑ Tryestraun

and smote hym thyse opon thyse harde vppon the helme sir
Bwyght seyde sir Tristram I pray you leve of and smyte me
no more for I wolde be lothe to deale wt you and I myght ap
se for I have of yo mete and dryncke in my body and for all
that he wolde nat lebe Than sir Tristram gaff hym suche
a buffette vppon the helme that he felle vpso downe from
his horse that the bloode braste oute at the ventuayles
of his helme and so he lay stylle lyghly to be dede Than
sir Tristram seyde me repenteth of this buffette that I
smote so sore for as I suppose he is dede and so they lefte
hym and rode on yr wayes Do whan they had ridden
a whyle they sawe comynge a gayenst them .ij.
full lyckely knyghtes well armed and well horsed and
goodly swanne a boute them and that one knyght hyght
sir Bernaunt le apres and he was called the kynge wt
the C. knyghtes and the other was sir Segwarydes yt were
renomed .ij. noble knyghtes Do as they came aythir by
other the kynge had seyne to fore wt the queue of nortlie
galys and that queue the kynge loved as dame and yt
helme the queue of nortlie galys gaff to la beall
sade and queue Isode gaff hit to sir Tristram Do as
they came aythir be other the kynge lobed vppon sir Tristrā
and at that tyme sir Dynadan had sir Tristrams hel
me vppon his sholdir whyche he had seyne to fore
Du knyght seyde sir Bernaunte where had ye yt helme
What wolde ye seyde sir Dynadan for I wolde have a
do wyth you seyde the kynge for the love of her that
ought this helme and therefore kepe you Do they
came to gydir wyth all theire myghtes on yr horses and
yt the kynge wt the C. knyghtes smote downe sir Dyna
dan and his horse and than he comaunded his swanne

to take that helme off and kepe hit/ Do the varlet wente to and
buckylle his helme What wolt yon do seyde ſ Tryſtrams
leve that helme To what entente seyde the kynge wylle
ye medyll wt that helme Wyte you well seyde ſ Tryſtram
that helme ſhalle nat depte fro me tylle hit be derrer bought
Than make you redy seyde ſ Berraunte vnto ſ Tryſtram
So they hurteled to gydyrs and there ſ Tryſtram ſmote
hym downe on his horſe tayle and than the kynge a rose lyghtly
and gate his horſe a gayne and than he ſtrabelt perſely at ſ Tryſ-
tram many grete strokys and than he gaff ſ Berraunte ſuch
a buffette vppon the helme that he felle downe on his horſe
ſore a ſtonyed Lo seyde ſ Dynadan that helme is vnhappy to
vs thayne for I had a falle for hit and now ſ kynge haue ye
a nop falle Than ſ Degwarydes aſked who ſhalle ſuſte wyth
me I pray you seyde ſ Gareth vnto ſ Dynadan let me haue
this ſuſtys Be ſeyde ſ Dynadan I pray you certely take hit
as for me That is no reſon seyde ſ Tryſtram for this
tys ſhulde haue bene yourys at a worde ſeyde ſ Dynadan
I wolle nat p off Than ſ Gareth dreſſed hym vnt ſ Degwa-
rydes and there ſ Degwarydes ſmote ſ Gareth and his horſe
to the erthe Now seyde ſ Tryſtram vnto ſ Dynadan ſuſte
ye wt yondyr knyght I wolle nat p off seyde ſ Dynadan Than
wolle I seyde ſ Tryſtram and than ſ Tryſtram ranne vnto
hym and gaff hym a falle and so they leſſte hem on foote and
ſ Tryſtram rode vnto Joyus garde and there ſ Gareth wolde
nat off his curteſy haue gone in to his caſtell But ſ Tryſtm
wolde nat ſuffir hym to depte and so they alyghte and vnarmed
them and had grete chere But whan ſ Dynadan cam afore
la beale Iſode he curſed her that euer he bare ſ Tryſtrams hel
me and there he tolde her how ſ Tryſtram had mocked hym
Than ſ was lawhynge and ſaynge at ſ Dynadan t they

wyste nat what to do wyth hym ¶ Now wolde we leve thend
myrry wyth myn joy and spede we of ¶ Palomydes þ
whyche sayled evyn long vnto Cantibir vntyll that he came vnto
the see costys and þ by was a fayre castell and at that tyme
hit was erly in þ morenynge a fore day Than the marynars
wente vnto ¶ Palomydes that slepte faste Sir knyght seyde
the marynars ye muste aryse for here is a castell that ye
muste go in to Assente me seyde ¶ Palomydes and þ wt all
he arybed and than he blew his horne that the marynars had
ledyn hym and whan they in the castell harde that horne
they put oute many knyghtis and there they stood vppon the
wallys and sayde wt one voyse welcome be ye to this castell
And than hit waxed cleyre day and ¶ Palomydes entrede in
to the castell and wt in a whyle he was sesed wt many dyuise
matys Than ¶ Palomydes harde a boute hym muche wepyng
and grete dole What may this meane seyde ¶ Palomydes
for I love nat to hyre suche a sorowfull noyse and therefore
I wolde knowe what hit meaned Than þ came a knyght a
fore hym and his name was ¶ Ebell that seyde thus Wyte
you well ¶ knyght this dole and sorow is made here euy
day and for this cause we had a kynge that hyzt Garnamu
ce and he was kynge of the rede cite and this kynge that
was oure lorde was a noble knyght large and liberall
of his expence And in all the worlde he loved no tournge
so muche as he ded turnaye knyghtis of kynge Artus
courte and all justynge huntynge and all maner of knyghtly
gamys for so good a kynge and knyght had neid the revele of
poore peple and by cause of his goodnes and jantyll demea
nyng we be moone hym and evir shall And all kyngis and
astatys may be ware by youre lorde for he was destroyed
in his owne defaute for had he cherysshed his owne bloode

he had bene a lyvid kynge and lyved wt grete wyches and weste But all astatys may be ware by owre kynge But alas seyde ꝑ Ebell that ever we sholde gyff all oꝑ warrynge by this dethe Telle me seyde ꝑ Palomydes how and in what maner was ys lorde slayne and by whom Sir seyde ꝑ Ebell oure kynge brought up off chyldr̄. .ij. men ꝑ nowe ar pelonde knyghtf and theis .ij. knyghtf owre kynge had thenk so m fabo that he loved no man nor trusted no man off his owne bloode nor none oꝑ that was a boute hym and by theis .ij. knyghtf owre kynge was gouned and so they ruled hym peasably and his lordys and nere wolde they suffir none off his bloode to have no rule wt owre kynge And also he was so fre and so seantyll & they so false and so dysseyvable that they ruled hym peasably and that astyred the lordis off owre kynge bloode & departed frome hym vnto ꝑ owne kyeffloode And when ꝑ traytors vnd̄stood that they had dryvyn all the lordis off his bloode frome hym then were they natt pleased wythe suche tretyse but ever thought to have more And as ever hit is and olde sawe. Greff a chorle rule and ꝑ by he wolle natt be suffyced for what som ever he be that is rewled by a bylayne borne and the lorde off the soyle be a seantyl man born that same bylayne shall destroy all the seauntyl men a boute hym Therefore all the astatys and lordys off what a state ye be loke ye be ware whom ye take a boute you And ꝑ fore sir and ye be a knyght off kynge Arthurs comte remembir this tale for this is the ende and conclusy on my lorde and kynge rode vnto the forseyde kere by by the advyse off theis .ij. traytours and there he chaced at the rede dere armed at all peacis fulle lyke a good knyght and so for labo he waxed drye and then he a lyght & drinke

at a well and whan he was a lyght by the assente of these
iij traytours The tone whyche lyght gelyns he suddeynly smote
owre kynge thorow the body with a speare and so they lefte
hym there and whan they were departed than by fortune I
came to the welle and fonnde my lorde and kynge wounded
to the dethe and whan I harde his complaynte I lat kynge
hym to the watirs syde and in that same shyppe I put hym
on lyve and whan my lorde kynge Garmamice was in ye
vessell he requyred me for the trewe feythe I owed vnto
hym for to wryte a lettir in this maner. Recomaunde
me vnto kynge Arthure and to all his noble knyghtes yis
arraunte he sechynge thende all. That in so muche as I
kynge Garmamice kynge of the rede cite this I am slayne
by felony and treson thorow iij knyghtes of myne owne
bryngynge vp and of myne owne makynge he sechynge
som worshypfull knyght to revenge my dethe yi so much
as I haue bene ene to my power well wyllynge vnto kynge
Arthurs comte and who ye wolle adventure his lyff for my
sake to revenge my dethe and sle these iij traytours in one
batayle I kynge Garmamice kynge of the rede cite frely
wolle gyff hym all my londis and rentes that ene I welded in
my lyffe and this lettir seyde & dyed I wrote be my lordis
comaundemente and than he resceyved his creature and
whan he was dede he comaunded me or ene he were colde
to put that lettir faste in his honde and than he comaun
ded me to sende forthe that same vessell downe by thumbir
streyme and that I sholde gyff these mayneres in comaun
demente nede to stynte tyll they came vnto lonezep where
all the noble knyghtes shalle assemble at this tyme and there
shalle som good knyght hane pite of me and revenge my
deathe for ye was nede knyght no ye lorde falselyar nothir

traytour hym slayne than I am ryght wounded vnto my dethe Than was the complaynte of owre kynge Garmamnice of how seyde sr Ebell ye knowe all how owre lorde was betrayed And ffore we requyre you for goddis sake haue pite vppon his dethe and worshyppfully pa may ye welde all his londis ffor we all wyte well and ye may sle thes .iij. traytours the rede cite and all that be yn wolle take you for yr kyndely lorde Truly seyde sr Palomydes yit wrevyth myne harte for to gyve you tell this dolefull tale and to say the trouthe I saw that same lettre that ye spekte of And one of the beste knyghtis of ye worlde rad that same lettre to me that ye speake of And by his comaundemente I cam ryden to revenge yo kynge dethe And yffore haue done and let me wyte where I shall fynde yo traytoures for I shall ned be at ease in myn harte tyll I be in handis wyth them Nay seyde Ebell Than take youre shyppe a gayne and that shyppe muste bringe you vnto the delectable Ile faste by ye rede cite And we in this castell shall pray for you & a byde youre a gayne comynge for this same castell and ye shed well muste nedis be youres for owre kynge Garmamnice lette make this castell for the love of thes yt traytoures and so we kepte yit wt stronge honde and therefore fulle sore are we thretened Wote ye what ye shall do seyde Palomydes what sow euer com off me lose ye kepe well this castell for and yit mysse fortune me so to be slayne in this queste I am sure there wolle com one of the beste knyghtis of the worlde for to revenge my dethe and that is sr Tryestram de lyones other elles sr Launcelot de la ke Than Sr Palomydes depted frome that castell

And as the

and as he cam nyze ȳ ſkyrpe There cam oute of a ſkyrpe a goodly
knyght armed a yenſte hym with his ſkylde on his ſhulder and
his ſonde vppon his ſwerde and anone as he cam nyze vnto ſ
Palomydes he ſeyde ſ knyght what ſeke you hyre leeve this quef
te for it is myne and myne it was or it were yowen and
ȳ fore I wolde have it Nay knyght ſeyde ſ Palomydes it may
well be that this queſte was yowen or it was myne But whan
the lettir was takyn oute of the dede knyghtis honde at ȳ tyme by
lyklyhode there was no knyght had vndirtake to revenge ȳ kyngis
dethe and so at that tyme I pmyſed to avenge his dethe and so I
ſhall or ellys I am ſhamed ye ſay well ſeyde the knyght But
wyte you well that wolde I fyght with you and whych of vs be
bettir knyght let hym take the batayle on honde I aſſente me
ſeyde ſ Palomydes and than they dreſſed ȳ ſkyldis and pulled oute
ȳ ſwerdis and layſſhed to gydyr many ſad ſtrokys as men of myght
and this fyght ynge laſted more than an hure But at the laſte
ſ Palomydes waxed bygge and bettir wynded and than he ſmote
that knyght ſuche a ſtrok ȳ he kneled on his knee Than that
knyght ſpake on hyght and ſayde Iſeaunyll knyght holde thy honde
and ȳ wyte ſ Palomydes wyth drewe his honde Than tho
knyght ſeyde ſ wyte you well ye ar bettir worthy to have this
batayle than I and I requyre you of knyghthode telle me youre
name Nay my name is ſ Palomydes a knyght of kynge Arthis
and of the table rounde Whyche am com hydir to revenge thy
ſame dede Nay well be ye founde ſeyde the knyght to ſ Palo
mydes for of all knyghtis that bene on lyve excepte .iij. I had le
vyſte have yon And the fyrſte is ſ Launcelot du lake and the
ſecunde is ſ Tryſtram de lyones and the thyrde is my nyze
Conſyn the good knyght ſ Lamorak de galys and I am brothir
vnto kynge Carmaunce that is dede and my name is ſ Hermyn
de ye ſey well ſeyde ſ Palomydes and ye ſhall be ſow I ſhall

spryede and yff I be there slayne go ye vnto my lorde ſ launcelot
of ellys to my lorde ſ Tryſtram and pray them to vengeance my
dethe for as for ſ lamorak hym ſhalle ye neuer ſe in this worlde
Alas ſeyde ſ gerumynde how may that be that he is slayne by
ſ Gawayne and his breyne ſeyde ſ Palomydes So god me helpe
ſeyde ſ gerumynde I was nat one for one that slew hym That
is trouthe ſeyde ſ Palomydes for they were .iij. daungerous
knyghtis that slew hym that was ſ Gawayne ſ Aggrauayne ſ
Gaheryes and ſ Mordred but ſ Garethe the .v. brothir was a wy
the beſte knyght of them all And so ſ Palomydes tolde ſir ger
umynde all the mater and how they slew ſ lamorak all only by tre
ſon So ſ Palomyde toke his ſhyppe and drove vp to the delecta
ble ile and in the meane whyle ſ gerumynde the kyng ſ brothir
he arryued vp at the rede cite and ther he tolde them how ther was com
a knyght of kynge Arthurs to auenge kynge Lamuance dethe
and his name yo ſ Palomydes the good knyght that for the
moste pty he folowyth the beſte Glatyſſaunte Than all the cite
made grete ioy for muche had they harde of Sir Palomydes
and of his noble prowesſe So they lette ordayne a meſſyngere and
ſente vnto the .ij. breyne and bade them to make them redy for
there was a knyght cam that wolde fyght with them both So
the meſſyngere went vnto them where they were at a caſtell
there be fyde and ther he tolde them how ther was a knyght comyn
of kynge Arthurs to fyght with them both attonys he is welcom
com ſeyde they but is that ſ launcelot or ony of his bloode Sir
he is none of that bloode ſeyde the meſſyngere Than we ca
re the leſſe ſeyde the .ij. brethirne for none of the bloode of ſ
launcelot we kepe nat to haue a do with all Sir wyte yo
welle ſeyde the meſſyngere his name is ſ Palomydes that
yet is vncriſtened a noble knyght Welle ſeyde they and he be
now vncriſtyned he ſhalle nede be criſtyned So they appoynted

to be at the cite w^t in .x. dayes. And when ſ^r Palomydes was
comyn to the cite they made paſſaynge grete Ioy of hym and thank
they be hylde hym and thought he was well made and cleanly
and byghly and vnmaymed of his lymmys and nexſ^t to yonge nor
to olde and ſo all the people prayſed hym and thought he were
nat cryſtynde yet he be lyved in the beſte maner and was full
faythefull and trew of his promyſe and well condyſſyonde and
by cauſe he made his avow that he wolde nevir be cryſtynde vn
to the tyme that he had encreſſyed the beſte of latyſſimute ꝑ^e whyc
che was a full woundefull beyſte and a grete hyndryſſacion
for Ayenlyon ꝓpheſyed vnche of that beſte and alſo ſ^r Palo
mydes avowed nevir to take full cryſtyndom vntyll that he had
done .xij. batayles w^t in lyſtys. So vppon the thirde day there
cam to the cite theis .x. knyghtis the tone hyght ſ^r Helyus and
Helake the whyche were men of grete ghveſſe how be it ꝑ^t
they were falſſe and full of treſon and but poore men born
yet were they noble knyghtis of ꝑ^e handys and w^t them they
brought .xl. knyghtis of there londis noble men to that
entente that they ſhulde be byggar and norſſe for the rede cite
Than cam the .x. knyghtis with grete bobbaunce & pryde
for they had put the rede cite in grete feare and damage
Than they were brought to the lyſtis and ſ^r Palomydes
cam in to the place and ſeyde thus be ye the .x. knyghtis
Helyus and Helake that ſlew yonge kynge and lorde ſu
daunnaunce by felony and treſon. ffor whom that I am co
myn hydir to revenge his dethe wyte you well ſ^r ſeyde
Helyus and ſ^r Helake that we ar the ſame knyghtis ꝑ^t ſlewe
kynge daunnaunce and wyte you well yon ſ^r Palomydes
ſaveyn that we ſhalle ſo handyll the or that yon depte that
yon ſhalt wyſſhe that yon haddyſt be cryſtynde but may
well be ſeyde ſ^r Palomydes But as yet I wolde nat dye

how ſ^r palom
deos revenged
ꝑ^e deth of kyng
daunnaunce of
ye rede cite

or that I were full cristynde and yette so a ferde and I nat of
yon botte but that I shalle dye a better cristynd man than ony
of yon botte and doute ye nat sayde sir palomydes ayn ye
or I shalle be lefte dede in this place Do they dressed them
wreathe and the .ij. bretheren cam a yenste sir palomydes and
he a yenste them as faste as ther horsis myghte renne and by
fortune sir palomydes smote sir gelahe thorow his shylde
and thorow his breste more than a fadom all this whyle
sir gelyus shylde up his speare and for pryde and ongule
he wolde nat smyte sir palomydes wyth his speare But
whan he saw his brother lye on the erthe and saw he myght
nat helpe hymself Than he sayde vnto sir palomydes
kepe the and ther with he cam hurtelynge vnto sir palomy
des with his speare and smote hym quyte frome his horse
Do sir gelyus rode on sir palomydes thwyse or thryse and
there wyth sir palomydes was ashamed and gette the
horse of sir gelyus by the brydyll and ther with all the horse
areered and sir palomydes lepe astir and so they felle to
the erthe But a none sir gelyus sterte up lyghtly and
there he smote sir palomydes a grete strobe vppon the
helme that he kneled vppon his knee and than they
layshed to gydyns many sad sad strokis and traised and
traised now bakwarde now sydelynge hurtelynge to
gydyns lyke .ij. bores and that same tyme they felle
botte grovelynge to the erthe Than fought styll w
oute ony repesynge .ij. owres and nen bretheds and
than sir palomydes waxed faynte and wery and sir
gelyus waxed passynge stronge and doubeled his
strokis and drove sir palomydes overthwarte and ende
longe all the fylde Than whan they of the cite saw
sir palomydes in this case they wepte and cryed + made

grete dole and the oppy made as grete ioy / Alas seyde the men of the cite that thus noble knyght shulde thus be slayne for oure kyngs sake and as they were thus wepynge and crynge ℔ Palomydes wayted had fiffyde and .C. strok and wondir hit was that he stoode on his fete Do at the laste ℔ Palomydes lobed a bonte as he myght wepably vnto the comyn people how they wepte for hym and than he seyde to hym selff a fye for shame ℔ Palomydes why hange ye yonne hede so lotte and there w^t he bare vp his shylde and lobed ℔ Gelyn in tase vysonne and smote hym a grete strok vppon the helme and astin that a notch and a nop and pa he smote ℔ Gelyns w^t such a myght that he felde hym to the erthe grouelynge and than he raced off hys helme frome his hede and so smote off his hede from the body and than were the people of the cite the myryest people that myght be Do they brought hym to his lodgynge w^t grete solempnyte and p all the people he cam his men and than ℔ Palomydes pyde them all to take kepe vnto all the lowdeship of kyng Hannaunce for fayre sirys wyte you well I may nat as at this tyme a byde w^t you for I muste in all haste be wyth my lorde kynge Arthure at p castel of Lonezep Than were people full glad at his departynge for all the cite profyrd ℔ Palomydes the thirde pte of p goodis so that he wolde a byde wyth hem But in no wyse as at that tyme he ne wolde a byde And so ℔ Palomydes departed & cam vnto the castell there as Sir Ebell was lyeffte namute and whan they in p castell wyste how Sir Palomydes had sped there was a ioyfull mayne

and so ſ Palomydes dep̄ted and cam̄ to the caſtell of Lonezep and whan he knew that ſ Tryſtram was nat ẏ he tobe hys way on Humbir and cam̄ vnto ſoy̓ garde where was ſ Tryſtram and la beall Iſode Do ſ Tryſtram had cōmaunded that what knyght arrāmte cam̄ vn̄ in ſoy̓ garde as in the tollme that they ſholde warne ſ Tryſtram Do ẏ cam a man off the towne and tolde ſ Tryſtram how ẏ was a knyght in ẏ tollme a paſſyng goodly man // What man off man ye he ſeyde ſ Tryſtram and what ſygne berythe he and anone he tolde hym̄ all the tokyns off hym̄ Be my fayth ẏ yo ſ Palomydes ſeyde ſ Dynadan ſor ſothe thi may well be ſeyde ſ Tryſtram than go ye ſ Dynadan and feeche hym̄ hyder Than ſ Dynadan went vnto ſ Palomydes and there aythir made other grete chere and ſo they lay to gydirs that nyght and on the morn erly cam ſ Tryſtram and ſ Gareth and tobe them in ẏ beddis and ſo they aroſe and brake ẏ faſte and than ſ Tryſtram dreſſed ſ Palomydes vnto the fyeldis and woodis and ſo they were accorded to repoſe them in the foreyſte and whan they had played them a grete whyle they rode vnto a fayre well and anone they were ware off an armed knyght cam̄ rydynge agayuſte them and ẏ ayr ſalewed off Than this armed knyght ſpake to ſ Tryſtram and aſked what were thoſe knyghtis ẏ were lodged in ſoy̓ garde // I wote nat what they ar ſeyde ſ Tryſtram But what knyghtis be ye for me ſemyth ye be no knyght arrāmte be cauſe ye̅ ryde armed // Sir wetith we be knyght or nat we lyſte nat to telle the owre name // Why wolt ẏ nat tell me thy name ſeyde that knyght than kepe the for thou ſhalt dye off myne hondis and there w̄t all he gate his ſpeare and wolde have rome ſ Tryſtram That ſalv ſ Palomydes and ſmote his horſe trabeyſe in myddys the ſyde that he ſmote horſe and man ſtrytebouſly to the erthe and there wyth

ſ Palomydes a lyghte and pulled oute his ſwerde to haue ſlayne hym / Nat be ſeyde ſ Tryſtram ſle hym nat for the knyghte is but a foole and it were ſhame to ſle hym But take a way his ſpeare ſeyde ſ Tryſtram and lat hym take his horſe and go where that he wyll Do whan this knyghte awoke he groned ſore of the falle and ſo he gate his horſe and whan he was vp he turned his horſe and requyred ſ Tryſtram and ſ Palomydes to telle hym what knyghte they were Now wyte you well ſeyde ſ Tryſtram my name is ſ Tryſtram de lyones and this knyghte name is ſ Palomydes whan he wyſte what he ayghte he toke his horſe with the ſpurres by cauſe they ſhulde nat aſke hym his name And ſo he rode faſte a way thorow thicke and thorow thynne Than cam ꝑ by them a knyghte wt a beuded ſhylde of aſſure his name was ſ Eppynogrys and he cam a grete walop Whoo ar ye a way ſayde ſ Tryſtram ayr fayre lordis ſeyde ſ Eppynogrys I folow the falſiſte knyghte ꝑ beryth the kyng Marke where fore I requyre you telle me wherby ye kn for he beryth a ſhylde wt a caſe of rede on it Be god me helpe ſeyde ſ Tryſtram ſuche a knyghte departed frome vs nat a quart of an owre a gone and ꝑfore we pray you to telle vs his name Alas ſeyde ſ Eppynogrys why let ye hym eſcape frome you and he is ſo grete a foo vnto all auenture knyghtis Whoos name is ſ Breunys ſanze pyete I ſy for ſhame ſeyde ſ Palomydes and alas that euer he eſcapyd myne handis for he is the man in the worlde whom I hate moſte Than euery knyghte made grete ſorow to other And ſo ſ Eppynogrys departed and folowed the chace after hym Than ſ Tryſtram and his .iij. felowis rode toward ſoy garde and there ſ Tryſtram talked vnto ſ Palomydes of the bataylle and how that he had ſped at the rede cite and as ye haue harde a fore ſo was it endyd // Truly ſeyde ſ Tryſtram I am glad ye haue well ſped

so ye shall done worshypfully // Well seyde sr Tryystram we must
te forwarde as to morne and thew he devysed how hit sholde be
and sr Tryystram devysed to sende hus .iij. pavelons to set hem
faste by the well of louezep and yn shall be the quene la beall
Issode ye sey well seyde sr Dynadam But whan sr Palomydes
herde of that hus harte was rabyssshed oute of mesure Not
wythstondynge he seyde but lytyll Do whan they cam to
Joyous garde Sir Palomydes wolde nat shall gone yn to
the castell but as sr Tryystram had hym by the honde in
to Joyous garde and whan sr Palomydes sawe la beall Issode
he was so rabyssshed that he myght vnnethe speke Do they
wente vnto mete But sir Palomydes myght nat ete
and yt was all the cause yt myght be had and so on the morn
they were apparayled for to ryde towarde louezep Do syr
Tryystram had .iij. squyers and la beall Issode had .iij. jen
tyll women and bothe the quene and they were ryche lyappa
rayled and of people had they none wt thew but yavelett sr to
beare yr shyeldis and yr spearys and thus they rode forthe
and as they rode they saw afore thew a route of knyghtis
and that was sr Galyhodyn wt vij. knyghtis wt hym // A fow
fayre fealowyd seyde sr Galyhodyn yondir conyth .iij.
knyghtis and a rycke and a well fayre lady and sauh yn wyll
to take yt fayre lady from thew Syr that is nat best sey
de one of thew but sende ye to thew yt a wyte what they
wolle say and so they ded and anone yr cam a squyer vnto syr
Tryystram and asked thew whey they wolde juste or ellys
to lose that lady // Nay so seyde sr Tryystram But telle yo
lorde yt hydde hym cowe as many as he bene yt wynne her
and take her / Syr seyde sr Palomydes and hit please
you lat me have this dede yt I shall vndir take thew all .iij
Syr I wolle yt ye have hit seyde sr Tryystram it is yowre

pleasure // Now go and telle yͦ lorde ꝑ Galyhodyn yͤ tidis knyght
wolle encounter wͭ hym & his felowys Do this squyer depted
& tolde ꝑ Galyhodyn thaw he dressed his shylde & put forth
a speare and ꝑ Palomydes smote ꝑ Galyhodyn so harde
yͤ horse & maw bothe yode to the erthe & yͤ he had aw sorry
ble falle and thaid cam a nop knyght and yͤ same wyse he
fued hym and so he fued yͤ thirde and yͤ fourthe yͤ he smote
them on yͤ horse croupes and all wayes ꝑ Palomydes spe
are was hole Thaw cam yͤ vj. knyghtꝭ mo off ꝑ Galyhody
nes men and wolde haue bene avenged vppon ꝑ Palomy
des Latt be seyde ꝑ Galyhodyn nat so hawdy none off you all
medyll wͭ this knyght for he is a man off grete bounte
& honoure and yͤ he wolde do his myght ye ar nat all
able to deale wyth hym and wyth so they hylde them styll
and eid ꝑ Palomydes was redy to juste and whaw he saw
they wolde no more he rode vnto ꝑ Tryfstrawn // & ꝑ Palo
mydes wyght well haue ye done and worshypfully as a
good knyght shold Do this ꝑ Galyhodyn was wyze hym
vnto ꝑ Galagalte the haute prynce and this ꝑ Galyhodyn
was a kynge wͭ in the Contrey of Surluse Do as Sir
Tryfstram wͭ his .vj. felowys and labeall rode they
saw a fore them .vj. knyghtꝭ and eny knyght had his speare
in his honde The fyrst was ꝑ Gawayne The secunde was
ꝑ Wwayne The thirde was ꝑ Bagwanus le desyrus and the
iiijᵗᵉ was ꝑ Dodynas le sawcage and whaw ꝑ Palomydes
be hylde them that yͤ .vj. knyghtꝭ were redy to juste he pray
de ꝑ Tryfstram to gyff hym lebe to haue a do wͭ them alſo
longe as he myght holde hym on horse bak and yf that I be
smyttyn downe I pray you reuenge me // Well seyde syw
Tryfstram and ye ar nat so fayne to haue worshyp but I
wolde as fayne encrease youre worshyp and wyth all

ſ Gawayne put forthe his ſpeare and ſ Palomydes a noþ and
ſo they cam egerly to gyders þ ſ Palomydes ſmote hym ſo harde
that ſ Gawayne felle to the erthe horſe & all and in ye ſame wyſe
he ſmote ſ Uwayne and ſ Dodynas and ſ Bagrams and all the
iij. knyghtſ ſ Palomydes ſmote them downe wt his ſpeares
and than ſ Tryſtram depted towarde lonezep and whan they
were depted than cam thyder ſ Galyhodyn wt his vj. knyghtſ
vnto ſ Gawayne and þ he tolde hym all how he had ſped Be
my trouthe ſeyde ſ Gawayne | meruayle what knyghtſ they ben
þ ar ſo arayed all in greene and that knyght vppon ye whyte
horſe ſmote me downe ſeyde ſ Galyhodyn and .iij. of my felo
wyſ ſo ded he me ſeyde ſ Gawayne and my .iij. felowyſ and
well | wote ſeyde ſ Gawayne that he vppon the whyte horſe
yo ſ Tryſtram other allys ſ Palomydes and þ well be ſeyne
lady in greene Hode and as they talked thus of one thynge & of
oþ and in ye meane whyle ſ Tryſtram paſſed on tyll þ he cam
to the welle where his pauylyons were ſette & þ they a lyghted
and þ they ſawe many pauylons & grete araye Than ſ Tryſtm
leſte ye ſ Palomydes and ſ Garetht wt la beale Hode and ſ Tryſ
tram and ſ Dynadan rode vnto lonezep to herkyn tydyngſ and
ſ Tryſtram rode vppon ſ Palomydes whyte horſe and whan
he cam in to the caſtell ſ Tryſtram garde a grete horne blowe
and to the horne dreawe many knyghtſ Than ſ Tryſtram
aſked a knyght what meanyth the blaſte of þ horne Sir ſeyde
that knyght that is for all the yt ſhall holde a peuſte hynge ar
thure at this tyme nexte Than ſ Tryſtram ſaide
de and the hynge of Surluſe and the hynge of lyſtenoyſe the
hynge of northumburlonde and þ hynge of the beſte ptie of wa
lys wt many oþ contreys and all theſe dreawe them to a comcyle
to vnderſtonde what gouernaunce they ſhalle be of But þ hynge
of ſrelonde his name was ſ Marhalte that was ſadu vnto

the good knyght / sir Ayarhalte that / sir Tryſtram ſlew and he had ye
ſpeache that / sir Tryſtram myght ſayde / Now lordis and felowis
lat vs loke to owre ſelff for wyte you well kynge Arthure yo
ſure of many good knyghtis of ellys he wolde nat wt fcaw knyztis
gane a do wt vs There fore be my rede lat euy knyght gane
a ſtandarde and a cognyſſaunce by hym ſelff ye euy knyght may
drawe to his naturall lorde and than may euy kynge & Captayne
helpe his knyght yf he gane nede Whan sir Tryſtram had gan
de all ye counceyle he rode vnto kynge Arthure for to ſayne his
counceyle But sir Tryſtram was nat ſo ſone com vnto ye place
But sir Gawayne and sir Galyhodyn wente vnto kynge Arthure
and tolde hym that ye ſame grene knyght w the grene ganneyſe
wt the wayte horſe ſmote vs. y. downe and. y. of owre felowys
this ſame day Well ſayde kynge Arthure and than he called ſir
Tryſtram to hym & aſked what was his name Ad for ye ſayde
sir Tryſtram ye ſchalle holde me excuſed ad at this tyme ye ſchalle
nat know my name and ye sir Tryſtram returned & rode his way
I gane merbayle ſayde kynge Arthure that yondir knyght wolde
telle me his name But go ye sir Gryffflet and pray hym to ſpeke
wt me be thryfte / ad Gawayne Than sir Gryffflet rode aftir hym
and ofd take hym and ſayde ye kynge Arthure prayde hym to
ſpeake wt hym Dn vppon this covenaunte ſayde sir Tryſtrm
I wolde turne a gayne ſo ye ye wolde enfure me that ye kynge wolde
nat deſyre to know my name I ſchalle vndirtake hit ſayde Dn
Gryffflet that he wolde nat gretly deſyre of you Do they rode
to gydwis tyll they cam to kynge Arthure Now fayre ſir ſayde
kynge Arthure what is ye cauſe ye wolde nat telle me yo name
Dn ſayde sir Tryſtram wt oute a cauſe I wolde nat hyde my
name Well vppon what pty wolde ye holde ſayde kynge Ar-
thure Truly my lorde ſayde sir Tryſtram I wote nat yet on
what pty I wolde be on vntyll I com to the fylde and there ad

my harte gyvyth me þ wolde / holde me But to morow ye
shalle se & preve ow what pty / shall come and þ w alle he retur-
ned and went to his pavelons and vppon þ morne they armed
them all in grene & cam in to the fylde & þ yonge knyght yode
be gan to juste & ded many worshypfulle dedis Than spake
sr Gareth vnto sr Dryfstram and prayde hym to gyve hym
leve to breake his speare for hym thought shame to beare
his speare hole a gayne What sr Dryfstram had harde hys
sey so he lowte and sayde I pray you do yonre beste Than sr
Gareth gate his speare & prvde to juste and that sarve a
knyght þt was nevealle vnto þ kynge w the .C. knyghtis his
name was sr Selyses a good knyght and a good man of armys
So this Selyses dressed hym vnto sr Gareth and they .ij. mette
to gydres so harde that ayth smote of downe horse and man
to the erthe and so they were bothe hurte & bruised & þ they
lay tylle þ kynge w the .C. knyghtis halpe vp sr Selyses and sr
Dryfstram and sr Palomydes halpe vp sr Gareth a yen and
so they rode with hym to þ pavylons and than they pulled
of his helme and what la beall Iſode sawe sr Gareth bruised
so in þ face she asked hym what ayled hym Madame sayde sr
Gareth I had a grete buffette and I suppose I graffe a nother but
none of my fealowys god thanke hem wolde reskowe me Pardieus
seyde sr Palomydes but longyth nat to none of vs at this day
to juste for þ cause nat this day justed no gyved knyghtis & whan
the ost pty saw þ ye profyrd yo selfe to juste they sente a passyng
good knyght vnto you for I know hym well his name is sr
Selyses and worshypfully ye mette w hym & nevyr ost you
ar dishonoured and þ fore refreyshe yo selfe & þ ye may be redy
& hole to juste to morne a yen for that seyde sr Gareth I shall
nat fayle you & I may be stryde myne horse Now sr vppon
what pty is it best seyde sr Dryfstram yo shal it best to

be wt all to morne // Dn. seyde ſ Palomydes ye ſhalt have my-
ne advyſe to be a yenſt kynge Arthure as to morne for oid ſpty
wolde be ſ launcelot and many good knyghtſ of ſpis blood wt
kynd and ſ no men of worſhip thatt they be ſ more worſhyp
ſhalt we wynne // Thatt is full knyghtly ſpoken seyde ſ Tryſ-
tram and so ſhalt it be ryghtt as y conneyle me // In the name
of god seyde they all So p nyghtt they were reposed wt ye beſte
and in the morne whan it was day they were arayed all in
grene trapped bothe ſhyeldis ſt ſpearys and la beall iſſode in
ye ſame colour ſt ther m. dameſels ſt ryghtt thes. iij. knyghtſ
cam in to ye fylde endlonge ſt thorow And so they lad la beall
iſſode thidir as ſhe ſholde ſtande ſt be holde all the juſtſ in a
bay wyndow but all wayes ſhe was wympled p no maid myght
ſe her vyſayge and than thes. iij. knyghtſ rode ſtreyte vnto
the ſty of the kynge of Scottis // Whan kynge Arthure
had ſeyne them do all this he aſked ſ launcelot what were
this knyghtſ and this quene // Dn. seyde ſ launcelot I caw
nat tell you for no ſtayne but yf ſ Tryſtram be in this
contrey or ſ Palomydes // Dn. wyte you well it be they
and p is quene la beall iſſode Than kynge Arthure called
vnto hym ſ kay and seyde go ye lyghtly and wyte how many
knyghtſ p bene ſyne lacke kynge of the table rounde for by the
ſegis ye may know So went ſ kay and ſaw by the vrytynge
in ye ſyeges yt p lacked .x. knyghtſ ſt thes were hir names
Dn. Tryſtram ſ Palomydes ſ Percivall ſ Gareth ſ Sale-
ryes ſ Ephnogrys ſ Agrawayne ſ Dynadan ſ la cote male tayle
and ſ Pellias the noble knyght // Well seyde kynge Arthure
ſom of thes I dare vnder take that ar here this day a yenſte
vs // Than cam p iij. breyne conſyns vnto ſ Gawayne p
one hyght ſ Edwarde and that other hyght ſ Dadok the wyſeſte
were .ij. good knyghtſ and they aſked of kynge Arthure yt they

myght gaue the fyrste iustis for they were of Orkeney and
pleased seyde kynge Arthure Than sir Edwarde encountrede
w^t the kynge of Scottis whos pty was sir Tryestram and sir
Palomydes and than sir Edwarde of Orkeney smote y^e kynge of
Scottis quyte frome his horse a grete falle and sir Sadoke
smote the kynge of Northe walys downe and gaff hym a won-
dir grete falle y^t there was a grete cry on kynge Arthurs
pty and that made sir Palomydes passyngly wrothe and so sir
Palomydes dressed his shylde & his speare and wyth all hys
myght he mette w^t sir Edwarde of Orkeney & smote hym so hard
de y^t his horse had no myght to stonde on his fete and so he hur-
led downe to the erthe and than w^t y^e same speare sir Palomy
des smote downe Sadok on his horse croupe a iust seyde kyng
Arthure what kynght yo^u y^t arayed so all in greene for he iustyth
myghtyly wyte you well seyde sir Gawayne he yo^u good kynght
and yet shalle ye se hym iuste better or he departe and yet shalle ye
se a more bygger kynght in the same colo^r than he is for that
same kynght seyde sir Gawayne that smote downe vyght non
my. ij. cousyns he smote me downe w^t in these .ij. dayes and .vij.
felowys mo Thus meane whyle as they stood thus talkynge
y^t cam in to the place sir Tryestram vppon a blacke horse and or
eyd he fyrste he smote downe w^t one speare .iij. good kynghtis
of Orkeney y^t were of the kynne of sir Gawayne and sir Gareth
and sir Dynadan eyther of them smote downe a good kynght a iust
seyde Arthure yonder kynght vppon the blcke horse dothe myght
tyly and merbaylously well a hyde yon seyde sir Gawayne that
kynght on y^e blak horse he gaue nat yet. Than sir Tryestram
made to horse the .ij. kynghtis a gayne y^t sir Edwarde and sir
Sadok had vnhorsed at y^e be gynynge and than sir Tryestram
drew his swerde & rode vnto the thyckyst preasse a yenste them
of Orkeney and y^t he .ij. smote downe kynghtis and raced off

helmys and pulled a way ye shyldis and hurteled downe many of ye knyghtis And so he fared that kynge Arthure and all knyghtis had grete mervayle to se owy o knyghtis do so mucche dedis of armys And sr Palomydes fayled nat vppon the ov̄ syde yt he so mervayllously ded and welk yt all men had wondir. for kynge Arthure lykened sr Trystram that was on ye blak horse vnto a wood lyon And he lykened sr Palomydes vppon the wh̄yght horse vnto a wood lybarde And sr Gareth and sr Dynadan vnto egir wolvis But the custom was sucche amonge them yt none of ye kynghtis wolde helpe ov̄ but all the felyshyp of eny standarde to helpe ov̄ as they myght But evir sr Trystram ded so mucche dedis of armys yt they of Orkeney wexed wery of hym And so wt drew them vnto lonezep And than was ye cry of ye herowdys & all maner of comyn people ye grene knyght hathe done mervaylously and beatyn all the hew of Orkeney And ye herowdis mervayld yt sr Trystram yt was vppon ye blacke horse had smytten downe wt his spere vi. knyghtis & wounded xxx. knyghtis And sr Palomydes had smytten downe xxti. knyghtis & ye moste pte of the. l. knyghtis were of ye house of kynge Arthure and gyvyn knyghtis // So god me helpe seyde kynge Arthur vnto sr launcelot this is a grete shame to se. iiij. knyghtis beate so many knyghtis of myne and ye fore mabe you redy for we wolle gone a do wt them // Anone seyde sr launcelot wyte you welle yt ye ar. ij. passynge good knyghtis & grete worshyp were hit nat to vs now to gone a do wt them for they ar gretly travayled ado for yt seyde kynge Arthure I wolle be avenged. And ye fore take wt you sr Bleoberys and sr Ector de marys and I wolle be the fourthe seyde kynge Arthure // Well sir seyde sr launcelot ye shalle fynde me redy and my broyr sr Ector and my cosyn sr Bleoberys And so whan they were redy and on horse backe Now chose seyde kynge Arthure vnto sr launcelot whom yt ye wolle encounter wyth all // Anone seyde sr launcelot I wolle comit

wyth the grene knyght vppon the blacke horse That was sir Tryſtram and my Cousyn ſ Bleoberys ſhall macche ye grene knyght vppon ye wh̄yght horse yt was ſ Palomydes And my bro ſ Ector ſhall macche wyth ye grene knyght vppon the dūne horse yt was ſ Gareth Than muſte I ſeyde kynge Arthā gane a do wt ye grene knyght vppon the Greſylde horſe and yt was ſ Dynadan Now eny man take kepe to ꝙt felow ſeyde ſ launcelot and ſo they trotted ow to gydyns and ye encountrede ſ launcelot a yenſt ſ Tryſtram and they ſmote ayth̄ othr̄ ſo ſore that both horſe and man yede to the erthe But ſ launcelot wente that ꝙt had be ſ Palomydes and ſo they paſſed vtter and than ſ Bleoberys encountyrd wyth ſ Palomydes and he ſmote kynn ſo harde vppon the ſhylde that ſ Palomydes and ꝙs wh̄yght horſe roſteled to the erthe / Than ſ Ector ſmote ſ Gareth ſo harde that downe he falle frome ꝙs horſe and than noble kynge Arthure he encountyrd wyth ſ Dynadan and kynge Arthure ſmote kynn quyte frome ꝙs horſe and than the noyſe turned a whyle ſ ſeyde the grene knyghtſ were felde downe / Whan ye kyng̃ of nor̄th galys ſaw yt ſ Tryſtram was on foote ſ than he remembyrd kynn how grete dedis of armys they had done Than he made redy many knyghtſ for the cuſtom and the cry was ſuche that whate knyghtſ were ſmytten downe and myght nat be horſed a gayne by ꝙs felowys othr̄ by ꝙs owne ſtrengthe that at that day he ſholde be preſonere vnto the pty that ſmote kynn downe / So ye cam in the kynge of nor̄th galys and he rode ſtreyte vnto ſ Tryſtram and whan he cam nyze kynn he a lyght delyverly and toke ſ Tryſtram ꝙs horſe and ſeyde thus noble knyghtſ I know ye nat nothr̄ of whate contrey ye be But for the noble dedis that ye haue done this day take

(left) how ſ tryſtram had a falle
how ſ palomydes had a falle
how ſ Gareth had a falle
how ſ dynadan had a falle

There my

there my horse and let me do as well as I may for as I am be my
helpe ye ar bettir worthy to have myne horse than my selff Gra-
mercy seyde sir Tryſtram and yf I may I ſhall quyte you and
loke þ ye go nat fro me and as I ſuppoſe I ſhall wynne you
ſone a nop horſe And there wyth all ſir Tryſtram mounte vppon
hys horſe And anone he mette wyth kynge Arthure and he
gaff hym ſuche a buffet that kynge Arthure had no power to ſe
pe hys ſadyll And than ſir Tryſtram gaff the kynge of nortſe
galys kynge Arthurs horſe Than was there grete preaſe
a boute kynge Arthure for to horſe hym a gayne But ewyn ſir
Palomydes ſmote on the ryght honde and on the lyfft honde
and raced of helmys myghtyly as a noble knyght And thus meane
whyle ſir Tryſtram rode thorow the thyckyſte preece and ſmote
downe knyghtis on the ryght honde and on the lyfft honde and
raced of helmys and ſo paſſed forthe vn to hys pavelons and
leffte ſir Palomydes on foote And than ſir Tryſtram chonged
hys horſe and diſgyſed hym ſelff all in rede horſe and harnes
and than quene Iſode ſaw ſir Tryſtram vnhorſed and ſhe wyſt
nat where he was be com than ſhe wepte hartely But ſir
Tryſtram whan he was redy cam dayſhynge lyghtly in to the
fylde And than la beall Iſode aſſayed hym and ſo he ded grete
dedis of armys wyth one ſpeare that was grete ſor ſir Tryſtram
ſmote downe .v. knyghtis or ewyn he ſtynted Than ſir Launcelot aſſay
ed hym redyly that ſame was ſir Tryſtram and than he repented
hym of that he had ſmyttyn hym downe And ſo ſir Launcelot went
oute of the preece to repoſe hym and lyghtly he cam a gayne And
ſo whan ſir Tryſtram was com in to the preece thorow hys gre
horſe he put ſir Palomydes vppon hys horſe and ſir Garetht and ſir
Dynadan and than they be gan to do merbayloufly But ſir Pa
lomydes nothir none of thes .ij. felowys knew nat who had holpen
them to horſe bak But ewyn ſir Tryſtram was wyſe them and knew

them and they nat hym be cause he had chonged m to rede armo
and all this whyle ſ Launcelot was away So whan la beall
Iſode aſpyed ſ Tryſtram a gayne vppon his horſe bak ſhe was
paſſynge glad and whan ſhe louze and made good chere and as
hit happened ſ Palomydes loked vp toward her ſhe was in the
wyndow and ſ Palomydes aſpyed how ſhe lawzed and there
wyth he toke ſuche a rey verey ſynge that he smote downe what
wyth his ſpeare and wyth his ſwerde all that cm he mette for
thorow the fyzht of her he was ſo enamered in her love that
he ſemed at that tyme that and bothe ſ Tryſtram and ſ Laun
celot had bene bothe a yenſte hym they ſholde gane wonne no
worſhyp of hym And in his carte as the booke ſaythe ſ Palo
mydes wyſſhed that wyth his worſhyp he myzht gane a do
wyth ſ Tryſtram be fore all men by cauſe of la beall Iſode //
Whan ſ Palomydes he gaw to double his ſtrengthe and he ded
ſo merbaylouſly all men had wondr and cm he haſte vp his yee
vnto la beall Iſode // And whan he ſaw her make ſuche chere
he fared lyke a lyon that there myzht no man wyth ſtonde
hym And than ſ Tryſtram he hylde hym how he ſtyrred a
bonte and ſeyde vnto ſ Dynadan ſo god me helpe ſ Palomy
des ys a paſſynge well endurynge but ſuche dedis ſarue
hym nen do nor nen erſte herde I telle that cm he ded ſo muche
in one day Dn hit is his day ſeyde ſ Dynadan and he wolde
ſey no more vnto ſ Tryſtram but to hym ſelfe he ſeyde thus
and ſ Tryſtram knew for whos love he doth all this dedys of
armys ſone he wolde a bate his corrage Alas ſeyde ſ Tryſtr
that ſ Palomydes were nat cryſtynde So ſeyde kynge Artus
and ſo ſeyde all that be hylde them Whan all people gaff hym
the pryſe as for the beſte knyzht that day and he paſſed ſ Laun
celot otherm ellys ſ Tryſtram well ſeyde ſ Dynadan to hym
ſelff all this worſhyp that ſ Palomydes hath here this day

ge may þanke þe quene Isode for had sche bene away þis day had nat sir Palomydes gotyn þe pryse þrygth so cam in to þe fylde sir launcelot du lake and sawe and knewe þe grete noyse and þe grete worshyp þat sir Palomydes had ge dressed hym a yenst sir palomydes with a grete speare and a longe and thought to gane smytyn hym downe and whan sir Palomydes saw sir launcelot com vppon hym so faste ge tobe his horse with þe spurres and ran vppon hym as faste with his swerde and as sir launcelot sholde gane strykyn hym ge smote þe speare on tyde and smote nyt a too with his swerde and þerwe with sir Palomydes russhed vnto sir launcelot and thought to gane put hym to shame and with his swerde ge smote of his horse nek þat sir launcelot rode vppon and þan sir launcelot felle to p'e þe Bþan was þe cry huge and grete how sir palomydes þe Barefyn gate smytyn downe sir launcelotis horse þrygth so þere were many knyghtis wrothe with sir Palomydes by cause ge had done þat dede and helde þere a yenste nyt and seyde nyt was vnknyghtly done in a turnemente to kylle an horse wyl fully otherwyse than nyt had bene done in playne batayle lyst for lyst whan sir Ector de marys saw sir launcelot his brothir gane sucche a dispyte and so sette on foote Bþan ge gate a spe are egurly and ran a yenst sir Palomydes and ge smote hym so harde þat ge bare sir Palomydes quyte frome his horse Bþat sawe sir Tristram and ge smote downe sir Ector de marys quyte frome his horse Bþan sir launcelot dressed his shelde vppon his shulder and with his swerde naked in his honde and so ge cam streyte vppon sir Palomydes wyte yon well yon faste done me þis day þe grettyste dispyte þat ever ony worshyp full knyght ded me in turnemente other in justys and þere fore I wolde be avenged vppon þe and þere fore take kepe to youre selfe a mercy noble knyght seyde sir Palomydes of

my dedis and ſantyll bnyght for gyff me myne vn bnyghtly de
dis for I ſaue no power notqu myght to mytſtonde you / and
I ſaue done ſo muche this day that well I wote I ded nei ſo mu
che notqu nei ſhall do ſo muche in my dayes / and there fore
moſte noble bnyght of the worlde I requyre the ſpare me as
this day and I promyſe you I ſhall ei be youre bnyght whyle
I lyue ffor and yff ye put me from my worſhyp now ye put
me from the grettyſt worſhyp that ei I had or ei ſhall haue
well ſeyde ſ launcelot / ſe for to ſay the ſothe ye haue done
merbaylouſly well this day and I vnderſtonde a pte for whos
loue ye do it / and well I wote that loue is a grete mayſtry
and yff my lady were here as ſhe is nat / wyte you well ſ
palomydes ye ſhulde nat beare a way the worſhyp But be
ware youre loue be nat diſcouerde for and ſ Tryſtram may
know it ye wolle repente it and fyttchyd my quarell is nat
here ye ſhall haue this day the worſhyp as for me conſyde
rynge the grete trabayle and payne that ye haue had this
day it were no worſhyp for me to put you frome it / and
there with all ſ launcelot ſuffyrd ſ palomydes to departe
Than ſ launcelot by grete force and myght gate his howſe a gay
ne magre ye bnyght / Do wan ſ launcelot was horſed
he ded many merbaylouſe dedis of armys and ſo ded ſ Tryſ
tram and ſ palomydes in lyke wyſe Than ſ launcelot ſmo
te a downe with a ſpeare ſ Dynadan and the bynge off
Scotlonde and the bynge of nortbe walys and the bynge
off nortbumberlonde and the bynge off lyſtenoyſe / Do than
ſ launcelot and his felowys ſmote dowñe well nye a fourty
bnyghtis Than cam the bynge off ſhelonde and the bynge of
the ſtreyte marchis to reſcowe ſ Tryſtram and ſ palomy
des and there be gan a grete medle and many bnyght yd
were ſmyttyn downe on bothe partyes and all wayes fy-

launcelo spared ſ Tryſtram and he spared hym and ſ Palo
mydes wolde nat medyll wyth ſ launcelot and so there was
hur-lynge here and there and than lynge artħure sente oute
many knyghtħ of the table vnnde and ſ Palomydes was ev
n the formyſte frunte and ſ Tryſtram ded ſo ſtrongly that
the lynge and all otħr had merbayle and than the lynge
let blowe to lodgynge and by cauſe ſ Palomydes be gamne
fyrſte and nexte he wente nor rode oute of the fylde to repoſe
hym but ever he was doynge on horſe bak otħr on foote and
lengyſt dur-ynge lynge artħure and all the knyghtħ gaff
ſ Palomydes the honowre and the gre ad for that day Than
ſ Tryſtram comaunded ſ Dynadan to fecche the quene la
beale Iſode and bryuge hem to his ꝑ. pavelons by the well
and ſo ſ Dynadan ded as he was comaunded But whan ſ
Palomydes vnderſtode and knew that ſ Tryſtram was he that
was in the rede armꝭ and on the rede horſe wyte you well
that he was glad and ſo was ſ Garetħ and ſ Dynadan for all
they wente that ſ Tryſtram had be taken preſoniere and pau
ely knyghtħ drew to his ſume and than lynge artħure and
ely lynge ſpake of the knyghtħ but of all men they gaff ſ
Palomydes the pryce and all knyghtħ that knew ſ Palo
mydes had wonder of his dedis Than ſeyde ſ launcelot vnto
lynge artħure as for ſ Palomydes and he be the grene
knyght I dare ſay as for this day he is beſte worthy to have
the gre for he reposed hym nexte nor nexte chaunged hys
wedis and he be gan fyrſte and lengyſte fylde on and yet
well I wote ſeyde ſ launcelot that there was a bett knyzt
than he and that ye ſhall preve or we depte fro them of
my lyff Than they talked on ayther ꝓty and ſo ſ Dynadan
rayled wyth ſ Tryſtram and ſayde what the devyll ys
happen the this day for ſ Palomydes ſtrengthe fyrſt fede

nede this day but ever he doubled and ſ Triſtram ſaved all this day as he had bene on ſlepe and therefore I calle hym a coward // Well ſ Dynadan ſeyde ſ Triſtram I was nede called cowarde or now of curteſly bydde in my lyff and wyte you well ſ Dynadan thought ſir launcelot gaff me a falle for I oute cepte hym off all bydde and doute ye nat ſ Dynadan and ſ launcelot have a quarell good he is to ou good for ony bydde that now yo lybynge and yet of his ſufferaunce lavgeſ bonute and curteſy I calle hym a bydde peerleſ and ſo ſ Triſtram was in maner wrothe with ſ Dynadan But all this langayge ſir Dynadan ſayde be cauſe he wolde angir ſ Triſtram for to cauſe hym to wake his ſpeche for well knew ſ Dynadan that and ſ Triſtram were thorowly wrothe ſ Palomydes ſhulde wynne no worſhip vppon the morne and for thys entente ſ Dynadan ſeyde all this raybynge langage a yenſte ſ Triſtram Truly ſeyde ſ Palomydes as for ſ launcelot of noble byddehode and of his curteſy proved and ſantylnes I know nat his preve for this day ſeyde ſ Palomyde I ded full vncurteſly vnto ſ launcelot and full vnbyddely And full byddely and curteſly he ded to me a gayne for and he had bene of vn ſantyll to me as I was to hym this day had I wonne no worſhyp and therefore ſeyde ſ Palomydes I ſhall be ſ launcelotis bydde wayled that I lyve and all this was talkynge off in all the howſis of the kyng and all kyngſ and lordis and bydde ſeyde of clyere byddehode and of myne ſtrengthe and of bonute and of curteſy Sir launcelot and ſ Triſtram bare the pryce of all bydde that ever were in kyng Arthurs dayes and there were no bydde in kynge Arthurs dayes that ded halff ſo many deds of armys as they

y. ded as the booke seyth no .x. knyghtis ded nat halff the
dedis that they ded and there was neid knyght in there
dayes that required ꝑ lancelot other ellys ꝑ Tristram of
ony queste so gut were nat to there shame but they per for-
med there desyre // So on the morne Sir lancelot depted
and Sir Tristram was redy and la beall Isode wyth sir
palomydes and Sir Gawetch and so they rode all in greue
full freyssely be sayne vnto the foreyste and Sir Tryst
tram lafte Sir Dynadan slepynge in his bedde and so as
they rode out happened the kynge and sir lancelot stode in
a wyndow and saw Sir Tristram ryde and la beall Isode
Sir seyde ꝑ lancelot yondir rydyth the fayreste lady of
the worlde excepte youre quene dame Gwenyn who yo
that seyde kynge arthure Sir seyde he but is queue Isode
that oute take my lady youre quene she yo makeles Take
youre horse seyde kynge arthure and away you at all wyth
as I wolle do and I promyse you seyde the kynge I wolle se
her and anone they were armed and horsed and aythir tobe
a speare and rode vnto the foreyste Sir seyde ꝑ lancce
lot but is nat good that ye go to nyze them for wyte you
well there ar .ij. as good knyghtis as ony now ar lyvynge
and there fore ꝑ I pray you be nat to hasty // ffor ꝑaben
tune there wolle be slow knyghtis that wolle be displeased
and we cowd suddenly vppon them as for that seyde kyng
arthure I wolle se her for I take no force whow I greve
Sir seyde ꝑ lancelot ye put youre selff in grete jupde
as for that seyde the kynge we wolle take the adventure
kyghth so anone the kynge rode ayen to her and seyde
god you save // Sir she seyde ye ar welcowd Wgan the
kynge be hylde her and lyked her wondirly welle // So wyth
that cam ꝑ palomydes vnto kynge arthure and seyde you

vncurteyse knyght what sekyst pou pare for you art vncurteyse
to cowe vppow a lady thus suddeynly thare fore wyth drallbe
the / But kynge Arthure tolde none pede of Sir Palomydes
wordys but ay he lokyd stylle vppon quene Isode Thand was ꝑ
Palomydes wrothe and there wyth he tokе a speare and cam
gurtelynge vppon kynge Arthure and smote hym downe wt
a speare a grete ſ fulle Whan Sir launcelot sawe that dep
pyte of Sir Palomydes he seyde to hym selff / and lothe to have
a do wyth youdr knyght and nat for his owne sake but for sir
Tryſtrams and of one thynge I am sure of hym yf I smyte
downe Sir Palomydes I muste have a do wyth Sir Tryſtrā
and that were to muche to macche thaw lothe for me a lone for
they ar .ij. noble knyghtys nat wyth stondynge whether I lyve or
dye nedys muste I revenge my lorde Arthure and so I wolde
what som ever be falle me and there wyth all Sir launcelot ꝛt
Sir Palomydes russhed to gydyrs wyth .ij. speares stronglye
But Sir Palomydes so harde that he wente quyte oute of his
sadylle and had a grete falle Whan Sir Tryſtram sawe ꝑ Palo
mydes have that falle he seyde to Sir launcelot ꝑ knyght kepe
the for I muste juste the nexte for to juste wyth me seyde launce
lot I wolde nat fayle you for no drede that I have off you but
I am lothe to have a do wyth you and I myght chose for I wolde ꝑt
pe wyte that I muste revenge my specialle lorde and my moste
be drad frende that was vnhorsed vnwarely and vnbyghtly
And therefore sir thynke I revenge that falle take ye no disple
sure for he is to me suche a frende that I may nat se hym shame
dnone Sir Tryſtram vnderstood by hys ꝓsone and by his
knyghtly wordis that was Sir launcelot du lake And truly sir
Tryſtram denyed that that was kynge Arthure that Sir Palo
mydes had smyttyn downe and than Sir Tryſtram put hys
speare frome hym and gate Sir Palomydes a gayne on his

horse backe and Sir launcelot gate kynge Arthure a gayne
to horse backe and so kepte Do god me helpe seyde Sir Tryf
tram vnto Sir Palomydes ye dyd nat worshypfully whan
ye smote downe that knyght so suddeynly as ye dyd and wyte
you well ye dyd youre selff grete shame for the knyghtf came
ryddyn of there fantyfnes to se a fayre lady and that yf eny good
knyghtf parte to be holde a fayre lady and ye had nat a do to
play fuche mayftryes for my lady wyte you well fyr wolde turne
to angre for he that ye smote downe was kynge Arthure
and that other was the good knyght Sir launcelot But I fhalle
nat for gete seyde Sir Tryftram the wordyf of Sir launce
lot whan that he called hym a man of grete worshyp and there
by I wyfte that fyr was kynge Arthure and as for Sir launce
lot and there had bene an C. knyghtf in the medow he wolde
nat a refused them and yet he seyde he wolde refuse me and by
that a gayne I knew that fyr was Sir launcelot for ever he for
berythe me in eny place and fhewythe me grete kyndenes and of
all knyghtf I oute take none fay what men wylle fay he bearythe
the floure affay hym who fom ever wylle and he be well angred
and that hym lyfte to do his vttermoure wythe oute ony favour
I know hym nat ow lyke but Sir launcelot yf ow harde ow hym
take hym both ow horse backe and ow foote Sir I may well be
lyeve seyde Sir Palomydes that kynge Arthure wolde ryde so
pryvaly as a powre aventure knyght I fayd Sir Tryftramf
ye knowe nat my lorde kynge Arthure for all knyghtf may lerne
to be a knyght of hym and there fore ye may be forry seyde Sir
Tryftram of youre vnknyghtly dedyf done to so noble a knyght
and a kynge fuche be done fyr cane nat be vndone seyde Sir Palo
mydes Whan Sir Tryftram feute quene Yfode vnto her lodgyng
in to the pryory there to be holde all the turnemente

Than there was a cry vnto all knyghtes made that when they herde the horne blow they sholde make justes as they ded the fyrste and lyke as the knyghtes Sir Edwarde and Sir Dadok he gaue the justys the fyrste day Sir Wayne the kynges son wyen and Sir lucanere de butler he gaue the justis the secunde day and at the fyrste encountre Sir Wayne smote downe the kynge of Scotys and Sir lucanere had a penste the kynge of walys and they brake there speares all to peces and they were so fyrse bothe that they hurteled there horses to gydre that bothe felle to the erthe Than they off Orkeney horsed a gayne Sir lucanere and than came in Syr Trystram de lyones and smote downe Sir Wayne and Sir lucanere and Sir Palomydes smote downe other .ij. knyghtes and than came Sir Gareth and smote downe other .ij. good knyghtes Than seyde kynge Arthure vnto Sir launcelott a se yondre .ij. knyghtes do passyngly well and namely the fyrste that justed Sir seyde sir launcelot that knyght he gaue nat yet but ye shalle se hym do meruaylously and than came in to the place the knyghtes off Orkeney and than they be gan to do many dedys of armys When Sir Trystram saw them so be gyn he seyde to Sir Palomydes how feele ye youre selff may ye do this day as ye ded yestirday I fare may seyde sir Palomydes I feele my selff so wery and so sore bruised of the dedis of yestirday that I may nat endure as I ded Than me repentyth seyde Sir Trystram for I shalle lache you this day but helpe youre selff seyde Sir Palomydes and truste nat to me for I may nat do as I ded and all this wordis seyde sir Palomydes but to be gyle Sir Trystram Than seyde sir Trystram vnto Sir Gareth than truste I truste vppon yo^r vtterance I pray you be nat farre fro me to rescow me and nede be Sir I shalle nat fayle you seyde Sir Gareth

m all that I may do // Than Sir Palomydes rode by hym selff and than in despyte of Sir Trystram he put hym selff in the tapcbyst preed amonges them of Orkeney and there he ded so merbaylous dedis of armys that all men had wondir of hym for there myght none stonde hym a strobe. Whan Sir Trystram saw Sir Palomydes do suche ded ys he merbayled and sayde to hym selff me thynkyth he is wery of my company. So sir Trystram be hylde hym a grete whyle and ded but lytyll ellys for the noyse and cry was so grete that Sir Trystram merbayled frome whens cam the strengthe that Sir Palomydes had there. Sir seyde Sir Gareth vnto Sir Trystram remembir ye nat of the wordis that Sir Dynadan seyde to you yestir day whan he called you cowarde ffe sir he seyde nay for none ylle for ye ar the man in the worlde that he lovyth beste and all that he seyde was for youre worshyp and there fore seyde sir Gareth lat me knowe this day what ye be and wondir ye nat so vppon Sir Palomydes for he forsyth hym selff to wynne all the honour frome you I may well be leve nay seyde Sir Trystram and sythyn I vnderstonde his pevil wyll and hys envy ye shall se yff that I enforce my selff that the noyse shall be leffte that is now vppon hym than Sir Trystram rode in to the tapcbyst of the preed and than he ded so merbaylously well and ded so grete dedis of armys that all men seyde that Sir Trystram ded dobble so muche dedys of armys as ded Sir Palomydes a fore hande and than the noyse wente clene frome sir Palomydes and all the people cryed vppon Sir Tryst tram and seyde a sqir a se how Sir Trystram smytyth wyth hys speare so many knyghtis to the erthe and se seyde they all how many knyghtis he [illegible] smytyth downe

wyth his swerde and how many knyghtes he mette with there helmys and there shyldys and so he bete all of Orbeney a fore hym how now seyde Sir launcelot vnto kynge arthure I tolde you that thys day there wolde a knyght play his pageaunte for youre vyctorye a knyght ye may se he doth all knyghtly for he hath strengthe and wyn de / nowe So god me helpe seyde kynge arthure to Sir launcelot ye sey sothe for I saw neu a better knyght for he passyth sarre Sir palomydes Sir wyte you well seyde Sir launcelot but muste be so of ryght for but yf hym selff that noble knyght Sir Tryſtram I may ryght well be lyeve but seyde kynge arthure but whan Sir palomydes harde the noyse and the cry was turned frome hym he rode oute on the tone syde and be hylde Sir Tryſtram and whan he saw hym do so merbaylously well he wepte passyngly sore for dispyte for he wyst well than he sholde wyn no worshyp that day ffor well knew Sir palomydes whan Sir Tryſtram wolde put forthe his strengthe and his manhode that he sholde gete but lytyll worshyp that day Than came kynge arthure and the kynge of northe galys and sir launce lot du lake and Sir Bleoberys and Sir Bors de ganys and Sir Ector de marys thes .iij. knyghtes came in to the fylde with Sir launcelot and so they .iij. dede so grete dedys of armys that all the noyse be gan vppon Sir launcelot and so they bete the kynge of walys and the kynge of Scottys far a bacbe and made them to voyde the fylde But Sir Tryſtram and Sir Gareth a bode stylle in the fylde and endured all that ever there came that all men had wonder that ever ony knyght endured so many grete stroke But ever sir launcelot and hys kynnes men for bare Sir Tryſtram and Sir Gareth Than seyde kynge arthure yf that Sir palomydes that endurythe so well

Nay seyde Sir launcelot/ wyte you well/ at/ yo the good knyght/ Sir Tryestram for youre ye may se Sir Palomydes be goldyth/ and godyth/ and doth/ lytyll or nanght/ and sir ye shall/ vnderstou de that/ Sir Tryestram weryth/ this day to beate vs all/ oute of the fylde and as for me seyde Sir launcelot/ I shall/ nat/ me te ayne mete ayne who so wyll/ But/ sir seyde Sir launcelot/ ye may se how Sir Palomydes godyth/ youre as ponge ge we re in a dreame and wyte you well/ ge yo full/ ghery that/ sir Tryestram doyth/ suche dedys of armys Than yo ge but a foole seyde kynge arthure for new yet/ was Sir Palomy des/ suche a knyght/ nor new shall/ be of/ suche prowes/ and yf/ he have enby at/ Sir Tryestram seyde kynge arthure and co myth/ in wyth/ ayne/ vppon this syde ge yo a false knyght/ and as the kynge and Sir launcelot/ thus spake Sir Tryestrā rode prybayly oute of the preed that/ no man aspyed ayne but labeall/ sode and Sir Palomydes for they/ yf/ wolde nat/ leve off/ there ye fyght of ayne/ And whan Sir Tryestram caw to his/ pabylons he sonnde Sir Dynadan in hys bedde a slepe/ and wake seyde Sir Tryestram for ye ought/ to be a sha med so to slape whan knyghtys have a do in the fylde Than Sir Dynadan arose lyghtly and sayde sir what/ wyll/ ye do make you redy sayde Sir Tryestram to ryde wyth/ me in to the fylde// So whan Sir Dynadan was armed he lobed vppon Sir Tryestrames helme and on his shylde and whan he saw so many strokys vppon his helme and vppon hys shyl de he seyde in good tyme was I thus a slepe for had I bene wyth/ you I muste nedys for shame have folowed wyth/ you more for shame than for any proues that/ ys in me ffor/ I se well/ now be thy strokys that/ I sholde have bene tur by beatyn as I was yesterday// leve yonre sappys seyde Sir Tryestram and com of that/ we were in the fylde a gayne

Wha̅t sayde Sir Dynadan yo̅ youre harte wp now · yesterday ye fared as ye had dremed So than Sir Trystram was a vayed all̅ in blacke harneys & sayn sayde Sir Dynadan what aylethe̅ you thys̄ day me semyth̄ that̄ ye be more wyldar than ye were yesterday Than smyled Sir Trystram and sayde to Sir Dynadan a wayte well̅ vpon me yf̄ ye se me ovr̄ macchyd and lobe that̄ ow̄ ye be by hynde me and I shall make you redy way by goddys grace So they tobe there horsys and all̅ thys̄ assayed Sir Palomydes bothe the goynge and the comynge and so ded la beall̅ Isode for she knew Sir Trystram passynge well̅ Than Sir Palomydes sawe that̄ Sir Trystram was disgysed and thought̄ to shame hym and so he rode vnto a knyght̄ that̄ was sore wounded that̄ sate vndr a thorne a good way fromе the fylde Syr knyght̄ sayde Sir Palomydes I pray you to lende me youre armys and youre shylde for myne yo̅ ow̄ well̄ knowyn in thys̄ fylde and that̄ hath̄ done me grete damayge and ye shall̄ have myne armys and my shylde that̄ yo̅ as̄ sure as̄ youres I wolle well̄ sayde the knyght̄ that̄ ye have myne armowre and also my shylde yf̄ they may do you ony avayle I am well̄ pleased So Sir Palomydes armed hym hastely in that̄ knyght̄s armys and hys̄ shylde that̄ shone lyke ony crystall̄ or fyld and so he cam̄ ryd̄ynge in to the fylde And than there was notyn Sir Trystram notyn none of hys̄ party notyn of kynge Artours that̄ knew Sir Palomydes and as̄ sone as he was com̄ in to the fylde Sir Trystram smote downe in knyghtly wyse in the syght̄ of Sir Palomydes and than he rode a yenste Sir Trystram and ayther mette other with grete spearys that̄ they all̄ to brast to there hondys and than they dasshed to gedr̄ with swerdys egerly Than Sir Trystram had merwayle what knyght̄ he was that̄ ded batayle

so myghtyly wyth hym. Than was Sir Tryſtram wrothe for he felte hym paſſynge ſtronge and he demed that he cowde nat gaine a do wyth the remenaunte of the knyghtſ by cauſe of the ſtrengthe of Sir Palomydes So they layſſhed to gydyrs and gaffe many ſad ſtrokys to gydyrs and many knyghtys mervayled what knyght he was that ſo encountred wyth the blak knyght Sir Tryſtram and fulle well knew la beale Iſode that he was Sir Palomydes that faught wyth Sir Tryſtrã for ſhe aſſpyed all in her wyndow where that ſhe ſtood how Sir Palomydes chamged hys harnes wyth the wounded knyght and than ſhe be gan to wepe ſo gentely for the dyſpyte of Sir Palomydes that well nyze there ſhe ſowned. Than cam in Sir launcelot wyth the knyghtſ of Orkeney and whan the todir party had aſſpyed Sir launcelot they cryed and ſeyde vetenne for here cõmyth Sir launcelot So there cam in a knyght vnto Sir launcelot and ſeyde ſir ye muſte nedis fyght wyth yondyr knyght in the blak harneyes whyche was Sir Tryſtram for he hath alle moſte ouercome that good knyghte that fyght yth wyth hym wyth the fyrſt ſtrok he ſtrake whyche was Sir Palomydes Than Sir launcelot rode be twyxte them and Sir launcelot ſeyde vnto Sir Palomydes ſir knyghte let me hane this batayle for ye hane nede to be reposed Sir Palomydes knew well Sir launcelot and ſo ded Sir Tryſtram But by cauſe Sir launcelot was ſtarke hardyer knyght and bygger than Sir Palomydes he was wyght glad to ſuffir Sir launcelot to fyght wyth Sir Tryſtram for well wyſte he that Sir launcelot knew nat ȳ Tryſtrã and there fore he hoped that Sir launcelot ſholde beate hym ſhame Sir Tryſtram and there of Sir Palomydes was fulle fayne. And ſo Sir launcelot layſſhed at Sir Tryſtram many ſad ſtrokys But Sir launcelot knew nat ȳ Tryſtram

but Sir Tryſtram knew well Sir lamcelot and thus they
fought longe to gyders whyche made la beall Iſode well wyze
oute of her wynde for sorow Than Sir Dynadan tolde Sir
Gareth how that knyght in the blak harneys was there lorde
Sir Tryſtram and that other yo Sir lamcelot that fyghtyth
with hym that muste nedys hane the better of hym for sir
Tryſtram hath had ouermuche travayle this day Than lat
vs smyte hym downe seyde Sir Gareth so that we beste that
we do seyde Sir Dynadan vatho than Sir Tryſtrams
ſholde be ſhamed for yondr horyth the straunge knyghte
with the ſylde ſhylde to falle vppon Sir Tryſtram yf nede
be and so hurth with all Sir Gareth rusſhed vppon Sir
lamcelot and gaff hym a grete ſtroke vppon the helme þt
he was a ſtoned and than cam in Sir Dynadan with
hys ſpeare and he smote Sir lamcelot ſuche a buffet þt
horſe and man yode to the erthe and had a grete falle
Now fye for ſhame seyde Sir Tryſtram vnto ſ Gareth
and Sir Dynadan why ded ye ſo to smyte a downe ſo
good a knyght as he ys and namely than ſ had a do
with hym a ſeyn ye do yowre ſelff grete ſhame and hym
no diſworſhyp for I hylde hym reſonabely bote though ye
had nat holpyn me Than cam ſ Palomydes with
was diſgyſed and smote downe ſ Dynadan frome hys
horſe Than ſ lamcelot by cauſe Sir Dynadan had
ſmytten hym downe afore honde there fore he aſſayled
ſ Dynadan paſſynge ſore and ſ Dynadan deffended
hym myghtyly But well vndirſtood ſir Tryſtram
that ſir Dynadan myght nat endure a yenſte ſir
lamcelot where fore ſ Tryſtram was ſory Than
cam ſir Palomydes freyſſhe vppon ſir Tryſtram and
than he ſaw ſir Palomydes cowe ſo freyſſhely he thought

Tho delyu

to delyu̅ ꝟ̄yu̅ all̄ ouyꝺ by cause tꝫat ꝺe wolde ꝺelpe
ſyr Dynadan tꝫat ſtoode in pell̄ wyꝫ Syr launcelot Dꝫan
ꝟ Tryſtram ꝟ̄urteled vnto ꝟ Palomydes and gaff ꝟ̄yu̅ a
ſtrete buffet and tꝫan Syr Tryſtram gate ſyr Palomydes
and pulled ꝟ̄yu̅ downe vnder netꝫe ꝟ̄ur ꝺorſe feete and
tꝫan Syr Tryſtram lyꝫtly lepe vp and lefte ſyr Palo
mydes and wente be twyxte ſyr launcelot and ſyr Dy
nadan and tꝫan tꝫey be gan to do batayle to gyꝺyu̅ and
vyꝫt ſo ſyr Dynadan gate ꝟ Tryſtramꝺ ꝺorſe and ſeyde
on ꝟyꝫt tꝫat ſyr launcelot myꝫt ꝟ̄yue ꝺ̄ thy lorꝺe Syr
Tryſtram take yonꝺe ꝺorſe and wꝫan ſyr launcelot
ꝫaꝺde ꝟ̄yu̅ name ſyr Tryſtram ꝺ ſaꝺ wꝫat ꝫaue ꝟ ꝺo
me ſeyde ſyr launcelot for now am ꝟ diſꝫonowred and ſey
ꝺe a my lorꝺe ſyr Tryſtram wꝫy were ye now diſꝫyſed
ye ꝫaue put̄ youre ſelff tꝫis ꝺay me ſtrete pereff Bu̅t
ꝟ pray you to ꝟꝺon me for and ꝟ ꝫad knowyu̅ you we
ꝫad nat̄ ꝺone tꝫis batayle Syr ſeyde ꝟ Tryſtramꝺ
tꝫis is nat̄ tꝫe fyrſte ſtrudeneſſ and goodneſſ tꝫat ye
ꝫaue ſꝫewed vnto me and I none tꝫer were ꝺorſed
botꝫe a ꝫayne ꝺo all̄ tꝫe . . ple on tꝫat̄ one ſyꝺe
gaff ſyr launcelot tꝫe ꝫonor . . and tꝫe ſtrete and all̄ tꝫe
people on tꝫe otꝫer ſyꝺe gaff ſyr Tryſtram tꝫe ꝫonour
and tꝫe ſtrete Bu̅t ſyr launcelot ſeyde nay tꝫere to for
ꝟ and nat̄ worthy to ꝫaue tꝫis ꝫonoure for ꝟ wolꝺ re
porte me to all̄ knyꝫtꝟ tꝫat ſyr Tryſtram ꝫatꝫ bene
lenger in tꝫe fylde tꝫan ꝟ and ꝫe ꝫatꝫ ſmyttyu̅ ꝺowne
many mo knyꝫtꝟ tꝫis ꝺay tꝫan ꝟ ꝫaue ꝺone and ꝑ
fore ꝟ wolꝺ ꝟ̄yff ſyr Tryſtram my voyſe and my na
me and ſo ꝟ pray all̄ my lorꝺyꝭ and felowyꝭ ſo to ꝺo
Dꝫan tꝫere was tꝫe hole voyſe off knyꝫtꝭ ꝺeuꝟ and
erlyꝭ ꝺaroun̄ and knyꝫtꝟ tꝫat ſyr Tryſtram ꝺe lyoneſ

thys day yo preved the beste knyght Than they bleve vnto lodgynge and qneue Isode was led vnto her pavelons But wyte yon Welsh Ire was wrothe onte of mesure wyth sir Palomydes for he saw all his treson frome the begynnynge to the endynge and all thys whyle neyther sir Trystram ℔ Gareth notyn sir Dynadan knew nat of the treson of ℔ Palomydes But afterward ye shall here how there be felle the grettyst debate be twyxte ℔ Trystram and sir Palomydes that myght be / So whan the turnemente was done ℔ Trystram ℔ Gareth and ℔ Dynadan rode wyth la beall Isode to his pavelons and ew sir Palomydes rode wyth them vn there company dissyssed as he was / But whan ℔ Trystram had aspyed hym that he was the same knyght wyth the shylde of syluer that shylde hym so sore that day Than seyde Trystram sir knyght wyte yon Welsh Here yo none that hath nede of youre felyshyp and there fore I pray you depte frome vs / Than ℔ Palomydes answered a grame as thought he had nat knowyn ℔ Trystram wyte yon Welsh sir knyght that frome this felyshyp wolde I nat depte for one of the beste knyghtys of the worlde comaunded me to be in this company and tyll that he discharge me of my ℔myse I wolde nat be discharged. So by his langage ℔ Trystram knew that it was ℔ Palomydes and seyde A sir ar ye such a knyght ye shall be named wronge for ye shall ben called ew a shamefull knyght and as this day ye shall shewed me grete vn shamefulnes for ye had all moste brought me to my dethe but as for you I suppose I sholde have done well I nowe But ℔ Launcelot dyt

you was ow̄ vncle for I know no knyght lyvynge but
launcelot yt to ow̄ good for hym and he wolde do hys
vttervst Alas seyde Palomydes ar ye my lorde
Tryſtram yee ſir and that know you well I now
my knyght god ſeyde Palomydes vntyll now I knew
you nat ffor I wente that ye had bene the knyght off
Irelonde for well I wote that ye have his armys I ha
ve his armys seyde Tryſtram and that wolde I a byde bye
for I wanne them ony wm a fylde of a full noble knyght whos
name was ſir Dinadalte and with grete payne I wan that
knyght for there was none other recou̇r but Sir Dinadalte
dyed thorow falſe lechis and yet was he new yoldyn̄ to me ſir
ſeyde Palomydes I wente that ye had bene turned vppon ſir
launcelotys pty and that cauſed me to turne ye ſey well ſeyde
Sir Tryſtram and ſo I take you and for gyffe you Do than they
rode to there pabelons and whan they were alyght they marmed
them and wyſſhe there facis and there hondys and ſo yode
vnto mete and were ſet at there table But whan la beall iſſode
ſe ſaw ſir Palomydes ſhe chaunged than her colour for wra
the ſhe myght nat ſpeake a none ſir Dinadan Tryſtram aſpyed her
countenaunce and ſeyde madame for what cauſe make ye vs ſuch
chere we have bene ſore trabayled all thys day Dyne a lytyll
de la beall iſſode for godys ſake be ye nat diſpleaſed with me
for I may none other wyſe do I ſalve thys day how ye were be
trayed and wyze brought vnto yonne dethe truly ſir I ſalve ey
dele how and in what wyſe And there fore ſir how ſholde I ſuffyr
in yonne preſence ſuche a felonne and traytonne as ys ſir Palo
mydes for I ſaw hym with myne yed how he be hylde you whan
ye wente oute off the fylde for ey he loved ſtylle vppon his horſe
tyll that he ſaw you com a gayne warde and than ſwith with all
I ſaw hym ryde to the ſame knyght and chaunged hys harneys wt

kynd and thand streyte / sawe kynd how ge sought you all the fylde and anone as ge had sonnde you ge encountred with you and wylfully sir Palomydes ded batayle with you and as for kynd sir was nat gretly a ferde but / had sore sir launcelot / whyche knew nat you a madame seyde sir Palomydes ye may say what ye wolle / may nat contrary you but be my knyght / knew nat my lorde Dw Tryestram / no force seyde ꝑ Tryestrā vnto ꝑ Palomydes / wolle take youre excuse but well / wote ye spared me but a lytyll but no force all yf ꝓuoned as ead my ꝑty Thand la beale / rode fylde downe gen gede and seyde no more at that tyme and there with .ij. knyghtf armed come vnto the pauelon and there they a lyght bothe and cam m armed at all pecis ffayre knyght seyde sir Tryestram ye ar to blame to com thus armed at all pecis vppon me whyle we ar at oure mete and yf ye wolde ony thynge with vs than we were in the fylde there myght ye haue eased youre hertys. Not so sir seyde the tone of the knyghtf we com nat for that entente But wyte you well ꝑ Tryestram we be com as youre frendys and / am comyn hydw for to se you and thus myght ys comyn for to se youre queue / rode Thand seyde ꝑ Tryestram / requyre you do of yo helmys that / may se you // Dw yf wolle we do at youre desyre seyde the knyghtf and whan ꝑ helmys were of ꝑ Tryestram thought yt ge sholde know them Thand spake ꝑ Dynadan ꝓuebayly vnto ꝑ Tryestram that yo my lorde kynge Arthure and that of that spake to you first yo my lorde ꝑ launcelot / a madame / pray you aryse seyde ꝑ Tryestram forgeue yo my lorde kynge Arthure Thand yt kynge and the queue kyssed and ꝑ launcelot and ꝑ Tryestram embraced aythr of m armys and thand yt was joy with oute mesure and at yt requeste of la beale / rode the kynge and ꝑ launcelot were vnarmed and thand there was myry talkynge // thadame seyde kynge Arthure

ght so many a day a go sytthyn I desyred fyrst to se you for ye have
bene prayssed so fayre a lady and now I dare say ye ar ye fayryste
thatt ever I sawe and sr Tryystram yo ar as fayre and as good a knyght
as ony thatt I knowe and therefore me semyth ye ar well be sett
to gydw // Dw god thanke yow seyde sr Tryystram and la beall
Issode of yowre goodnes and of yowre large ye ar ppyrled and
thus they talked of many thyngys and of all the hole Iust2 But
for wdatt cause seyde kynge Arthure were ye sr Tryystram a yenst
vs and ye ar a knyght of the table rownde and of wyght ye shulde
have bene wt vs Dw seyde sr Tryystram here yo sr Dynadan and
sr Garethe yonge owne nevew causyd me to be a yenst yow //
thy lorde Arthure seyde sr Gareth I may beare well for my bak
yo brode I nowte But for sothe ght was sr Tryystrams owne
dede Be god thatt may I repente seyde sr Dynadan for thys
vnhappy sr Tryystram brought vs to this turnemente st many
grete buffetys ge gatt causyd vs to have Dhan the kynge st
sr Launcelot thatt vnlethe they myght flytte // But wdatt knyght
was thatt seyde kynge Arthure thatt gylde you so sqorte // Dw
seyde sr Tryystram here ge sytthyth at this table // wdatt seyde
kynge Arthure was ght sr Palomydes // Dw wyte you well
thatt ght was ge seyde la beall Issode Do god me helpe seyde kyng
Arthure thatt was vnknyghtly done of you as of so good a knyght
for I have harde many people calle you a curtayse knyght // Dw
seyde sr Palomydes I knew natt sr Tryystram for ge was so dysgy
sed Do god helpe me seyde sr Launcelot ght may well be for I knew
hym natt my selff But I merveyled wdye ye turned on owre pty
Dw ght was done for the same cause seyde sr Launcelot // Bpr
as for thatt seyde sr Tryystram I have pdomed hym and I wolde
be wyght lothe to love hys felyshyp for I love wyght well hys
company and so they lefte of and talked of op thyngys and in the
evenynge kynge Arthure and sr Launcelot depted vnto yr lodgyng

But wyte you well ſ Palomydes had grete envy ſarely for all that nyght he had ned reſte in his bed but wayled & wepte oute of meſure Do on ye morne ſ Tryſtram ſ Gareth and ſ Dynadan aroſe early and went vnto ſ Palomydes chamber and there they fonnde hym faſte a ſlepe for he had all nyght watched was ſene vppon his cheke that he had wepte full ſore Say ye no thynge ſeyde ſ Tryſtram for I am ſure he hath ta kyn angir and ſorow for the vnkinde that I gaff hym and la be all ſſode Than ſ Tryſtram let calle ſ Palomydes and bade hym make redy for hit was tyme to go to the fylde and anon they armed them and clothed them all in rede both la beall ſſode and all the fely ſhyp and ſo they had ther paſſynge freyſſhly thorow the fylde vnto the priory where was his lodgynge and anone they harde .iij. blaſt blowe and ony knyge and knyght dreſſed hym to the fylde and the fyrſte that was redy to ſuſte was ſ Palomydes and ſ Kaynes le ſtraunge a knyght of the table rounde and ſo they ij encountyred to gydyrs but ſ Palomydes ſmote ſ Kaynes ſo harde that he bare hym quyte ouer his horſe croupe and fro the with all ſ Palomydes ſmote downe a nothir knyght and brake his ſpeare and than pulled oute his ſwerde and ded woundirly well and than the noyſe he gaf gretly vppon ſ Palomydes lo ſeyde kynge Arthure yondir ſ Palomydes he gynnyth to play his play Do god me helpe ſeyde kynge Arthur he is a paſſynge goode knyght and vyght as they ſtood talkynge thus Ihu cam ſ Tryſtram as thundir and he encountred with ſ Kay le ſeneſchall and ij he ſmote hym downe quyte from his horſe and with that ſame ſpeare he ſmote downe .iij. knyghtis more and than he pulled oute his ſwerde and ded meruaylouſly Than ye noyſe and the cry chonged fro ſ Palomydes and turned vnto ſ Tryſtram and than all the people cryed .a Tryſtram a Tryſtram and than was ſ Palomydes clene

for gotyn how now seyde ꝑ launcelot vnto kynge Artsure yondyr
knyght a knyght that playnyth his pageaunt // Do god me help
seyde kynge Artsure ye shall se this day that yondir knyght
shall do here wondir // Sir seyde ꝑ launcelot the tone knyghte
waytyth vppon the top and enforsyth hym selff thorow envy to
passe ꝑ Tryfstram and he knowyth nat the pryde envy of ꝑ Pa
lompdes for sir all ꝑ ꝑ Tryfstram doth no thynge clene knyghtlod
and than ꝑ Garetȝ and ꝑ Dynadan sed vnȝett wolle that day ꝑ
kynge Artsure shabe off theym gruete worshyp and kynghf and the
knyghtf on ꝑ Tryfstramus syde sed passynge welle and gylde them
truly to gydyrs // than kynge Artsure and ꝑ launcelot toke ꝑ
horsys and dressed them to the fylde a monge the thyckeste of the
preef and ꝑ ꝑ Tryfstram vnknowyn smote downe kynge Artsur
and than ꝑ launcelot wolde have restowed hym but there were
so many vppon ꝑ launcelot that they pulled hym downe from his
horse and than the kynge off Irelonde and the kynge off Scottf
w ꝑ knyghtf sed ꝑ payne to take kynge Artsure and ꝑ launcelot
ꝓsoners // than ꝑ launcelot hande them sey so he fared as hit had
bene and hung vp hym for he fared so that no knyght durst nyze hym
// than cam ꝑ Ector de marys and he bare a sheave a yenst ꝑ Pa
lompdes and brast hit vppon hym all to shyvyrs And than Sir
Ector cam a gayne and gaff ꝑ Palompdes suche a daysshe w a
swerde that he stoupped a downe vppon his sadyll bowe and forth vayte
all ꝑ Ector pulled downe ꝑ Palompdes vndir his horse fyete
and than he horsed ꝑ launcelot But ꝑ Palompdes lepe be fore ye
gate ꝑ horse by ꝑ brydyll and lepe in to the sadyll // Do god me
helpe seyde ꝑ launcelot ye ar bettir worthy to have ꝑ horse than
I // than ꝑ Ector brought ꝑ launcelot a noy horse Evermore
mercy seyde ꝑ launcelot vnto his brop and so w than he was hor
sed a gayne w one sheave he smote downe .iiij. good knyghtf and
than ꝑ launcelot gate kynge Artsure a good horse // than kyng

Arthure and ꝑ Launcelot wyth a feawe of ther knyghtes of ꝑ Launcelotis kynne ded mervaylouse dedis of armys for that tyme as ꝑ booke recordyth ꝑ Launcelot smote downe and pulled downe xxvi knyghtes that wtstoode hym ꝑ oppon hylde them so faste to gyder Than kynge Arthure and ther knyghtes were ovir macched And whan ꝑ Tryestram saw that what labourd kynge Arthure & ther knyghtes and in especiall the gruete noble dedis that ꝑ Launcelott ded with hys owne handis Than ꝑ Tryestram called vnto hym ꝑ Palomydes ꝑ Gareth and ꝑ Dynadan and seyde thus to them my fayre fealowys wyte you well that I wolde turne vnto kynge Arthure pty for I saw neu so feawe men do so well and yit wolde be shame vnto vs that bene knyghtes of ye rounde table to se oure lorde kynge Arthure and that noble knyght ꝑ Launcelot to be dishonowred Sir yit wyll be well do seyde ꝑ Gareth and ꝑ Dynadan Sir do yo beste seyde ꝑ Palomydes for I wolle nat chaunge my pty that I cam in wyth alle Than so for endy of me seyde ꝑ Tryestram but god spede yon well in yo journey and so departed ꝑ Palomydes from them Than ꝑ Tryestram ꝑ Gareth and ꝑ Dynadan turned vnto ꝑ Launcelot and than ꝑ Launcelot smote downe the kynge of Irelonde quyte from his horse and he smote downe ye kynge of Scottis and the kynge Walys and than ye kynge Arthure ran vnto ꝑ Palomydes and smote hym quyte from his horse and than ꝑ Tryestram bare downe alle ye end he mette wyth alle and ꝑ Gareth and ꝑ Dynadan ded there as noble knyghtes and anone alle the todir pty be gan to fle Alas seyde ꝑ Palomydes that euir I sholde se this day for now I haue loste alle the worshyp that I wan and than ꝑ Palomydes wente hys way waylynge and so wyth drewe hym tylle he came to a welle and there he put his horse from hym and ded of his armoure and wayled & wepte lyke as he had bene a wood man Than they gaff the pryce vnto ꝑ Tryestram many knyghtes and there were many mo that

gaff the pryce vnto ꝑ launcelot / ꝑ now fayre lordys I thanke
yon of youre honoure that ye wolde gyff me but I pray you
hartely that ye wolle gyff youre voyce vnto ꝑ launcelot for be
my fayth I wolle gyff ꝑ launcelot my voyce seyde ꝑ Tryſtrã
But ꝑ launcelot wolde none of hit and so the pryce was gyffyn
be twyxte thaw bothe and so ony man rode to his lodgynge and
ꝑ Bleoberys and ꝑ Ector rode wyth ꝑ Tryſtram and la beall
ſſode vnto her pauelons Thaw as ꝑ Palomydes was at the
welle waylynge and wepynge there cam ſleynge the kynge
of walys and of Scotlonde and they ſawe ꝑ Palomydes in
that vayge / alas seyde they ſo noble a man as ye be ſholde
be in this aray and thaw the kynge gate ꝑ Palomydes
horſe a gayne and made hym to arme hym and mowte
vppon his horſe a gayne and ſo he rode wyth thaw makyng
grete dole / So wſaw ꝑ Palomydes cam nyg ꝑ Tryſtram
and la beall ſſode pauelons Thaw ꝑ Palomydes pray the
kynge ꝑ to a byde hym there the whyle that he ſtabe wyth ꝑ
Tryſtram and wſaw he cam to the porte of the pauelon
ꝑ Palomydes seyde an hyze where dut yon ꝑ Tryſtram de
lyones ꝑ seyde ꝑ Dynadan that ys ꝑ Palomydes / what ſir
Palomydes wolle ye natt com nere a monge vs / ffye on the
traytoure seyde ꝑ Palomydes for wyte yon well and hit
were day lyght as hit is nyght I ſholde ſle the my ſelfe
ſondis and yff ony I may gete the seyde ꝑ Palomydes yon
ſhalt dye for this dayes dede / Dn Palomydes seyde Dn
Tryſtram ye wyte me wyth wronge for had ye done as
I bed ye ſholde gane had worſhyp But ſythyn ye gyff me
ſo large warnynge I ſhall be well ware of yow / ffye on
the traytoure seyde ꝑ Palomydes and there wyth alle he
depted / Thaw on the morne ꝑ Tryſtram and la beall ſſo
de ꝑ Bleoberys ꝑ Ector de marys ꝑ Gawetz and ꝑ Dynadan

wgat by londe and by watir they brought la beall yssode vnto
Joyȝ garde and there they reposed them a .vij. nyght and
made all the myrthis and desportys that they cowde
devyse and kynge Arthure and qwyght drew vnto
Camelot and ſ Palomydes rode wyth the .ij. kynge
and eu ge made the grettyst dole that ony man cowde
thynke for ge was nat all only so dolorous for the de
ꝑtynge frome la beall yssode but ge was as sorowful
a ꝑte to go frome the felyschep of ſ Tryſtram for ge
was so kynde and so lauthyll that wgan ſ Palomydes
remembyrd hym ge myght neu be myrry Do all the
vij. myghtis ende ſ Bleoberys ſ Ector depted frome
ſ Tryſtram and frome the quene and thes .ij. kynghtis
had grete gyftys And eu ſ Gawayn and ſ Dynadan
a bode wyth ſ Tryſtram and wgan ſ Bleoberys ſt
ſ Ector were comyn there as quene Gwenyn was
lodged in a castell by the se syde and thorow the grace
of god the quene was recoverde of hir malady Dgan
sche asked the .ij. kynghtis fro wgens they came and they sey
de they came frome ſ Tryſtram and frome la beall yssode
how doth ſ Tryſtram seyde the quene and la beall yssode
Truly madame seyde the kynghtis he doth as a noble
kynght schulde do and as for the quene sche is pereles
of all ladyes for to speake of her beaute bounte and
myrthe and of hir goodnes We saye neu hir macche
as far as we game ryddyn and gone a mercy sayn
seyde quene Gwenybu thus seyth all folkys that hath
sene her and spokyn wyth her God wolde seyde sche ꝑt
I had ꝑte of her condycions and was nowe myssefor
tuned me of my sykenesse whyle that turnemente en
dured for as I suppose I schall neu se in all my lyfe such

a ſemble of noble knyghtſ and fayre ladyes and tha þ knyghtſ tolde the quene how ſ Palomydes was þ gre the fyrſte day wyth grete nobles and the ſecunde day ſ Tryſtram was the gre and the thirde day ſ launce lot was the gre // Well ſeyde quene Gwenyvr. Ma ded beſte all my. dayes So god me helpe ſeyde thes knyghtſ ſ launcelot and ſ Tryſtram had there leſte diſgone and wyte you well ſ Palomydes ded paſſyngly well and myghtyly but he turned a yenſte the pty that he cam in wyth all and that cauſed hym to looſe a gte pte of his worſshyp for hit ſemed that ſ Palomydes yo paſſynge enbyond That ſhall be new wynne worſshyp ſeyde the quene for and hyt happyn an enbyond man onyd to wynne worſshyp he ſhall be diſhonoured thyſe there fore and for this cauſe all men of worſshyp gate an enbyond man and wolle ſhelde hym no fabonne and he that yo curteyſe and kynde and ſantil gath fabonne in eny place // Now leve we of this mater and ſpeke we of ſ Palomydes that rode and lodged with the .ij. kyngſ all that nyght and on the morne ſ Palomydes depted fro me the .ij. kyngſ where of they were gely That the kynge of Irelonde lente a man of his to ſ Palomydes and gaff hym a grete courſer and the kynge of Scotlonde gaff hym grete gyftſ and fayne they wolde have had hym a byde with them but he wolde nat in no wyſe and ſo he depted and rode as adventures wolde hyde hym tyll hit was nyze none and tha in a foreyſte by a well ſy ſ Palomydes ſaw where lay a fayre wounded knyght and his horſe bounden by hym and that knyght made the grettyſt dole that en the herde man make for

eid he wepte and there wyth frygged as he wolde dye // Than
ſ Palomydes rode nere hym and salewed hym myldely and
sayde fayre knyght why wayle you so lat me lye downe by
you and wayle also ffor doute ye nat I am muche more hevy
than ye ar for I dare say seyde ſ Pal Palomydes that
my sorow yo aid C folde more than youres yo and there fore
lat vs complayne aythir to oth ffyrst seyde the wounded knyght
I requyre you telle me youre name for and you be none off ye
noble knyghtis you shalt nevir know my name what sond eid com
off me // ffayre knyght seyde ſ Palomydes suche as I am be
hit bettir be hit worse wyte you well that my name yo Sir
Palomydes sune and ayre vnto kynge Aſclabor and ſ Baptſm
and ſ Segwarydes an my ·ɳ· bretherne and wyte you well
as for my selff I was nevir cryſtynde but my ·ɳ· bretherne ar
truely cryſtynde · A noble knyght seyde that wounded knyght
well yo me that I gane mette wyth you and wyte you well
that my name yo ſ Eppynogrys yo the kynges sonne off northum
berlonde // Now sytte ye downe seyde ſ Eppynogrys and let
vs aythir complayne to othir Than ſ Palomydes a lyght
and tyed his horse faste and thus ſ Palomydes be gan hys
complaynte and sayde now shalt I telle you what wo I endure
I love the fayreyst quene and lady that eid bare lyff and wyte
you well her name yo la beall Iſode kynge Anurſ wyff off
Tornwayle Than yo grete foly seyde ſ Eppynogrys for to love
quene Iſode for one off the beste knyghtis off the worlde lovyth
her that yo ſ Tryſtram de lyones Than yo trouthe seyde Sir
Palomydes for no man knowyth that mater bettir than I
do for I gane bene ɳ ſ Tryſtramis felyshyp thus moneth and
more and wyth la beall Iſode to gydyrs And alas seyde Sir
Palomydes vn happy man that I am now gane I loste ye fely
shyp off ſ Tryſtram and the love off la beall Iſode for eid and

I am nere lykly to se her more and ſ Tryſtram and I bene ayther
to other mortall enemyes / Well ſeyde ſ Epynogrys ſyth that
ye loved la beall Iſode loved ſhe eyd you a gayne by ony thynge
that ye cowde wyte other elys ded ye eyd reioyſe her in ony pleſ
ure / ſ ſay be my knyght gode ſeyde ſ Palomydes for I nede a
ſkyed that eyd ſhe loved me more than all the worlde ded nor
nede had I pleaſure wyth her But the laſte day ſhe gaff me ſ
grettyſt rebuke that eyd I had wheche ſhall nede go fro my harte
and yet I well defnyd that rebuke for I ded nat knyghtly and
there fore I ſame loſte the love of her and of ſ Tryſtram for
eyd and I ſame many tymes enforſed my ſelff to do many dedis
of armys for her ſake and eyd ſhe was the cauſer of my worſhip
wynnynge and alas now ſame I loſte all the worſhyp that eyd
I wanne for nede ſhall be falle me ſuche grevous as I had in ſ
felyſhyp of ſ Tryſtram ſ nay nay ſeyde ſ Epynogrys yonne
ſorow yo but I apply to my ſorow for I reioyſed my lady and wan
her wyth myne goodis and loſte her a gayne alas that day /
and fyrſt thus I wan her my lady was an Erlys dowghtir and
as the Erle and .ij. knyghtis wheche came fro the turnement
of lonezep and for her ſake I ſette vppon thos Erle my ſelff and
ded his .ij. knyghtis and my lady there beynge preſente and ſo by
fortune there I ſlew the erle and one of the knyghtis and the
other knyght fledde and ſo that nyght I had my lady and on
the morne as ſhe and I repoſed vs at this welle ſyde Than
cam ſ to me an arraunte knyght his name was ſ Gelyor
le preeluſe an hardy knyght and he chalenged me to fyght
for my lady and than we wente to batayle fyrſt vppon horſe
backe and after vppon foote / But at the laſte ſ Gelyor wonn
ded me ſo that he left me for dede And ſo he tobe my lady w^t
hym and thus my ſorow yo more than yonne for I ſame re
ioyſed and ye nevir reioyſed Wherfor yo trouthe ſeyde ſ Palomydes

Butt sytt I can nat recou my selff I shall qmyse you pff I can
mete wt ꝑ Gelyor tqat I shall gete to you yo lady a gryme of
ellys qe shall beate me Tqan ꝑ Palomydes made ꝑ Eppno
gryos to take qis horse and so tqey rode vntyll and Cumytage
and ꝑ ꝑ Eppnogryos rested qym and in ye meane wqyle ꝑ
Palomydes walked prevaply oute to reste qym vnder tqe
leyno And ꝑ be sydes qe sawe a knyqtt com rydynge wytt
a shylde ꝑ qe qad sene ꝑ Ector de maryos beare a fore honde
and ꝑ cam astr qym a. xo. knyqtt and so tqes knyqtt qoved
vndr ye leryos for gete and anone astr ꝑ cam a knyqtt wt
a grene shylde and ꝑ in a wqyte lyon ledynge a lady vppon
a palfrey Tqan tqis knyqtt wt tqe shylde qe semed to be
mayster of ye xo. knyqtt And qe rode fyersly astr ꝑ Gelyor
for qitt was qe ꝑ qnte ꝑ Eppnogryos And wqan qe cam
nyz ꝑ Gelyor qe bade qym deffende qis lady I wolle deffende
qer seyde ꝑ Gelyor vnto my power and so tqey ran to gydno
so myqqtyly ꝑ ayr smote of downe horse and alit to tqe erth
And tqan tqey ran vp lyqttly and dreive swerdys & dressed
ꝑ shyldys and layssqed to gydno wondr fyersly more tqan
an owre and alt tqis ꝑ Palomydes saw and be qylde butt
en at ye laste tqe knyqtt wt ꝑ Ector shylde was sore bigged
and at tqe laste qe smote downe ꝑ Gelyor and tqan ꝑ knyqtt
vn laced qis qelme to qane strykyn off qis qede and tqan qe
cryed mcy and prayed qym to save qis lyff and bade qym
take qis lady Tqan ꝑ Palomydes dressed qym vp by cause
qe wyste well tqat ye same lady was ꝑ Eppnogryos lady and
qe qad qmysed qym to qelpe qym Tqan ꝑ Palomydes went
strepte to tqe lady and toke qer by tqe honde and asked qer
wqey sqe knyqtt wqyte was called ꝑ Eppnogryos alas sqe
seyde tqat ever I knew qym of qe me for I qane for qis sake
loste my worshyp and also qis lyff tqat gryeveth me moste

of all ¶ Nat so fayre lady sayde ſ Palomydes comyth ow wt
me for here yo ſ Eppynogrys in this Countrage dwell yo
me seyde yt lady and he be on lyve ¶ Than cam yt tor knyght
and seyde wrytch wolt pon wt yt lady ¶ I wolt do wyth her
what me lyste seyde ſ Palomydes ¶ wyte pon well seyde yt
knyght pon sprekyst ow lange ponze pon semyst pon hast me
at a vauntayge by cause pon sallyst me do batayle but late
pon wenyst ſ knyght to gane yt lady a way fro me so lyghtly
nay thynke nyt nell and pon were as good a knyght as yo
ſ launcelot or ſ Tryſtram oy ellys ſ Palomydes but pon
ſhalt wyn her more derar than ever ded ¶ and so they wente
vnto batayle vppon foote and yt they gaff many sad strokys
to gydr and ayth wounded oy wondrly sore and thus they
fanght to gydr styll more than and owre ¶ Than ſ Palomy
des had meruayle what knyght he myght be that was so
stronge and so well brethd dwrynge and at yt laste than
seyde ſ Palomydes knyght ¶ requyre the telle me thy name
wyte pon well seyde that knyght ¶ dare telle the my name
so yt pon wolt telle me thy name ¶ I wolt seyde ſ Palomy
des Truly seyde yt knyght and my name yo ſ Sir Dapin
some oy dynge Asclabor and ſ palomydes and ſ Segwary
des at my brepne ¶ Now and wyte pon well my name yo
ſ Palomydes ¶ than ſ Dapin bueled a dolbne vppon his hne
ed and prayde hym oy mcy and than they vnlaced yr helmys
and ayth kyssed oy wepynge and yr meane wyle ſ Epy
nogrys rose oy his bedde and kande than by the strokys yt
so he armed hym to helpe ſ Palomydes yf nede were
¶ than ſ Palomydes toke the lady by the honde and brought
her to ſ Eppynogrys and there was grete joy be twyxte
them for ayth sowned for joy when they were mette
¶ Now fayre knyght and lady seyde ſ Dapin nyt were

prte to dspte you too and ꝑ fore ſſhꝫ ſende you ſoy ayꝫ of otheꝛ
Graunte mcy ſaufyll knyght ſeyde ſ Eppinogryꝫ and mnche
more thanke to my lorde ſ Palomydeꝫ that thus hath the
row his prowes made me to gete my lady Thand ſ Eppino
gryꝫ requyred ſ Palomydeꝫ and ſ Saffiꝛ groꝫ to ryde w
hym vnto his castell for the ſmyſt garde of his ꝑſone Dyr
ſeyde ſ Palomydeꝫ we wolle be redy to conduyte you be can
ſe ꝑ ye ar ſore wounded and ſo was ſ Eppinogryꝫ and thyꝫ
lady horſed vppon a ſoffte ambler and thand they rode vnto
his castell and there they had grete chere and grete ioy as
eid ſ Palomydeꝫ and ſ Saffiꝛ had m ꝑ lyvrys So on the
morne ſ Dynaſſiꝛ and ſ Palomydeꝫ depted and rode
but as fortune lad them and ſo they rode alle ꝑ day vntyll
after noone and at the laſte they ſawde a grete wepyng
and a grete noyſe downe in a man Dyr ſeyde ſ Saffiꝛ
lette vs wyte what noyſe this ys I wolle well ſeyde ſiꝛ
Palomydeꝫ and ſo they rode tyll that they cam to a fayre
gate of a mayd and there ſate an olde man ſayinge his
prayeres and beades Thand ſ Palomydeꝫ and ſ Saffiꝛ
alyght and leffte ꝑ horſis and wente w in ꝑ gatys and
ꝑ they ſaw fulle goodly mew wepynge many fayre
ſnuryꝫ ſeyde ſ Palomydeꝫ wharfore fore wepe ye ſ make
thyꝫ ſorow and anone one of the knyghtꝫ of the castel
be hylde ſ Palomydeꝫ and knew hym and thand he
wente to his felowys and ſayde fayre fealowys wyte
you well alle we haue w in this castell ꝑ ſame knyght
that ſlew oure lorde at lonezep for I know hym well
for ſ Palomydeꝫ Thand they wente vnto harneyꝫ
alle that myght beare harneyꝫ ſom on horſe bak and
ſom vppon foote to the viiiᵗʰ of .xl. ſcore and whan
they were redy they cam freyſſly vppon ſ Palomydeꝫ

and vppon

and vppon ſ Sapſir wyth a grete noyſe and ſayde thus kepe yᵉ
ſ Palomydes for you arte knowyn and be ryght you muſte
be dede for you haſte ſlayne ouure lorde and yᵗfore wyte you
well we may do the none of favoure but ſle the and therefore
defende the Than ſ Palomydes and ſ Sapſir the tone
ſette vpon bak to the todir and gaff many ſad ſtrokꝭ and alſo toke
many grete ſtrokꝭ and thus thus they fanght wyth .xxᵗⁱ. knyghtꝭ
and .xl. ſaintyll men and yomen nyze a .y. owred But at the
laſte thought they were nedꝭ lothe ſ Palomydes and ſ Sapſir
were takyn and holdyn and putt in a ſtronge preſon and vᵗ in
y. dayes. xvj knyghtꝭ paſſed vppon hym and they founde ſ Palo
mydes gylty and ſ Sapſir nat gylty of yᵉ lordis deth and
whan ſ Sapſir ſhulde be delyuerde there was grete dole be
twyxte the two knop and hym and many petcous complayntis that
was made at her departicion there yᵗ no maner can reherſe yᵉ
p.ꝑte Now fayre knop lat be your dolorous ſeyde ſ Palo
mydes and your ſorow for and I be ordeyned to dy a ſhamfull
dethe well I am be the But and I had wyſte of the deth that
I am demed vnto I ſhulde nedꝭ haue bene yoldyn Do departed ſir
Sapſir the knop vᵗ the grettyſt ſorow that eid made knyght
and on the morne they of the caſtell ordayned .xij. knyghtꝭ for
to ryde wyth ſ Palomydes vnto the fadir of the ſame knyght
that ſ Palomydes ſlew and ſo they bounde the leggꝭ vndir an
olde ſtedis bealy and than they rode wyth ſ Palomydes vnto
a caſtell by the ſee ſyde that hyght Pylownes and yᵗ ſ Palomy
des ſhulde haue the juſtis thus was yᵗ ordynaunce and ſo they
rode wyth ſ Palomydes faſte by the caſtell of Joyȝ garde and
as they paſſed by that caſtell there cam rydynge one of yᵗ caſtell
by them that knew ſ Palomydes and whan that knyght ſaw
hym lad bounden vppon a crabbed comeſer Than the knyght aſked
ſ Palomydes for what cauſe he was ſo lad A my fayre felow

and knyght seyde ſ Palomydes I ryde now towarde my dethe for the sleynge of a knyght at the tornamente of Lonezep and yf I had depted frome my lorde ſ Tryſtram as I ought to haue done now myght I haue bene ſure to haue had my lyfe ſaued But I pray yow ſ knyght recōmaunde me vnto my lorde ſ Tryſtram and vnto my lady quene Iſode and ſey to them yf ever I treſpaſt to them I aſke them for gyffues And alſo I be ſeche yow recōmaunde me vnto my lorde kynge Arthure and to all the felyſshyp of the vonde table vnto my power Whan that knyght wepte for pite and there with he rode vnto ſoyl Garde as faſte as his horſe myght renne And lyghtly that knyght deſcended downe of his horſe ſ went vnto ſ Tryſtram and there he tolde hym all as ye haue harde and ever the knyght wepte as he were woode Whan ſ Tryſtram knew how ſ Palomydes went to his dethward he was ſory for hym there of and ſayde how be it that I am wrothe with hym yet I wolle not ſuffre hym to dye ſo ſhamefully a dethe for he yf a full noble knyght And anone ſ Tryſtram aſked his armys and whan he was armed he toke his horſe and .iij. ſquyers with hym and rode a grete pace thorow a foreyſte aſtir ſ Palomydes the nexte way vnto the caſtell Pelownes where ſ Palomydes was ſowght to his dethe and as the .xij. knyghtis had hym by fore them there was the noble knyght ſ launcelot which was a lyght by a welle and had tyed his horſe tylle a tre and had taken off his helme to drynke of that welle and whan he harde ſuche a route which ſemed knyghtis ſ launcelot put on his helme and ſuffred them to paſſe by hym And anone he was ware of ſ Palomydes bowden and had ſhamfully towarde his dethe And then ſeyde ſ launcelot what myſſe adventure yf be fallyn hym that he yf thus had towarde his dethe yet

¶deus seyde ℔ launcelot yf it were shame to me to fusshe this noble knyght thus to dye and I myght helpe hym and there fore I wolde helpe hym what som euer come of it or ellys I shalde dye for hys sake / And than ℔ launcelot mounted on hys horse and gate hys speare in hys honde and rode ast yt the .xij. knyghtes whyche had ℔ launcelot palomydes shayre knyghtes seyde ℔ launcelot whoy lede ye that knyght for it be semyth hym full evyll to ryde bounden Than than .xij knyghtes returned suddeynly there horses and seyde to Sir launcelot ℔ knyght we counceyle you nat to meddyll of this knyght for he hath desired deth and vnto deth he ys longed Than me repenteth seyde ℔ launcelot that I may nat borow hym with fayrenes for he ys ow good a knyght to dye such a shamefull deth and there fore fayre knyghtes seyde Sir launcelot than kepe you as well as ye can for I wolle rescow that knyght other ellys dye for it / Than they be gan to dresse there speares and ℔ launcelot smote the formyste downe horse and man and so he fued .xij. mo with one spere and than that speare braste and there with all ℔ launcelot drewe his swerde and than he smote on the ryght honde and on the lyfte honde and so with in a whyle he lefte no mo of the knyghtes but he had leyde them to the erthe and ye moste pty of them were sore wounded and than ℔ launcelot tooke the beste horse and lowsed ℔ palomydes and sette hym vppon that horse and so they returned a gayne vnto hoyns londe and than was ℔ palomydes ware of ℔ Tryestram how he came rydynge and whan ℔ launcelot sy hym he knew hym well But ℔ Tryestram knew nat hym be cause he had on his shulder a gylden shelde / Do ℔ launcelot made hym redy to iuste with ℔ Tryestram be cause he sholde nat wene that he were ℔ launcelot Than ℔ palomydes cryed on

lowde to ſ Tryſtram and ſeyde a my lorde I requyre you
Juſte nat wyth thys knyght for he hath ſaved me fromme
my dethe. Whan ſ Tryſtram harde hym ſey ſo he cam a
ſoffte trottynge pace towarde hym / and than ſ Palomy
des ſeyde my lorde ſ Tryſtram mucche am I be holdynge vn
to you off youre grete goodnes that wolde pfftr youre noble
body to reſcow me vndefned for I have greatly offended
you ſ Nat wythſtondynge ſeyde ſ Palomydes here mette we
wyth thys noble knyght that worſhypfully and manly reſcow
ed me fromme. xij. knyghtes and ſmote them downe all and
ſore wounded them I ffayre knyght ſeyde ſ Tryſtram vnto
ſ launcelot off whens be ye. I am a knyght arraunte ſeyde
ſ launcelot that rydyth to ſeke many dedis / Dn what yo
youre name ſeyde ſ Tryſtram Dn as at this tyme I wolle
nat telle you / Than ſ launcelot ſeyde vnto ſ Tryſtram
& to ſ Palomydes now ar ye mette to gydres aythr wyth op
and now I wolle depte fromme you / that ſo ſeyde ſ Tryſtrā
I pray you and requyre you off knyghthod to ryde wyth me
vnto my caſtell wyte you well ſeyde ſ launcelot I may nat
ryde wyth you for I have many dedis to do in op places ꝑ
at this tyme I may nat a byde wyth you. a mcy ſayn ſeyde
ſ Tryſtram I requyre you as ye be a trewe knyght to the
order off knyghthode play you wyth me this nyght / Than
ſ Tryſtram glad a graunte off ſ launcelot how be hit thowze
he had nat deſyred hym he wolde have rydden wt them
op ſone a com after hym ſor ſ launcelot cam for none op
caſe in to that contrey but for to ſe ſ Tryſtram & Whan
they were com wyth in ioyn harde they a lyght and their
horſis were lad in to a ſtable and than they vnarmed
them for ſ launcelot as ſone as his helme was off Dn
Tryſtram and ſ Palomydes knew hym / Than Dn

Tryſtram tok ſ launcelot ſu hys armys and ſo ded
la beall ſſode and ſ palomydes knyeled downe vppon
hys knees and thanked ſ launcelot and wyſhed he ſawe
ſ palomydes knyght he lyggeth ~~downe vppon hys knees~~
to tok hym vp and ſeyde thus wyte you well ſ palomy
des that ſ and ony knyght in this londe of worſhyp muſ
te of verry ryght ſuccoure and reſtow ſo noble a knyzt
as ye ar preved and renowmed thorouze oute all this re
alme enlouge and on twarte Thaw was ye gretyſt joy
a monge them and ye offer that ſ palomydes ſaw la beall
ſſode the kenyar he wayed day be day Thaw ſ launce
lot wyth in .ij. or iij. dayes depted and wyth hym to
de ſ Ector de marys and ſ Dynadan and ſ palomy
des was lefft there wyth ſ Tryſtram a .ij. monethis
and more But ever ſ palomydes faded and mourned ye
all men had merveyle wherefore he faded ſo away. So
vppon a day in ye dawnynge ſ palomydes went in to
the foreſte by hym ſelff alone and ye he founde a welle
and anone he loked in to the welle and in the watir he
ſawe hys owne vyſayge how he was diſcolowred and
defaded a no thynge lyke as he was lorde ſeyn what
may this meane ſeyde ſ palomydes and thus he ſeyde
to hym ſelff a palomydes palomydes why arte you
thus defaded and ever was wonte to be called one of the
fayreſt knyghtis of worlde for ſothe I wolde no more lyve
this lyff for love ye I may nevir gete nor recov and ye
wyth all he leyde hym downe by the welle and ſo be
gan to make a ryme of la beall ſſode and of ſ Tryſ
tram and ſo in the meane whyle ſ Tryſtram was ryd
dyn in to the ſame foreyſte to chace and harte of grece
But ſ Tryſtram wolde nat ryde and huntynge nevir

more vnarmed by cause of ꝑ Brelyns sawnze pite
And so ꝑ Tryſtram rode in to the foreſte vp & downe
and as he rode he harde one ſynge merbaylowſly lowde
and that was ꝑ Palomydes whyche lay by the welle
And thaw ꝑ Tryſtram rode ſoftly thydir for he demed
that ꝑ was ſom knyght armamite whyche was at ꝑ
welle // And whaw ꝑ Tryſtram cam nyze he deſtended
downe frome hys horſe and tyed hys horſe faſte tylle a
tree And so he cam nere on foote And some aftir he was
ware where lay ꝑ Palomydes by the welle & ſange
lowde and myrrily and en the complayntys were of
la beall Iſode whyche was merbaylouſly well ſeyde
and pytevouſly and full dolefully And all the hole
ſonge ꝑ Tryſtram harde worde by worde and whaw
he had harde all ꝑ Palomydes complaynte he was
wrothe oute of meſure and thought for to ſle hym
there as he lay // Thaw ꝑ Tryſtram remembyrde
hym ſelff that ꝑ Palomydes was vnarmed and of
ſo noble a name that ꝑ Palomydes had and alſo the
noble name that hym ſelff had thaw he made a
veſtraynte of hys angir and ſo he went vnto ſir
Palomydes a ſoffte pace and ſeyde ꝑ Palomydes
I hane harde youre complayte and of youre treſon ꝑ
ye hane owed me longe and wyte you well there fore
ye ſhalt dye and yf itt were nat for ſhame of thyght
gode you ſholdyſt nat aſcape my hondys for now I
know well you haſte a wayted me wyth treſon And
there fore ſeyde ꝑ Tryſtram telle me how ꝑ wolt
acquyte the Thu I ſhall acquyte me thus as for
quene la beall Iſode you ſhalt wyte that I love
her a bovyn all os ladyes in thys worlde & well

I wote wyt shall be falle by me as for her love as he
felle on the noble knyght sr Kay lydy the that dyed for
the love of la beall Isode And now sr Tryſtram
I wolle that ye wyte that I ſaue loued la beall Isode
many a longe day and ſhe hath bene ꝑ cauſer of my
worſhyp and ellys I had bene the moſte ſymplyſte
knyght in the worlde for by her and by cauſe of her
I haue wonne ꝑ worſhyp that I haue for wham I
remembred me of quene Isode I wanne ꝑ worſhyp
where ſom tyd I cam for the moſte pty and yet I had
neid velwarde noȝ bounte of her dayes of my lyff
yet I haue bene her knyght longe gwardonles And
therefore ſir Tryſtram as for ony dethe I drede nat
for I had as lyeff dye as lyve and yf I were armed
as ye ar I ſchulde lyghtly do batayle wt the / Sir
welle ſaue ye wttyrd youre treſon ſeyde sr Tryſtm
Sir I ſaue done to you no treſon ſeyde sr Palomydes
for love is free for alle men And thouȝe I haue loued yo
lady ſhe yo my lady as welle as youres how be it
that I haue wrouȝte yr ony wrouȝte be for ye reioy
ſe her and haue youre deſyre of her and ſo had I nedir
nor neid yo lyfe to haue and yet ſhall I love her to
the vtter myſte dayes of my lyff as welle as ye /
Thaw ſeyde sr Tryſtram I wolle fyghte wt you to the
vtteryſte I graunte ſeyde sr Palomydes for in a
bettir quarelle hepe I neid to fyghte for and I dye off
youre handis of a bettir knyghtis handys myghte I
neid be ſlayne and ſytthyn I vndirſtonde that I
ſhall neid reioyſe la beall Isode I haue as good wylle
to dye as to lyve Thatt ſette ye a day ſeyde Sir
Tryſtram that we ſhall do batayle Sir this day.xv

dayes seyde ſ Palomydes I wolle mete wt̄ you here by in the medow vndir ioyous garde ¶ Now fye for ſhame seyde ſ Tryſtram Wolle ye sette so longe a day lat̄ vs fyght to morne / ¶ Lat̄ so seyde ſ Palomydes for I am megn̄ſt ame bene longe fybe for the love of la beall ſſode And therefore I wolle repose me tylle I game my strengthe a gayne // Do thand ſ Tryſtram and ſ Palomydes gmysed fayethefully to mete at the welle that day. xv. dayes but now I am remembred seyde ſ Tryſtram to ſ Palomydes that ye bvabe me onys a gmyse wthand that I reſcolved you frome ſ Brelyus ſauvze pite and .vj. bygghtſ and thand ye gmysed to mete me at the perolvne and the grabe be fydis Camelot wherre as that tyme ye fayled of youre gmyse wyte you welle seyde ſ Palomydes vnto ſ Tryſtram I was at that day in preſon ỹ I myght nat holde my gmyse But wyte you welle seyde ſ Palomydes I ſhall yon gmyse now and bepe hit / So god me helpe seyde ſ Tryſtram and ye had holden youre gmyse this worke had nat bene here now at this tyme / Thyght ſo dep̄ted ſ Tryſtrā and ſ Palomydes and ſo ſ Palomydes toke his horſe and his harneys and ſo he rode vnto kynge Arthurs courte and there he gate kynd .m. knyghtſ and .m. ſargeauntſ of armys and ſo he returned a gayne vnto ioyous garde and so in the meane whyle ſ Tryſtram chaced and hunted at all maner of venery and a boute .m. dayes a fore the batayle that ſhulde be . As ſ Tryſtrā chaced and harte there was and archer ſhotte at the harte and by myſfortune he ſmote ſ Tryſtram in the thyh of the thyghe and the ſame arrow ſlew ſ Tryſtrams horſe vndir hym . wthand ſ Tryſtrā was ſo smote he was paſſynge hevy and wyte you welle he bled paſſynge ſore and than he tok a nop horſe and rode vnto ioyous garde wt̄ grete helpynes more for ỹ gmyſe that he had made vnto ſ Palomydes to do batayle wt̄ hym

wyth̄ iii. iij. dayes after. Where fore there was noȳ man
noȳ woman that cowde where hym for evȳ he denied that sir
Palomydes had smytten hym so be cause he sholde nat be able
to do batayle wt̄ hym at the day appoynted But in no wyse ȳ
was no knyght a boute ß Tryestram that wolde be lyeve that
ß Palomydes wolde quite hym noȳ by his owne goodis no
ther by none oȳ consentynge and so wan the .xvj. day was
com ß Palomydes cam to the welle wyth̄ iij. knyghtis wyth
hym of kynge Arthurs courte and iij. sargeauntis of armys
and for this entente ß Palomydes brought thes knyghtis wt̄
hym and the sargeauntis of armys for they sholde beare recon
de of the batayle be twyxt ß Tryestram and hym and one
sargeaunte brought his gode helme and the toȳ his speare and
the thirde his swerde. Do ß Palomydes cam in to the fylde
and there he a bode wyze .ij. owres and than he sente a squyar
vnto ß Tryestram and desyred hym to com in to the fylde to
holde his promyse. When the squyar was com vnto hoȳ gar-
de anone as ß Tryestram harde of his comynge he comaun-
ded that the squyar shulde com to his ꝑsence there as he lay
in his bedde // ayȳ lorde ß Tryestram seyde ß Palomydes squy
ar wyte yon well my lorde ß Palomydes a bydyth you in the
fylde and he wolde wyte wheȳ ye wolde do batayle or nat
a nyȳ fayre broȳ seyde ß Tryestram wyte you well that I am
ryght glady for this tydyngis But telle youre lorde ß Palo
mydes and I were well at ease I wolde nat bye here notwith
he sholde have had no nede to sende for me and I myght otherwy
ryde or go and for yon shalt se that I am no lyar ß Tryestram
shelved hym his theyze and the depnes of the wounde was .iij.
fyngris depe // And now yon haste seue my hurte telle thy lorde
that this is no fayned mater and tell hym that I had leve
than all the golde that kynge Arthure hath that I were

hole and late hym wyte that as for me as sone as I may ryde I
shalle seke hym endelonge and owtwarte this londe and that I
pryse you as I am a trew knyght and yf ever I may mete hym
telle youre lorde sir Palomydes he shalle have of me hys fylle
of batayle and so the squyar depted and whan sir Palomydes
knew that sir Tryestram was hurte than he seyde thus truly
I am glad of hys hurte and for this cause for now I and sire
I shalle have no shame for I wote well and we had medled
I sholde have had harde handelynge of hym and by lyklyhode
I myste nedys have had the worse for he is the hardyeste
knyght in batayle that now ys lyvynge except sir launcelot
and than depted sir Palomydes where as fortune lad hym
and within a moneth sir Tryestram was hole of hys hurte and
than he tobe hys horse and rode fromme contrey to contrey
and alle straunge adventures he encheved where som ever he
rode and alle wayes he enquyred for sir Palomydes but off
alle that quarter of somer sir Tryestram conde never mete with
sir Palomydes But thus as sir Tryestram sought and enquyred
after sir Palomydes sir Tryestram encheved many grete batar
les where thorow alle the noyse and brewte felle to sir Tryes
tram and the name ceased off sir launcelot And there sone sir
launcelottis bresyne and his kynnysmen wolde have slayne
sir Tryestram by cause off his fame But whan sir launcelot
wyste how his kynnysmen were sette he seyde to them ryght
ly wyte you well that and ony off you alle be so hardy to lay
te my lorde sir Tryestram wyth ony hurte shame or vylany
as I am trew knyght I shalle sle the beste off you alle myne
owne hondis Alas sire for shame sholde ye for his noble
dedys a wayte to sle hym Sith defende seyde sir launcelot
that ever ony noble knyght as sir Tryestram ys sholde be
destroyed wyth treson So off this noyse & fame sprange

ſn to Cornwayle and vnto them of lyones where of they were paſſynge glad and made grete ioy / And thaw they of lyones ſente lettyrs vnto ſ Tryſtram of recomenda cion and many greate gyfftys to maynteyne ſ Tryſtramys aſtate And eu be-twene ſ Tryſtram reſorted vnto ſoys garde where as la beall ſſade was ꝑlond kyng eu

In Dyuerſe bokes we fynd Tryſtram de lyones and ſpeke we of ſ lamcelot du laake and of ſ Galahad ſ lamcelottis ſonne how he was be gotyn and in what maner as the booke of frenſſhe makyth mencion a fore the tyme that ſ Galahad was be gotyn or borne there cam ſn and Eſmyte vnto kynge Arthure vppon whit ſonday as the kynghtys ſate at the table rounde And whan the Eſmyte ſaw the ſyege ꝑelous he aſſed the kynge and all the kynghtys why that ſyege was voyde Than kynge Arthure for all the kynghtys answerde and ſeyde there ſhalle neu none ſytte in that ſyege but one but if he be deſtroyed Than ſeyde the Eſmyte ſ wote ye what he yo ſ May ſeyde kynge Arthure and all ꝑ kynghtys we know nat who he yo yet that ſhalle ſytte there / Than wote I ſeyde the Eſmyte for he that ſhalle ſytte there yo yet vnborne and vnbegotyn and this ſame yere he ſhalle be begotyn that ſhalle ſytte in that ſyege ꝑ lous and he ſhalle wynne the Sankgreall / Whan this Eſmyte had made this mencion he departed from ꝑ cour te of kynge Arthure and ſo aftyr this feſte ſ lamcelot rode on his aduenture tyll on a tyme by aduenture he paſte on the Pount de Corbyn and ꝑ he ſaw the fayreſte towre that eu he ſaw and there vndyr was a fayre lytyll towne full of people and all ꝑ people

men and women cryed at ouyr welcom ꝑ launcelot ꝑ
flowre off knyghthode forby the we shall be holpyn
oute off damgere // What meane ye seyde ꝑ launce
lot that ye cry thus vppon me // A fayre knyght seyde
they all here no wyth in this towre a dolerous lady
that hath bene ꝑ in payned many wynters & dayes
for eu̇ she boyleth in scaldynge watr and but late seyde
all the people ꝑ Gawayne was here and he myght nat
helpe her and so he lefte her in payne stylle paduenture
so may I seyde ꝑ launcelot leve her in payne as well as
ꝑ Gawayne ffay seyde the people we know well that
but ye ye ꝑ launcelot that shall delyu̇ her // well sey
de ꝑ launcelot Than telle me what I shall do and so
anone they brought ꝑ launcelot in to the towre and
when he came to the chambr there as this lady was
the doorys off strow vnlokked and vn bolted and so ꝑ
launcelot wente in to the chambr that was as hote
as ony stewe and there ꝑ launcelot tolde the fayr-yst
lady by the honde that eu̇ he sawe and she was as
naked as a nedyll and by enchauntemente quene
Morgan le fay and the quene of wortyge galys had
put her there in that payned by cause she was cal
led the fayryst lady of that contrey and there she
had bene .v. yere and neu̇ myght she be delyu̇de
oute off her payned vnto the tyme the beste knyght
off the worlde had takyn her by the honde Than
the people brought her clothis and when she
was arayed ꝑ launcelot thought she was ye fayryst
lady that eu̇ he saw but yff quene Gwe
nyu̇ Than this lady seyde to ꝑ launcelot ꝑ yff ye
ase you wolle ye go with me here by in to a chapel.

tha we may gyff lovynge to god // thadame seyde sir launcelot comyth ow with me and I wolle go wt you So whan they cam there they gaff thankyngg to god all the people both lerned and lewde it seyde þ knyght syn ye game delyde this lady ye muste delyd vs also from a spente whyche yo gave ma toube // Whan þ launcelot tok yis sayde seyde sunys bynge me thyder and what that I may do to the plesure of god and of you I schall do So whan þ launcelot com thyder he saw writtyn vppon the toube with lettyrs of golde that seyde this gave schall com a lybarde of kynggs blood and he schall sle this spente and this lybarde schall engendr a lyon in this forayne contrey whyche lyon schall passe all ov knyghtis Doo whan þ launcelot had lyfte vp the toube there came oute an owmbte and a frendely dragon spyttynge wylde fyre oute of his mowthe Whan þ launcelotte drew his swerde and fawght with that dragon longe and at the laste with grete payne þ launcelot slew that dragon and there with all com kynge pelles the good and noble kynge and salewed þ launcelot and he him a gayne // How fayne kynggis seyde the kynge what is youre name I requyre you of youre knyghthode telle ye me // Sir seyde þ launcelot wyte you well my name yis þ launcelot du lake and my name yis kynge pelles kynge of the forayne contre and consyn myze vnto joseph of Aramathy And than ayther of them made mucke of other and so they wente in to the castell to take there repaste and anone there cam in a dove at a wyndow and in her mowthe þ semed a lytyll sawser of golde And þ with all there was sucke a savo

as all the fayry of the worlde had bene there and
furth with all there was vppon the table all ma-
ner of meatf and dryukf that they conde thynke vp-
pon ¶ So there came in a damesell passynge fayre
and yonge and she bare a vessell of golde be twyxt
her handis and there to the kynge kneled deuoutly
and seyde his prayers and so ded all that were ye
A sayn seyde s launcelot what may this meane ¶ Sir
seyde the kynge this is the vyctayll thynge that ony
man hath hunge and what this thynge gothe a-
boute the rounde table shall be brokyn for a season
and wyte you well seyde the kynge this is the holy
Sank greall that ye haue here seyne ¶ So the kynge
and s launcelot had there lyff the moste ptye of that
day to gyder and fayne wolde kynge Pelles haue
fownd the meane that s launcelot sholde haue ley
by his doughtr fayre Elayne and for this entente
the kynge knew well that s launcelot shulde gete
a prusell vppon his doughtr wherfor shulde be cal-
led s Galagad the good knyght by whom all ye.fo.
rayne contrey shulde be brought oute of daunger
And by hym the holy Grayle sholde be encheued ¶ Than
cam furth a lady that hyght dame Brusen and she
seyde vnto the kynge Sir wyte you well s launce
lot lovyth no lady in the worlde but all only quene
Gwenyll and there fore wonder ye be my counceyle
and I shall make hym to lye with youre doughtr
and he shall nat wyte but that he lyeth by quene
Gwenyll ¶ A fayre lady sayde the kynge hope ye yt
ye may brynge this mater a boute ¶ Sir seyde she
vppon payne of my lyff latte me deale for this

dame Brusen was one of the grettyst enchaunters þ
was that tyme in the worlde and so anone by dame
Brusens wytte she made one to come to ß launcelot
that he knew well and thus mad brought a ryng
frome queene Gwenyn lyke as he had com frome her
and when ß launcelot saw that token wyte you well
he was ner so fayne // Where is my lady seyde sir
launcelot / in the castell of Case seyde the messynger
but / I wyle spend When that thought ß launcelot to be þ
the same nyght and than thus dame Brusen by the
comaundemente of kynge pelles he let sende Elay
ne to thus castell wyth .xxv. knyghtes vnto þ castell
of Case When ß launcelot a yenst nyght rode vnto
the castell and there anone he was receyved with
shyppfully wyth suche people to his semynge as we
ve a boute queene Gwenyn secrete So when ß launce
lot was a lyght he asked where the queene was / So dame
Brusen seyde she was in her bed and than people were a
voyded and ß launcelot was lad in to her chambr and pan
dame Brusen brought ß launcelot a kuppe of wyne and
anone as he had drunken that wyne he was so a soted and
madde that he myght make no delay but wyth oute ony let
he wente to bedde and so he wente that mayden Elayne
had bene queene Gwenyn And wyte you well that ß launce
lot was glad and so was that lady Eleyne that she had gotyn
ß launcelot in her armys for well she knew that þ same
nyght sholde be by gotyn ß Galahad vppon her that sholde
preve the beste knyght of the worlde and so they lay to gyder
vntyll vnderne of the morne and all the wyndowys and
holys of that chambr were stopped that no man of day myght
be seyne and anone ß launcelot remembryd hym and a

rose vp and went to the wyndow And anone as he had
vnshitte the wyndow the enchauntemente was paste
Than he knew hym selff that he had done a mysse alas
he seyde that I have loved so longe for now am I shamed and
anone he gate his swerde in his honde and seyde p̄ traytes
what arte you that I have layne hye all this nyght you
shalte dye nyght here of myne handys Than this fayre
lady Elayne sprange onte of her bedde all naked and seyde
fayre curteyse knyght s̄ launcelot knelynge by fore hym
ye ar comyn of kynge bloode and there fore I requyre you
have mercy vppon me and as you arte rendurned p̄ moste
noble knyght of the worlde sle me nat for I have in my
wombe by getyn of the that shalle be the moste nobelyste
knyght of the worlde A false traytoures why haste you
be trayed me telle me anone seyde s̄ launcelot what you
arte Sir she seyde I am Elayne the doughte of kynge
Pelles Well seyde s̄ launcelot I wolle for gyffe you and there
with he tobe her vp in his armys and kyssed her for she
was a fayre lady and p̄ to lusty and yonge and wyse as
ony was that tyme lyvynge So god me helpe seyde Sir
launcelot I may nat wyte you but her that made thys
enchauntemente vppon me and be thene you and me and
I may fynde her that same lady dame Brusen shalle lose
her hede for her wycche crauftys for there was neu knyght
disceyved as I am this nyght And so s̄ launcelot arayed
hym and tobe his leve myldely at that yonge lady Elayne
and so he depted Than she seyde my lorde s̄ launcelot
be secke you se me as sone as ye may for I have a obeyde
me vnto the affraye that my fadr tolde me and by his co-
maundemente to fulfyll fyll this affraye I have gyvyn the p̄
grettyst wyches and the fayryst flowre that evir I had ſ̄ p̄ my

maydynsode that I shall neid gane a gayne and there fore I auntyll thy wyght owze me youre good wyll and so ꝑ launcelot armed hym and armed hym and tok hys leve myldely at that ynge lady Eleyne and so he depted and rode to the castell off Corbyn where her fadr was and as faste as her tyme cam she was delyde off a fayre chylde ꝑ they crystynd hym Galahad and wyte yow well that chylde was well kepte and well norysshed and he was so named Galahad by cause ꝑ launcelot was so named at the fomtayne stone and after that the lady off the lake confermed hym ꝑ launcelot du lake Than after the lady was delyde and churched there cam a knyght vnto her hys name was Sir Bromell la pleche the whyche was a grete lorde and he had loved that lady Eleyne longe and he cd nove defyred to wedde her and so by no meane she conde put hym off Tylle on a day she seyde to ꝑ Bromell wyte yon well Sir knyght I well natt love you for my love yo sette vppon the beste knyght off the worlde Wo yo that seyde ꝑ Bromell ꝑ she seyde that yo ꝑ launcelot du lake that I love and none ot and therefore wolde ye me no lenger ye sey well seyde ꝑ Bromell and sythyn ye have tolde me so muche ye shall have lytyll joy off ꝑ launcelot for I shall sle hym where soud cd I mete hym Sir seyde this lady Elayne do to hym no tre son and god forbede that ye shuld hym Well my lady seyde ꝑ Bromell and I shall gruyshe you this .xv. monthe day I shall kepe le pounte Corbyn for ꝑ launcelot sake that he shall nothyn cond nor go vnto yon but I shall mete with hym Than as hit fell by fortune and aduenture ꝑ Bors de Ganys that was nevew vnto ꝑ launcelot com ovr that bridge and there ꝑ Bromell and ꝑ Bors justed and ꝑ Bors smote ꝑ Bromell suche a busshe that he bare hym ovr hys horse

croupe and than ſ Bromelly as an hardy man pulled oute his
ſwerde and dreſſed his ſhylde to do batayle wyth ſ Boors
anone ſ Boors a lyghte and voyded his horſe and there they
layſſhed to gyders many ſad ſtrokys and longe thus thy. they
faughte and att the laſte ſ Bromelly was leyde to the erthe
and there ſ Boors be gan to vnlace his helme to ſle hym
Than ſ Bromelly cryed hym mcy and yeldyd hym vppon
this covenaunte you ſhalte gane the lyff ſeyde ſ Boors ſo ꝑ
go vnto my lorde ſ launcelot vppon whytſonday nexte co
mynge and yelde the vnto hym as a knyghte vecreaunte //
Sir ſ wolle do his ſeyde ſ Bromelly and ſo he ſware vppon
the croſſe of the ſwerde and ſo he lete hym depte and Sir
Boors rode vnto kynge Pelles that was wyth in Cor
byne and whan the kynge and Elayne hys dought knew
that ſ Boors was nevew vnto ſ launcelot they made hy
grete chere Than ſeyde dame Elayne we merwayle whe
ne ſ launcelot ys for he cam neid here but onys that ei
ſ ſawe // thadame merwayle ye nat ſeyde ſ Boors for this
halfe yere he hath bene in preſon wyth quene Morgan
le fay kynge Arthurs ſyſter Alas ſeyde dame Eleyne that
me ſore repentyth and ei ſ Boors be hylde that chylde
in her armys and ei hym ſemed ſhe was paſſynge lyke
ſ launcelot truly ſeyde dame Elayne wyte you well
this chylde he be gate vppon me Than ſ Boors wept for
ioy and there he prayde to god that hit myght preve as
good a knyght as hys fadir was and ſo there cam in a
whyght dowve and ſhe bare a lytyll ſenſar of golde in
her mowe and there was all maner of metys & drynkis
and a mayden bare that Sanke greall and ſhe ſeyde ſ
openly wyte you well ſ Boors that this chylde ſ Galahad
ſhalle fylle in the Dyege peloue and encreſſe the Sanke

greall and he shall be muche better than ever was his fadr
sr launcelot that yo hys owne fadr and than they kneled a
downe and made there devocions and there was suche a
savoure as all the spycery in the worlde had bene there
and as the dowve had taken her flyght the mayden vanys
shed with the Sanc greall as she came Then seyde sr Bors
than vnto kynge Pelles this castell may be named the
castell adventured for here be many straunge adventu
res That is sothe seyde the kynge ffor well may this
place be called the adventured place for there com but
fewe knyghtes here that goth a way with ony worshyppe
be he nevr so stronge here he may be preved And but late
a go sr Gawayne the good good knyght gate lytyll wor
shyp here for I late you wyte seyde kynge Pelles here
shall no knyght wynne worshyp but yf he be of worshyp hym
self and of good lyvynge and that lovyth god and dredyth
god and ellys he getyth no worshyp here be he nevr so gandy
a man That is a wondr thynge seyde sr Bors what ye
meane in this contrey for ye have many straunge adventu
res and there fore wolde I lye in this castell this nyght Bu
ye shall nat do so seyde kynge Pelles be my counceyle for
this yo have and ye astape with onte a shame But shall
take the adventure that wolde falle seyde sr Bors Than I
counceyle you seyde the kynge to be clene confessed as for
that seyde sr Bors I wolde be shrevyn with a good wyll Do
sr Bors was confessed and for all women sr Bors was a vir
gyne sauff for one that was the dowgth of kynge Bramde
gorys and on her he gatte a chylde whyche kyght Elayne st
sauff for her sr Bors was a clene mayden and so sr Bors was
lad vnto bed in a fayre large chambr and many dures were
shutte a boute the chambr Than sr Bors had aspyde all the

durryd he a voyded all the people for he myght haue no body
wyth hym But in no wyse ℔ Bord wolde warme hym
but so he leyde hym downe vppon the bed and myght so he saw
a lyght com that he myght well se a speare grete and longe
that came streyte vppon hym poynte hynge and ℔ Bord semed
that the hede of the speare brente lyke a tapir and anone or
℔ Bord wyste y speare smote hym in the sholdir and made
brede in depnes and that wonde greued ℔ Bord passyng
sore and than he layde hym downe for payne and anone
there wyth all came a knyght armed wyth hys shylde on
hys sholdir and hys swerde in hys honde and he bade Sir
Bord aryse ℔ knyght a fyght wyth me I am sore hurte
but yet I shall nat fayle the and than ℔ Bord sterte vp
and dressed his shylde and than they layssed to gydyrs mygh
tyly a grete whyle and at the laste ℔ Bord have hym bak
warde tyll that he cam to a chambir dore and there y knyzt
yode in to that chambir and rested hym a grete whyle and
whan he had reposed hym he cam oute fyersly a gayne and
he gaue new batayle wyth ℔ Bord mygh tyly and stronge ly
Than ℔ Bord thought he sholde no more go in to y chambir
to reste hym and so ℔ Bord dressed hym be twyxte y knyzt
and the chambir dore and there ℔ Bord smote hym downe
and than that knyght yelded hym What ys youre name
seyde ℔ Bord ℔ my name ys ℔ Bedyvere of the streyte
marchys Do ℔ Bord made hym to swere that at Whyt
sonday nexte comynge to cowrte to the counte of hynge Ar
thure and yelde you there as presonere and as an old cowd
knyght by the gowdys of ℔ Bord So thus departed ℔ Bedyvere
of the streyte marche and than ℔ Bord layde hym downe
to reste and anone he harde muche noyse in that chambir ſt
than ℔ Bord a spyed that there cam in he wyst nat whether

at/ dnnrys/ on at/ Wyndowys/ sqotte of/ anoWys/ & of/ quarellys/ so thyk/ that/ the merbayled and many felle vppon hym & slone hym in the bare placys/ And than ℔ Bord/ was ware whe we cam ny and dedyons lyon Bot ℔ Bord/ dressed hym to ꝑ lyon and anone the lyon be raufte hym hys/ sheylde and ꝑ hys/ swerde ℔ Bord/ smote of/ the lyons/ hede // Tyght/ so fnutht/ wyth/ all/ he sawe a dragon in the courte passynge pavelons and ownbles and there semyd to hym that/ there were lettyrs/ of/ golde Wrytyn in hys/ forhede and ℔ Bord/ thought/ that/ the lettyrs/ made a sygnyfycacion of/ hynge Artoure and wyght/ so there cam an ownble lybarde and an olde and there they faught/ longe and ded grete batayle to gydyrs/ and at/ the laste the dragon sprytte oute of/ hys/ mowth as/ hit/ had bene an C. dragons/ and lyghtly all/ the smale dragons/ slew the olde dragon and tore hym all/ to pecys/ & anone fnutht/ wyth all/ there cam an olde man in to ꝑ halle and he sette hym downe in a fayre chayre and there semed to be .ij. addrs/ a boute hys/ nek/ and than the olde man had an harpe and there he sange an olde lay of/ Joseph of Arimathy how he cam in to this/ londe and whan he had sungen this/ olde man bade ℔ Bord/ go fromne thens/ for here shall/ ye have no mo adventures/ yet/ fulfil/ worshypfully have ye encheved this/ and better shall/ ye do hyre after And than sir ℔ Bord/ semed that/ there cam the wyghtyst/ dowbe that/ ever he saw wyth/ a lytyll/ goldyn sensar in her mowthe & anone there wyth/ all/ the tempeste ceased and passed a way that/ a fore was merbaylous to hyre Do was all/ that/ courte full/ of/ good savowres/ Than ℔ Bord/ saw .iij. fayre chyldren be tynge .iij. fayre tapris/ and an olde man in the myddys/ of this/ chyldryn wyth/ a sensar in hys/ one honde and a speare in hys/ othyr honde and that/ speare was called the speare of

vengeaunce Now seyde that olde maid to ſ Bors go ye to
youre cosyn ſ launcelot and telle hym this aduenture had
be moste conuenyent for hym of all erthely knyghtis But
syrrne ye so soule in hym that he may nat encheue none
suche holy dedys for had nat bene hys syrnne he had paste
all the knyghtis that ere were in hys dayes and telle ꝑ
ſ launcelot of all worldly aduentures he passyth in man
hode and ꝓues all othir But in this sayntynall materes
he shall fayne many hys betyrs and than ſ Bors sawe
iij. fayntyll women com by hym ponvely be seyne and he
saw where that they entrede in to a chaumbir where was
grete lyght as itt were a fournes lyght and the women
kneled downe be fore an auter of syluer wyth iij. pylomes
as itt had bene a bysshop whyche kneled a fore the table of
and as ſ Bors lokyd on hys hede he saw a swerde lyke sylu na
ked hobynge on hys hede and cheynes ſ of smote in hys eyen
that as at that tyme ſ Bors was blynde and there he harde
a voyce whyche seyde go hens fro ſ Bors for as yet ꝑ arte
nat worthy for to be in this place and than he yode bakwarde
tylle hys bedde tylle on the morne and so on the morne hym
pelles made grete ioy of ſ Bors and than he departed and
rode vnto Camelot and there he fownde ſ launcelot and tolde
hym of the aduentures that he had sene wyth kynge pelles
at Corbyn and so the noyse sprange in kynge artours that
ſ launcelot had gotyn a chylde vppon Elayne the dought of
kynge pelles where fore quene Gwenyn was wrothe and
sche gaff many rebukys to ſ launcelot and called hym false
knyght and than ſ launcelot tolde the quene all and how he
was made to lye by her in the lykenes of yon my lady the que
ne and so the quene helde ſ launcelot excusyd and as the
kooke seyde kynge artours had bene in fraunce and hadde

wanned vppon the myghty kynge Claudas and had wonne
muche of hys londys And whan the kynge was come a gayne
he lete cry a grete feste that all lordys and ladyes of all
Ingelonde sholde be there but yff they were suche as were
rebellyous a gayn̄ste hym And whan dame Elayne the
doughtir of kynge Pelles hade of thys feste she rode to her
fadir and requyred hym that he wolde gyff her lefe to ryde
to that feste The kynge answerde and seyde I wolle that ye
go thydir but in ony wyse ob̄ye me and wolle that my
blyssynge loke that ye be well be seyne in the moste ryche
wyse and loke that ye spare nat for no coste asse ⁊ ye shall
have all that nedyth vnto you Than by the advyce of dame
Brusen her mayden all thkynge was apparayled vnto p̄ pur-
pose that there was nede no lady rychelyar be seyne / So
she rode with .xx. kn̄yghtis and .x. ladyes and jantyll women
to the nūbir of an .C. horse and whan she cam to Camelott
kynge Arthure and quene Gwenyu̅ seyde with all p̄ knyght
that dame Elayne was the beste be seyne lady that ever was
seyne in that courte And anone as kynge Arthure wyste
that she was come he mette her and salewed her and so ded
the moste pty of all the knyghtis of the rounde table both
⁊ Tristram ⁊ Bleoberys and ⁊ Gawayne and many
mo that I wolle nat reherse But whan ⁊ launcelot sye
her he was so a shamed that by cause he drew hys swerde
to her on the morne after that he had layne by her that he
wolde nat salewe her nor spebe with her And yet ⁊ lann
celot thought that she was the fayrest woman that ever he
sye in his hyeff dayes But whan dame Elayne sawe Sr
launcelot wolde nat spebe vnto her she was so sory she
ne wente her harte wolde have to brast for wyte yon
well onte of mesure she loved hym And than dame Elayne

seyde vnto her woman dame Bruisen the vnkyndenes of ℔ launcelot sleyth myne harte neue A pese madame seyde dame Bruisen I shall vndir take that this nyght he shall lye with you and ye wolle holde you stylle That were me lever seyde dame Elayne than all the golde that ys a bovyn erthe lat me deale seyde dame Bruisen Do whan dame Elayne was brought vnto the quene ayther made of goode chere as by countenaunce but no thynge wyth there hartis But all men and women spake of the beaute of dame Elayne and than hit was ordayned that dame Elayne shulde slepe in a chambir nyz by the quene and all vndir one roof and so hit was done as the kynge comaunded Than the quene sente for ℔ launcelot and bade hym come to her chambir that nyght or ellys seyde the quene I am sure that ye wolle go to youre ladyes bedde dame Elayne by whome ye gate Galahad A madame seyde ℔ launcelot nay say ye so for that I ded was a yenste my wylle Than seyde the quene lobe that ye come to me whan I sende for you Ha dame seyde ℔ launcelot I shall nat fayle you but I shall be redy at youre comaundement // Do this bargayne was nat so sone done and made be twene them but dame Bruisen knew hit by her craftis and tolde hit vnto her lady dame Elayne Alas seyde she how shall I do lat me deale seyde dame Elayne Bruisen for I shall bringe hym by ꝑ conde clym to youre bedde and he shall wyne that I am quene Gwenyvir messyngere Than welle were me seyde dame Elayne for all the worlde I love nat so muche as I do ℔ launcelot Do whan tyme com that all folkys were to bedde dame Bruisen cam to ℔ launcelottis beddys syde and seyde ℔ launcelot du lake slepe ye. ayy lady quene Gwenyvir lyeth and a wayteth vppon you // A my fayre lady seyde ℔ launcelot

I am redy to go wyth you wher ye wolle have me Do launce
lot thre we vpon hym a longe gowne and so he tobe his swer
de in his honde and than dame Brusen tobe hym by the hynge
and lad hym to her ladyes bedde dame Elayne and than she de
pted and leafte them there in bedde to gydyrs and wyte you
well this lady was glad and so was ꝑ launcelot for he wen
de that he had had a noy in his armys Now leve we them
bysynge and clyppynge as was a kyndely thynge and now
speke we of quene Gweneuer that sente one of her women
that she moste trusted vnto ꝑ launcelotys bedde and whan
she cam there she founde the bedde colde and he was nat
there / wherfor and so she cam to the quene and tolde her all
alas seyde the quene where is that false knyght he com
So ꝑ
quene was wyze onte of her wytte and than she wrythed
and wakned as a madde woman and myght nat slepe a
my. or a .v. owres Than ꝑ launcelot had a condicion that
he vsed of custom to clatre in his slepe and to spebe of hym of
his lady quene Gweneuer So ꝑ launcelot had a wayked as
longe as hym had pleased hym and so by cause of kynde he
slepte and dame Elayne bode and in his slepe he talked st
clatde as a jay of the love that had bene be twyxte quene
Gweneuer and hym and so as he talked so lowde that ꝑ quene
harde hym there as she lay in her chambr and whan she
harde hym so clatre she was wrothe onte of mesure and
than she cowghed so lowde that ꝑ launcelot awaked and a
none he knew her gentryse and than he knew welle that
he lay by the quene Elayne and there wyth he lepte onte
of his bedde as he had bene a wood man in his shurte and
anone the quene mette hym in the flowre and than she seyde
a pon false traytowre knyght lobe pon wel a byde in my cow
te and lyghtly that pon voyde my chambr and nat so hardy ꝑ

false traytoure knyght that euer nowe pou come in my syght
Alas seyde sir lancelot and there with all he tobe suche an hartely sorow at his wordys that he felle downe to the flowre in a swowne and there with all quene Gwenyu lepte and wrange sir lancelot a woode oute of hys swoge he lepte oute at a bay wyndow in to a gardyne and there with thornys he was all to cracched of his vysage and hys body and so he vanne furth he knew nat whoder and was as wylde as ony was man and so he ran .vij. yere and nen man had grace to knowe hym Now turne we vnto quene Gwenyu and to the fayre lady Elayne that wrange dame Elayne gaue ye quene so rebuke sir lancelot and now also he sowned and now he lepte oute of the bay wyndow Thand seyde vnto quene Gwenyu madame ye ar gretly to blame for sir lancelot for now gane ye loste hym for I saw and harde by his countenaunce that he yode madde for ony and therefore alas madame ye gane done grete synne and youre selff grete dyshonowre for ye gane a lorde royall of youre owne and therefore oght were youre pte for to love hym for there yode no quene in this wol worlde that hath suche a nop knyght as ye gane and yf ye were nat I myght gane getyn the love of my lorde sir lancelot and a grete cause I gane to love hym for he gadde my maydynhode and by hym I gane borne a fayre sonne whose yode sir Galahad and he shall be in hys tyme the beste knyght of the worlde Well dame Elayne seyde the quene as sone as ony yode day knyght I charge you to avoyde my courte and for the love ye owe vnto sir lancelot discouer not hys conueyle for and ye do ony wolle be hys dethe As for that seyde dame Elayne I dare vndir take he yode warred for ony and that gane you made for nop ye nor I ar lyke to recoyse hym for he made pmoste pytevous grouyng wgan he lepte oute at yondir bay

wyndow that ever I saude man make Alas seyde feyre Elayne and alas seyde the queue for now I wote well that we ame loste hym for ever. So on the morne dame Elayne toke ger love to depte and wolde no lenger a byde Than kynge Arthur brought her on her way with me than and C. knyghtes thorow oute a foreyste and by the way she tolde sir Boors de gamys all how hit be tydde that same nyght and how sir launcelot lepte onte at a wyndow arayed onte of hys wytte Alas than seyde sir Boors where is my lorde sir launcelot be com Ye seyde dame Elayne I wote nere Now alas seyde sir Boors be wyst you botte ye ame destroyed a good knyght As for me sir seyde dame Elayne I seyde nevir nor dede thynge that sholde m ony wyse displease hym But wytte the rebuke of that queue Gwenyth gaff hym I saw hym sowne to the erthe and whan he a wode he toke hys sonde naked save hys shirte and lepe onte at a wyndow with the greselyest grone that ever I saude man make Now fare well seyde dame Elayne vnto sir Boors and holde my lorde kynge Arthure with a tale as longe as ye can for I wolde turne a gayne vnto queue Gwenyth and gyff her an hete and I requyre you as ever ye wolde have my fryndshyp make good wacche and assaye yf ever hit may happyn you to se my lorde sir launcelot Truly seyde dame Elayne I shall do all that I may do for I wolde lose my lyff for hym rather than he sholde be hurte Thadame seyde dame Brusen lat sir Boors depte and ryde hym as faste as he may to seke sir launcelot for I warne you he is clene onte of hys mynde and yet he shall be welle holpyn and but by myracle Than wepte dame Elayne and so ded sir Boors de gamys and anone they depted and sir Boors rode streyte vnto queue Gwenyth and whan she saw sir Boors she wepte as she were wood Now fye on youre wepynge seyde sir Boors de gamys for ye wepe nevir but whan ye no boote

alas seyde ſ Boors that evir ſ launcelot or ony of ſys blood evir ſaw you for now have ye loſte the beſte knyght of owre blood and he that was all owre leder and owre ſuccoure and I dare ſay and make hit good that all kynge cryſtynde noȝ hethynde may nat fynde ſuche a knyght for to ſpeke of ſys nobleneſſ curte ſy wyth ſys beaute and ſys ſantylneſſ alas ſeyde ſir Boors wha ſhall we do that ben of ſys bloode alas ſeyde ſ Ector de maryȝs and alas ſeyde ſ lyonell and whan the quene gaude ſeen ſey ſo ſhe felle to the erthe in a dede ſowne and than ſ Boors tobe her up and dalved her and whan ſhe awaked ſhe kneled a fore the .iij. knyghtſ and ſpyrde up bothe theire handys and be ſoughte them to ſebe hym and ſpare nat for no goodys but that he be founden for I wote well that he ys onte of ſys mynde and ſ Boors ſ Ector and ſ lyonell departed frome the quene for they myght nat a byde no lenger for ſorow and than the quene ſente them treſowre I nowe for there expence and ſo they tobe there horſys and there armys and departede and than they rode frome contrey to contrey in foreſtſ and in wyldernes ſys and in waſtys and evir they kepte wayche bothe at foreſtſ and at all maner of men as they rode to harbyȝ and to ſpare aſſu hym as he that was a nobed maid in ſys ſkurte wyth a ſwerde in ſys honde and thus they rode wyth a quarter of a yere longe and ontwayte and nevir colde hym wonde of hym and wyte you well theſe .iij. knyghtſ were paſſynge ſory and ſo at the laſte ſ Boors and ſys felowys mette wyth a knyght that hyght ſ helyon de Tartare ſ Now fayre knyght ſeyde ſ Boors whoſoevir be ye a way for they kneu aythir of a fore tyme Nay ſeyde ſ helyon I am in the way to ſ counte of hynge Arthure Than we pray you ſeyde ſ Boors that ye wolle telle my lorde Arthure and my lady quene Gweneu

and all the felyshyp of the rounde table that we cam nat in
no wyse here telle where ſ launcelot yode cam Thand ſir
Hellyon departed from them and seyde that he wolde telle the
kynge and the quene and all the felyshyp of the rounde table
as they had desyred hym / and whan ſ Hellyon cam to the
courte he tolde the kynge and the quene and all the felyshyp
as they had desyred hym how ſ Lord had seyde of ſ launcelot
Thand ſ Gawayne ſ Wwayne ſ Dagrauowre le desyrous ſir
Agglobale and ſ Percyvale de galys tobe wppon thand by the
grete desyre of the kynge and in especiall by the quene to
sebe all ſuglonde walys and Scotlonde to fynde ſ launce
lot and wyth them rode .xxiij. knyghtſ no to leave them
felyshyp and wyte you well they lakked no man of spren
kynge and so were they .xxviij. knyghtſ / Now turne we
vnto ſ launcelot and spebe we of hys owne and woo and
what payne he there endured for colde hunger and thyrste
he hadde plente and thus as these noble knyghtſ rode to
gydres they by assente departed and than they rode by .ij. and
by .ij. and by .iij. by .v. and ewy they assygned where they shol
de mete and so ſ Agglobale and ſ Percyvale rode to gydre
vnto there modre whyche was a quene in the dayes and
whan she saw her .ij. sonnes for sop she wepte tendrely and
than she seyde a my dere sonnes whan youre fadre was slay
ne he lefte me .iij. sonnes of the whyche now be .ij. slayne
and for the dethe of my noble sonne ſ Lamorak shalt myne
harte nedbe glad and than she kneled downe wppon her kne
es to fore ſ Agglobale and ſ Percyvale and be sought them
to abyde at home with her / a my swete modre seyde Sir
Percyvale we may nat for we be comyn of kynge Bloode
of bothe sydes and there fore modre yt ys oure kynde to
haunte armys and noble dedys / Alas my swete sonnys ya

ſhe ſeyde for youre ſakys I ſhall fyrſte loſe my lyſtynge & luſte
and thaw wynde and wedr I may nat endure what for the
offſpringe Pellynor youre fadr that was ſhamefully ſlayne
by the goodys of ſ Galwayne and ayns brothr ſ Gaherys Ga
herys and they ſlew hym nat manly but by treſon And alas
my dere ſonnes thys ys a pytefull complaynte for me offt
youre fadyrs dethe conſyderynge alſo the dethe of ſ Lamorak
that offt bryghtheſt had but feaw fealowys And now my dere
ſonnes gane thus in youre wynde and ſo there was but we
pynge and ſobbynge in the courte whan they ſholde depte
and ſhe felle in ſorwynge in the myddys of the courte And
whan ſhe was awaked aftr thaw ſhe ſente a ſquyar wyth
ſpendynge I noryze and ſo whan the ſquyar had of take thend
they wolde nat ſuffr hym to ryde wyth thend but ſente hym
home a gayne to comforte there modr prayynge her mebe
ly of her blyſſynge And ſo he rode a gayne and ſo hit happened
hym to be be nyghtyd and by nys fortune he came to a caſtell
where dwelled a barownne and whan the ſquyar was com
in to the caſtell the lorde aſked hym frondſhend he came
and whom he ſerved Thy lorde ſeyde the ſquyar I ſerve a
good knyght that ys called ſ Aggrobale the ſquyar ſayde hit
to good entente wenynge vnto hym to have be more for
bonne for ſ Aggrobales ſake And thaw he ſeyde he had ſlayne
the qwene ayns modr Welle my felow ſeyde the lorde off the
caſtell for ſ Aggrobalys ſake yon ſhalt have evyll lodgyng
for ſ Aggrobale ſlew my brothr and there fore you ſhalt have
thy dethe in qtty of payemente And thaw that lorde comanded
hys men to have hym away and to ſle hym And ſo they ded
thaw they pulled hym oute off the caſtell and there they ſlewe
hym wyth oute mercy And nyght ſo old the nonne com ſir
Aggrobale and ſ Percyvale rydynge by a cumpe yeande

where men and women were busy and be gylde the dede sqwyar
and so thought to bury hym what yo that there seyde ꝑ Aggylo
vale that ye be holde so faste Anone a good woman start furth
and seyde fayre knyght here lyeth a sqwyar slayne shamefully
this nyght How was he slayne fayre moder sayde ꝑ Aggylova
le my fayne lorde seyde the woman the lorde of thys castell
lodged this sqwyar thys nyght and be cause he seyde he was
fnamyte vnto a good knyght whyche wyth kynge Arthure whos
name yo ꝑ Aggylvale there fore the lorde cōmanded to sle
hym and for thys cause yo he slayne Gramercy seyde ꝑ Aggylo
vale and ye shall se hys dethe hyghtly revenged for I am that same
knyght for whom thys sqwyar was slayne Than ꝑ Aggylvale
called vnto hym ꝑ Percyvale and bade hym a lyght lyghtly And
anone they be tokē there men ꝑ horsyd and so they yode on foote
in to the castell and as sone as they were wyth in the castell
gate ꝑ Aggylvale bade the porter go vnto hys lorde and telle hys
lorde that I am here ꝑ Aggylvale for whom my sqwyar was slay
ne thys nyght And anone as this porter had tolde hys lorde
he yo welcom seyde ꝑ Goodwyne and anone he armed hym self
and in to the courte and seyde whyche of you yo ꝑ Aggylvale
here I am loo but for what cause slewyst you thys nyght my
modyrs sqwyar I slew hym seyde ꝑ Goodwyne by cause of the
for you slewyste my brop ꝑ Gawdelyne as for thy brop seyde ꝑ
Aggylvale I wol I slew hym for he was a false knyght and a
be trayer of ladyes and of good knyghtis and for the dethe of my
sqwyar seyde ꝑ Aggylvale and anone they layshed to gyder ful
egrely as that had bene .ij. lyons and ꝑ Percyvale he fought
wyth all the remenaunte that wolde fyght and wyth in
a whyle ꝑ Percyvale had slayne all that wolde nt stonde

ayen for ye Percyvale deled so ayes strokys that were so mide
that there durste no man a byde ayen and with in a while
ye Agglovale had ye Goodwyne at the erthe and there he vnla
ced ayes helme and strake off ayes hede and than they depted
and tobe ye gorys and than they let carry the dede squyar vn
to a preyory and there they entered ayen and whan they was
done they rode in many contreys and enquyrynge after ye Lan
celot But they conde neuer ayre of ayen and at the laste they
com to a castell that ayght Cardycan and ye ye Pcyvale and
ye Agglovale were lodged to gyders and prevaly a bonte
mydnyght ye Pcyvale com to ye Agglovales squyar and seyde
aryse and make the redy for ye and I wolle ryde away se
cretely Dn seyde the squyar I wolde fulle fayne ryde wt
you wherre ye wolde gane me but and my lorde yonne
brop take me he wolle sle me do for that care not for I
shalle be yonne warraunte and so ye Pcyvale rode tyll ayght
was after none and than he cam vppon a brydge off stone
and ye he founde a knyght whyche was bounden with a
chayne faste a bonte the waste vnto a pyllonne off stone
a my fayre knyght seyde that boundyn knyght I requyre
the of knyghthode lowse my boundys off Dn what knyght
ar ye seyde ye Pcyvale and for what cause ar ye bounden //
Dn I shalle telle yon seyde that knyght I am a knyght off
the table rounde and my name ys ye Pcyvale Pfydes
and thus by aduenture I cam thys way and here I lodged
in thys castell at the brydge foote and ye in dwellyth
an vncurteyse lady and by cause I see proffyrd me to be
her gaunonne and I refused her she sette her men vppon
me suddeynly or ell I myght com to my weppyn pus they

Hose me and

toke me and bounde me and gene me wote well I shall
dye but yf I sowe man of worshyp breke my bondys Be
be ye of good chere seyde ſ Percyvale and by cause ye ar
a knyght of the rounde table as well as I. I wolle truste
to god to breke youre bondys and p̄ myght ſ Percyvale
pulled oute hys swerde and strake at the chayne myght
sucche a mygh̄t that he cutte a to the chayne and thorow
ſ Parsydes galbrake and gurte hym a lytyll a lytyll And seyde
ſ Parsydes that was a myghty stroke as ever I felte of manes
hande for had nat the chayne be ye had slayne me And p̄ w̄t
all ſ Parsydes saw a knyght wyghe cam oute of p̄ castell
as faste as ever he myght flynge Be ware for yondyr
comyth a knyght that wolle gene a do w̄t you but hym com sey
de ſ Percyvale and so mette that knyght in myddys the brydge
And ſ Percyvale gaff hym sucche a buffette that he smote hy
myte frome hys horse and off a pte of the brydge that and
there had nat bene a lytyll vessell vndr the brydge that knyght
had bene drowned and than ſ Percyvale toke the knyghtis horse
and made ſ Percyvale Pſydes to mounte vppon hym and so
they .ij. rode vnto the castell and bade the lady delyu ſ Pſydes
ſuaunty of hym allyd he wolde she all that ever he founde and so
for feare she delyuerde them all Than was ſ Pcybale ware
ware of a lady that stoode in that towre a madame seyde ſ
Pcybale what vse and custom is that in a lady to destroy good
knyghtis but yf they wolle be youre paramoure pde this a shame
full custom of a lady and yf I had nat a grete mater to do in
my londe I shulde for do all youre false customys And so ſ
Parsydes brought ſ Percyvale vnto hys owne castell ſ there
he made hym grete chere all that myght And on the morne
wan ſ Percyvale had harde a masse and broke hys faste

ge bade ſ Parſydes ryde vnto kynge arthure and telle
ye ꝑ kynge gow tha ye mette wyth me and telle you
my broꝺ ſ aggrauale gow I reſcowed you and byd hym ſende
nat after me for I am in the queſte to fyke ſ launcelot du
lake and thorze ge ſende me ge ſhalle nat fynde me and telle
hym I wolle nevir ſe hym nothir the courte tylle tha I have
founde ſ launcelot alſo telle ſ kay the ſeneſchalle and Syr
ygo ordred tha I truſte to ſhir to be of as grete worſhipnes
as aythir of them for telle them tha I ſhalle nevir for gete
ꝑ not mokkyd and ſcornyd tha day tha I was made knyzth
and telle them I wolle nevir ſe tha courte tylle men ſpeke
more worſhipp of me than ony of them bothe
and ſo ſ Parſydes depted fro me ſ Percyvale and than he
rode vnto kynge arthure and tolde of ſ Pcyvale and than
ſ aggrauale harde hym ſpeke of hys brother ſ Percyvale for
ſothe he ſeyde he depted fro me vnkyndly Sir ſeyde ſ P
ſydes on my lyfe ge ſhalle preve a noble knyzght as ony now
yn kynge arthure and than ge ſaw ſ kay and ſ ywayne ſ Par
ſydes ſayde thus my fayre lordys ſ Percyvale gretyth
you wellt bothe and he ſente you worde by me ꝑ he truſtyth
to god or ellis he cowde to courte a gayne to be of as gte noblesſ
as ellis were you bothe and no men to ſpeke of hys noble
neſſe than ellis ſpake of yowres Hyt may wellt be ſeyde ſ
kay and ſ ywayne but at tha tyme he was made knyzght
he was fulle vnlykly to preve a good knyzght As for tha
ſeyde kynge arthure he muſte nedys preve a good knyzght
for hys fadir and hys bretherne were noble knyzghtſ alle
And now wolle we turne vnto ſ Percyvale tha rode
longe and in a foreyſte he mette wyth a knyzght wyth a
brokyn ſhylde and a brokyn helme and as ſone as aythir

sawe of thay made them redy to iuste and so they hurled to gydyrs with all ye myght and they mette to gydyrs so hard that ſ Percyvale was smytyn to the erthe and than ſ Percyvale arose delyuerly and keste his ſheylde on his shuldr and drew his swerde and bade the of bwyght a lyght and do batayle vnto the vttrmuſte Whan ſ wyll ye more yet seyde that bwyght and ye with he a lyght and put his horse from hym and than they cam to gydr and eſy easy grace and layſſhed to gydyrs with noble swerdys and som tyme they stroke & som tyme they foyned that ayr gaff of many sad strokys & wondys and thus they faught neere hande halffe a day & neu rested but lytyll and ye was none of them bothe that hadde leſte wondys but he had .xx. and they bledde so muche ye tht was merwayle they stode on ye feete But thys bwyght that faught with ſ Percyvale was a prudd bwyght and a wyſe fyghtynge bwyght. and ſ Percyvale was yonge and stronge nat bnowynge in fyghtynge as the other was // Than ſ Percyvale spake fyrſte and seyde ſ bwyght holde thy honde a whyle for we have foughtyn on longe for a fyn pte mater and marvell and ye fore ſ requyre the tell me thy name for ſ was nedr to thys tyme thus macched So god me helpe seyde that bwyght and nedr on this tyme was ye nedr bwyght that wounded me so sore as yon haſte done and yet have ſ foughtyn in many batayles and now ſhall yon wyte ye ſ am a bwyght of the table rounde and my name yo ſ Ector de mariys bnoy vnto the good bwyght ſ launcelot du lake Alas sayde ſ Percyvale and my name yo ſ Percyvale de Galys Whyche hath made my queſte to sek ſ launcelott and now am ſ syker that ſ ſhall nedr fenyſhe my queſte for ye have ſlayne me with youre honde / hit is nat so seyde Sr Ector for ſ and ſlayne by youre honde and may not lyve and

ꝑ fore I requyre you seyde ꝑ Ector vnto ꝑ Percyvale ryde ye
here faste by to a pryory and bryngе me a preeste that I may
resseyve my sakyoure for I may nat lyve and whan ye com
to ꝑ counte of bryngе Arthure tell my bro ꝑ launcelot how
that ye slew me for than wolde he be youre mortall enemy
But ye may sey that I was slayne in my queste as I shryfte
hym / Alas seyde ꝑ Percyvale ye sey that to bryngе that
nen wolde be for I am so stynte for bledyngе that I may
vnnethe stonde how sholde I than take my horse Than they
made bothe grete dole ouyte of mesure Thus wolde nat a
vayle seyde ꝑ Percyvale and than he kneled downe and made
hys prayer devoutely vnto allmyghty Ihu for he was one
of the beste knyghtf of the worlde at that tyme in Relygyon
the verrey fayth stoode moste in / knyghthode so there cam by ꝑ
holy vessell the sanke Greall with alle maner of swetnesse
and sakyoure but they cowde nat se redyly who bare ꝑ vessell
/ But ꝑ Percyvale had a gleemeryngе of the vessell
and of the mayden that bare hit for he was a ꝑfyte may
den and fourth wt alle they were as hole of hyde and hyne
as ever they were in ꝑ lyff Than they gaff thankyngf to god
wt grete myldenesse / a Ihu seyde ꝑ Percyvale what may
thys meane that we be thus heled and ryghte now we we
re at the poynte of dyenge I wote full well seyde ꝑ
Ector what hit we hit we all holy vessell that we borne
by a mayden and ꝑ in ys a ꝑte of the bloode of oure lorde
Ihu crysste but hit may nat be seene seyde ꝑ Ector but yff
hit be by mane / So god me helpe seyde ꝑ Percyvale I
saw a dameselle as me thought alle in whyghte wt a vessell
in bothe her hondys and fourth wt alle I was hole / So than
they toke ꝑ horsys and ꝑ harneys and mended hyt as well
as they myghte that was broken and so they mounted vp

and rode talkynge to gydyns and ꝑ ꝑ Ector de marys tolde ꝑ percyvale how he had sought hys bruy ꝑ launcelot longe and new cowde hyre wytynge of hym in many sarde adventures hane & bene in thys queste and so aythir tolde other of there grete adventures

Ad now leve we of a whyle of ꝑ Ector and of ꝑ percyvale and speke we of ꝑ launcelot that suffrid and endured many sharpe sorowes that ever wylde woode fro me place to place and lyved by frute and sucke as he myght gete and drank watir .ij. yere and ꝑ clothynge had he but by tyll but in hys shirte and his breke and thus as ꝑ launcelot wandred here and ꝑ he cam in to a fayre medow where he fonnde a pavelon and ꝑ by vppon a tre hynge a whyte shylde and .ij. swerdys hynge ꝑ by and .ij. spearys lened ꝑ by to a tre and whan ꝑ launcelot saw ꝑ swerdys anone he lepte to ꝑ tone swerde and clyched that swerde in hys honde and drew hitte oute and than he lay shed at the shylde that all ꝑ medow range of ꝑ dyntys that he gaff such a noyse as .x. knyghtis had fought to gydyns Than cam furth a dwarff and lepe vnto ꝑ launcelot and wolde hane had the swerde oute of hys honde and than ꝑ launcelot tobe hym by the bolte shuldrys & threw hym vnto the grounde that he felle vppon hys nek and had nyz brokyn hit and ꝑ with all the dwarff cryede helpe Than ꝑ com furth a lytly knyght and well apparayled in a scarlet furred w^t menyver and anone as he saw ꝑ launcelot he demed that he shulde be oute of hys wytte and than he seyde wyth fayre speche good man ley downe ꝑ swerde for as me semyth pon hadyst more nede of a slepe and of warme clothis than to welde that swerde / do for that seyde ꝑ launcelot com nat to nyze for and pon do wyte pon

well / I wolde sle the and whan the knyght of the pavylon saw
that he starte backwarde in to his pavylon and than the dwarfe
armed hym lyghtly and so the knyght thought by force and
myght to have taken the sworde fro / launcelot / and so he
cam steppynge vppon hym and whan / launcelot / saw hym
com so armed with his sworde in his honde / Than sir
lamicelot / flowze to hym with suche a myght and smote
hym vppon the helme suche a busset that the strobe tron
bled his brayne and with all the sworde brake in .ij. And
the knyght felle to the erthe and sowned as he had bene de
de the bloode bastynge oute of his mouthe nose and eare
And than / launcelot / ran in to the pavelon and russhed thym
in to the warme bedde and there was a lady that lay in
that bedde and anone she gate her smokke and ran oute
of the pavylon and whan she sawe her lorde lye at the
grounde lyke to be dede than she cryed and wepte as she
had bene madde // And so with her noyse the knyght awa
ked oute of his sowze and lokede vp wepyly with his yen
And than he asked where was that madde man whyche
had yeven hym suche a busfette for suche a one had I nev
er in armes honde // Than seyde the dwarff sir / to / nat / youre
worshyp to smyte hym for he is a man oute of his wytte
and doute ye nat he hath bene a man of grete worshyp
and for som hartely sorow that he hath taken he is fallyn
madde and me sennyth seyde the dwarff that he resemble
lyth muche vnto / launcelot / for hym I sawe at the tour
mente of / lonezep / sesin defende seyde that knyght that ey
that noble knyght / launcelot / sholde be in suche a plyght
but what sowd ey he be seyde that knyght harme wolde I
none do hym and thus knyghtes name was / Blyamute / e
whyche seyde vnto the dwarff go you faste ow house bak

vnto my broy ſ Delyamute wayte yo m the caſtell zBlau
be and telle hym of myne aduenture and hyd hym bynge
wyth hym an horſe lytter and than wolle we beare the
bynght vnto my caſtell / Do the dwarff rode faſte and
he cam a gayn and brought ſ Delyamute wyth hym and
iij. men wyth an horſe lytter and ſo they tobe vp the ſeigh
bedde wyth ſ launcelot and ſo caryed all away wyth hem
vnto the caſtell blanke and he nen a waked tylle he was
wyth in the caſtell and than they bounde hys handys and
hys feete and gaff hym good metys and good drynkys
and brought hym a gayne to hys ſtrengthe ſ hys fayrneſſe
zBut in hys wytte they colde nat bynge hym nor to know
hym ſelff and than was ſ launcelot there more than a yere
and an halff honeſtely arayed and fayre fayrn wyth all
zThan vppon a day they londe of that caſtell ſ zElyamute
take hys armys and horſe bak wyth a ſpeare to ſeke adven
tures and as he rode in a foreyſte there mette hym to bynght
aduentures that one was ſ zBrewnys ſanze pite ſ hys
broy ſ zartelot and they .ij. ran bothe at ouyr on ſ zleaumte
and brake theyre ſpearys vppon hys body and than they dre
we there ſwerdys and made grete batayle and foughte
longe to gydyrs zBut at the laſte ſ zElyamute was ſore
wounded and felte hym ſelfſe fayntе and anone he fledde
on horſe bak towarde hys caſtell and as they cam hirelyng
vndir the caſtell ~~and as they~~ there was ſ launcelot at a
wyndow and ſaw how .ij. bynghtſ layde vppon ſ zElyamute
wyth there ſwerdys and whan ſ launcelot ſaw that yet
as woode as he was he was ſory for hys londe ſ zElyamte
And than in a brayde ſ launcelot brake hys chaynes off hys
leggys and off hys armys and in the hēabynge he hurte
hys gondyr ſore and ſo ſ launcelot rand oute at a poſterne

and there he mette with two knyghtes that chaced Syr
Blyamute and there he pulled downe ye Bartelot with his
bare handys fro me his horse and there with all he
wrothe oute ye swerde Joute of his honde and so he lepe
unto ye Brewse and gaff hym such a buffette upon the
hede that he tumbeled bakwarde on his horse crope
and when ye Bartelot saw his brop̄ have such a buffet
he gate a speare in his honde and wolde have reme
ye launcelot thorow / and that saw ye Blyamute & strake
of the hande of ye Bartelot and than ye Brewse and ye
Bartelot gatte there horsis and fledde a way as faste
as they myght / Do when ye Selyamute cam and saw
what ye launcelot had done for his brop̄ Than he thanked
god and so ded his brop̄ that ey they ded hym ony good
But when ye Blyamute sawe that ye launcelot was hurte
with the brebynge of his swond than was he sory that
ey he bounde hym / I pray you brop̄ ye Selyamute hyn
de hym no more for he yo happy and gracyous / Than
they made grete joy of ye launcelot and so he bode there
with in a halff yere and more and so on a morne ye laun
celot was ware where cam a grete boye with many
houndys after hym But the boore was so bygge per
myght no houndys tary hym and so the hunters cam
after blowynge there hornys bothe upon horse backe
and fote upon foote and than ye launcelot was ware
where one a lyght and tyed his horse tylle a tre and
lened his speare a yenst the tre / Do there cam Syr
launcelot and fonde the horse and a good swerde tyed
to the sadyll bowe and anone ye launcelot lepe in to ye
sadyll and gate that speare in his honde and than he
rode faste after the boore and anone he was ware

where he sate and hid and to a rocke faste by an Ermytayge and
than ſ launcelot rann at the boore with his speare and all to
shyvid his speare and there with the boore turned hym lyghtly
and rode oute the longys and the garte of the house that ſ launce
lot felle to the erthe and or ever he myght gete fro me his horse
the bore smote hym on the thyghe with the tusshes vp vnto the
horse boone and than ſ launcelot was wrothe and vp he gate
vppon his feete and tobe his swerde and smote of the bores
hede at one strobe and there with all came oute the Ermyte
and saw hym have suche a wounde anone he meaned hym and
wolde have had hym home vnto his Ermytage / But when
ſ launcelot harde hym speake he was so wrothe with his
wounde that he ran vppon the Ermyte to have slayne hym
than the Ermyte ran a way and when ſ launcelot myght nat
ouertake hym he threw his swerde after hym for he myght no
farther for bledynge // Than the Ermyte turned a gayne
and asked ſ launcelot how he was hurte a my fealow seyde sir
launcelot this boore hath bytten me sore Than com ye with
me seyde the Ermyte and I shall heale you Go thy way seyde ſ
launcelot and deale nat with me Than the Ermyte ran this
way and there he mette with a goodly knyght // Sir seyde the
Ermyte here is faste by my place the goodlyest man that ever
I sawe and he is sore wounded with a boore and yet he hath
slayne the bore But well I wote seyde the good man and
he be nat holpyn he shall dye of that wounde and ꝑ were
grete pite // Than that knyght at the desyre of ꝑ Ermyte
gate a carte and ꝑon he put ꝑ boore and ſ launcelot for
he was so feeble that he myght easyly deale with hym
and so ſ launcelot was brought vnto the Ermytayge and
there the Ermyte healed hym of his wounde But the
Ermyte myght nat fynde hym his sustenaunce and so

he encreased and waxed fyersse bothe of body and of hys wytte
for defaute of sustenaunce he waxed more wooder than he was
a fore tyme. And than vppon a day sir launcelot ran hys way
in to the foreyste and by the aduenture he com to the Cite of
Corbyn where dame Elayne was that bare Galahad sir launce
lottys sonne And so whan he was entryde in to the towne
he ran thorow the towne to the castell and than all the yonge
men of that cite ran after sir launcelot and there they threwe
turnbis at hym and gaff hym many sad strokys And ever as
sir launcelot myght vnclose ony of them he threw them so that
they wolde neuer com in hys vondes no more for of some hadde
he the leggys and armys and so he fledde in to the castell //
And than cam out knyghtis and squyars and resceyved sir launce
lot whan they he hylde hym and lokid vppon hys personne they
thought they neuer sawe so goodly a man And whan they sawe
so many woundys vppon hym they demed that he had bene
a man of worshyp And than they ordaynyd hym clothis to
hys body and straw and lytter vndir the gate of the castell
to lye in And so ech day they wolde throw hym mete and set
hym drynke But there was but feaw that wolde bryngge
hym mete to hys hondys // So hit be felle that kyng pel-
leo had a nevcall whos name was Castor and so he desyred
of the kynge to be made knyght and at hys owne requeyste
the kynge made hym knyght at the feste of Candylmasse
And whan sir Castor was made knyght that same day he gaff
many gownys And than sir Castor sente for the foole whych
was sir launcelot And whan he was com a fore sir Castor he
gaff sir launcelot a robe of scarlet and all that longed vnto
hym And whan sir launcelot was so arayed lyke a knyght he
was the semelyeste man in all the courte and none so well
made // So whan he sye hys tyme he went in to sir gawayne

and there he layde hym downe by a welle and slepte and so
aft aftir none dame Elayne and her maydyns cam in to the
gardyne to sporte them and as they romed up and downe
one of dame Elaynes maydens aspyed where lay a goodly
man by the welle slepynge / Madam seyde dame Elayne
sey no worde but shew me that man where he lyeth. So a
none she brought dame Elayne where he lay and when p
she be hylde hym anone she felle in remembraunce of hym
and knew hym verely for ꝑ launcelot and there with all
she felle on weepynge so hartely that she sanke down to the
erthe and when she had thus wepte a grete whyle than
she arose and called her maydyns and seyde she was sybe
and so she yode oute of the gardyne as streyte to her fadir
as she cowde and there she take hym by her selff a ꝓte and
than she seyde a my dere fadir now I have nede of yo helpe
and but yf that ye helpe me now have well my good dayes
for ev / What yo that dought seyde kynge Pelles in youre
gardyne I was to sporte me and there by the welle I fonde
ꝑ launcelot du lake slepynge. I may nat by leve qth seyde
kynge Pelles Truly ꝑ he yo there she seyde and me semyth
he shulde be yet distraught oute of yor wytte Than holde
you stylle seyde the kynge and late me deale / Than p kynge
called vnto hym suche as he moste trusted a .my. ꝓsones And
dame Elayne hys dought and dame Brunsen her suster
And when they cam to the welle and be hylde ꝑ launcelot
a none dame Brunsen seyde to the kynge we muste be wyse
how we deale with hym for thys knyght yo oute of hys
wynde and yf we a wake hym rudely for thys knyght yo
oute what he wolle do we all knowe nat. And there fore a byde
ye a whyle and I shall throw an inchauntemente vppon
hym that he shall nat awake of an owre and so she ded
And than the kynge comaunded that all people shulde

a voyde that none shulde be in that way there as ꝑ kyng
wolde com // And so whan thys was done thes .iij. men
and thes ladyes layde honde on ꝑ launcelot and so they ba
re hym in to a towre and so in to a chambr where was
the holy vessell of the Sank Greall and by fore ꝑ holy
vessell ꝑ launcelot was layde and there cam an holy man
and vn hylled that vessell and so by myracle and by vertu
of that holy vessell ꝑ launcelot was heled and recoude and
as sone as he was awaked he groned and sygked and com
playned hym sore of hys woodnes and strobys that he
had had. And as sone as ꝑ launcelot saw kynge Pelles
and dame Elayne he waxed a shamed and seyde thus a
lowde Sir how cam I hydr for goddys sake my fayre
lorde lat me wyte how that I cam hydr // Than seyde da
me Elayne in to thys contrey ye cam lyke a mased man
clene out of youre wytte and here fore ye ben kepte
as a foole and no creature here knew what ye were
vntyll by fortune a mayden of myne brought me vnto
you where as ye lay slepynge by a well and anone as
I verely be hylde you than I tolde my fadr and so were
ye brought a fore thys holy vessell and by the vertu of
hit thus were ye healed // A Sir than seyde ꝑ launcelot
yf thus be sothe how many be ꝑ that knowyth of my
woodnes // So god me helpe seyde dame Elayne no
mo but my fadr and I and dame Brunsen & how for
cryst love seyde ꝑ launcelot kepe hit counceyle and lat
no man knowe hit in the worlde for I am sore a shamed
that I kane be myssefortuned for I am banysshed ye contrey
of Inglonde and so ꝑ launcelot lay more than a fourte
nyght or ell that he myght stryve for sorenes and than
vpon a day he seyde vnto dame Elayne thes wordis fayre
lady Elayne for youre sake I kane had muche care and

angwyshe hit nedyth nat to reherse hit ye know how that
wyth stondynge I know well I gane done fowle to you whan
that I dreve my fwerde to you to gane slayne you vppon p
morne after whan that I had layne wyth you and all was
for the cause that ye and dame Brusen made me for to
lye be you magry myne hede and as ye sey ſ Galahad yo
sonne was be gotyn // Dthat yo trouthe seyde dame Elay
ne Dthan wolde ye for my sake seyde ſ launcelot go ye vnto
yonne fadir and gete me a place of hym where in I may
dwelle for in the counte of hynge Arthure may I neid com
Dir seyde dame Elayne I wolde lyve and dye wyth you only
for yonne sake and yf my lyffe myght nat a vayle you and
my dethe myght a vayle you wyte you well I wolde dye
for yonne sake and I wolde to my fadir and I am wyght sure
there yo thynge that I can desyre of hym but I shalle gane
hit. And wher ye be lorde ſ launcelot dowte ye nat but I
wolde be wyth you wyth all the ſuyse that I may do So
furth wyth all she wente to her fadir and sayde ſ my lorde
ſ launcelot desyreth to be hyre by you in sow castell off
yonred Well dought seyde the hynge sythyn hit is his
desyre to a byde in this marches he shalle be in the castell
off Blyaunte and there shalle ye be wyth hym and .xx. of
the fayreste yonge ladyes that bene in thys contrey and
they shalle be all of the grettyst blood in this contrey and
ye shalle gane .xx. knyghtes wyth you for dought I wolde
that ye wyte we all be honowred by the blood of ſ launcelot
Dthan wente dame Elayne vnto ſ launcelot and tolde
hym all how her fadir had devysed. Dthan came a knyght
whyche was called ſ Castor that was nevew vnto hynge
Pelles and he came vnto ſ launcelot and asked hym what
was hys name // Dw seyde ſ launcelot my name ys le
ſhyvalere ihc ma feete that ys to sey the knyght that

that trespassed ſ ſeyde ſ Caſtor that may well be ſo But
ell me ſemyth youre name ſhulde be ſ launcelot du la
ke for ou now I dare ſeyne you Dan ſeyde ſ launcelot ye
ar nat ſaintyll for I put a caſe that my name were
ſ launcelot and that that hyſte me nat to diſcou my na
me what ſhulde that greve you here to kepe my comaſſ
and ye nat fynde there by But wyte you well and ell
that lye in my power I ſhall greve you and ell mete wt
you in my way Than ſ Caſtor buckled a downe and be
ſought ſ launcelot of mercy for I ſhall neu vttu what
ye be wyfyle that ye ar in thys tyres Than ſ launcelot
dounned hym and ſo hyge Apelles wyth xx. bnyghtſ and
dame Elayne wyth her xx. ladyes rode vnto the caſtell
of Blyaunte that ſtood in an Iſlonde be cloſed enbrowne
wyth a fayre watir depe and layrge and whan they were
there ſ launcelot lete calle that the ſoyg Iſle and there was
he called none of wyſe but le ſchyualeire ma fete ſ bnyght
that hath treſpaſſ Than ſ launcelot lete make hym a
ſchylde all of Sable and a queue crouned in the myddis
of ſylu and a bnyght cleue armed buelyge a fore hed
and ony day ony for ony myrthis that all the ladyes
myght make hym he wolde ony day lode towarde
the realme of logrys where kynge Arthure and queue
Gweny u was and than wolde he falle vppon a wepyng
as hys harte ſhulde to braſte Do that be felle that tyme
ſ launcelot harde of a juſtynge faſte by wyth m. my. leagis
Than he called vnto hym a dwarff and he bade hym go
vnto that juſtynge and ou ell the bnyghtſ depte lode that
non make there a cry in thyrynge of all bnyghtſ that there
ys one bnyght in ſoyg Iſle wythe ys the caſtell of Bly
aunte and ſey that hys name ys le Schyualeire ma fete
that wolle juſte a yenſt bnyghtſ all that wolle com and

wyth that knyght to the ward he shall have
a fayre mayden and a sparhawke Do when this cry was
cryed / vnto joyous isle drew the nyne of .v. C. knyghts and wyte
you well there was nede seyne in kynge Arthurs dayes
one knyght that ded so muche dedys of armys as sir launce
lot ded the .ix. dayes to gyder ffor as the boke maketh
truly mencyon he had the better of all the .v. C. knyghts
there was nat one slayne of them and after that sir launce
lot made them all a grete feste and in the meane whyle
came sir Percyvale de galys and sir Ector de marys vnto
that castell whyche was called the joyous isle And as they be fylde
that gay castell they wolde have gone to that castell but
they myght nat for the brode watir and brydge conde
they fynde none Than were they ware on the other syde
where stoode a lady with a sparhawke on her honde and
sir Percyvale called vnto her and asked that lady who was in
that castell . fayre knyght she seyde here wythin in this
castell ys the fayryste lady in this londe and her name is
dame Elayne Also we have in this castell one of the fay
ryste knyghtes and the myghtyest man that yo I dare sey
lyvynge and he callyth hym selff le sauvalere mafete
how came he in to this inarvayous seyde sir Pcyvale / Truly
seyde the damesell he came in to this contrey lyke a madde
man with dogges and boyes chasynge hym thorow the cyte
of Corbyn And by the holy vessell of the Sankgreall he was
brought in to this wytte a gayne but he wolde nat do batayle
with no knyght but by vndirne or noone And yf ye lyste to
come in to the castell seyde the lady ye muste ryde vnto the
fourthe syde of the castell and there shall ye fynde a vessell
that wolde beare you and youre horse Than they dopted and
came vnto the vessell And than sir Percyvale a lyghte and sayde
vnto sir Ector de marys ye shall a lyde me hyre vntyll that

I wyte what maner a knyght he yͤ shold gyt were shame vn to vͤ in as muche as he yͤ but one knyght and w shulde bothe do batayle wyth hym. Do as ye lyste seyde Syr Ector and here I shall a byde you vntyll that I hyre off you Than passed ꝑ Percyvale the water and whan he cam to the castell gate he seyde vnto the porter go you to good knyght off this castell and telle hym hyre ye com an arraunte knyght to iuste wyth hym. Than ꝑ porter yode in and cam a gayne and bade hym vyde in to the comyn place there as the iustynge shall be where lordys and ladyes may be holde you and so anone as ꝑ launcelot had a warnynge he was soue redy and there ꝑ Percyvale and ꝑ launcelot were com bothe they encountrede wyth suche a myght and there speares were so rude that bothe the horsys and the knyghtys felle to the grounde Than they avoyded there horsys & flange onte there noble swerdys and gaff a way many cantelis off there shyldys and so hurteled to gydres lyke y. borys and aythir wounded other passynge sore and so at the laste ꝑ Percyvale spake fyrste wha and they had fought there longe more than .y. owres // Now fayre knyght seyde ꝑ Percyvale I requyre you off youre knyghthode to telle me youre name for I mette nede wyth suche a noble knyght Sir as for my name seyde ꝑ launcelot I wolle nat hyde hyt from you but my name yͤ le sayvalere ma fete Now telle me yͤ name seyde ꝑ launcelot I requyre you Truly seyde ꝑ Percyvale my name yͤ ꝑ Percyvale de Galys that was brothir vnto the good knyght Sir launcelot de galys and kynge Pellynor was oure fadir and ꝑ Aggrevale yͤ my brothir Alas seyde launcelot what shame I done to fyght wyth you whyche am

a knyght off

the table vnnde and sone tyme I was yonne and there wyth all þ launcelot kneled downe vppon hys knees and there we a way hys sheylde and hys swerde fronne hym // Whan þ Percyvale sawe hym do so he merveyled what he meaned and than he seyde thus þ knyght what som ever he be I requyre you vppon the hyze order of knyghthode to telle me youre trewe name Than he answerde and seyde so god me helpe my name ys þ launcelot du lake kynge Bañys sone of Benoy // Alas than seyde þ percyvale what thane I now done for I was sente by the quene for to sehe you and so I thane sought you nyz thys iij. yere and yondir ys þ Ector de marys youre brothir wyche a bydyth me on the yondir syde of the watyr and there fore for goddys sake sayde þ Percyvale for yaff gyffe me myne offencys that I thane here done // Bn. ayt ys sone for ghryn seyde þ launcelot Than þ Percyvale sente for þ Ector de marys And whan þ launcelot had a fyght of hym he ran vnto hym and toke hym in hys armys and than þ Ector kneled downe and aythir wepte vppon othir that all men had pite to be holde them / Than cam for the dame Elayne and she made them grete chere as myght be made and there she tolde þ Ector and þ Percyvale how and in what maner þ launcelot cam in to that contrey and how he was heled // and there ayt was knowyn how longe þ launcelot was wt þ Blyaunte and wyth þ Selybaunte and how he fyrste mette wyth them dep̄ted fronne them by cause he was hurte wyth a boore and how the Ermyte healed hym off hys grete wonnde and how that he cam to the cite of Corbyn

NOw lebe we þ launcelot in Joyz sle wyth hys lady dame Elayne and þ Percyvale and þ Ector de

playynge wyth them And now turne we vnto ſ Boors de Gauys and vnto ſ lyonell that had sought ſ launcelot long nye by the space of .v. yere and neu conde they gyre of hym And as they thus rode by aduenture they came to the house of kynge Brandegorys and there ſ Boors was well kno wyn for he had gotyn a chylde vppon the kyngſ doughtr xb. yere to fore and hys name was Elyne le blanke And whan ſ Boors sawe that chylde he lyked hym pas synge well And so thoo knyghtſ had good cheere of kynge Brandegorys and seyde geue vs my soune Elyne le blanke and sythe hyt vs so ſ wyll that ye wyte ſ wolle gane hym wyth me vnto the courte of kynge Artham Than seyde the kynge ye may well take hym with you but he vs as yet on tendir of ayge As for that seyde ſ Boors yet ſ wolle gane hym wythe me and kynge hym to the house of moste worshyp in the worlde // Do whan ſ Boors sholde depte there was made grete sorow for the deptynge of Elyne le blanke But at ſ laste they depted and wyth in a whyle they came vnto Camelot where as was kynge Arthure and so whan kynge Arthure vnderstoode that Elyne le blanke was ſ Boors sow and nebeau vnto kynge Brande gorys Than kynge Arthure let make hym knyghte of the rounde table and so he preued a good knyghte and an aduenturous // And now wolle we to ouure ma ter of ſ launcelot so hyt be felle on a day that ſ Ector and ſ Percybale came vnto ſ launcelot and asked of hym what he wolde do and whether he wolde go wyth them vnto kynge Arthure // Nay seyde ſ launcelott that may ſ nott do by no meane for ſ was so vengeably

deffended the courte that I caste me nede to come there
more // Than seyde ſ Ector I and youre brothir and ye ar
the man in the worlde that I love moste and yff I vnder-
stoode that ayt were youre dyſworſhyp ye may vnder-ſton-
de that I wolde nede counceyle you there to // But kynge
Arthure and all ayor kynggtſ and in eſpeciall quene Gue-
nyn makyth ſuche dole and ſorow for you that ayt yor
merbayle to ayme and ſe And ye muſte remembir the
grete worſhyp and renowme that ye be off ſprow that ye
gane bene more ſtrongir off than any othir kynggt that yor
now lyvynge for there yor none that berythe the name
now but ye and ſ Tryſtiram and there fore huoy ſeyde
ſ Ector make you redy to the courte wythe vor And I
dare ſey and make ayt good ſeyde ſ Ector ayt that coſte
my lady the quene yor! ayd! ti the ſekynge off you // Welle
brothir ſeyde ſ launcelot I wolle do aſtir youre counceyle
and ryde with you // So than they tobe and made redy
and anone they tobe there leve at kynge Pelles and at
dame Elayne And than ſ launcelot ſpeke vnto dame
Elayne and ſayde Fayr lovde ſ launcelot ſeyde
dame Elayne that ſame feſte off Pentecoſte ſhall youre
ſonne and myne Galagad be made kynggt for he yor now
fully. xv. wynter olde // Madame do as ye lyſte ſeyde
ſ launcelot and god gyffe ayin grace to preve a good kynggt
as for that ſeyde dame Elayne I doute nat he ſhall preve
the beſte man of ayor kynne excepte one // Than ſhall
he be a good man I nowze ſeyde ſ launcelot // So anone
they departed and with iii. xv dayes ſonnrey they came vnto
Camelot that yn engleyſhe calle Wyncheſter and than
ſ launcelot was com amonge them the kynge and all

the knyghtis made grete ioy of his come comynge. And there ſ Percyvale and ſ Ector de marys be gan and tol de the hole aduentures how ſ launcelot had bene oute of his mynde in the tyme of his abcence and how he called hym ſelff le ſauvalere mafete the knyghtis that had trefpaſſ and in .iij. dayes with in ſoyis ſle ſ launcelotis ſmote dow ne v. C. knyghtis and ew ad ſ Ector and ſ Percyvale tolde thes talys of ſ launcelotis quene Gwenyn wepte as ſhe ſhulde have dyed // Whan the quene made hym grete chere // a ſqui ſeyde kynge artuſire I wil bayle for whatis cauſe ye ſ launcelotis wente oute of youre mynde for I and many other haue aſkyd for the love of fayre Elayne the doughtir of kynge Pelles by whom ye ar noyſed that ye have gotyn a chylde and his name is Ga lahad and meruſeyth that he ſhall do many merbayloufe thyn gis. Why lorde ſeyde ſ launcelot yff I ded ony foly I have that I ſhuld and there with all the kynge ſpake no more But all ſ launcelottis kynesmen knew for whom he wente oute of his mynde and than there was made grete feſtis and grete ioy was there a monge them and all lordis and ladyes made grete ioy whan they harde how Sir launcelot was com a gayne vnto the courte

Now wolle we leve of this mater and ſpeke we of ſ launcelot and of ſ Palomydes that was the Sarezen vncryſtynde whan ſ Tryſtram was com home vnto ioyis Harde frome his aduentures // and all this holy le that ſ launcelot was thus myſte .ij. yere and more ſir Tryſtram bare the brebte and renowne thorow all the realme of logyris and many ſtronge aduentures he felle

hym and fulle welle and worshypfully he brought hem to an
ende // So whan he was com home la beall Assode tolde of
the grete feste that shulde be at Pentecoste nexte folowyn
ge and there she tolde hym how sir launcelot had bene myssed
in yere and all that whyle he had bene oute of hys mynde
and how he was holpyn by the holy vessell of the Sank gre
all // Alas seyde sir Trystram that caused soud debate be
twyxte hym and quene Gwenyn // Sir seyde dame Assode I
knolde hyt all for quene Gwenyn sente me a lettir all how
hyt was done for be cause I shulde requyre you to seke hym
and now blessyd be god seyde la beall Assode he yode hole and sou
de and comyn a yen to the courte // A sertn there of am I fayne
seyde sir Trystram and now shall ye and I make vs redy for
bothe ye and I wolle be at that feste // Sir seyde dame Assode
and hyt please you I wolle nat be there for thorow me ye
bene marked of many good knyghtis and that causyth you for
to have muche more labourre for my sake than nedyth you
to have // Than wolle I nat be there seyde sir Trystram but
yf ye be there // God defende seyde la beall Assode for than
shall I be spokyn of shame a monge all quenys and ladyes
of astate for ye that ar called one of the nobelyste knyghtis
of the worlde and a knyght of the rounde table how may ye
be myssed at that feste for what shall be sayde of you a mon
ge all knyghtis // A se how sir Trystram quytyth and holdyth
and counyth wyth in a castell wyth hys lady and for sakyth
vs // Alas shall sond sey hyt ys pyte that eid he was knyght or
eid he shulde have the love of a lady Also what shall quenys
and ladyes say of me hyt ys pyte that I have my lyff that I
wolde holde so noble a knyght as ye ar fro me hys worshyp
So god me helpe seyde sir Trystram vnto la beall Assode hyt

yͤ paſſyngly well ſeyde of you and nobely comceyled / And
now I will withſtonde tꝯat ye love me and lyke as ye haue
comceyled me I wolle do a parte tꝯeve after / But tꝯere ſhalle
no man nor chylde ryde wytꝯ me but my ſelffe alone //
And ſo I wolle ryde on tellyſday nexte comynge and no mo
re harneyſe of warre but my ſpeare and my ſwerde //
And ſo vpon tꝯe day come Sir Triſtram tooke yͤ love
at la beale iſode and ſhe ſente wytꝯ ynn. my. knyghtys
and wytꝯ m halffe a myle ſhe ſente tꝯem a grayne and wt
in a myle way after ꝑ Triſtram ſawe afore ynn where
ꝑ Palomydes had ſtryken downe a knyght and alle moſte
wounded ynn to tꝯe dethe // Tꝯan ꝑ Triſtram repented
ynn tꝯat he was nat armed and tꝯere wytꝯ he loved
ſtylle // And anone as ꝑ Palomydes ſaw ꝑ Triſtram he
cryed on hyghe ꝑ Triſtram now be we mette for or we
departe we ſhalle redreſſe alle oure olde ſorys // As for tꝯat
ſeyde ꝑ Triſtram tꝯere was neid yet no cryſtyn man tꝯat
eid myghte make yͤ boſte tꝯat eid I fledde from ynn. And
wyte you well ꝑ Palomydes you tꝯat arte a Sarezen ſhal
neid make tꝯy boſte tꝯat eid ꝑ Triſtram de lyones ſhalle
fle fro tꝯe // And tꝯere wytꝯ ꝑ Triſtram made yͤ horſe
to rew and wytꝯ alle yͤ myghte he cam ſtreyte vppon ſir
Palomydes and braſte yͤ ſpeare vppon ynn at aw. C.
pecis and furtꝯ wytꝯ alle ꝑ Triſtram dreive yͤ ſwerde
and tꝯan he turned yͤ horſe and ſtroke to ydyrus. vj. grete
ſtrokys vppon yͤ helme // And tꝯan ꝑ Palomydes ſtode
ſtylle and by hylde ꝑ Triſtram and merveyled gretely at
yͤ woodnes and of yͤ ſoly // And tꝯan ꝑ Palomydes
ſeyde vnto ynn ſelffe and tꝯey ſir Triſtram were armed
tyt were haſte to ceſe ynn from yͤ batayle And yſſ

I turne a gayne and ſle ayen I and ſeamed where ſom euer I go // Than ſir Triſtram ſpake and ſeyde pou cowarde knyght what caſtyſte pou to do and why wolt pou nat do batayle with me for ſame pou no doute I ſchall endure the and all thy malyce // A Sir Triſtram ſeyde ſir Palomydes full well pou wotyſte I may nat ſame a do with the for ſchame for pou arte here naked and I am armede and yf that I ſle the dyſhonowre ſchall be myne and well pou wotyſte ſeyde ſ Palomydes vnto ſ Triſtram I knowe thy ſtrengthe and thy hardyneſſe to endure a peuſte a goode knyght // Than yo trowthe ſeyde ſ Triſtram I vnderſtonde thy valyauntenesſe / ye ſay well ſeyde ſ Palomydes ſ now I requyre you telle me a queſtyon that I ſchall ſey vnto you // Than telle me what kyt yo ſeyde ſ Triſtram and I ſchall anſwere you of the trowthe as god me helpe // Sir I put a caſe ſeyde ſir Palomydes that ye were armed at all ryghtis as well as I am and I naked as ye be what wolde ye do to me now be youre trewe knyghthode // A ſeyde ſir Triſtram now I vnderſtonde the well ſ Palomydes for now muſte I ſey myne owne ingemente and as god me bleſſe that I ſchall ſey ſchall nat be ſeyde for no feare that I ſame of the. Sir Palomydes But tho yo all wyte pou well ſir Palomydes as at tho tyme pou ſcholdyſt depte from me for I wolde nat ſame a do with the // Ho more wolt I ſeyde Sir Palomydes and there fore ryde furth on thy way / as for that ſeyde ſir Triſtram I may chooſe other to ryde other to go // But ſir Palomydes ſeyde ſ Triſtram I merbayle greatly of one thynge that pou arte ſo good a knyght that pou wolt nat be cryſtynde and thy brother ſir Baſſin hath bene cryſtynde many a day as for that ſeyde ſ Palomydes

I may nat yet be cristyned for a vow that I gaue made many yerys a gone how be hyt in my harte and in my soule I gaue had many a day a good be lefe in ihū cryste and hys mylde modir mary but I gaue but one batayle to do and were that ons done I wolde be baptyzed // Be my fede seyde sir Tryestram as for one batayle pou shalt nat seke hyt longe for god defende seyde sir Tryestram that thorow my defaute pou sholdyste lengar lyde thus a Barnyn for vondyr ys a knyght that ye gaue qwnte and smytten dowyne // Now gelpe me thaw that I were armed in hys armoure and I shall sone fulfyll thyne avowys / do ye wyll seyde sir Palomydes so shall hyt be / Do they rode bothe vnto that knyght that sate vppon a banke and thaw sir Tryestram salewed hym and he waykely salewed hym a gayne // Sir knyght seyde sir Tryestram I requyre pou telle me youre ryght name / Syr he seyde my ryght name ys sir Galleron off Galowey and a knyght off the table rownde // Do god me gelpe seyde sir Tryestram I am ryght glad off youre qwntys But thys ys all I muste pray you to leaue me youre hole armoure for ye se that I am vnarmed and I muste do batayle with thys knyght // Sir ye shall gaue hyt with a good wyll but ye muste be ware for I warne you that knyght ys a wondy knyght as ony I mette with all // But sir seyde sir Galeron I pray you telle me youre name and what ys that knyghtis name that hath beatyn me / Sir as for my name wyte you well ys sir Tryestram de lyones and as for hym hys name ys sir Palomydes brothir vnto the good knyght sir Safyre and yet ys sir Palomydes

vncrystynde / Alas seyde sir Gallerou that yo gwete pyte that so good a knyght and so noble a man off armys shold be vncrystynde / Do god me helpe seyde sir Tristiñ owtayr he shall fle me otan / I shyn but that he shall be crystynde or ell we depte in sundir / Why lorde sir Tristram seyde sir Gallerou youre renowne and worshyp yo well knowyn thorow many realmys and god save yon thyo day frome shenshyp and shame / Than sir Tristram vnarmed sir Gallerou the whyche was a noble knyght and had done many dedys off armys and he was a large knyght off fleyshe and boone And whan he was vnarmed he stood on hys feete for he was sore bruised in the backe with a speare / yet as well as sir Gallerou myght he armed sir Tristram And than sir Tristram mounted vppon hys horse and in hys honde he gate sir Gallerou hys speare and there with all sir Palomydes was redy and so they cam ayntelynge to gydyrs and ayton smote otan in myddys off there shyldys and there with all sir Palomydes speare brake And sir Tristram smote downe sir Palomydes horse and man to the erthe And than sir Palomydes as sone as he myght aboyded hys horse and dressed hys shylde and pulled oute hys swerde That sawe sir Tristram and there with all he a lyght and tyed hys horse to a tre And than they cam to gydyrs egerly as yf wylde borys and so they layshed to gydyrs trashynge and traushynge as noble men that offtein had bene well proved in batayle But ell sir Palomydes dred passynge sore the myght of ß Tristiñ

and thene fore he ſuffyrd hym to breeth hym and thus they
fawght more than .x. owrys but ofte tymes ſir Tryſtram
ſmote ſuche ſtrokys at ſir Palomydes that he made hym
to knele / And ſir Palomydes brake and kutte many peces
of ſir Tryſtramys ſhylde / and than ſir Palomydes wounded
ſir Tryſtram grayſhyngly ſore for he was a well fyghtynge
man // Than ſir Tryſtram wexed wood wrothe oute of
meſure and ruſſhed vppon ſir Palomydes with ſuche a
myght that ſir Palomydes felle grovelynge to the erthe
and there with all he lepe vp lyghtly vppon hys feete / and
than ſir Tryſtram wounded ſore ſir Palomydes thorow
the ſhulder and eft ſir Tryſtram fought ſtylle in lyke wyſe
and ſir Palomydes fayled hym nat but gaff hym many ſad
ſtrokys a gayne and at the laſte ſir Tryſtram doubeled
hys ſtrokys vppon hym and by fortune ſir Tryſtram ſmote
of Palomydes ſwerde oute of hys honde and yff ſir Palomy
des had ſtouped for hys ſwerde he had bene ſlayne // and than
ſir Palomydes ſtood ſtylle and be hylde hys ſwerde with
a ſhrowfull harte // how now ſayde ſir Tryſtram for now I
kane the at a vauntayge ſeyde ſir Tryſtram as pou gaddiſt
me thys day but yyt ſhalt neid be ſayde in no courte nor a
mouge no good knyghtis that ſir Tryſtram ſhalt ſle ony knyght
that ys wepynles And thene fore take pon thy ſwerde and lat
vs make an ende of thys batayle // as for to do thys batayle ſeyde
ſir Palomydes I dare wyght well ende yyt / But I kane
no grete luſte to fyght no more and for thys cauſe ſeyde ſir
Palomydes thyne offence ys to you nat ſo grete but that
we may be freendys ffor all that I kane offended ys and was
for the love of la beall fflode and as for heid I dare ſay ſhe ys
pyerles of all otyir ladyes And alſo I proffyrd heid nevir no man

of dyſhonoure and by ſhem I ſhane getyn the moſte ꝑte of my worſhyp and ſyttyng I deffended me̅ as to ſhem owne ꝑſone // and as for the offence that I ſhane done ayȝt was a yenſte yow̅ owne ꝑſone and for that deffence ye ſhane gyvyn me thys day many ſad ſtrokys and ſom I ſhane gyſſyn you a ȝayne and now I ſhane ſey I felte ne̅ ma̅ of yowne myght̄ notwt̄ſtondyng ſo well bretthed But yf it were ſ̄ launcelot du laake where fore I requyre you my lovde ſor gyff me all that I ſhane offended vnto you // and thys ſame day ſhane me to the nexte cheurche and fyrſte lat me be clene confeſſed and aft̄ that ſe yowne ſelff that I be truly baptyſed and than will we all ryde to gydyns vnto the courte of kynge Arthure that we may be there at the nexte ayze feſte folowynge // Than take yowre horſe ſeyde ſir Tryſtram and as ye ſey ſo ſhall ayt be and all my cuyll will god for gyff ayt you and I do and there by wyth ſ̄n thys wyle yo the Buſſhyman of Carlelyle wayche ſhall gyff you the Sacramente of baptyme and anone they tobe there horſys and ſir Galleron rode wyth them and whan they cam to the Buſſhyman ſir Tryſtram tolde hym there deſyre Than the Buſſhyman let fylle a grete veſſell wyth watyr and whan he had halowed ayt he than confeſſed clene ſir Palomydes and ſir Tryſtram and ſir Galleron were ayo. ñ. god fadyrs and than ſone aſtyr they departed and rode towarde Camelot where that kynge Arthure and quene Gwenybw was and the moſte party of all the knyghtſ of the rounde table were there alſo // and ſo the kynge and all the courte we re ryght glad that ſir Palomydes was cryſtynde // and that ſame feſte ſ̄n cam ſir Galahad that was ſon vnto ſ̄ launcelot du lake and ſate ſ̄n the Syge yelond and ſo there

wyth all they departed and dyscevered all the knyghtys of the rounde table / And than sir Tristram retourned vn to Joyus Garde and sir Palomydes folowed after the quest tyuge beste // Here endyth the secounde booke of Syr Tristram de lyones whyche drawyn was oute of frenysshe by Sir Thomas Malleorre knyght as shall be hys helpe amen // But here ys no regerssall of the thirde booke But here folowyth the noble tale of the Sanke Greall whyche called ys the holy vessell and the Dygnyfycacion of blyssed bloode of oure lorde Jhu Cryste whyche was brought in to thys londe by Joseph of Aramathye there fore ou all synfull blyssed lorde gaue ou thy knyghtly mercy · Amen

¶ the vigyle of Pentecoste. whan all the felyshyp
of the table rounde were come vnto Camelot and the harde
hir hymse So at the laste the tables were sette redy to the mete
Bygsht so entred in to the halle a full fayre Jantylle woman on horse backe the
had rydyn full faste for the horse was all be swette Than she alyghte
and com before the kynge and salewed hym And she seyde damesell god
you blysse // Sir seyde she for godds sake telle me where is Sir Launcelot he
is yonder ye may se hym seyde the kynge // Than she went vnto sir Launcelot
and seyde Sir Launcelot I salewe you on kynge Pelles behalff and also re
quyre you to com with me here by in to a forreste Than Sir Launcelot asked
her what whom she mened I mene she seyde vnto kynge Pelles Wha at wolde
ye with me seyde Sir Launcelot ye shalle knowe she seyde Wha an ye com thyder
well seyde he I wolle gladly go with you // So Sir Launcelot rode hys hymself
sadyll hys horse and bryngyn hys armys in haste So he ded hys comandemente Than com the quene vnto Sir Launcelot and seyde wolle ye lefe
vs nowe alone at this hyghe feste // madam seyde the Jantylle woman
wyte you well he shalle be with you to morne by dyner tyme / Jf I wyste
seyde the quene that he sholde nat be here with vs to morne he sholde
nat go with you be my good wyll By gsht so departed Sir Launcelot and rode
vntyll that he com in to a forreste and in to a grete valey where they se
an abbey of whyte and there was a fayre redy and opened the gates
and so they entred and descended of hir horses And anone there com a fayre
felyshyp a forth Sir Launcelot and well comed them And than they
lade them vnto the abbas chambir and vnarmed them And bygsht so he
was ware wher a bed lyynge iij of hys cosyns Sir Bors and Sir
Lyonell and anone he waked them And whan they were them wele made
grete Joy Sir seyde Sir Bors vnto Sir Launcelot what aduentre
hath brought you hidir for we wende to have fonde you to mor
ne at Camelot // So god me helpe seyde Sir Launcelot a Jantylle woman
brought me hyder but I knowe nat the cause So in the meane whyle

that they mo tarted to ryde there com in yo Nunnes that brought with hem Galahad the whyte Shelde was passynge fayre and welle made that vnneth in the worlde men myght nat fynde hys macche and all the ladyes wepte // Sir seyd they all we bryngge yow thyse ayfte the whyte shelde we haue nowyshed and we pray yow to make hym knyght for of armoys worthyer mannes shonde may he nat vestyde the order of knyghthode // Sir Launcelot he ryde thys yonge squyer and sadde hym semely and demme as addee w all maner of goode fetmes that he vsende of hys ayge nen to haue seene so fayre a fonyme of a man Than seyde Sir Launcelot Inwith thys desyre of hym self he and all they seyde yes Than shall he seyde Sir Launcelot vesseyde the order of knyghthode at the reuerence of the thyse feste So that myght Sir Launcelot had passynge good chere and on the more at the hoore of pryme at Galahadds desyre he made hym knyght and seyde god make yow a good man for of beaute fayleth yow none as ony that ys nowe lyvynge Now fayre sir seyde Sir Launcelot wolt yo com with me vnto the courte of kynge Arthure nay seyde he wolle nat go with yow at thys tyme Than he departed from them and tobe thys iij estymes with hym and so they com vnto Camelot by the daye of pentecost on Whytsonday So by that tyme the kynge and the quene was gone to the mynster to here the masse Than the kynge and the quene were passynge glad of Sir Borse and Sir Lyonel and so was all the fellysshyp // So Whan the kynge and all the knyghtes were com from masse the barownes assyed in the Sedyes of the rownde table all a bonte weretyn with golde lettres here ought to sitte he and he ought to sitte thyse and mo they were so longe tylle that they com to the syege perlous Where they founde lettres newly wrytten of golde whych seyde iij. C wynter and iij. xx fyfty a complysshed after the passion of owre lorde this ought youre syege to be fulfylled Than all they seyde yes ys a mayy lond

Here Galahad was made knyght

thynge and an adventures In the name of god seyde sr Launcelot
and than accounted the terme of the daythynge frome the dyth of
one lorde untyll that day fyft seemyth me seyd sr Launcelot yt this
lyge ought to be fulfylled this same day for this the pentecoste aft
the iiij. c and iiij. xx fyfty yere and if ye wolde please all partes
wolde none of thes lettres were sene this day tyll that the good sr
ought to enchyde this adventure than made they to ordayne a
cloth of sylke for to cou thes lettres in the syght perlous than sr
kynge bade haste unto dyner Sr seyde Sr kay the fyrdaunce of
ye go nolde unto youre mete ye shall breke youre olde custom of
youre courte for ye shane nat used on this day to syte at yo mete
or that ye shane sene some adventure ye sey by the seyde the kynge
but I had so grete joy of Sr Launcelot and of his goodnes wherof
sene com to the courte hole and sonde that he thought me nat
of none olde custom So as they stood stedynge in com a squyre
seyde unto the kynge sir kynge unto you maryous tydynge
what be they seyde the kynge Sr there ys here by nettle at a ryn
a grete stone wherof I sadde sheete at bryn the water and in I sadde
stedynge a swerde than the kynge seyde Wolle se that marke
all the knyghtes wente with hym and whan they com unto ye
they fonnde there a stone stedynge as it were of rede marble
there in stake a fayre ryche swerde and the pomell of was of
precious stones wrought with lettres of golde subtyle than
clerkes redde the lettres wherof seyde in this wyse nere shall
man take me thense but only he by whos syde I ought to gonge
and he shall be the beste knyght of the worlde So whan the
kynge had sene the lettres he seyde unto Sr Launcelot fayre
sir this swerde ought to be yonges for I am sure ye be the beste
knyght of the worlde than Sr Launcelot answerde full sobrely

Sir hit ye nat my swerde also I shalle no hardmes to sette my honde
yf to for hit longith nat to shalle to my syde also who that assayith to
take hit and fayliith of that swerde he shalle vessheyde a vromde by
that swerde that he shalle nat be longe hole assure And I wolle that
ye wete that this same day shalle the adventure of yᵉ Sankgreall
be gynne that ye called the holy vessell Nowe sayne nevewe seyde the
kynge vnto Sir Gawayne assay ye for my love Sir he seyde sanff
youre good grace I shalle nat do that Sir seyde the kynge assay to
take the swerde for my love and at my commaundemente Sir yowre
commaundemente I wolle obey and there with he tok the swerde by yᵉ
handyls but he myght nat stirre hit I thanke yow seyde the kynge
ayr loude Sir Gawayne seyde Sir Launcelot nowe wete yow well
this swerde shalle touche yow so sore that ye wolde nat ye had sette
youre honde yᵗ to for the beste castell of this realme Sir he seyde
I myght nat with sey myne uncle wyll And whan the kynge
herde this he repented hit much and seyde vnto Sir Percyvalle
Sir wolle ye assay for my love And he assayed gladly for to bringe
Sir Gawayne felyshyp and there with he sette to his honde on yᵉ
swerde and dredw at hit strongely but he myght nat meve hit
Whan there were there no that durste be so hardy to sette yᵉ hondes yᵗ to
Nowe may ye go to youre dyner seyde Sir Kay vnto the kynge for
a mervaylous adventure have ye sene So the kynge and all they
went vnto the courte and every knyght knewe his owne place
and sette hym yᵗ in And yonge men that were good knyghtes fned
them So whan they were fned and all theyre fulfylled sanff
only the Siege perilous Anone yᵗ be felle a mervaylous adventure
that all the doores and wyndowes of the palayse shitte by them
selff Nat for than the halle was nat frethly dressed and there as
they alle sshed bothe one and other Than kynge Arthure stode vpryste
and seyde be god fayre felowes and lordes we have sene yᵗ day mervayles

But or nyght I suppose ye shall se greter merveyles In ye meane whyle com In a good olde man and an aduenture clothed all in whyght and there was no knyght knowe from whens he com // And with hym he brought a yonge knyght and bothe on foote In vede armys without sworde or shylde sauff a swerd hym hynge by hys syde And thes wordys he seyde vnto hym Sir ye be welcom / than the olde man seyde vnto hynge Arthure Sir I bynge yon here a yonge knyght the worthyest of knyghthode and of the kynrede of Joseph of Aramathy where by the merveyles of ys courte and of straunge tokenys shall be fully complysshed / the kynge was wyght glad of hys wordys and seyde vnto ye good man Sir ye be wyght welcom and the yonge knyght with yon // than ye olde man made the yonge man to vnarme hym and he was In a cote of rede sendell and bare a mantell vppon hys sholder ye was enbrowdred with gold mayne and nowt that vppon hym // and the olde knyght seyde vnto yonge knyght Sir I shall me and a none he lad hym to the Syege perelous where he syde sate Sir Launcelot and the good man lyfte vp the clothe and sownde ye lettres that seyde ynes thys ys the Syege of Sir Galahad the hawte prynce Sir seyde the olde knyght wete yon well that place ys yowrs. And than he sette hym downe swetly in that Syege And than he seyde vnto the olde man nowe may ye Sir go youre way for well hane ye done In that ye were comaunded And yet comaunde me vnto my graunte syre kynge Pelles And vnto my leyde kynge Pecchere and sey them on my be halff I shall com and se them as sone as euyr may / So the good man dexted and ye mette hym ye noble squyers and so to ye ye horsys and wente ye way / than all the knyghtys of the table rounde merveyled grethy of ye Galahad that he dwst sitte there and was so tendre of ayge & wyst nat fro me whens he com but all only be god / All ye seyde thys

Holy Sir Galahad sate in Syege perelous

ys ye by dyscom the sankgreall shall be encheved for there sate none
but he there but oo were myschyeved // Than Sir launcelot he hylde hys
sonne and had grete joy of hym // Than Sir Bors tolde hys feldawes vppon
payne of my lyff thys younge knyght shall com to grete worshyp So thys
noyse was grete in all the courte that hit came vnto the quene and she
had merveyle what knyght hit myght that dwste adventure hym
to sytte in thatt Segge perlous // Than som seyde he resembled much vnto sir
launcelot // may well suppose seyde the quene that Sir launcelot be
gate hym on dame Pelles doughter by whych made hym to lye by her by
enchauntemente and hys name ys Galahad // wolde fayne se hym
seyde the quene for he must nedys be a noble man for so hys fadir ys
that hym begate // wyssyte me vnto all the table comde // So whan
the mete was done that the kynge and all were vysen the kynge yode
to the Segge perlous and lyfft vp the clothe and fownde yⁱ the name of
Sir Galahad and than he shewed hit vnto Sir Gawayne and seyde
fayre nevewe nowe shalle we amongeste vs Sir Galahad yⁱ good knyght
that shall worshyp vs all and vppon payne of my lyff he shall
encheve the Sankgreall vyrgyll as Sir launcelot had done vs / to
dowdy stonde Than cam kynge Arthure vnto Sir Galahad and seyde
Sir ye be vyrgyll welcom for ye shall medle many good knyghtes
to the preste of the Sankgreall And ye shall encheve yⁱ many of
knyghtes myghtt nere kynge to an ende Than the kynge toke hym
by the honde and wente downe fromme the paleyes to shewe Galahad
the adventures of the stone // Than the quene tarde there of ⁊ cam
after with many ladyes and shewed her the stone where hit hoved
on the watir / Sir seyde the kynge vnto Sir Galahad here ys a grete
merveyle as ever I sawe and vyrgyll good knyght habe assayde ⁊ fayled
Sir seyde Galahad hit ys no merveyle for thys adventure ys nat
yeres but myne and for the sywte of thys swerde I brought none
with me but here by my syde I gatte the scawberte and a none
he leyde hys honde on the swerde and lyghtly dredde hit oute of yⁱ stone
and sytt hit in the sheethe and seyde vnto the kynge nowe hit goth.

Holw Sir Galahad pulled the swerde out of the stone

Sir seyde the kynge a shylde god may sende you // Now kome the sworde that som tyme was the good knyghtes Balyns le saueage and he was a passynge good knyght of hys hondys and wt thys sworde he slew hys brothir Balan and that was ruthe for he was a good knyght and eythir slew other therwt a dolorous stroke / Balyn gaff vnto kynge Pelles the wyche is nat yett hole nor nawt shall be tyll that I hele hym // So there with the kynge had asspyed conuenyent tyme he rode a lady on a palfrey after and bade hir turne ageyne with hym / Than she salewed the kynge and the quene & asked of that Sir launcelot were there and than he answered hym self and seyde I am here my fayre lady / than she seyde alle wt wepynge there A Sir launcelot wele were yow ouercome dolorously yis day in the mornynge / Damesell why say ye so / Sir I say yow sothe seyde the damesell for ye were thys day in the morne the best knyght of the worlde but who shalde say so nowe he shalde be a lyer for yis nowe one better than ye be And wete hit yis ~~[illegible]~~ dwelle nat sette to yis honde And that is the chaunge of youre name and tydynge / Where fore I make vnto yow a remembraunce that ye shall nat wene fromehens fyrthe that ye be the best knyght of the worlde / & to dyscharge vnto / seyde Sir launcelot I knowe well I was neu none of the beste / yes seyde / Damesell that were ye and ar yet of owr kynsfulle man of the worlde And Sir kynge Arthur the Sremeyte sende the worde that / shall be fulle / gretteste worshyp that euer felle kynge in Brytayne and I sey yow before fore thys day the Sankegreall appered in thy house and fedde the and alle thy fellyshyp of the rownde table So she departed & wente the same way that she cam // Now seyde the kynge I am sure at / quest of the sankegreall shall alle ye of the rownde table departe and neuer shall I se yow a gayne hole to gyders there fore once shall I se yow to gyder in the medow alle hole to gyders / fore I wolle se yow alle hole to gyder in the medow of Camelot to juste and to tourney / after youre dethe men may spelle of hit that euer such good knyghtes were here

such a day hole to gydres / Vnto that counceyle And at ye kynges request they accorded all and tolde on the hawneyse that longed vnto consemynge Wit all this medynge of the kynge was for this entente for to se Galahad preved for the kynge demed he sholde nat hystyly com a gayne vnto the courte of kynge after this deptynge // So there they assembled in the medelle both more and lasse // Than Sir Galahalt by ye prayer of the kynge and the quene dud on a noble sesseyamnce vppon hym and also he dud on this syelme but shylde wolde he take none for no prayer of the kynge // So than Sir Gawayne and other knyghtis prayde hym to take a speare & ryght so he dud // So ye quene was in a toddeme with all hir ladyes for to be holde that turnement / Than Sir Galahad dressed hym in myddys of the medelle and he gan to breke speares merveylously that all men had wonder of hym for he there sire modonted all other knyghtis for with in a whyle he had desolated many good knyghtis of the table ronde sauff all only Gawayne that was Sir launcelot and Sir Persydale

Than the kynge at the quenys desyre made hym to alyzt & to vnlace this syelme that the quene myght se hym in the vysayge / Than she advysed hym she seyde I dare well sey sothely that Sir launcelot he chase hym hym for nen ye men assembled more in bynesse there fore but ye no merveyle ponze he be of yate prodes / So a lady that stood by the quene seyde madam for goddis sake ought he of ryght to be so good a knyght // ye for sothe seyde the quene for he ys of all partes comyn of the beste knyghtis of the worlde and of the hyghest lynage for Sir launcelot ys com but of the viij degre fromme owre lorde thu cryst and this Sir Galahad ys the nynetth degree fromme owre lorde thu cryst // there fore I dare sey they be the grettist gentill men of the worlde And than the kynge and all the astatis wente home vnto Camelot and so wente vnto evensong to the grete monester and so after vppon that to soper and ever knyght sette in his owne place as they were to forehonde Than a

none they harde crakynge and cryynge of thunder that them thought the palyse shulde all to dryde / So in the myddys of the blast entryde a sonne beame more clerer by .iij. tymys than en they sawe day and all they were alyghted of the grace of the holy goste than be gan eny knyght to be holde on and eyr sawe on by ye semynge fayrer than en they were be fore Nat for than ye was no knyght ye myght speke one worde a greete whyle and so they loked eny man on on as they had bene doome Than entred in to the halle the holy crayle coude not whyght Sawle but there was none that myght se hit nor whom that have hit And there was all the halle fulfylled w^t good dowpes and eny knyght had such metis and drynk as the beste lovid in this worlde And whan the holy Grayle had bene borne thoroo the halle than the holy vessell departed sodeynly that they wyst nat whyere hit was be cam Than had they all brith to speke and than the kyng yeldid thankyngis to god of his good grace that he had sente them. // Sertes sey the kynge we ought to thanke our lorde ihu cryste gretly that he hath shewed us this day all the jentence of this hyghe feste of Pentecost Nowe seyde Sr Gawayne we shame bene fynd this day of whatt metys and drynk we thought on / But one thynge displesyd us that we myght nat se the holy grayle hit was so preciously coude where fore I wolle make here a vowe that to moyne with oute lenger abydynge I shalle labowre in the qweste of the Sankgreall and ye I shalle holde me oute a yer monith and a day or iiij^or more if nede be I nevir shalle retwrne unto the courte agayne tylle I have sene hit me more openly than hit hath bene shewed here and iff I may nat spede I shalle retwrne agayne as he that may nat be ayenst the wylle of god / So whan they of the table vomide harde Sr Gawayne sey so they arose up the moste party and made such a dolues as Sr Gawayne hathe made it none as kynge Arthur harde this he was gretly displesed for he wyst well he myght nat a gayne sey ye avowys Alas seyde kynge Arthure unto Sr Gawayne ye have myche shayne me for the avow that ye have made for thyrough you ye have be vanysshe me

the fayryst and the trebuyst of knyghthode that en was sene to dyuers
ony of realme of the worlde for whan they dyde fro me hense I and
sithe they all shall nede mete more to dyuers in this worlde for yet shall
dye many in the queste and so hit for thynketh nat me a thank for I
have lobed them as well as my lyff wherfore hit shall greue me nyght
sore the departyson of this felyshyp for I have had an olde custom to have
them in my felyshyp and there with the treyys felle in hys yen And
than he seyde Syr Gawayne ye have sette me in grete sorow for I have
grete doute that my trew felyshyp shall nede mete here more a geyne
And Syr seyde sir Launcelot comforte yonre self for hit shall be vnto vs
a grete honowre and moche more than we dyed in oure places for of dethe
we be syker / sir Launcelot seyde the kynge the grete lobe that I have had
vnto you all the dayes of my lyff maketh me to sey such dolefull wordis
for there was nede a wyser kynge that en had so many worthy men at
hys table as I have had this day at the table rounde and that ys my
grete sorow / whan the quene ladyes & jantill women knewe of this
tydynge they had such sorow and dedynes that ye myght no tunge
telle for ye knyghtis had holde them in honowre and chayste / But a
lobeen all other quene Guenyu made grete sorow I wherfore seyd
she that my lorde wolde suffir hem to departe fro hym this was all
the comyn trebbelacion for the lobe of the departynge of these knyghtis and
many of ye ladyes that lobed knyghtis wolde have gone vnto her lordis
and so had they done had nat an olde knyght com amonge them
in relygyons clothynge and spake all on hyghte and seyde fayre lordis
wherfor have I wrone in the queste of the sankgreall / Thus sendith
you Nacien the eremyte wolde that none in this queste lede lady
nor jantill woman with hym for hit ys nat to do in so hyze a
servyse as they labowre in for I warne you playnly he that ys nat
clene of hys synnes he shall nat se the mysteryes of oure lorde Ihu
cryste and for this cause they lefte thes ladyes and jantill women
So after this the quene com vnto Syr Galahad praysed hym of
wherens he was & of what contrey yan he tolde her of wherens he was

and sonne vnto Sir launcelot as to that she seyde nay yee nay
So god me helpe seyde the quene ye dare nat shame for he is the
goodlyest knyght and of the beste men of the worlde comyn // and of
the stocke of all kynges of kynges // dostere sone ye ought of right to be of
some dedys a passyng good man and straynge she seyde ye resemble
hym nat // Than Sir Galahad was a lytyll a shamed and seyde
madame sithyn ye bydde me straynge where fore do ye abbe hit me for
he that is my fadir shall be bydden openly and all be tymys and
than they wente vnto yeste tseend And in honour of the hyghnes
of knyghthed Sir Galahad he was ledde in to kynge Arthures
chambir and there rested in his owne bedde And as sone as hit was
day the kynge arose for he had no reste of all that nyght for
sorow // Than he wente vnto Sir Gawayne and vnto Sir launce-
lot that were aryssen for to hyre masse And than ye kynge a
straynge seyde vnto Gawayne Gawayne ye shall be wared me ffor
nevir shall my courte be amended by you but ye wolle now be sory
for me as I am for you and there with the teris be gan to fall
adowne by his bysayde and there with the kynge seyde a curteyse
knyght Sir launcelot I requyre you that ye comeyle me for I
wolde ye this quest were at an ende and hit myght be // Sir seyde
Sir launcelot ye sayd yesterday So many worthy knyghtis ye were
slayne that yet may nat be hit in no man of myne // that wote I
wele seyde the kynge but hit shall so befall me at ye dayntyst that
I wote wele ye shall no man of yow remedy me and than the kynge
and the quene wente vnto the mynstir // So anone Sir launcelot
and Sir Gawayne commanded her men to hyrnyse her armys And
whan they all were armed sauff her shyldys & her helmys and
they com to ye fely ship whych were all redy in the same wyse for
to go to the monastery to hyre ye masse & fynde than after sonne
the kynge wolde wete how many had vndirtake the quest of ye
holy Grayle than sonnde they be tale an C. and fyffty and all

to were knyghtly of the rounde table and than they put on ꝑ helme and depted and recommanded them all hole vnto the kynge & quene And there was wepyng and grete sorow than the quene depted in to the chambre and holde hir there that no man shold se hir grete sorowys / Whan Sir launcelot myssed the quene he went tylle hir chambr and whan she sawe hym she cryed alowde and seyde A Sir launcelot launcelot ye haue betrayde me and putte me to the deth for to lete me my lorde / A madam I pray you be nat displeased for I shall come a gayne as sone as I may wt my worshyp / Alas seyde she that euer I syze you but he that suffred deth vppon the crosse for all men kynde he be vnto you good conduyte and sauffe and all the hole fellyshyp / Than knyght so depted Sir launcelot and founde kyng ban his fadyr comyng and than they toke ꝑ horsis and rode thorowe the strete of Camelot and ꝑ was wepyng of vyche and yonge And the kynge turned a way & myght nat speke for wepyng / So with in a while they rode all to gyders tylle that they com to a cite and a castell that hyght bagon and so they entred in to the castell and the lorde ꝑ of was an olde man that hyght bagon And so they entred in to the castell and ꝑ lorde there off was an olde man & glad of kyng ban comyng and sette open the gatis and made hem all the cheyre that he myght And so on the morne they were all accorded that per shold depte eu̅ych from other And on the morne they depted wt wepyng eyen and than euy knyght tok the way that hym lyked beste

Now ryght Galahad yet with outen shylde and so rode iij. dayes with oute ony aduenture and a ꝑ the iij day after dynnere he com to a rych abbay and there was he resceyued with grete reuerence and lad vnto a chambre and there was he vnarmed and than was he wayte of ij knyghtis of ꝑ table rounde on was Sir Lagademagus and Sir Uwayne & whan they sy kym they went to Sir Galahad and made of hym grete

solace and so they wente vnto Supper Sire seyde Sir Galahad
what aduenture broughte you hyder Sir they seyde hit ys told vs
that in yis place ys a shylde that no man may bere hit a bout his
necke but he be mysshedde or dede within iij dayes or maymed for
ev[er] But Sir seyde kynge Agdemagnus I shall beare hit to morne
for to assay this aduenture. In the name of god seyde Sir Galahad
Sir seyde Agdemagnus and I may nat enchieve the aduenture of
this shylde of this shylde ye shall take hit vppon you for I am sure
ye shall nat fayle // Sir I wyght well ageve me yis to for I shame no
shylde So on the morne they arose and herde masse Than Syr
Agdemagnus asked where the aduentures shylde was A none a
mmke ledde hym be hynde an abbey where the shylde hynge as
whyght as ony snowe but in the myddys was a rede crosse Sythes
seyde to monke this shylde ought nat to be hanged a bout ye nek
of no knyght but he be the worthyest knyght of the worlde yis for
I comcyle you knyght to be well a dysed // Well seyde Sir Agde
magnus I wote well I am nat the beste knyght but I shall assay to
bere hit and so bare hit oute of the monaster Than he seyde vnto
Sir Galahad and hit please you to abyde here stylle yis ye shete
how that I spede // Sir I shall abyde you seyde Sir Galahad Than
kynge Agdemagnus toke with hym a good squyre to bringe tydyngs
vnto Sir Galahad how he spedde Than they rode yis myle and come
to a fayre valey be fore an hermytage and than they sawe a knyght
come fromc that stode in whyght armys horse and all and he come
as faste as his horse myght renne and his speare in his reeste
Than Sir Agdemagnus dresse his speare a yenste hym and brake
hit vppon the whyght knyght but the other stroke hym so harde yt
that he braste the mayles and preste hym thorowe the ryght sholdre
for the shylde conde hym nat as at that tyme and so he bare hym
fromc his horse and there with he a lyghte and toke his whyght

shylde fromme hym sayinge knyght pou hast done thy selff grete folye for thys shylde oughte nat to be borne but by hym that shalle have no peyr that liveth And than he com to Bagdemagus squyre and bade hym bere thys shylde to the good knyght Sr Galahad that pou lefte in the abbey and greete hym well fro me // Sr seyde ye squyre what ys youre name take pou none hede of my name seyde the knyght for hit ys nat for to knowe nor none erthely man // Nowe sayre Sr seyde the squyre at the request of you cryst telle me be what cause thys shylde may nat be borne but yf there be of be myshaped // Nowe syn pou hast conjured me seyde the knyght thys shelde be knowen vnto no man but vnto Sr Galahad Than the squyre wente vnto Bagdemagus and asked hym whether he were sore wounded or none // ye for sothe seyde he I shalle escape hit fro the deth. Than he sette hys horse & ledde hym forth a grete wayne tylle they cam vnto the abbay Than he was taken downe softely and vnarmed and leyde in hys bedde and loked there hys woundes and as the booke tolde he lay there longe and escaped hard vp the hyll Sr Galahad seyde the squyre that knyght that wounded Bagdemagus sende pou vnto me and bade that pe shulde bere thys shylde where there shulde greete adventures shulde be falle Nowe blyssed be good fortune seyde Sr Galahad and than he asked hys armes and mounted vpon hys horseback and hanged the knyghtes shylde about hys necke and commanded them vnto god So Sr Ywayne seyde he wolde beare hym felyshyp yf hit pleased hym // Sr seyde Sr Galahad that may ye nat for I muste go alone sadde thys squyre shalle bere me felyshyp and so dressed Sr Ywayne than forth in a wodde cam Sr Galahad there as the worthyest knyght abode hym by the fyrmytayne and entred fulefeed of curteysly // Sr seyde Sr Galahad by thys shylde bene many mervayles fallen // Syr

seyde the knyght hit be felle after the passion of oure lorde ihu cryste
vpp xxxv yere that Joseph of Aramathy that gentyll knyght the
whyche tok downe oure lorde of the holy crosse at that tyme he departed
from Jerlm with a grete pty of hys kynrede w hym and so he la
bored tyll they com to a cite whyche hyght Sarras and p same
daye that Joseph com to Sarras there was a kynge that hyght
Evelake that had grete warre a yenste the sarezens and mespecially
a yenste one Sarezyn the whyche was kynge Evelakys cosyn a myghty
kynge and a myghty whyche was marched nyze hys londe and hys
name was called Tholome la feyntis So on aday thes .ij. mette
to do batayle than Joseph the sonne of Aramathy wente to kynge
Evelake and tolde hym he sholde be discomfite and slayne but he
lefte hys hys belefe of the olde lawe and beleeve vpon the newe
lawe and anone he shelved hym the vyrgyn be lefe of the holy try
nyte for the whyche he agreed unto with all hys herte And there
thys shylde was made for kynge Evelake in the name of hym that
dyed on the crosse and than therow hys goodly beleve he had the
better of kynge Tholome for whan kynge Evelake was in the
batayle there was a clothe sette a fore the shylde And whan he
was in the grettest payll he lett vnt Dowy the cloth and than hys
enemyes saw a shynne of a man on the crosse whereof they
all were discomfite And so hit be felle that a man of kynge Evelakys
was smytten hys honde off and bare that honde in hys ovn honde And
Joseph called that man unto hym and bade hym with good deuocion
touche the crosse and as sone as that man had touched the crosse
with hys honde and hit was as hole as ony hit was to fore than
sone after the felle a grete merveyle that the crosse of the shylde
at one tyme vanysshed that no man wyste where hit be came
than kynge Evelake was baptyzed and the moste pty of all the
people of that cite So sone after Joseph wolde depte and kynge
Evelake wolde nedys go with hym whether he wolde or nolde

And so by fortune they com in to this londe that at that tyme was
called grete Bretayne and there they founde a grete felon payenym &
hete Joseph in to preson and so by fortune that tydyngs com vnto a wor-
thy man that hyght Agoudraunes and he assembled all hys people
for the grete yuelone he had herde of Joseph and so he com in to the
londe of grete Bretaygne and dishereted this felon payenym & tosom-
med hym and there with delyuerde Joseph out of preson and aft that
all the people with turned to the cristen feythe // So nat longe after
Joseph was leyde in hys dedly bedde And whan kyng Euelake sawe
that he had mysse sorowe and seyde for thy loue I leffe my contrey
and fyrst ye shall departe fro me out of this worlde lede me forth
to ferm that I may thynke on yow than Joseph seyde that wolle I do
full gladly Now bryng me yonge seyde that I take yow whan ye
wente in to dalatyre azenst kyng Cholome than Joseph bledde
sore at the nose that he myght nat by no meane be stenched and
vpon that seyde he made a crosse of hys owne blode and seyd
nowe may ye see yor remembraunce that I lefe yow for ye shall nev-
re thys seyde but ye shall thynke one me and hit shall be all
wayes as freysh as hit ys now and neu shall no man beare
thys seyde abowte hys necke but he shall repente hit vnto the
tyme that Galahad the good knyght beare hit and taste of my
kynayne shalde hit abowte hys necke that shall do many mer-
uayllous dedys // Now seyde kyng Euelake where shall I put thys
seyde that thys worthy knyght may haue hit // Sir ye shall
lefe hit there as Nauen the hermyte shall yeue hit after hys
dethe for thyder shall that good knyght com the xv. day after
that he shall resseyue the order of knyghthode and so that day
that they sette ye pys tyme that he shalde hys seyde stond in
the same abbay wyth Nauen the hermyte and than ye worst
knyght vanyshed a none as the squyre had herde pes wordis

he a hyght

he alyght of hys hakeney and kneled downe at Galahadys fete and prayde hym that he myght wyth he had made hym knyght // If I wolde nat refuse you than wolde ye make me a knyght knyght seyde the kynge and that order by the grace of god shall be well be sette in me // So sir Galahad graunted hym and tyrned ayen vnto the abbay there they cam fro and there men made grete ioy of sir Galahad. and anone as he was alyght there was a mule brought hym vnto a tombe in a chirche yarde where ye shall a noyse that who hyrth hit verily shall myght be made of hose hys strengthe and sayde hit ys a fronde Nolde lede me thyder seyd sir Galahad and so they dud all armed sauff hys helme Nolde seyde the good man go to the tombe & lyfte hit vp and so he dud and fonde a grete noyse and pytevously he seyde that all men myght hyre // sir Galahad the shamme of sinful knyght com you nat nyze me for you shall make me go ayenne there where I shall gone lone so longe // But sir Galahad was no thynge a feyde but lyfte vp the stone and there com oute a fowle smoke and after the fire fowlyst bygonne lepe vpon that all the fire in the kyrnes of a man and than he blyssed hym and wyst well hit was a fronde // Than heyde he a voyce fro sir Galahad I se there enclosed one a bonde thre so many angeles that my power may nat deare the // Myght so sir Galahad fonde a body all armed lye in that tombe and beside hym a sworde Nolde fayre brother seyde sir Galahad lette remeve this body for he ys nat worthy to lye with in this chirche yarde for he was a false cursted man and there with all they entred and wente to the abbay and anone as he was vnarmed a good man cam and set hym downe by hym // And seyd sir I shall telle you what betokenyth of that ye fonde in the tombe sir that that fonde the body hit betokenyth the dreas of the worlde and the grete synne that ons lyved in the worlde for there was suche wrecchydnesse that the fadir lyved nat the sonne nor the sonne lyved nat the fadir and that was one of the cawsis that onez lorde toke fleysh and blode of a

Here Galahad crowne a abbot of [illegible]

clene mayden for one hymes were so greete at that tyme that dwelle
alle was wyckednesse // Tenly seyde Sir Galahad I be lade yon wyght
wolle So Sir Galahad rested hym there yt nyght and vppon the morne
he made the signe a knyght and asked hym hys name and of what
kynred he was com Sir he seyde men calle me Aelyas de lyle and
I am the sonne of the kynge of denmarke Now sayne sir seyde Gala
had sithyn that ye be com of kynge and quenes now loketh that knyt
hode be well sette in yon for ye ought to be a myrrore vnto alle chevale
Sir seyde Sir Aelyas ye sey soth but Sir sithyn ye haue made
me a knyght ye muste of evyght graunte me my firste desyre yt ys
resonable // ye sir sothe seyde Sir Galahad I graunte hit yon gwetnes
myne drede lorde seyde he and that ye wolle suffre me to ryde w yon
in thys queste of the Sankgreall tyll that som adventure departe vs
I graunte yon Sir ellan men hyght Sir Aelias hys armes and his
speare and hys horse And so Sir Galahad and he rode forth alle yt
wyke ov en they fonde ony adventure And than vppon a mvnday
in the morynge as they were departed fromme an abbay they com
to a crosse which departed iij wayes and in that crosse were lette
wryten thes wordes Now ye knyghte aryaunte which goth to
seke knyghtes adventures Se here iij wayes that one way defendith the
that yon ne go that day for he shalle nat go oute of the way a gayne
but if he be a good man and a worthy knyght and if yon go on the
lyfte honde yon shalle nat there knyghtly doynne pnesse for yt shalle
in thys way be sone assayde Sir seyde Aelyas vnto yt Galahad
if hit lyke yon to suffre me to take the way on the lyfte honde for I
shalle well prede my strength hit were bettre seyde Sir Galahad ye
rede nat that way for I deme I sholde better escape in yt way bett than
ye May my lorde yt yon lette me take yt adventure take hit in
goddys name seyde Sir Galahad.

Now turnyth the tale vnto Sir Aelyas de lyle

And than rode Sir Melyas in to an olde forreste and so in he rode
iij dayes and more and than he came into a fayre medowe and
there was a fayre lodge of bowes and than he alyghted in that lodge
a chayre where in was a crowne of golde wrought
also there was clothys conde vpon the erthe and many delycyous
metis sette vpon // So Sir Melyas he hylde thys adventure and thought
hit merveylous but he had no hunger but of the crowne of golde he
toke moch kepe and therewith he stouped downe and toke hit vp
and rode hys way with hit and anone he sawe a knyght comynge
after hym and seyde knyght sett downe that crowne where ye nat
yours and therfore defende you // Than Sir Melyas blyssed hym and
seyde fayre lorde of heven excuse me and save thy nevo made knyght and
than they lette ther horses renne as faste as they myght and so they
smote to gyders but the other knyght smote Sir Melyas thorow
hawbirke and thorow the lyft syde that he felle to the erth myze dede
And than he toke hys crowne and rode hys way And Sir Melyas
lay stylle and had no power to stryve hym // So in the meane while
by fortune by fortune com Sir Galahad and fonde hym in grete
of dethe And than he seyde Sir Melyas who hath wounded you
fore hit had bene better to have ryddyn theroff way And when Sir
Melyas herde hym speke Sir he seyde for godds sake slee me not dye
in this forest but bryng me to the abbey here be syde that I may
be confessed and have my rycht hit shall be done seyde Sir Galahad
But where is he that hath wounded you // So he that Sir Galahad
herde on a monge the bowes cry on knyght knyght kepe the from
me O Sir seyde Sir Melyas for that ye the that hath slayne
me Sir Galahad answerde and seyde Sir knyght com on yo spell
Than aythir dressed to other and com as fast as they myght myght
And Sir Galahad smote hym so that hys speare wente thorow his
shulder and smote hym downe of hys horse And in the fallynge
Sir Galahadds speare brake // So forth that com onto a nor knyght

Now Sir Melyas toke on the crowne of golde

onte of the grene leeys and brake a spere vppon Sir Galahad or ere he myght tourne hym / Than Sir Galahad drew onte hys swerde and smote the kynge amyd off that hit felle to the erthe And than he stode And Sir Galahad served fyste after hym and than he turned a gayne vnto Sir ayhyas and there he alyght and dressed hym softely on hys horse to fore hym for the trunchon of hys spere was in hys body And Sir Galahad sterte vp be hynde hym and hylde hym in hys armys and so brought hym to the abbay And there vnarmed hym and brought hym to hys chamber and than he asked hys sacrome And whan he had resceyved hym he seyde vnto Sir Galahad Syr latte de the com whan hit pleasith hym and there w^t he drew the trunchon of the spere onte of hys body And than he sayned than Than com ffor an olde monke whych som tyme had bene a knyght and he hylde Sir ayhyas and anone he vnlaced hym And than he seyde vnto Sir Galahad I shall hele hym of hys play by the grace of god Within the terme of iij. yere wyth / Than was Sir Galahad glad and vnarmed hym and seyde he wolde abyde there styll all that nyght Than dwelled he there iij. dayes And than he asked Sir ayhyas how hit stood with hym / Than he seyde he was turned vnto hetherynge god be thanked Now wolle I seyde Sir Galahad seyde for sothe many good knyghtes be fulle hyer a bonte hit and thys knyght and I were in the same quest of the Sankyreal Sir seyde a good man for hys synne he was thys wounded / I merayle seyde the good man how ye durste take vppon yow so hyeh a thynge as the hyeh order of knyghthode yf with onte clene confession ffor was the cause that ye were bitterly wounded for the way on the ryght hande be tokened the hyeh way of onre lorde how cryst and the way of a good trew lyver and the othir way be tokeneth the way of a symare and of myssebeleevers And whan the devyll sawe yo pryde and yonre presumcion for to take yow to the queste of the Sankyreal and that made yow to be on thredyn for hit may nat be enchesed

but by dethe / Also the wrytyng on the crosse was a sygnyfycacon of spedynly dedys and of kynghtly dedys in gaddys werkys & no kny3tly dedys in worldly workis and 3yffe ys ende of eny synne that causeth thys kny3ght to dep̄te frome Sr Galahad and whan yon tokis the crowne of golde yon ded syn in Cdretyse and in thesse Alle pis was no kny3tlythy dedys And so Sr Galahad the holy kny3ght which sonyt with ye .ij. kny3ghtis sygnyfyeth the .ij. dedly synnes which were holy in yys kny3ght Sr Aelias and they myght nat w̄stonde yon for ye ar̄ w̄ onte dedly synne So nowe departed Sr Galahad frome yens and he tawte hem alle vnto god / Than Sr Aelias seyde my lorde Sr Galahad as sone as I may ryde I shalle sette yon / God sende yon helthe seyde Sr Galahad and so he tokis hys horse and departed and rode many iornayes forewarde and backwarde and departed frome a place that kny3ght Abblapdyne and had harde no masse / Than ꝑ Galahad com to a medytayne where he fownde a chapell pullyng olde & fownde ꝑin no bedy for alle was desolate and there he kneled be fore ꝑ alter and he sonyt god of good conceyte / And so as he prayde he harde a voyce that seyd Go yon nowe yon adventure kny3ght to the castell of Agadynis and there do yon awaye the wycked customes / Whan Sr Galahad harde this he thanked god and tokis hys horse and he had nat ryddyn but a lytyll but he fadde in a valey be fore hym a stronge castell with depe dyches and there ran be syde hyt a fayre ryver that kny3ght Sedayne and there he mette w̄ a man of grete ayge and ayn̄ saluted o ꝑ and Sr Galahad asked hym ꝑ castels name / Sayre Sr seyde he hit ys the castell of Maydynis that ys a cursed castell and alle they that be comm̄aunte ꝑin for alle ytte ys ovte ꝑ offe and alle hardynes and mysthyff ys ꝑin / Sayre fore / conceyle yon Sr kny3ght to tayne a-gayne Sr Sr Galahad seyde vnto yon welle that I shalle nat tayne a-gayne Than he red Sr Galahad on hys armys that no thyng fayled hym and than he putte hys shylde be fore hym / And anone there mette hym

yn. ſayde maydens the knyght ſeyde vnto hym Sir knyght ye ryde here in grete ſorr for ye thynke the water to paſſe on // Wolle ſhold | not paſſe the water ſeyde Sir Galahad Go rode he a way fromme hem and mette with a ſquyre that ſeyde knyght yow knyght yn yͤ caſtel defyeth yon and defendith yon ye go no fourther tyll that ye mete with ye lorde // ffayre ſir ſeyde Sir Galahad | com for to deſtroy the wycked cuſtom of thys caſtell Sir and ye wolle abyde by yͤ ye ſhalle ſame | nolleye to do / So ye nolle ſeyde Sir Galahad and haſte my nedys Than the ſquyre entred in to the caſtell And a none after there com ones of the caſtell yn. knyghtis and alle were brethryne And whan they ſaw Sir Galahad they cryed knyght kepe the for we aſſyne yon no thyng but deth. // Wolle ſeyd Galahad wolle ye alle ſame a do with me at onys // yee ſeyde they yͤ to mayſtre yon tryſte // Than Galahad put forth hys ſpeare and ſmote the formyſt to the erthe that nere honde he brake hys necke And there with alle the oth. yn. ſmote ayen on hys ſhylde grete ſtrokis that yͤ ſpeeres brake Than Sir Galahad drewe onte hys ſwerde and ſette vppon hem ſo harde that hyt was merveyle and ſo thorow grete force he made hem for to forſake the hylde And Sir Galahad chaſed hem tylle they entred in to the caſtell and ſo paſſed thorow the caſtell at a nodr gatte And anone yͤ mette an olde man clothyd in rych ryous clothynge and ſeyde Sir ſtande here the kynges of thys caſtell Than Sir Galahad opened the gattes and ſawe ſo mnche people in the ſtretys that he myght nat nmbir hem And alle they ſeyde Sir ye be wolle come for longe ſame we a bydyn here ome delyuerance Than com to hym a jantill woman and ſeyde ſir thes knyghtis be ſtedde but they wolle com a gayne thys nyght and here to be dyn a gayne yͤ dorlle cuſtom / deſtroy wolle ye that / do ſeyde Sir Galahad Sir ſeyde the jantilwoman that ye ſende after alle the knyghtis hydyn that holde yͤ londys of thys caſtell // And make hem alle

to swere for to vse the customs that were vsed here of olde tyme ¶ Well
well seyde Sir Galahad and there she brought hym an horne of
bondyn worth gode wyches and seyde Sir blowe this horne whych
wolle be hawde ij myles a bonte whan Sir Galahad had blowyn
the horne he sette hym downe vpon a bedde ¶ Than com a prystes
to Galahad and seyde Sir but yf yeste a day yere a gone yes by
brethrene com into this castell and therefore we the lorde of yis
castell that hyght the dyuke Lyandure and he was lorde of all yis
contrey And whan they had assayed the dyuke dought that was
a full fayre woman Than by there false enchauntemente they made a batte
be twyxte hem selff and the duke of hys gradnes wolde haue
departed them and there they slew hym and hys eldyst sone ¶ And
than they toke the maydyn and the tresore of the castell and so
by grete force they helde all the knyghtes of the contrey vnder grete
seruage and trebuage So on a day the duke dought seyde to
them ye haue done grete wronge to slee my fadr and my brethr
And thus to holde owre londys Nay for pan she seyde ye shall nat
holde this castell many yeres for by one knyght ye shall all be
ouercom Than she aspyed by yeres a gone ¶ Well seyde the kn
knyght sythen ye sey so there shall neu lady nor knyght passe
this castell but they shall a byde magre yr hedys or dye yr fore tyll
that knyght be com by whom we shall lose this castell and yr
fore hit ys called the maydens castell for they haue deuoured
many maydens Now seyde Sir Galahad ys she here for whom
this castell was loste Nay Sir seyde the pryste she was dede vpon
a nyght after that she had thus forfed and sythen hath
they kepte yonger syster whych endured grete payne vpon mo
ladyes they were the knyghtes of the contrey cond And
than he made hem to do omage and feaulte to the duke dought
and sette them in grete ease of harte And in the morne com

and tolde Sr Galahad howe that Sr Gawayne & Gaweth' & Ywayne had slayne the vij brethirne & therfore well seyde Sr Galahad and toke hys armonge and hys horse and commanded hem vnto god Here endeth the tale of Sr Galahad and begynneth of Sr Gawayne

Dus seyth the tale after Sr Gawayne departed he rode many iourneys both forwarde and backwarde and at the last they com to the abbey where Sr Galahad had the worshipfull syght and Sr Gawayne lerned the way to seke after Sr Galahad and so he rode to the abbey where Nelyas lay sykke and there Nelyas tolde Sr Gawayne of the merveylous aduentures that Sr Galahad and Perces seyde Sr Gawayne I am nat happy that I take nat the way that he went for and I may mete with hym I will nat departe from hym wyllyngly for all merveylous aduentures Sr Galahad enclineth Sr seyde one of the monkes he wolde nat of yowre felyshyp Why so seyde Gawayne Sr seyd he for ye be wycked and synfull and he is full blyssed So ryght as they thus talked there com in ryddynge Sr Gaweth' and than they made grete ioye anythyng of other and on the morne they herde masse and so departed and by the way they mette with Sr Ywayne le Auoutres and the Sr Ywayne tolde Sr Gawayne that he had mette with none aduentures syth he departed from the courte nowe yet late seyd Sr Gawayne and so ayther promysed other of to my knyghtly nat to departe where they were in y queste but if suddayne fortune caused hyt So they departed and rode by fortune tyll that they com by the castell of maydens and the vij brethren aspyed the iij knyghtes and seyde sythen we be stemed by one knyght from this castell we shall defye all the knyghtes of kyng Arthurs that we may on com for the loue of Sr Galahad and there with the vij knyghtes sette vppon hem iij knyghtes and by fortune Sr Gawayne slewe one the brethren and echone of hys felowes on theder

anothir and so slew all the remenaunte And than they tok the
way vndir the castell and there they loste the way that Ga-
lahad rode and there entred of hem devyded from other And Syr
Gawayne rode tyll he com to an hermytage and ther he fonnde
the good man servynge hys dyrnsongte of one lady And ther
asked herberde for charyte and the good man demaunded hym
gladly whan the good man asked hym what he was // Syr he seyde
I am a knyght of kynge Arthures that am in the queste of the
Sankgreall and my name ys Syr Gawayne Syr seyde the good
man I wolde wete holy hit stondith be twyxte god and you // Syr
seyd Syr Gawayne I wyll wete a good wyll sheld you my hyll
if hit please you there he tolde the hermyte holy amonge of an
abbay called me wrecched knyght he myght well sey hit seyde the
hermyte for whom ye were made first knyght ye sholde have
taken you to knyghtly dedys and vertuous lyvyng and ye have
done the contrary for ye have lyved myschevously many wyntirs
and Syr Galahad ys a mayde and hermed men and that ys the cause
he shall encheve where he goth that ye nor none suche shall
nevir attayne nor none in youre felyshyp for ye have vsed the moste
vnthedyst lyff that ever I herd knyght lyve ffor ftes had ye nat
bene so wrecched as ye ar nevir had the bene slayne by
you and youre felaweshyp ffor Syr Galahad hym self alone
dede hem all by the day to fore but hys lyvyng ys suche that he
shall sle no man wrongfully Also I may sey you that the cuppe
of mayden tokenyth the good lordys that were in yeresou
be fore the incarnacion of oure lorde Ihu crysste // And the vn-
knyghtly tokenyth the vnkendly synnes that regned that tyme
in the worlde and I may likyn the good knyght Galahad
unto the sonne of the hyze fadir that lyghte wyll in a mayden
and dowte all the lordes unto of thraldo So ded the Galahad

delyu att the mayden⁹ ende of the Roche castell And ⁊ Galvayne
seyde the good man pon mysse do penaunce for thy synne Sir Perfat
penaunce Ratt I do Suche as I Wolle sayff the seyde the good man May
seyd Sir Galvayne I may do no penaunce for the knyghtly aduentures
many tymes I suffre grete woo and payne Wolle seyde the good man
And than he hylde hys pese And on the morne than Sir Gal-
ayne dep̄ted frome the hermyte and by tanyt hym vnto god And
by aduentur̄e he mette Wyth Sir Agglouale and Sir Gryfflet
⁊ knyghtly of the rounde table and so they iij. rode iij. dayes Wonte
fyndynge of ony aduentur̄e And at the vj. day they dep̄ted fe enyth-
hylde as felle them by aduentur̄e Here Ieuth the tale of Syr
Galvayne and hys feldrye and spekith of Sir Galahad
SO Whan Sir Galahad Was dep̄ted frome the castell
of maydyns he rode tyll he com to Adeaste foreste And
there he mette Wyth Sir launcelot and Sir ⁊Dervdale but
they knewe hym nott for he Was newe dysgysed Bryght so hys
fadr Sir launcelot dressed hys speare and brake hit vppon
Sir Galahad And Sir Galahad smote hym so a gayne that
he bare hym and horse and man And than he drew his swerde
and dressed hym vnto Sir ⁊Dydalt and smote hym so on ⁊
helme that hit rasff to the coyff of stele and had nat the
swerde swarved Sir ⁊Dydale had be slayne and Wᵗ the strok
he felle onte of hys sadyll So there Iustes Was done to fore
the hermytage Where a recluse Dwelled And Whan she sawe
Sir Galahad ryde she seyde god be Wyth the beste knyght of ⁊
Worlde A ffres seyde she all a towde that Sir launc and ⁊Der-
ydalt mysdyd thyre and yonder ⁊ knyghtly had knodyn the
as Wolle as I do they Wolde nat haue encountred Wyth ⁊
Wolsan Sir Galahad herde hym sey so he Was a dradd to be
knodyn and there Wyth he smote hys horse Wyth his spurres

and rode a grete pace to-ward them Whan they were they bode that he was Sir Galahad and by they gatte on ye horses and rode fyste after hym And Bors was a wyght he was one of hir fyrste And than they turned a-gayne with-in shorte there and seyde lat us sporre som tydynge seyde Percydale at yonder rokke Do as ye hyst seyde Sir launcelot So Bors Sir Percydale cam to the rechse the knyght hym rekt y nought and Sir launcelot both But Sir launcelot rode on-ward and endelonge a wylde foreyst and hylde no pathe but as wylde adventure lad hym And at the last he com to a stony cross which devyded ij. Wayes in waste londe And by the cross was a stone that was a marble but hit was so dirke that Sir launcelot myght not wete what hyt was // Than Sir launcelot loked be syde hym and sawe an olde chapell and there he wente to-ward the forsaide people And anone he launc fastened hys horse tylle a tre and there he dyd of hys sherde & hynge hyt vppon a tre and than he wente to the chapell doze & forsaide hit waste and beskym and with-in the forsaide a fayre aulter full richely arayed with clothe of clene sylke and there stode a clene fayre candyll sytelle which baye iij. grete candels ye In & ye candilstyk was of syluer // And Bors Sir launcelot sawe this knyght he had grete wylle for to entir in to the chapell but he conde fynde no place where he myght entir than was he passyng sorye & displeased and retorned a yen and cam to hys horse and did of hys sadyll and bridyll and lete hym pasture with-and vnlaced hys helme & vnspurde hys swerde and layde hym a-downe to slepe vppon hys sherde to fore the crosse // And so he satte on slepe and half waking and half slepynge he sawe comyng by hym ij. palfreyes all fayre and white which baye a lytter and there in lyynge a sycke knyght and whan he was nyze the crosse he there a-bode stylle

All thys Sir Sir launcelot sye and be hylde hit for he slepte nat verely and he herde hym sey a sweete voyde whan shalt thys voyde fore me and whan shalt the holy vessell com by me whereye thowdw shalt be heled ffor I shame endured ynto longe for litill trespasse a full grete dyssese ynto complayned the knyght and all ways I launcelot hayde hit/ So with that Sir launcelot sye the candyll sye w^t the vij tapres cam be fore the crosse and he sawe no body that bronzt hit Also there cam a table of Syluer and the holy vessell of the Sankgreall which Sir launcelot had sene to fore tyme in kynge Pelechens house and there with the syke knyght sette hym vp and kyssed vp both hys hondys and seyde fayre sweete loyde whych ys here with in y^e holy vessell take hede vnto me that I may be hole of thys malody And y^e vp on hys hondys and knees he went so nyze that he towched the holy vessell and kyst hit and anone he was hole And than he seyde lorde god I thanke the for I am heled of thyne sykines // So whan the holy vessell had bene there a grete while hit went vnto the chapell with the chaundeler and the lyght So that I launcelot wyst nat where hit was be come for he was ontaryn w^t synne y he had no power to ryse a gayne the holy vessell where fore afftw that many men seyde hym shame but he toke repentaunce aftw that than the syke knyght dressed hym vp and kyssed the crosse anone hys squyre brought hym hys armys and aske hys loyde how he ded // Sertly seyde he I thanke god wyght well thorow y^e holy vessell I am heled // But I shame mervayle of thys slepyng knyght that he had no power to awake whan thys holy vessell was brought hydyr // I dare well sey seyde the squyre that he hath wrought som dedly synne where of he was nevr confessed // Be my fayth seyde the knyght what som ever he be he ys vnhappy for as I deme he ys of the felyshyp of thes x^e rounde table which ys entred in y^e meste of the Sankgreall Sir seyde the squyre here I shame bronzt yow all yowre armys save yowre helme and yowre swerde and y^e

sore be myne assente nowe may ye take thys kynghtes shelme and hys
sweorde and so she dyd And whan she was clene armed she toke ys
launcelottes hoorse for he was better than hys and so departed they
from the crosse Than anone Sr launcelot waked and sett hym
vp and be thought hym what he had sene there and wheder hit were
dremys or nat Bycause so harde he a voyse that seyde Sr launc
more harder than ys the stone and more bitter than ys the wode
and more naked and bare than ys the hyll of the whyche ye there
sore go non from hens and with drawe the from thys holy place
And whan Sr launcelot herde thys he was passyng sory and
wyst nat what to do and so departed sore wepynge and cursed ye tyme
that he was bore for than he demed neu to haue worshyp more
for-yo wordis wente to hys horse tyssh that he knew before sore
he was armed so Than Sr launcelot wente to the crosse & fonnde
hys helme hys sweorde and hys crosse a way And than he called
hym selff a verry wrecch and moste vnhappy of all knyghtes
and there he seyde my synne and my wyckednes hath brought me
vnto grete dishonowre for whan I sholde worldly adventures for
worldely desyres I cu enchieued them and had the better in euy
place and neu was I discomfite in no quarell where hit ryght
were hit wronge And nowe I take vppon me the aduentures to seke
of holy thyngis nowe I se and vnderstonde that myne olde synne
hyndryth me and shamyth me that I had no power to stryke nor
speke whan the holy blode appered before me So pnse he sorowed
tyll hit was day and harde the fowlys synge than fonn what
he was comforted But whan Sr launcelot missed hys horse
and hys harneyse than he wyst well god was displesed wt hym
And so he departed from the crosse on foote into a fayre forteste
and so by pryme he cam to an hyre hyrste and fonnde an hermytage
and an hermyte ys yn whych was goyng vnto masse And pan ys

Launcelot kneled downe and cryed on one syde mercy for hys wycked workys // So when masse was done Sir launcelot called hym and prayde hym for certayne thynges for to hyre his lyff / with a good wylle seyde the good man and asked hym wherefore he was of hyrte Arthurs and of the felyshyp of the table rounde // ye for sothe I and my name ys Sir launcelot du lake that hath bene vyght well seyde he and nowe my good fortune ys chonged for I am the moste wrecch of the worlde Tho the hermyte he sayde hym and had mervayle whye he was so adawnted Sir seyde the hermyte ye ought to thanke god more than ony knyght lyvynge for he hath preserved you to have more worldly worshyp than ony knyght that ys nowe lyvynge And for your presumpcion to take upon you so dedely synne for to be in hys presence where hys flesshe and hys blood was / which caused you ye myght nat se hym wyth your worldely yen for he will nat appere where such synners bene but yf hit be unto the grete hurte of unto the shame And yf I be no knyght nowe lyvynge that ought to yelde god so grete thanke as ye for he hath geven you beaute bodyly semelynes and grete strengthe on all maner knyghtes And therfore ye ar the more beholdyn unto god than ony other man to love hym and drede hym for your strengthe & yo manhode wolle fortifye and counforte you and god be a gaynste you / Than sir launcelot wepte with sorowfully harte And seyde nowe I knowe well ye sey me sothe Sir seyde the good man kepe none olde synne fromme me Than seyde Sir launcelot that were me full lothe to dystroye for this cause ye I nede dyscouvre one thynge that I have used And that may I gyve wyte my shame and my disadventure And than he told the good man all hys lyff and howe he had loved a quene unmesurably and oute of mesure longe And all my grete dedis of armys that I have done for the moste pryse was for the quenys sake And for her sake would I do batayle were hit ryght or wronge and nede did I batayle all only for to have the love and favour of her more worshyp and to cause me the better to be beloved and fortified of

nowȝt ſ thanked nev god of hit // Than Sr launcelot ſeyde Sr ſ yͤ
yon comaȝyle me // Sr ſ wolle comtayle yon ſeyde the eymyte ȝe ſhalle
enſyne me by yonre knyghthade ȝe ſhalle no more com in thatt quenys
felyſhyp as mych as ȝe may for ȝeȝe and than ſ launcelot gomyſed
hym thatt he nolde by the ſuyrte of hys body // Sr loke thatt yo ſtaȝte
and yonre modyth accorde ſeyde the gode man and ſ ſhalle enſyne yon
ȝe ſhalle haue the more worſſhip than en ye thd // Holy fadyr ſeyde ſ
launcelot ſ merwayle of the wyrce thatt ſeyde to me merwayles wordys
as ȝe haue herde to forȝonde haue ȝe no mwayle ſeyde the gode
man ſ off for hit ſemyth well god lovyth yon for men may vnder
ſtonde a ſtone ys harde of kynde and namely one more than anoy
and thatt ys to vnderſtonde by the Sr launcelot for yon wolle nat
lete thyr ſynne for no gadnes thatt god hath ſente the thezre forȝe yon
arte more harder than ony ſtone and woldyſt ne vͤ be made neyſſh
noy by wattyr nay by fyre and thatt ys the hete of ſ holy goſte may
nat entyr in the nolde take hede in all the worlde men ſhalle nat fynde
one knyght to whom onre lorde hath ȝevyn ſo mych of grace as he
hath ſente the for he hathe ȝeffyn the ſyxe ȝyftes wt ſenechynes alſo
he hath ȝevyn the wyrtte & diſtreſſion to knowe gode ſtonde ille he
hath alſo ȝevyn gladneſſe and hardmeſſe and ȝevyn the to worke ſo
largely thatt yon haſt had ſ better all thy dayes of thy lyff wher
ſom ev yon cane And nowe onre lorde wolde ſuffyr the no lenger
but t ſ yon ſhalle knowe hym wher ȝe wolde of myght and wher
the wyrce called the bitterer than ſ wode for where ſom ev mych
ſynne dwellith ȝere may be but lytyll ſwetnneſſe where ȝere yon
art lykened to an olde wottyn tre // Nowe thyne ſhalled ſ wher ȝ vͤ
art harder than ſ ſtone & bitterer than the tre nowe ſhalt ſ knowe
the wher yon art more naked and bayer than ſ grene tre // thyr
be felle thatt onre lorde on palme ſonday preched in ſerlind & ȝ
the ſonnde in the people thatt all hardnes was keȝeryed in the vn

and there he fonnde in all the tolone nat one that wolde therfore hym
And than the wente onte of the tolone and fonnde in myddis the way
a fygge tre whiche was vygett fayre and well fawmyssed of leves
but fruyte had hit none Than one bryde cursed the tre þ bare no fruyte
that betokenyth the fygge tre vnto perlin that had leves & no fruyte
So yon Sir launcelot whan the holy grayle was brought be fore
the he fonnde in the no fruyte nor good thought nor good wylle and
defonked with theffore // Certi seyde Sir launcelot all that ye shalle
seyde ys trew And frome hens forewarde I caste me by the grace
of god non to be so wycked as I thane be ne but as to serve knyghtehode
and to do feyres of armys Than there good man joyned Sir launce
lotte penaunce as he myght do and to serve knyghtehode and so assoy
led hym and prayde hym to a bryde with hym all that day I wolde
well seyde Sir launcelot for I thane nor I schalle horse ne sherde
as for that seyde the good man I shalle helpe yon or to moyne at
dayn of an horse and all that longyth vnto yon And pan Sir
launcelot repented hym gretly of hys myssedeys Here leveth
the tale of Sir launcelot and begynnyth of Sir Percyvale de galis

Now seyth the tale that whan Sir launcelot was passyd
after Sir Galahad the whyche had all thes aduentures
a tonen seyd Sir Percivale turned a gayne vnto the recluse
where he demed to thane tydyngs of that knyght that Sir launce
lot folowed and so he kneled at hir wyndow and the recluse ope
ned hit and asked Sir Percivale what he wolde / madam he
seyde I am a knyght of kyng arthurs contre and my name
ys Sir Percivale de galis / whan the recluse herde his name
she had grete joy of hym for myche she loved hym to fore pas
synge ony op knyght she ought so to do for she was hys aunte
And pan she commanded the gatis to be opyn and þ he had
grete chere as grete as the myght make hym or hy m hir selfe
So on the morne Sir Percyvale wente to the recluse & asked

her of

dew if she knew that knyght were the worthyest lyvyng // Sir seyde she ma-
well ye wete truly madam seyde Sir Percyvale I shall nevir be well
at ease tyll that I knowe of that knyghtes welfare and that I nat-
wotte where he is for I may nat lette hym so lyghtly for I shame the
shame as yette // Also Sir Percyvale seyde she wolde ye lyghtly
I se well ye shame grete wyll to be slayne as youre fadir was the
rode entreatyng fires slayne // madam that semyth by yo wordis
that ye knowe me // yee seyde she I well ought to knowe you for I and
youre modir att youre castell in a preve place for som men called me
som tyme the quene of the wast landis and I was called the quene
of moste vertuesse in the worlde And that pleased me nevir so much
my worshesse as doth my sonne // Than Percyvale wepte for
verry pite whan he knew that was hys modir // Certis seyde he
I herde none of hir but I dreme of hir nyghe in my slepe and
I fore I wote nat wherefore she be dede or alyve // Certis fayre
nevew youre modir ys dede for after youre departyng from her
she take such a sorowe that anone as she was confessed she dyed
Now god shame mote on hir sonle seyde Sir Percyvale hit sore
for thynketh me but all we muste chaunge the lyff Now fayre
uncle what ys that knyght I deme hit be he that lyve I yede
avenys on Whytsonday // Wyte you well seyde she that I ys he
for other wyse ought he nat to do but to go in vede avenys and
that same knyght hath no peere for he wynneth all by myght
and he shall nevir be ovircom of none erthly mannys hande Also
Merlyon made the rounde table in tokenyng of roundnes of the
worlde for men sholde by the rounde table understonde the roundnes
of my lyfe by reason // ffor all the worlde crystened and hethyn
repayreth unto the rounde table and whan they are ones sworn to
be of the felyshyp of the rounde table they thynke them selff more

blessed and more in worship than they had gotyn hatff the worlde
and ye shame sene that they shame lostte hyr fadrys and hyr modrys
and all all hyr kynne and hyr londes and hyr chyldryn for to be of
yonne felyshyp / hit ys well sayne be yon for synnes ye departed from yo
moder ye worlde nevn se her ye fonnde sych felyshyp at the table vonnde
Whan Merlyon had ordayned the vonnde table he seyde by them
Whych sholde be feldarys of the vonnde table the tvonth of the
Sankgreall sholde be dede knodryn and men asked hym how
they myght knowe them that sholde beste do and to enchede the
Sankgreall than he seyde ye sholde be my wyghtt knyths sholde
enchede hit and ye ny sholde be maydens and the thyrde sholde be
chaste and one of yos my sholde passe hys fadr as mych as the
hyon passith the hynde both of strengthe and of hardynes /
Tchey that herde Merlion sey so seyde ynes / Sithyn ye shall be
sych a kynghtt yon sholdyst ordayne by thy crauffte a syge ye no
man sholde sytte myth but he alle onely that sholde passe all of
kynghtt / than Merlyon answerde that he wold so do and yan
he made the Syge pelous Whych Galahad sate at hys mete
on Whytsonday last past // Now madam seyde Sir Percyvale
so mych shame I herde of yon that be my gode wyll I wolle nevn
shame a do Whan Sir Galahad but by Mey of goodnesse and for
goddis lode fayre advente Can ye tecche me Whyle I myghtt fynde
hym for mych I wolde love the felyshyp of hym // ffayre ne
Now seyde she ye mvste vyde vnto a castelle the Whych ys
called Gooth Where he hath a doughtyr Iemayne and ye may
ye be lodged thys myghtt and as he techith yon sadenly after
as faste as ye can and if he can telle yon no tydyngs of hym
vyde stresyte vnto the castelle of Carbonek Where ye maymed
kyngh ys lyyng for there shalle ye here tvo tydyngs of hym
than departed Sir Percyvale frome hys advente anythyn mythyngt

grete loyde and so he rode tylle a-for evynsonge and than he herde a clocke smyte and anone he was ware of an house closed well with walles and depe dreches and there he knocke at the gate and a none he was lette in and was ledde vnto a chamb and sone an armed And there he had ryght good chere all ꝑ nyght And on the morne he herde hys masse and in the monestery he fonnde a preeste redy at the awter and on the ryght hyde he sawe a pew closed w^t^ iron and be hynde the awter he sawe a ryche bedde and a sayre as of cloth of sylke and golde than Sir Galyhalt asked ꝑ there in was a man or a woman and for the desayre was conde than he lesse of hys lokynge and sterd hys mouse & vnshitt and cam vnto the sakrynge the that lay with in the pelose drawe hym vp and vncouerde hys hede and than hym he semed a passyng olde man and he had a crowne of golde vppon hys hede and hys shuldres were naked and vnclothed vnto hys nauyll And than Sir Percyvale assayed hys body was full of grete wowndys both on the shuldres armys & bysayde and en he hylde vp hys handys a gaynst onre lordis body and cryed sayre swete lorde jhu cryste for grete nat me and so he lay natt downe but was all way in hys prayers & oryssons and hym semed to be of the aygre of iij. C. wynter And whan the masse was done ꝑ preeste toke onre lordys body and leyd hit vnto the sylle kynge and than he had vsed hit he ded of hys crowne and comanmded ꝑ crowne to be sett on the awter than Sir Percyvale asked one of the brethrend what he was Sir seyde the good man ye shall herde mech of Joseph of Aramathy. how he was sent in to thys londe for to teche and preche the holy cristen fayth and there for he suffred many ꝓsecucions the wyche ꝑ enemyes of cryst ded vnto thym and in the cite of Sarras he conuerted a kynge wyches name was Evelake and so ꝑ kynge

2

cam wt Joseph to thys londe and en the dreas hyly to be there
as the Sankgreall was and on a tyme he myssed hit so myche
that onee lorde was displeased with hym but en the foldred hit
more and more tyll god stuke hym aff moste blynde than thys
knyght cryed mcy and seyde fayre lorde lat me neir dye tyll ꝑ god
knyght of my blod of the xv degree that I may se hym openly that
shall encheve the Sankgreall and that I myght kysse hym
Whan the kynge thus had made hys prayeres he herde a voyce
that seyde seide ye thy prayers for pon shalt nat dye tylle he
hath kyssed the And whan that knyght shall com the dayenes of
pome yen shall com a payne and pon shalt se openly ꝑ pe woundes
shall be seled and aryst shall they new close and pms be falle of
kynge Euelake And thys same kynge hath hyred iiij. ꝑ. peyys thys
holy hyssh and men sey the knyght ys in thys courte that shall
heale hym Sr seyde the good man I pray pon telle me whatt
knyght that ye be and yf that ye be of the rodonde table yee for
soth and my name ys Sr Percydale de galis And whan the
good man vnderstood hys name he made grete ioy of hym and
than Sr Percydale depted and rode tylle the dwye of none ꝑ he
mette in a dales a bonte vc men of armys Whych kaye ma keep
a knyght dedly slayne And whan they saw Sr Percydale they
flym of Wchens he dreas and he seyde of the comyte of kynge darth
than they cryed alys onys sle hym than Sr Percydale smote
the fyrste to the erth and hys horse vppon hym and pan on of
the knyghtes smote vppon hys shylde at onys and the pomenaunte
sleid hys horse that he felle to the erth and had slayne hym of
takyn hym had nat the good knyght Galahad wt the yede
ar mys com ꝑ by aduenture m to pe ptys And whan he saw all
pe knyghtes vppon one knyght he seyde fadre me that knyghtes hyde
and than he dressed hym towarde the vc men of armys as
fuste as hys horse myght dryve with hys speare in hys reaste

and smote the foremyste horse and man to the erth and whan his
speare was broken he sette hys honde to hys swerde and smote on
the ryght honde and on the lyfte honde that hit was meruayle to se
and at euery stroke he smote downe one or put hym to a rebuke so
that they wolde fyghte no more but fledde to a thyck foreste And
Sir Galahad folowed them And whan Sir Percyvale sawe hym
chace them so he made grete sorowe that hys horse was away And
than the wyst well hit was Sir Galahad and cryed aloude
and seyde fayre knyght abyde and sith for me to do you thaunkynge
for moche payne ye done for me But on Sir Galahad rode fast
that at the last he past oute of hys syght And as fast as Sir
Percyvale myght he wente after hym on foote crying And pan
he mette with a yoman ryding vpon an hakeney which had
in hys ryght honde a grete stede blacker than ony beare /
fayre frende seyde Sir Percyvale as ony may do for you and
to be youre knyght in the fyrst place ye wolle me / ye wolle
lende me that blacke steed that / my self on take a knyght which
be fore me / Sir seyde the yoman that may / nat do for the horse is
myne awayes horse that he wolde fle me / Alas seyde Sir Percyvale
/ had neu so grete sorowe as / haue for losyng of yonder knyght
Sir seyde the yoman / am ryght redy for you for a good horse
wolde be seme you wolle but / saye nat be fore you thys horse but
yf ye wolde take hym fro me me / That wolle / nat seyde / Per-
cyvale and so they departed and Sir Percyvale sette hym downe vnder
a tre and made sorowe oute of mesure And as he sate pan came a
knyght ryding on the horse that the yoman had and he was
clene armed / And anone the yoman came ryding fyrynge
after as fast as he myght and asked Sir Percyvale yf he sawe ony
knyght ryding on hys blacke stede / ye Sir for sothe / why aske
ye me Sir / Sir that stede he hath be nome me with strengthe
where fore my lorde wolle fle me in what place som euer he fynde

me well seyde Sir Percydale what woldist thou that I ded thou seest well that I am on foote but and I had a good horse I sholde soone bynge hym a payne // Sir seyde the yoman take my chalkeney and do the beste ye can and I shall selle you on foote to dede rode that ye shall spede // Tchan Sir Percydale he stode the chalkeney and rode as faste as he myght and at the last he sadde that knyght and than he cryde knyght tayne a payne and he turned and set his speare a yenst sir Percydale and he smote the chalkeney in myddes the breste that he felle downe to the erthe and there he had a grete falle and the other rode his way And than Sir Percydale was wood wrothe and cryed a lyde wycked knyght edwarde and false charted knyght tayne a yen and fyght with me on foote but he answerd nat but paste on his way // Whan Sir Percydale sawe he wolde nat tayne he kest a way his helme and sherde and seyde now am I a verry wrache cursed and moste unhappy of all other knyghtes So in this sorowe there he abode all that myght day tyll hit was myght and than he was feynte and leyde hym downe and slepte tyll hit was mydnyght And than he awaked and sawe be fore hym a woman which seyde unto hym vyght hereby Sir Percydale what dost thou here // I do nother good nother grete // If thou wolt ensure me seyde she that thou wolt fulfylle my wylle whan I somon the I shall fynde the myne owne horse which shall bere the whether thou wolt Sir Percydale was glad of her offer and ensured her to fulfylle all her desire Than a bydith me here and I shall go fecche you an horse And so she cam sone a payne and brought an horse with her that was onely black // Whan Sir Percydale he hylde that horse he mervayle that he was so grete and so well apparayled And nat for past he was so hardy he lepte upon hym and toke none hede off hym selff // And anone as he was upon hym he threste to hym with his spures and so rode by a foreste And the moone shone clere and he sawe an ordre and casse he bare hym mo dayes journey

perse / bitwyll the com to a rolvze watur / wherch yoyed and that horse
wolde have boyne hym / in to hit / And whan Sir Perdvale
cam nyze the bryme the sawe the watur so boystrous he dretted to passe
on hit and than he made a sygne of the crosse in hys forehed / whan
the fende felte hym so charged he shoke of Sir Pdvale & he went
in to the watur avynge and makyng grete sorowe And hit semed
vnto hym that the watur breste / than Sir Pdvale prayed
hit was a grace the wherch wolde have browzte hym vnto penaunce
than he commended hym self vnto god and prayde onys hyde to
kepe hym frome all suche temptacions And so he pryde all that
myght tylle on the morne that hit was day And a none he sawe he
was in a wylde mountayne wherch was closed with ryse myze
all a bowte that he myght se no londe a bowte hym wherch myzte
releve hym but wylde beste / And than he went downe in to a
valey and there he sawe a spente bryngyng a yonge lyon by the necke
And so he cam by Sir Pdvale So with that com a grete lyon
avynge and vomytyng and after the spente and as fast as Sir
Pdvale sawe that he syzed hym thydir but the lyon had on take
the spente and began battayle with hym / And than Sir Pdvale
thowzt to helpe the lyon for he was the more natural beste of ij
/ and there with he drew hys sworde and sette hys shylde a foye
hym and there he smote the spente sixte a buffett that he had a
dedely wounde / whan the lyon sawe that he made no semblaunce
to fyzhte with hym but made hym all the chere that a beste myzte
make vnto a man / whan Sir Pdvale pryed hit he kyst downe his
shylde wherch was broken and than the end of hys speare for to
fynde wounde for he was grethy chafed with the spente & the hed
went all wey a bowte hym sauvynge as a spaynell & than he stroked
hym on the necke and on the sholdres and thanked god of the
felishyp of that beste And a bowte noone the lyon toke hys leyff

whyche and temyssed hym and bare hym there the com sire Gawayn
Sir Ywayne a lone and as the tale telleth he was at that tyme
one of the men of the worlde whych moste be leded in owre lordes
hed cryste for in yo dayes there was but selde folke at ye tyme that
be leded ypocrisy ffor in yo dayes the sonne shaned nat the fadir no
more then a straunger and so Sir Ywayne comforted hym selff
in owre lordes hed and be sonyt hym that no temptation shulde
hynge hym ovte of goddys hyrd but to endure as his trewe chi
pyon / Thus whan Sir Ywayne had preyde he sawe the lyon
com towarde hym and wyssed downe at his feet and so all
that nyght the lyon and he slepte to gyders and whan Sir
Ywayne slepte he dremed a mervaylous dreme ye iij ladyes mette wt
hym and that one sate vppon a lyon and that oy sate vppon a sperite
and that one of hem was yonge and that oy was olde & ye yongest
hym thought seyde Sir Ywayne my lorde saluerith and sende yow
pon away the and make the redy for to morne yon muste fyghte wt
the stronge champyon of the worlde / And yf yon be ouercome yond
shalt nat be quytte for losyng of ony of thy membyrs but yon
shalt be shamed for ev to the worldis ende And than he axsed her
whate was hir lorde and she seyde the gretteste lorde of the worlde
And so she departed suddeynly that he wyst nat where / Thanne
com forth the tothir lady that vode vppon the sperite and she
seyde Sir Ywayne I playne vnto yon of that ye haue done vnto
me and I haue nat offended vnto yon / Certes madam seyde
he vnto yon nor no lady I nevir offended / yes seyde she I shalle
sey yon why I haue norysshed in this place a grete whyte o
serpente whych pleased me moche and yesterday ye slow hym
as he gate hys pray / Sey me for whate cause ye slow hym
for the lyon was nat yonres / Madam I knowe well the lyon
was nat myne But for the lyon ye more of Sauntyer nadyne

than the ſpente there fore I ſtelle hym and me ſemyth I did nat
a myſſe a gayneſt yon madam ſeyde he what wolde ye ꝑ I
did I wolde ſeyde ſhe for the amendis of my leſte that ye kam my
mum And than he anſwerde and ſeyde that wolle I nat graunte
yon No ſeyde ſhe truly ye were nere but my ſmaunte ſyn ye veſ
ſeyded the omayge of one lorde that cryſte there fore I yon enſyne
in what place that I may fynde yon with oute kepyng I ſhall take
yon as the that ſom tyme was my mayd And ſo ſhe departed fro
Sir ꝑcivale and leffte hym ſlepynge whych was ſore tiedanyed
of hys abiſion And on the morne he aroſe and bleſſed hym &
he was paſſynge feeble // Than was Sir ꝑcivale ware in
the ſee where com a ſhippe ſaylynge toward hym And ſ ꝑ ca-
vale wente vnto the ſhip and fonnde hit couerde w in & without
with whyght Samyte And at the ſterne ſtode an olde man
clothed in a Surpleſe in lykenes of a prieſte // Sir ſeyde ſ ꝑcivale
ye be well com God kepe yon ſeyde the good man & of whense
be ye // Sir I am of kynge Arthurs comte and a knyght of the
rownde table whych am in the queſte of the Sankgreall and
there I am in grete dreas and nere hyke to aſcape oute of thys
wylderneſſ Doute ye nat ſeyde the good man and ye be ſo trewe
a knyght as the order of ſhevalry requyreth And of theyr as
ye ought to be ye ſhold nat doute that none enemy ſhold flay
yon // What ar ye ſeyde Sir ꝑcivale Sir I am of a ſtraunge
contrey and hydre I com to comforte yon // Sir ſeyde ſ ꝑcivale
what ſignifieth my dreme that I deemed thys myght and ſ
he tolde hym all to gydre // She which vade vppon the hond
hit betokenyth the new lawe of holy chirche that ſo to bidde
ſtonde ſayth good hope be hyde and baptyme for ſhe ſemed
yongere that other hit ys grete reſon for ſhe was kyne in the

resurrection and the passion of our lorde Ihu cryste And for grete
love she cam to the to wayne the of thy grete battayle that shall be
falle the // Dothi wolsom seyde Sr Gawayne shalt thou fyght with ye moste
dowtefull champion of the worlde for as the lady seyde but if yon
smyte the welle yon shalt nat be smytte by losyng of one membre
but yon shalt be shamed to the worldis ende And she that rode on
the spente signifieth the olde lawe and that spente betokenyth a
synne And why she blamed ye pat yon sleest hir swanne but
betokenyth no thynge but the spente ye sleest betokenyth the
dowelle that yon vsedist on to the vache And whan yon madist
a signe of the crosse there yon sleest hym and put away
hys power And whan she asked the amendis and to be cond
hir man than yon saydist nay that was to make the lefe
on her and leve thy baptym // So he comanded Sr Gawayne
to depte and so he kepte on the borde and the shippe and all
went away he wyste nat whydir // than he went up into
the vache and founde the knyght all wayk kaye hym fely
ship and he stroked hym vppon the backe and had grete ioy of
hym // Be that Sr Gawayne had bedyn there tylle myddaye he saw
a shippe com sayling in the see as all the wynde of the worlde
had dryven hit and so hit londid vndir that vache And whan
Sr Gawayne sawe this he thyzed hym thedir and sownde the
shippe conde w^t sylke more blacker than ony beare and there yn
was a fantuke woman of grete bealte and she was clothe vnlyk
there myzht be none bettir // And whan she sawe Sr Gawayne
she asked hym who browzht hym in to thys wylderneese where
ye be non lyke to passe thense for ye shalt dye there for hunger
and myschefe // Damesell seyde Sr Gawayne I serve ye beste
man of the worlde and in thys empyre he wolle nat suffir me

to dye ffor who that knowyth shall entre and who that ashryth shall hane And who that sekyth hym he knowyth hym not vnto hys wordys // Dut than she seyde Sr Dauale wote ye whatt I am // who taught yow my name nowe seyde Sr Dauale I knowe yow better than ye weene I com but late owte of the waste forestes where I fownde the rede knyght with the whyte shylde a fayre damesell seyde he that knyght wolde I fayne mete withall Sr knyght seyde she and ye wolle enserche me by the fayth that ye owe vnto knyghthode that ye shall do my wyll whatt tyme I somon yow and I shall bringe yow vnto that knyght // yes he seyde I shall promyse yow to fulfille yowre desyre // Well seyde she nowe shall I telle yow I sawe hym in the waste forestes chasyng a knyght vnto the water whych ys called Mortayse and they wente in to that water for dyede of dethe and the knyght passed ouer & the rede knyght passed after and there hys horse was drowned and he therowe greate strengthe astarted vnto the londe thens she tolde hym and Sr Dauale was passynge glad therof // than she asked hym yf he had ete ony mete late // Nay madam truly I wote no mete myne thes my dayes but late here I spake with a good man that shrof me with hys good wordys and refreyshed me greatly // A Sr knyght that same man seyde she ys an heremyte & a nunne of Ireland ffor and ye be hyde hym ye shall be openly shamed and dye in thys rocke for hunger and he then wolde destroy and ye be a yonge man and a goodly knyght I shall helpe yow and ye wolle // What ar ye seyde Sr Dauale that profyrth me thus so greate kyndenesse I am seyde she a auntrus woman that am dyscryte which was the vyolest woman of the worlde // damesell seyde Sr Dauale who hath dyscryte yow for I shame greate pite of yow // Sr seyde she I dwelle in the

grettyst man of the worlde and he made me so fayre and so clere þ
there was none lyke me and of that grete beaute I had a lytyll
pryde more than I ought to have had Also I seyde a worde þ pleysd
hym nat and than the worde nat suffyr me to be no lenger in þ
company and so the dwerfe me fro me myne herytage & dispe
ryted me for ev and he had nen yette of me nor of none of my
comenyle nor of my comyte and sithyn Sir kaynes hit hath
be fallyn me to be so on prodyen & all myne yet I have be nome
hym som of hys men and made them to be com my men for yey
alle nen nothynge of me but I gyff them that and mych more
than I and my fraunchyse were a yenste hym myght and day þ
fore I fynde no good knyght now no good man but I dare hem on
my hyde and I may And for that I fynde that ye ar a good knyght
I be seche yow to helpe me and for ye be a felowe of the rownde
table wherefore ye ought nat to fayle no jantyll woman which
ys dysherite and she be sought yow of helpe Than Sir gawayn
promysed her all the helpe that he myght and than she thanked
hym and at that tyme the dwerfe was hote than she called
unto her a jantyll woman and bade her bryng forth a pavilion
and so she ded and pyzte hit upon the gradelle Sir seyde she now
may ye reste yow in this hete of this day than he thanked her
and she put of hys helme and hys shylde and there he slepte a
grete whyle and so he awoke and asked her if she had ony
mete and she seyde yee ye shall have I wolde and anone þ was
leyde a table and so mych mete was sette þ on þ he had nowghe
for there was all man of mete that he colde thynke on Also
he dranke there the strengyst wyne that ever he dranke hym
thought and there with he was chaffett a lytyll more pan he
ought to be wt that he be hyde that jantyll woman & hym thought

she was the fayrest creature that on the sadd // and pan sr Gawayne
gaffe hir lore and prayde hir that she wolde be hys whan she re
fused hym in a mans wham she requyred her for cause he sholde
be the more avdente on hir and eke she sesed nat to pray hir of
lore And whan she sadd hym well enchaffed than she seyde Sr
Gawayne wyte yon well I shall nat faillyll yowe wyll but if
ye swere fromme thens for the ye shall be my tredy fraunte and to
do no thynge but that I shall comaunde yon // well ye ensuye me
thys as ye be a tredy knyght // yee seyde she fayre lady by my feythe
of my body // well seyde she nowe shall ye do with me whatt ye wyll
and nowe wyte yon well ye ar the knyghtt in the worlde that I shame
moste desyre to And than vij squyres were comaund to make a
bedde in myddis of the pavelon and anone she was vnclothed
and leyde pr in. And pan Sr Gawayne layde hym downe by her
naked and by adventure and grace he sadd hys swerde by on
erthe naked where in the pomell was a rede crosse and the fygure
of the crucifixe in it and he thought hym on hys knyghtehode
and hys promyse made vnto the good man to forne hande and
than he made a fygure in the forehed of hys and pat wt pat lady
lorn turned vp so downe and pan hit chaunged vnto a smoke
and a blak clowde And than she dred sore and cryed a lowde
fayre swete lorde I hid cryste me lette me nat be shamed which
was myn a lofte had nat thy good grace be no and pan she lokid
vnto her schippe and sadd her entre pin which seyde Sr
Gawayne ye shame be wayde me and so she wente wt pe wynde
wayngge and yelhynge that hit semed all the wat brente aff
her // Than Sr Gawayne made grete sorow and dred hys
swerde vnto hym and seyde suttlyn my fleysch wolle be my
maystres I shall promyse that pt wt the wolff hym self thynkyd pt

the thyefe that the blod sterte a bowte hym and seyde a good lord take thys in recompensacon of that shame myssedone a yeuste the knyght// So than he clothed hym and armed hym and called hym self wrecche of all wrecches how myze was loste and to shame loste that I shold neu shade forth a gayne that was my dyshonnure for p may nen be recouerde after hit ys ones loste and than he stopped hys bledyng wounde with a pece of hys sherte// Thus as he made hys mone he sawe the fayr same shippe com fro the occyente that the good man was in p day be fore and this noble knyght was sore a shamed of hym self & p with the sylle in a sodone and whan he awoke he dressed vnto hym wayfely and there he saluted the good man// And than he asked sr Gawayne how haste pou done syth I departed// Sr seyde he there was a fayr tall woman and ledde me to dedly hymie and p she tolde hym all to gydres lyuely ye nat that mayde seyde the good man// Sr seyde he nay but wyell I wote the fynde sente hir hydur to shame me a good knyght seyde he pou arte a foole for that fayr tull woman was the mayst fynde of shelle which hath power on all of deuylles and p was p olde lady that pou sawe in thyne dorison vndyrnyth on p sperre// Than she tolde p Gawayne how one knyght sent vnto hym onte of hedyn for hys synne wherefor was the moste dyspleasyd angell of hedyn and there fore she toste hys heretage and that was p champion that pou fowzt with all wherefor had on com the had nat p grace of god hene// Now sr Gawayne be ware and take this for an ensample And than the good man departed than sr Gawayne to ke hys armys and entrede in to the shippe & so he departed from pens//

So leuith this tale and turnyth vnto sr Launcelot.

Whan the hermyte had kepte sr Launcelot .iij. dayes pan the hermyte gate hym an horse a helme and a swerde and than he dressed vntyll the dure of none And than he sawe a fayr house and whan he cam nere he sawe a fayr chapell And there he sawe he sye an olde man which was clothed all in whyte fayr & fressh

And than Sir Launcelot seyde Sir god sadee yow // Sir god kepe yow seyde the good man and make yow a good knyght // Than Sir Launcelot alyzt and entred in to the chapell and there he sawe an olde man dede in a worshyfull sheete of wassyng fyne clothe Sir seyde the good man p^t^ man ought nat to be in such clothynge as ye se hym In for in that he brake the othe of hys order ffor he hath bene more than an C. yere a man of religyons And than the good man and Sir Launcelot & p^t^ good man tooke a stole a bonte hys neck and a booke and than he conjured on that booke And with that they sawe the fynde in an hydeous fygure p^t^ there was no man so hardy aserted in the worlde but he sholde a bene a ferde // Than seyde the fynde yon hastе tradayle me gretly nadde telle me what yon wolde with me // Well seyde the good man that yon telle me ffore my brethrn be cam dede and wher p^t^ he be sadeed or dampned // Than he seyde with an horrible voice he ys nat lost but he ys sadeed // Ffore may that be seyde the good man hit semyth me that he hath nat well for he brake hys order for to were p^t^ sherte where he ought to were none And who that trespassith a yenst ony dothe nat well Nat so seyde the fynde thys man that hath here was com of grete lynage and p^t^ was a lorde that hyzt p^t^ erle de Vale p^t^ hylde grete warre a yenste thys maner nedede which hyzt Agdanus And so thys Agdanus sadde the erle was bygger than he // Than he wente for to take conneyle of hys uncle which hath dede here And than he wente ovte of hys p^t^ymytayge for to mayntayne his nedede a yenste the my ghty erle and so hit happed that thys man p^t^ hath dede ded so muche by hys wyse dom & hardmes that p^t^ erle was take and my of hys lordys by force of thys dede man // Than was p^t^ peace be tweyne thys erle and thys Agdanus and grete smyte that the erle sholde nen warre a yenste hym more Than pis dede man that here hath com to thys p^t^ymytayge a zeyne and paid the erle made my of hys nededes for to be a venged vppon p^t^ man So they com on a day and fonnde thys dede man at p^t^ sake vnge

of hys masse and they a tede hym tyll he had seyde masse and pan they
sette vppon hym and dredde onte ſ ſwerdys to haue ſlayne hym but ꝑ
wolde no ſwerde byte on hym more than vppon a gadde of ſteele for
the hyze lorde (which he ſaued the hym preſerued // Than made they
a grete fyre and dud of all hys clothys and the herye of hys backe
And than thys dede man ſtrepte ſeyde vnto them (were ye to bren
them me ſhall nat hyze in youre power nor to greſſhe me as
much as a threde And there were ony on my body // To ſeyde one
of them ſhall be aſſayde and than they diſpoyled hym and put
vppon hym hys ſherte and kyſte hym in a fyre and there he lay
all that day tyll hit was nyght in that fyre and was nat dede
And ſo in the morne than com ſ and fonnde hym dede but ſ fonnde
nor threde nor ſlyme tamed So to ke they hym onte of the fyre
with grete feare and leyde hym here as ye may ſe // And nowe may ye
ſuffer me to go my way for ſ ſhall ſeyde yon the ſo the And pan he
departed (with a grete tempeſt Than was the good man ſ ſ Launce
more gladder than they were to fore And than Sir launcelot knel
ted (with that good man that nyght Sir ſeyde the good man be ye
nat Sir launcelot du lak ye Sir ſeyde he // Sir what ſeke yon in
thys contrey // ſ go ſ to ſeke the adventures of the Sankgreall
well ſeyde he ſeke ye hit ye may well // But yonge hit were herye
ye ſhall haue no power to ſe hit no more than a blynde man ꝑ
ſholde ſe a bryght ſwerde and that ys longe on youre ſyde and
elles ye were more abeled than ony man lyvynge And pan Sir
launcelot he gan to wepe Than ſeyde the good man were ye confeſſed
ſynne ye entred in to the queſte of the Sankgreall / ye ſ ſeyde Sir
launcelot Than vppon the morne (when the good man had ſonge
hys maſſe than they buryed the dede man // Now ſeyde ſ launce
lot fadir what ſhall ſ do Now ſeyde the good man ſ recomme yon vnto
thys ſhaye that was thys holy manes and pray hit nerete thy
ſelfe And hit ſhall prevayle the greatly // Sir than wolde ſ do hit
ſeyde Sir launcelot alſo ſir ſ charge the that yon ete no flefſhe as
longe as ye be in the queſte of Sankgreall nor ye ſhall drynke no

wyne

wyne and that ye shyre masse dayly and ye may com ꝑ to. So he tolke ꝑ
hayre and pit hit vppon hym and so dexted at/ drynsonge and so
rode in to a foreyste and there he mette wt a faintast woman ryding
vppon a rosty gist palfirey and pan she asked hym sir knyght whyder
ryde ye // certes damesell seyde sir launcelot I wote nat whyder
I ryde but as fortune ledith me // then sir launcelot seyde she I wote
whatt aduenture ye seke for ye were be fore tyme neuer than ye be
now and yet shall ye se hit more openly than ere ye did and ꝑ
shall ye vnderstonde in shorte tyme // than sir launcelot asked
her where he myght be saufe rode that myght ye shall none fynde
this day nor myght but/ to morne ye shall fynde therbeside good
and ease of that ye here mdonte off and pan he cōmonded hir vnto
god and so he rode tylle that he came to a cosse and tolke ꝑ for
hys ofte as for that nyght // and so he pitt hys horse to pasture and
ded of hys helme and hys shylde and made hys ꝓyers vnto ꝑ cosse
that he neu falle in dedely synne a gayne and so he leyde hym
downe to slepe and anone as he was on slepe fast be fylle hym ꝑ
a vision that ꝑ com a man a fore hym all by compast wt steryis
and that man had a crowne of golde on hys hede and ꝑ man had
in hys fely shyp vij. kyngis and ij kynghtis and all thes worshipt
the cosse knelyng vppon ꝑ knees holdyng vp ꝑ hondys towarde
the heuyn and all they seyde swete sadyr of heuyn com and visite
vs and yelde vnto euych of vs as we thame desired // than loked
sir launcelot vp to the heuyn and hym semed the eldeste ded oppyd
and an olde man com downe with a company of angelis & alyzte
amonge thē and gaff vnto euych hys bysshopge & called pen
hys hys seruauntis and hys good and trew knyghtis and when
this olde man had seyde this he com to one of the knyghtis and
seyde I thame leste all that I thame be sette in the for ion thast
vnkid the a yenste me as a traytoure and vsed wronge weyis
with thayne ffore for the pleasure of the worlde more than to please

me were sore pon shalt be confownded wtth onte pon yelde me my treson
Alle thys/ avision sayd Sr launcelot at the cross/ and onthe morne he
toke hys/ horse and rode tylle myddey // And there by adventure he mette
the same knyght that tokē hys/ horse helme and hys/ sheelde whan he
slepte whan the Sankegreall appered a fore the crosse // So whan sr launt
sayd hym he sawdrede hym nat sayre but cryed on hyght knyght kepe
the for pon deddest me grete vnkyndnes/ And than they pryt a fore
them sr spreays/ and Sr launcelot/ com so fyersely that he smote
hym and hys/ horse adowne to the erthe that he had myze brokyn
hys/ neck // than Sr launcelot/ toke the knyghtes/ horse yt was hys/
adowne be fore hymde and descended fromme the horse he sette vppon
and mownted vppon hys/ horse And tyed the knyghtes/ adowne horse
to a tree that he myght fynde that horse whan he was/ ryden //
Than Sr launcelot/ rode tylle myght/ and by adventure he mette
an Ermyte and eche of hem salewed other and there he reste wt yt
good man all myght and graff hys/ horse suche as he myght gete
Than seyde the good man vnto Sr launcelot/ of wasens be ye Sr
seyde he I am of Arthurs/ courte and my name ys/ Sr launcelot/
de lake that am in the queste of the Sankegreall and yf for sir I pray
you counceile me of a vision that I sawe thys/ myght/ and so he tolde
hem all/ Lo Sr launcelot seyde the good man pere myght pow
vnderstonde the hyze hynges that pon were com off at thyne avi
sion be tokenyth after the passion of Ihu cryste fourty pere Joseph
of Aramathy preched of the victory of kynge Evelake that he had
in hys/ batayles the better of hys/ enemyes and of the vij knyght
and the vij knyghtes the fyrste of hem ys called Nappus an holy
man And the seconde knyght Nacien in remembraunce of hys
grawnte fyre And in hym dwelled owre lorde Ihu cryst and yt
third was called Hellyas le grose and the iiij. knyght Lysyas
And the v. knyght Jonas he depted onte of hys/ contrey & were
in to walis and tokē there the doughter of Agamell/ whyche by

he had the londe Gaule and he com to Nocelle in thys countrey and
of hym com kynge lamcelot thy grauntfe fyre whych were wedded
to the kyngs doughter of Nelonde and she was as worthy a man as
ony erte and of hym cam kynge Ban thy fadre whych was the
faste of the iij kynges and by the Sir lamcelot hit signyfieth ‡ ij
angels seyde ony were none of the iij felyshyp and ‡ laste was
the vj knyght he was signyfyed to a lyon for he sholde passe all
maner of erthely knyghte that yo Sir Galahad whych ony gate
on kynge Pelles doughter and ony ought to thanke god more and
ony other man hydyng for of a synner erthely ony hast no pere
as in knyghthode nor nen shall have But lyth thanke hast ony
downe to god for all the grete dertnys that god hath sente the Sir
seyde Sir lamcelot yo sey that good knyght yo my sonne That ony
ony to knowe seyde the good man for ony knowe ‡ doughter of kynge
Pelles ffleyshly and on her ony he gatist Sir Galahad and that
was he that at the feste of Pentecoste sitte in the Syge perlous
and there fore make ony hit to be knowen openly that he yo of
thy kegetyn and in no place preese nat vpon hym to have a do
with hym for hit wolle nat a dayle no knyght to have a do with
hym Wolle seyde Sir lamcelot me semyth that good knyght sholde
pray for me vnto the hyze fadre that I falle nat to synne agayne
Certes ony wolle seyde the good man ony fayrest muche the bette
for hys prayer for the sonne shalle nat bearre the wyckednesse
of the sonne but ony man shalle beare hys owne burden and
‡ fore be sekir ony only god and he wolle helpe the in all thy nede
And than Sir lamcelot and he wente to slepe and so seyde
hem to reste and hys heyre prycked fuste and gaded hym fore
but he tolde hym meekly and suffrede the payne And so on the
morne he shrafe hys masse and tolde hys lawnys and so tolde
hys leve and mounted vpon hys horse and rode in to a foreyst

and sholde no syze way and as he loked be fore hym he sye a fayre playne and be syde that a fayre castell and be fore the castell were many pauelons of sylke and of dynse sclo And hym semed that he sawe there .C. knyghtes rydynge on horse backe and there was ryches they that were of the castell were all on blacke horses and ye trappones blacke and they that were with oute were all on whyght horses & trappes So there he gan a grete tornemente and euy knyghte wt oute ye whyte mer vayled Sr launcelot gretly and at the laste hym thought they of ye castell were putte to the worse Than thought Sr launcelot for to holpe there the mayster pty in sucoure of hys felaship And so ye launcelot threste in amonge the pty of the castell and smote downe a knyghte horse and man to the erthe And than he vnsshed here and there and dede many maruayllous dedis of armys and than he drewe oute hys swerde and strake many knyghtes to the erthe that all that sawe hym merueyled that eu one knyghte myghte do so grete dedis of armys // But all wayes the whyte knyghte knyghte kepte the tornemente a bonte Sr launcelot for to take hym and wynde hym ye at the laste Sr launcelot was so weyy of hys grete dedis that he myghte nat lyfte vp hys armys for to gyff one stroke ye he wente nere to haue borne armys // And than they all toke and ledde hym a downe in to a forteste and there made hym to alyght to reeste hym And than all the felyship of the castell were on corde for the defaute of hym than they seyd all vnto Sr launcelot blessed be god that ye be nowe of oure felyship ffor we shall holde you in onure & loue and so they lefte hym al sauf wordys // And than Sr launcelot made grete sorowe for neu or nowe was I neu at tornemente nor at iustes but I had the beste and nowe I am shamed and am sure that I and more shrewdnesse than eu I was thus he rode sorowynge alle

a day onte of dispayre tylle that he cam in to a depe dale and
whan Sr lamcelot sye he myght nat ryde vp onto ye monn
tayne he there alyzt vndr an appyll tre and there he lefte
hys helme and hys shylde and put hys horse vnto pastrye
and than he teyde hym downe to slepe and pan hym thought
com an olde man a fore hym whych seyde Sr lamcelot of evill
worcked fawtys and pare be lede where fore ye thy wyll tried so
hy gethy toward dedly synne and whan he had seyde thus he
vanyssched away and Sr lamcelot wyst nat where he be
come Than he toke hys horse and armed hym and as he rode
by the hyze way he sawe a chapell where was a recluse which
had a wyndow that she myzt se vp to the awt and all a bowte
she cryed Sr lamcelot for that she semed a knyght vnarmyde
and pan she cam and she asked hym what he was & of what
place and where a bowte he wente to seke And pan he tolde
hyr all to gydr worde by worde and the worthy lady hyr be selle
hym at the turnemente and after that he tolde hyr hys a
vysion that he had that myght in hys slepe A lamcelot seyde
she as longe as ye were kny3t of erthly kny3thode ye were
ye moste merveylous man of the worlde & moste adventurest
lady seyde the lady sithen ye be sette amonge the kny3thes
of hedynly adventures of adventure falle hit shame ye no vn
nayle for that turnamente yesterday was but a tornyng
of one lorde and nat for than there was none enchamyr
mente for they at the turnemente were erthely kny3thy
The turnamente was to kyn to se who sholde have moste
kny3thy of Mazar the sonne of kynge pelles & Sr gryflus
the sonne of kynge Harlon But Mazar was all clothed

in Dethyght and Arguftus were conde in blacke / and what thys betokenyth / ſhalle telle you the day of Pentecoſte whan kynge Arthure hylde courte hit be felle that certeſ certeſly kynge & certeſly knyghtſ toke a tweneamente to ryde / that ye to ſey the queſte of the Sankgreall / Of theſe certeſly knyghtſ whych were clothed alle in Dethyght blake and the contynge betokenyth the ſynnes where of they be nat confeſſed and they w^t the contynge of Dethyght betokenyth Dethynde and they that hath chofyn that tyde and thus whyle the queſte be gone in thyder whan ȳ be fielde the ſynneres and the good men And whan you ſadde ȳ ſynneres on cond ye enclyned to that gyty for Dobbaunce and pryde of ȳ worlde pryde of the worlde and alle that muſte be leffte in that queſte for in thys queſte you ſhalle ſtande many feldons & thy bettres for you arte ſo feble of doyſt treuſte & good beleve thys made hit whan you were where they toke the and ladde ȳm to the foreyſte And anone ȳ appered the Sankgreall vnto the Dethyght knyghtſ but you were ſo freble of good fayth ȳ ȳ myght nat abyde hit for alle the teachyng of the good man be fore but anone you tweined to the ſynneres and that cauſed thy myſſe aventure yat you ſholde fynde god ſtome vayne glory of the worlde hit ys nat worth a peare and for grete pryde ȳ madiſt grete ſorde yat ȳ ſtaddiſt nat on cond alle the Dethyght knyghtſ there fore god was wrothe with you for in thys queſte god do with no ſuch dedis and that made the adviſion to ſey to ȳ that you were of doyſt faythe and of feore by hyde the Dethych will make the depe pytte of helle if you kepe the nat the tett / Now ſtande ſtowned the of thy vayne glory and of thy pryde that you haſte many tyme awed a yenſte thy maker be ware of

en taste nge payne for of all erthly knyghtes I shame moste parte
of the for I shold welle pon haste nat they were of ony erthly syn
full mad And so she Dmaunded Sir launcelot to dyner and
after dyner he toke hys horse and Dmaunde hym to god and
rode in to a depe valey and there he fand a cyte and an
hyge mortays and thorow the water he muste nedis passe ye
whych was redyons And than in the name of god he toke
hit with good herte and whan he com on the fadir an armed
knyght horse and man all black as a beare wt onte ony
worde he smote Sir launcelottis horse to the dethe and so he
paste on and wyst nat where he was he cond and pan he
toke hys helme and hys shylde and thanked god of hys adven
ture Here leuith ye tale of Sir launcelot & spekith of S Gawayne

When Sir Gawayne was departed from hys felyshyp
he rode longe with ony adventure for he fonde
nat the tenthe parte of adventures as they were wonte to shame
for Sir Gawayne rode from weste sowthe tylle ayenst a castell
masse and fonde new adventure that pleased hym So on
a day hit be falle that Gawayne mette with Sir Ector de maris
and aythir made grete Ioy of othir and so they tolde enythe
othir and complayned them gretely that they conde fynde none
adventure Trewly seyde Sir Gawayne I am my wyll of thys
queste and lothe I am to forlete hyr in straunge contreyes
One thynge merwayleth me muche seyde Sir Ector I shame mette
with ye kynghtes that be feldwys of myne and all pey complayne
as I do I shame merwayle seyd Sir Gawayne where that Sir
launcelot yon brothir ys Trewly seyde Sir Ector I can nat hyre
of hym nor of Sir Galahad Sir Percivale and Sir Bors I lette
hym be seyde seyde Sir Gawayne for they wyll shame no peeres

and if one thynge were nat Sir launcelot he had none feldy of an
erthely man but he ys as we be but if he take the more payne
vppon hym but and thes iij be mette to gydres they wolde be lothe
that ony man mete with hem for and they sayde of Sauluge
all but ye in dowte of all the penenaunce to yeue hit thus
Sir Ector and Sir Gawayne rode more than vij dayes and on
a Saturday they fonnde an auncyent chapell which was
wasted that ye semed no man nor woman thyder repayred
and there they a lyght and sette ye speres at the dore and so
they entrede in to the chapell and ye made ye ryght fayre a grete
wyndowe and than they sette hem adowne in the Segge of the
chapell and as they spake of one thynge and of other for hevy
nesse they felle on slepe and there hem dothe meveylous ad
ventures // Sir Gawayne hym semed he cam into a medowe
full of floures and stonges and there he sawe a route of bulles
an hundreth and fyfty that were ronde and blacke sawe iij of
hem was all white and one had a blacke spotte and ye
other iij were so fayre and so white that they myght be no
whyter and thes iij bulles which were so fayre were tyed vp
iij. stronge cordis and the remnaunte of the bulles se amonge
them go de hem to sele better pasture and so som wente
som cam a gayne but they were so megre that the myght nat
stonde vp vpright and of the bulles that were so white ye one
cam a gayne and no mo // But whan this white bulle was
cam a gayne and amonge thes other there rose vp a grete arye
for lacke of wynde fayled them and so they departed one fro
a nother there this avision he felle Sir Gawayne that nyght
But to Sir Ector de maces he felle a nother avision ye contrary
for hit semed hym that his brothir Sir launcelot and he

The avision of Sir Gawayne.

a hyzt onto of a chayre and kepte hym vppon ȳ horsis and ye one syde to the other So we to seke that we shulde nat fynde and thym wyst thatt aman kepte Sr launcelot and dispoyled thym & clothed hym in a nop away wherof all full of knottis and sette hym vppon an asse and so he rode tylle that he cam vnto ꝑ fayryst foreste welle that en he sawe and there ꝑ launcelot a hyzt and dranke of that welle and whan he stouped to drynke of that watir the watir sanke fro hym and whan ꝑ launc sawe that he turned and wente thidir as the hede com fro and in the meane whyle he trobled that hym self and Sr Ector rode tylle that they com to a ryche manes house where ꝑ was a weddynge and there he sawe a kynge which seyd ꝑ knyght there ys no place for you and than he turned a gayne vnto the chayre that he cam fro and so with in a while both Sr Gawayne and Sr Ector awaked and ayn tolde ov of ꝑ vision which medwyled hem grettly Trwly seyde ꝑ Ector I shall nev be myry tylle I hyre tydyngis of my brothir Sr launc So as they sate thus talkynge they sawe an honde shedynge vnto the elbowe and was cowde with rede samyte and vppon that a bryddis nat vyzt vyche that shyld with in the fyste a grete candill which bremed vyzt clere and so passed be fore them and entred in to the chapell and vanysshed a way they wyste nat whydir And anone com dolvne a voice which seyde knyght full of evyll fayth and of poore be leefe thes ȳ thynges shalle fayle you and ꝑ fore ye may nat com to the adventures of the Sankgreall than first spake Sr Gawayne and seyde Sr Ector thane ye herde thes wordys ye trwly seyde Sr Ector I herde all Now

go we seyde sir Ector vnto som hermyte that wolde telle vs of owre aduen-
ture for hit semyth me we labowre all in waste and so they dryve and rode
in to a valey and there they mette with a symyte which rode on an
hakeney and a none they salede hym fayre Sir seyde Sir Gawayne
can you teche vs to ony hermyte. Sir here ys on not ferre vndertayne
but hit ys so rowhe there may no horse go thydir and ȳfore ye muste
go on foote and there ye shalle fynde a poore house and ȳ ys a
hermyte wythyn ys the holyeste man in thys contrey and so they
departed ayther fromme other And than in a valey they mette with a
knyght all armed which prouyde hem to fyghte ȳ-fore as sone as
he salw them for the name of god seyde Gawayne for sithyn I de-
parted fromme Camelot there was none that gaffe me to ansuere
but onys and now Sir seyde Sir Ector lat me ansuere hym
Nay ye shalle not but if I be betyn but shalle not pay for thynke
me if ye go to hym and than ayther embraced other to ansuere and so
they came to gyders as faste as they myghte renne that they braste
ȳ shyldis and maylles and ȳ one more than ȳ tother Wyth ȳ Gaw-
ayne was wounded in the lyfte syde and thys knyght was
smytten thorgh the breste that the speare com out on ȳ other syde &
so they felle bothe oute of ȳ sadyls and in the fallynge they brake
both ȳ speares And anone Sir Gawayne arose and sette hys
honde to hys swerde and caste hys shylde before hym But all
for nought was hit for the knyght had no power to ryse a-
yayne hym Than seyde ȳ Gawayne ye muste yelde you as an ou-
comed or elles I muste sle you A ȳ knyght he seyde I am but dede ȳ
fore for Godys sake and of youre curtesye late me here vnto an
abbay that I may receyve my creatour Sir seyde Sir Gawayne
I bidde no shame of yelding here nyze Sir sette me on an horse
to fore you and I shalle teche you So ȳ Gawayne sette hym vp
on the sadyll and he lepe vp be hynde hym to ansuayne hym and so

Here ꝑ Gawayne rydes ꝑ vwayne his cousyn germayne

they cam to the abbay and there were they restoryed and anone he was vnarmed and vestyde hys wedtynes Than he pyde ꝑ Gawayne to dwelve onte the tronchecon of the speare onte of hys body than Sir Gawayne asked hym what he was Sir he seyde I am of kynge Arthurs contre and was a felow of the rounde table and he were sworne to ryde and nowe ꝑ Gawayne yon hast slayne me and my name ys ꝑ vwayne le avowtres that som tyme was sone vnto kynge Vrien and I was in the queste of the Sankgreall and nowe for thyss the god for hit shalle be en vengerse that the tone sworne brothir shall slayne the ot/ Alas seyde Sir Gawayne that en thys my sud wedtynes be felle me/ No force seyde ꝑ vwayne sythyn I shalle dye this deth. of a mych more worshypfuller mānes hande myghte I nott dye but whan ye com to the contre vecōmaunde me vnto my lorde Arthur and to alle yem that be lefte on lyve And for olde brotherhode pryske on me/ Than he gan Sir Gawayne to wepe and also ꝑ Ector And than ꝑ vwayne hade hym drawe onte the tronchecon of the speare And than Sir Gawayne drewe hit onte and anone depted ꝑ soule fro me the body Than Sir Gawayne and ꝑ Ector kerved hym as them ought to have a kynge Some and made hit wrythen vpon hys tombe what was hys name and by whom he was slayne/ Than depted Sir Gawayne and Sir Ector as hevy as they myghte for ꝑ myssadventure and so rode they the com to the rowde mountayne and there they tyed ꝑ horsis and wente on foote to the Hermytayge And whan they were com vp they sawe a poore house and be fyde ꝑ chapell alitill contrelarge/ where Nacien the Hermyte dwelled wyth hys nevew as he wolde had tasted none of mete of a grete whyle And whan he sawe the avenawnte knyghtis he cam to them and salewed them and they kyssed a grayne/ Fayre lordis seyde he what adventure brought yon hydir Than seyde ꝑ Gawayne to speke with you for to be confessed/ Sir seyde the Hermyte I am redy Than they tolde hym so mych that he wyste well what they were And yan he thought

to conceyle them yf he myght Then he gan Sir Gawayne and tolde hym of hys devision that he had in the chaweell And eche tolde hym all as hit ys be fore rehersed Sir seyde Sir Gawayne the fayre medde ȳ val there ys ought to be understonde the rounde table and by the medde ought to be understonde humblete and pacience for be the thynges whych whych bene all wey grene and emyd for that men mowe no tyme on com humblete and pacience there fore was the rounde table fownden and the shedauber hath ben at all tymes so hyze by the fraternite whych was there that she myght nat be ondon ffor me seyde she was fownded in pacens and in humblete at the vuch eche an ē ffyfty bullys but they ete nat in the medde for yf they had ȳ shuld halde hame bene sette in humblete & pacens and the bullis were rownde & blacke sauff only on. And by the bullys ys understonde the sely synnes of the rounde table whych for ȳ synne and ȳ wyckednesse bene blacke & blackenes ys as much to sey with oute good dedynes or workes And the .iij. bullis whych were whyght sauff only one had bene spotted The tothyzght betokeny the Sir Galahad and Sir Idavale for they be maydyns and clene with oute spotte And the thirde ȳ had a spotte signifieth Sir Bors de Gaynes whych trespassed but onys in hys be gynnte but sithyn he kepyth hym self so wel in chastite that all ys for gyffyn hym and hys wyffe dedys and whyle ys on were tred by ȳ neckes they be .iij. knyghtes in one gynnte and chastite and ys no gylte sinytten in them And the blacke bullis whych seyde to we bene they were ys whych at pentecoste at the hyze feste tolde upon hem in the queste of the Sankgreall with oute confession they myght nat entre in the medde of humblete & pacens And there fore they tried in to waste contreyes that signifieth dethe for ȳ shall dye many off them for evyzch of them shall se other for synne and they ȳ shall astuyde shall be so megre that hit shall be merdayle to se them and of the .iij. bullis with oute spotte the one shall com a gayne and ȳ on .ij. nen Then spake Merlen unto Sir Ector seth hit ys that ȳ Lanu

celot and ye com downe of one chayre the chayer betokenyth mayſtſhip and lordeſhip wheruſch ye two cam downe fyve but ye iij knyghtſ ſayde ſ fornyte ye go to ſeke that ye ſhalle fynde that ye the Sankgreall for hit ys the ſecrete thyngſ of owre lorde ihū cryſte And whatt ys to meane that Sr Iaunceelot ſette downe of hys horſe he ſtatſ leſte hys ſwyrde and takyn to ſymmlite for he ſtatſ nere lowde for hys ſynne and ſore repented hym and owre lorde ſtatſ clothed hym in hys clothynge wheruſch ys frill of knottſ that ys the ſhryfe that he wervith dayly And the aſſe that he rade vppon ys a beeſte of ſymmlite for god wolde nat ryde vppon no ſtrede nor vppon no wattſe yet ihū an exemple that an aſſe betokenyth meekenes that pon ſalde ſ Iaunceelot ryde in thy ſtrete at the nexte wheſere at the nexte ſanke ſtrome hym wolde he ſholde ſtyme tabyn ſ off And wolde he ſalde he myghte nat ſtande hit he returned from wolde he cam for the nexte betokenyth the hyze grace of god for the more men deſyre hit to take hit ye more ſhalle be ſ deſire So wolde he cam nyze the Sankgreall he melted hym ſo that he hylde hym nat the man worthy to be ſo nyze ſ holy veſſelle for he had be ſo deſorted in dedly ſynne by the ſpace of many yeze yett wolde he knelyd downe to drynke of the nexte and ſ he ſalde grete ſymdence of the Sankgreall and for he hath ſeyned ſo longe the deuylle that he ſhalle ſtande mvſt xxti dayes for that he ſtatſ bene the deuylle ſmaunte mvſt xxti yeryſ and pan ſone after he ſhalle retorne to Camelot onte of thys contrey and he ſhalle ſey a xoty ſuch thyngſ as he hath ſomde Nowe wolle telle yow whatt betokenyth the ſhelde with the candilſt and the brydylſt that ys to vnderſtonde the holy goſte wheze chayre ys on And the brydylſt ſignifieth abſtinens for wolde ſhe ys brydeled in a cryſten manes ſkevte So holdith hym ſo ſhorte that he fallith nat in dedly ſynne And the candylſt wheruſch ſhedeth clerneſſe and lyzt ſignifieth the vrght way of ihū cryſte And wolde they weinte he ſeyde knyghtſ of yeze ſnyth ſ of wyrcked

he lede thes iij. thyngs fayled chastite abstinaunce and trouthe therfore ye may nat attayne thys adventure of the Sankgreall Seyd sayde sir Gawayne fyrst sothly sayde ye seyde that I se hit openly Now I pray you telle me wherfor dar nette nat with so many adventures as ye were wonte to do I shall telle you gladly seyde the good man the adventure of the Sankgreall whych be in soche wyse now for hit appertyth nat to no synners Wherfore forsoth mervayle ye nat you seyde I offt so many other for ye bene an untrew knyght and a grete mordrer and to good men signifieth other thyngs than mordre for I dare say as synfull as ony Sir Launcelot hath bin sith that he dyde entre in to the queste of the Sankgreal he sholde nevn man nor wonyt shall tylle that he com to Camelot agayne for he hath taken hym to for sake hyme And nere were that he is nat stable but by hys thonghte he is lyckly to turne a gayne he sholde be neyre to encheve hit sauff Sir Galahad hys sonne but god undirwith hys thought and hys unstablenesse and yett shall he dye rychtfull an holy man and no doute he hath no felowe of none erthly synfull man lyvyng Sir seyde sir Gawayne hit seemyth me by youre wordis that for onys synnes hit wolle nat availe us to travayle in this queste Truly seyde the good man there bene an C. such as ye bene shall nevn prevayle but to shame shame And whan they had herde thes wordis they commaunded hym unto god Than the good man called Sir Gawayne and seyde hit is longe tyme passed sith that ye were made knyght and nevn synnes synned your yy mater and nowe you arte so olde a tre that in the ye neythir leeff nor grasse nor fruyte Wherfore me thynke the yf you yelde to ony lorde the kyne vynde sith ye sende hath hath the leves and the fruyte Sir seyde sir Gawayne and I had leyser I wolde speke with you but my felowe Sir Ector is gone fro me Me you by nethe the hylle Nett seyde the good man you were nett to be counayled Than departed sir Gawayne and cam to Sir Ector and

and so toke ye horsis and rode tylle that they com to a forteys house whych
they herborde them wyght welle and on the morne departed fromme hirofte
and rode longe or they ediscrise eny adventure

Now turnyth this tale vnto Sir Bors de Ganys &c

Whan Sir Bors was departed fromme Camelot he mette w^t
a religious man ridynge on an asse And anone ye Bors
salewed hym And anone the good man knew that he was one of the
knyghtis of the queste of the Sankgreall Wherfor
sayde the good man Sir seyde he I am a knyght that fayne wolde
be conuerted that I entirde in to the queste of the sankgreall for he
shalle haue moche erthely worshyp that may bryng hit to an ende
Sertis seyde the good man that ye sothe worde ontc fayle for he shalle be
the beste knyght of the worlde and the fayryst of the felyshyp But hyre
yon welle there shalle none attayne hit but by clennes that ye purce
confession So rode they to gyder tylle that they com vnto a litille chym
tayne And there he prayde Sir Bors to dwelle alle that nyght And ye
so pute of hys armoure and prayde hym that he myght be confessed
And so they ete brede and dranke water to gyder to gyder Now seyde
ye good man I pray the ye pon ete none of tylle pat pon sitte at the
table where the Sankgreal shalle be Sir seyde he I agree me to
but elles knowe ye that I shalle sytte there yes seyde the good man ye
knowe I welle but there shalle be but fedve of ponge felowis w^t pon
Alle ye welle come seyde Sir Bors that god sendith me also seyde
the good man in stede of a shirte and in sygne of chastisemente
ye shalle were a garmente there fore I pray pon do of alle ye clothe
and pource shirte and so he did and than he toke hym a strayte
cote so that sholde be hys in stede of hys shirte tylle he had fulfilled
the queste of the Sankegreall and thys good man sounde hym in
so medwales a lyffe and so stable that he felte he was nere grethe
saue pte in fleysshly lustes but in one tyme that he be gat Elyan
le blanke than he awrayd hym and toke hym and toke hys fedve st

and so dressed and so a litill fromme thens she loked vp into a tree and sy she sawe a passynge grete birde vppon that olde tre and hit was passynge dyre with oute keyffe so she sette a bowe and had bridis wherfore dreye dede for hungre So at the laste she smote hym sadly vp hys beke which was grete and sherpe and so the grete birde bledde so faste y^t he dyed amongste hys birdys and the yongte birdys toke hym by the blade of the grete birde / Whan Sir Bors sawe this he wyste well hit was a grete tokenynge for wo/an he sawe the grete birde awose nat than he toke hys horse and rode hys way And so by aventure by daynsonge tyme he cam to a stronge towne and an hyze and there was he herkenyde gladly And whan he was vnarmed they led hym into an hyze chaumbre where was a lady yongte lusty and fayre and she resceyved hym with grete ioy and made hym to sitte downe by her and anone he was sette to supper with fyfty ryche many dyuerses / But whan Sir Bors sawe that he be thought hym on hys penaunce and bade a squyre to bryngge hym water and so he brought hym and he made hym redy and ete thenne he seyde the lady I trowe ye lyde nat yonge mete yet to nyght seyde he Bors god thanke yow madam but I may nat ete none of yowre mete to day / whan she spake no more as at that tyme for she was lothe to displeasse hym / Whan after supper they spake of one thynge and of othir / So with that y^t cam a squyre and seyde madam ye muste purvey yow to morne for a champion for ellis yonge syster wolle have thyre caryell and also yowre londys except ye can fynde a knyzt that wolle fyzte to morne in yowre quarell a-yenste Sir Pryadam le nore / whan she made grete sorowe and seyde a lorde god where fore graunted ye me to holde my londe where of I sholde now be disherited with oute reson or ryzte And whan Sir Bors herde how sey this he seyde I shalle comforte yow Sir seyde she I shalle telle yow there was here a knyzte that hyzte Anyalus whych helde

aff this londe

alle thys londe in hys kepynge So hit myssehapped he loued a
tall woman a grete dele elder than / and so he toke her alle þ londe
in hir kepynge and alle hys men to gonne and she brought vp many
dyuerse customes wherby she put to dethe a grete nty of his hymes
men And whan he sadv that he commanded her oute of this londe
and by toke hit me and alle thys londe in my demenyng But a
none as that worthy kynge was dede thys oþ lady he gan to
werre vppon me and hath destroyed many of my men and tried
hem a yenste me that / I ane welle nyze no man lesse me and
/ I ane nauzt elles but thys thre towre that she lesse me / and
yet she hath promysed me to habe thys towre withoute / and
fynde a knyzht to fyzht with her champion / Now telle me seyde
Sir Bors what ys that Brydam le noyre Sir he ys the moste
dowted man of thys londe than may ye sende hir worde that ye
ane fownde a knyzht that shalle fyzht with that Brydam le
noyre in gaddis quarelle and youres So that lady was than glad
and sente her worde that she was prouyded / And so that myzht
Sir Bors had passyng good chere but in no tyme he wolde com
bate leyde hym on the floore nor nien wolde do oþ wyse tyll that
he had mette with the queste of the Sankegreall And anone as
he was a slepe hym þ felle a vision þ þ cam in bndis þ one whyte
as a swane and that oþ was merdeylous blacke but he was nat
so grete as was that oþ but in the lymes of a man than þ
whyzhte bride cam to hym and seyde and yon wolde gyff me
me mete and fine me / I sholde gyff the alle the cyties of þ worlde
and / I shalle make the as fayre and as whyzhte as / and So the
whyzhte bride departed and yan cam the blacke bride to hym and
seyde And yon fine me to morow and hane me in no dispite
ponze / he blacke for wyte yon welle that moze availith myne

The auysion of Sir Bors whan he fought with Brydam

blakneſſe than the odwr whyghtneſſe and than he depted Than he had
a nothir vſion that he cam to a grete place which ſemed a chapell
and there he fonnde a chayre ſette on the lyfft ſyde which was
wrogne etyn and freble the tre be fyde hit and on the vyght honde
were vij ſtonys lyke a lylye and that one wolde a be nonne ꝑ top
theyre whyghtnes // But a good man depted them ꝑ they tolvchid
none othir And pan onte of eche ſtonne com onte many ſtonys
and ſmyte grete plente // Than hym thowht ꝑ good man ſeyde ſholde
nat he do grete ſoly that wolde lette thes vij ſtonys ꝑfhe for to
ſmytonne the wothyn tre that hyt felle nat to the erthe // Sir ſeyde
he hit ſemyth me that thys wood myght nat abayde Nowe kepe the
ſeyde the good man that pon nen ſe ſuch adnentnre be falle the
Than he awaked and made a ſygne of the croſſe in myddys of
the forepſte hede and ſo he arose and clothed hym and a none
there com the lady of the place and ſhe ſalevved hym and he hir
a ſayne and ſo went to a chapell and hevd ꝑ ſmyſe And a
none there com a company of knyghtis that the lady had ſente
for to lede Sir Bors vnto the batayle // Than aſked he his armys
And whan he was armed ſhe prayde hym to take a lytyll
morſell to dyne // Nay madam ſeyde he that ſhall nat be tylle
I haue done my batayle by the grace of god And ſo he lepe
vpon hys horſe and depted and all the knyghtis and men
with hym And as ſone as thes vij ladyes mette to gydir ſhe
which Sir Bors ſholde fyght for ſhe pleyned hir And ſeyde
madam ye haue done grete wronge to be ryde me my landis
that kynge Anyeaus gaffe me and fulle lottle ſam ꝑ ſholde be
ony batayle // ye ſhall nat chooſe ſeyde the oꝑ othir ellis hat ye
knyghtis withdrawe hym Than there was the cry made which
ꝑty had the better of ye vij knyghtis that hys lady ſholde veroyſe

aff the londys ¶ than depted the one kyngh̄t fro the other. ¶ than they cam to gydres with such rammdom that they perced ye shyld and ye haubergeons and ye speares fyve in peces and they sore wounded ¶ than hurteled they to gydres so that they bette ecche of to the erthe and there horsis be drene yo legḡs and anone they arose and sette handis to yo swerdys and smote ecche one of vppon yo hedys that they made grete wounds and drye that the blode wente oute of hyr bodyes ffor there fownde Sir Boris greter dessence in that kyngh̄t more than he wente ffor thys Sir Lydain was a passyng good kyngh̄t and wounded Sir Boris full dyll & he hym a gayne ¶ But ever yo Lydain hylde yo stedye in hyese handis that prey ved Sir Boris and suffred hym tylle he was myze atayute and than he ranne vppon hym moze and moze and the of wente backe for drede of dethe ¶ So m hyr with dredoyng he felle vpryght and Sir Boris drew hys helme so strongely that he rente hit fro me fro me hys hede and gaff hym many sadde strok w the flatte of hys swerde vppon the vysayge and bade hym yelde hym or he shold sle hym ¶ than he cryed hym mcy and seyde fayre knyght for godds love sle me natt and I shall ensure the nen to wayre a yenste thy lady but be aff redy to awnde hir ¶ So yo Boris gaffe hym hys hyll and anone the olde lady stedde w aff hir kyngh̄tly ¶ than called Sir Boris aff yo that hylde landis of hys ladyes and seyde he shold destroy them but yf they dyd suche servyse vnto them hyr as longed to yo londys ¶ So they dyd hyr omaygge and yey that wolde natt were chaced oute of yo londis ¶ that lyst be felle yo the yonge lady cam to hyer astate a gayne be the myzty prowesse of Sir Boris de ganys ¶ Whan aff the contrey was well sette in peese ¶ than Sir Boris tolde hys ladye yo depted & she thanked hym gretly and wolde have gyffen hym grete gyfftes but he refused

hym than he rode all that day tylle nyght and so he came to an herm
mytage to a lady which kneu hym well / honoure and made of hym
grete joy So on the morne as sone as the day appered Sr Bors de
parted from thens and so rode in to a foreyste vnto the owre of nyne
day and there he felle hym a meruaylous aduenture So he mette
at the departynge of the .ij. wayes .ij. knyghtes that had Sr Lyonell
hys brother all naked bowndyn vpon a stronge haakeney and hys
hondes bounden to fore hys breste and eu̅ych of them holden
theyre hondes vpon hys wherewith they vsede betynge hym
so sore that the blode trayled adowne more than in an .c. places
of hys body so that he was all blode to fore and he hymde but
he seyde neu a worde as he which was grete of herte suffred
all that they ded to hym as yonge he had seke none anguyssh
And anone Sr Bors dressed hym to reskewe hym that was hys
brother And so he loked vpon the o̅ syde of hym & sawe a knyght
which broght a fayre pauylle woman and wolde a sette her
in the thycke of the foreyste for to haue be the more sure out
of the way from kend that sought her And she which was
no thynge assured cryede with an hyze voice & pyte̅ny sayd
yonge mayde And anone as she hyze Sr Bors she demed hym
a knyght of the rounde table than she clomed hym by the
fayth that he owghte vnto hym in whos seruyse yͤ arte entred
for kynge Arthures sake which I suppose made the knyght
pat yon helpe me and suffre me nat to be shamed of this
knyght // whan Sr Bors herde hir say yus he had so much
sorow that he wyst nat what to do for yf I slaye my brother
be m aduenture he muste be slayne and that wold I nat for all
the erthe And yf I helpe nat the mayde she ys shamed & shall
lose hir virginite which she shall neu gete a gayne than hyssse

he vp hys yzen and seyde wepynge fayre swete lorde ihū cryst wyssh
creature I am kepe me Sir Lyonell my brothyr that yes knyzthe
sle hym nat and for drede of yow and for myne mayres sake I
shall succo thys mayde than dressed he hym vnto the knyzthe
whych had the vantrill woman and than he cryed Sir knyzthe let
yowre honde of yoinge mayden or ye be dede and than he sette
adowne the mayden and was armed at all poyntes sauff he lacked
hys speare than he dressed hys shylde and dyde vnto his syde
and Sir Bors smote hym so harde that he rente thorowe hys
shylde and habergeon on the lyfte sholdir and thorowe grete
strengthe he bete hym adowne to the erthe and at the puttyng
onte of Sir Bors spere he there sowned than cam Bors to
the mayde and seyde lowe semyth hit yow of thys knyzthe be ye
delyuerde at thys tyme I nay sayde she I pray yow lede me yat as
knyzthe had me so shall I do gladly and toke the horse of the wounded
knyzthe and sette the vantrill woman vppon hym and so bronzthe
hym as she desired // Sir knyzthe seyde sothe ye haue bette stedde pan
ye wente for and I had loste my maydynhode v.C. men sholde
haue dyed therfore // What knyzthe was he that had yow in hys forsyst
Be my fayth he yes my cosyne Sir Bors I nen What enzyne he
seyde enchaffed hym for yesterday he toke me fro my fadir fyersly
for I nos none of my fadirs men myzhte withstonde hym nat And yff
he had had my maydynhode he had dyed for the synne of hys body
and shamed and dishonoured for ey // Thus as she stood talkynge with
hym there cam yong knyzthis sekynge after hym And anone she tolde
hem all how Sir Bors had delyuerde hym than they made grete
Joy and he soughte hym to com to hys fadir a grete lorde and he
sholde be ryzhte well come // Denely seyde Sir Bors that may nat
natt be at thys tyme for I haue a grete aventure to do my contrey

So he Commande hem to god and departed than Sir Bors rode aft
Sir Lyonell hys brothir by the trace of ye horsis than he rode
sekyng a grete whyle and anone he ouertoke a man clothed in a re
lygyous wede and rode on a stronge blacke horse blacker pan a bry
and seyde Sir knyght what seke yon Sir seyde he I seke my bro
that I sadd eve whyle betyn w' yn knyghtis A Sir Bors discomforte
yon not nor falle not in to no wanhope for I shall telle yon tydyn
this nyght as they be for trwly he ye dede than shewed he hym a new
slayne body lyyng in a bryssh and hit semed hym welle that hyt
was the body of Sir Lyonell hys brothir and pan he made swythe
sorowe that he felle to the erthe in a sowne and so lay a grete whyle
there And whan he cam to hym selff he seyde fayre broth swythe
ye company of yon and me ar departed shall I neu ffame ioy many
fayre and now the wolfych I shame take yn bnto my mayster helpe
my helpe And whan he had seyde pus he tok the body hyzthy
in hys armys and put hit vp on the harsson of hys sadyll
And than he seyde to the man can ye shewe me ony chapell nyze
where that I may bury thys body Com one seyde here ys one faste
bye And so longe they rode tyll they sawe a fayre towne and a fore
hit there semed an olde frekle chapell And pan they a lyzt bothe
and put hym in the tombe of marble Now leve we hym here
seyde the good man and go we to one herbeyow tylle to morow
we com hyze a zeyne to do hym hyrse Sir seyd Sir Bors be ye a
prycst ye for sothe seyde he than I pray yon telle me a zeone
that be felle me the laste myzht Gay on seyde he so he be gon so
mych to telle hym of the grete bride in the forayste And after
tolde hym of hys bredys one wolfyzht and anop blacke and of
the vothyn tre and of the wolfyzht stonys Sir I shall telle yon
a zte now and the other dele to morow the wolfyzht fowle be

to kenyth a ſaintik woman ſayre and nesſe wherch loued ſ̄ paramours
and ſtrith loued the longe And if that pon wayne hir lode ſhe ſhall
dy a none and if pon ſtane no prte on her that ſignifieth the grete
birde which ſhall make the to wayne hir Nolv for no feare ꝑ thou
haſte ne for no diede pat pon haſt of god pon ſhalt nat wayne
hir for pon wolde nat do but for to be holdyn chaſte for to cōpres
the lofe of the vayne glory of the worlde for that ſhall be falle
the nolv and pon wayne hir that Sir Launcelot the good knyght
thy cōſyn ſhall dye And than ſhalt men ſey that pon arte a man
ſlear both of thy brothir Sir Lyonell and of thy cōſyn ſ̄ Launc
wherch in myght ſtane reſcowed eaſily But pon wendiſt to reſ
cow a mayde which ꝓfeyned no thynge to the Nolv loke pon wher
ſhe had bene ſwetter ſtayne of thy broſ̄ dethe or ellis to ſtane ſuff
ſirde her to ſtane loſte hir maydynhode Than ſeyde he nolv haſt
pon ſtande the tobynd of thy dreme ye ſeyd ſ̄ Bors than ys hit
in thy defaute of Sir Launcelot thy cōſyn dye Sir ſeyde ſ̄ Bors
that were me lothe for there ys thynge in the worlde but I ſhal
ſadow do than to ſle my lorde Sir Launcelot dye in my defaute Thoſe
ye nolv the tone or that oth Than he ladde hym in to the hyeſt
towre and there he ſonnde knyghtis and ladyes that ſeyde he was
wrekeles And ſo they vnarmed hym and whan he was in his
dubbelet they brought hym a mantell furred w̄ ermyne and
pon hit a ſtrayte hyrid So they made hym ſuch chere that he had
forgotyn his ſorowe and anone cam onte of a chamber vnto hym
the fayreſte lady that ever he ſawe and more ryche be feyne pan ever
was quene Guenyn or ony of aſtaute to ſeyde they Sir Bors
here ys the lady vnto whom we owe all our ſeruyſe And I trowe
ſhe be the rychyſte lady and the fayreſte of the worlde wherch
wolde pon beſte a loven all oth knyghtis for ſhe wolde ſtane no knyght
but pon And whan ſhe vnderſtood that langwyge he was a knyghted

not for than she saluted hym and he her and than they sate downe
to gydres and spake of many thynges in so much that she besought
hym to be her lorde for she had loued hym a lowen all certeyn men and
she sholde make hym ryches than euyr was man and of hys ayre
Wha[n] Sir Bors vnderstood her wordes he was vryght wyll at
ease but in no wyse he wolde breke his chastite and so he wyst not
how to answere her Alas Sir Bors seyde she wolt ye not do my
wylle a madam seyde he there ys no lady in thys worlde whos wylle
wolde fulfylle as of thys thynge she ought not desyre hit for my
brother Lyonell dede which was thyne vryght lorde A Sir Bors seyde
she I haue loued you longe for the grete beaute for the grete beaute
I haue sene in you and the grete hardynesse that I haue herde of you
that nedys ye muste lye by me to myght there fore I pray you gyue me
trewly seyde he I shall do hit in no maner wyse than anone she made
hym such sorowe as yf she sholde haue dyed Well Sir Bors seyd
she vnto thys haue ye brought me nyze to myne ende and yf ye
wyll take hym by the hande and lede hym be holde her and ye shall
se how I shall dye for youre lorde And she seyd pray I shall hit not
se than she dressed and went vp in to an hyze batylment and
had with her vij. gentilwomen and whan they were a lyde one
of the gentill women cryed A Sir Bors gentill knyght haue mercy
on vs all and suffre my lady to haue her wyll and yf ye do not
we muste suffre dethe with oure lady for to falle downe of the hyze
towre and yf ye suffre vs thus to dye for so lytill a thynge all ladys
and gentill women wolde say you dyshonoure than loked he vp
warde and sawe they semed all ladyes of grete astate and vryches
and well he seyne than had she of them grete pite but for that he
was not vnremembryd in hym selff that lorde he had they all
had loste ther lordes than he thys lorde and with that they felle
all at ones vnto the erthe And whan he sawe that he was
all a bayssched and had ther of grete merveyle and what the thyng

hys body and hys bysarge and anone he hawde a grete noyse and
a grete cry as aft the hundys of helle had benne a bonte hym and
forth nos todyne lady nie saintis wonen hidy no chaynell where he
brought hys brothir to than hylde he dep both hys handis to
hedyn and seyde fayre swete lorde fadir god in hedyn Jam gredy
ly astayed and than he take hys armys and hys horse and set hym
on hys war and anone he hewde a clarke smyte on hys ryght hande
and thrdir he cam to an abbay which was closed w hyze walle
and there was he lette in and anone they supposed that he was
one of the knyghtis of the vonnde table for was in the qneste of the
sankgreall so they led hym in to a chambir and vnarmed hym
Ors seyde Sir Bors if ye be ony holy man in thys house pray
yon lette me speke with hym than one of them lad hym vnto
the abbotte which was in a chaynell and than Sir Bors salvied
hym and he hym a gayne Sir seyde Bors Jam a knyghte
aryaunte and telde hym the adventures which he had sene
Sir knyght seyde the abbotte I wote nat what ye be for I wont for a
knyght of youre ayge myght nat haue be so stronge in the fee of
onre lorde I rede ayste Nat sey than ye shall go vnto youre reste
for I woll nat conceyle thys day hit ye to late and to morow
I shall conceyle yon as I can And that nyght was Bors sted
ryche and on the morne erly he hawde masse and than for abbot
cam to hym and bade hym gad morow and Sir Bors to hym a
gayne and than he telde hym he was felow of the qneste of
the Sangreall and how he had charge of the holy mayd to ete
brede and watir than onre lorde shewed hym vnto yon mys
hynesse of a fowle that suffrede grete angwisshe for es when
he was pnte vppon the crosse and bledde hys herte blod for
mankynde there was the tokyn and the hynesse of the Sankgre
all that appered a fore yon for the blad the grete fowle bledde

verysshd the chyrchys stronge dothe to fyll And by the laye tre betoke
nyth the worlde whych ys naked and nedy with onte spyryte but if
hit com of cryste lorde Also the lady for whom ye fought for and kyng
Anneus whych was lorde p to betokenyth thyd cryste whych ys kyng
of the worlde And that he fought with the champyon for ij lady
nes that betokenyth whan he tolde the lady Saturle for the lady by
ther shalle ye vnderstonde the olde lawe of owre lord thyd cryst and
holy chyrche And by the other lady ye shalle vnderstonde the olde
ladyes and the fynde which all day wayeryth ayenst holy chyrch
therfore sore ye and yonge batayle with vryght sore ye be thyd cryst
bryngge there sore ye onte to be defenders of holy chyrche which
seyth I am blacke but fayre and by the whyght bride may
men vnderstonde the fynde and I shalle telle yon how the fynd
ys whyght with onte fyrth and blacke w̄in // hit ys spyrytte
which ys w̄ oute lawe or feale and seemyth with onte forth ꝑ ſm̄ tyme
of thyd cryste but ther be with in fyrthe so horrible of hit ſelf ſ ſhrme
and be gyle the worlde so dyrkt Also whan the fynde apperyth to yon
in lykenesse of a mayd or religyous and blamed the ꝑ yon lefft thy
brothyn for a lady And the lede the where yon seined thy brothyn
was slayne but he ys yette on lyve and all was for to yonte
the in errorye and to bryngge the in to wanhope and lechery for
he knewe yon were tendyr hertyd And all was for yon sholdyst
nat fynde the adventrye of the Sankgreall And the fynde folvle
he tokenyth the stronge battayle a yenste the fayre ladyes whych
were all delyvrd Also the dry tre and the whyght lylyes The
fyve tre betokenyth thy brothyn Sr Lyonell whych ys dry w̄ oute
leverin and ꝑ fore men onte to calle hym the eolyn tre ꝑ ſ. Reyne
thyn tre for he ys a mirthfull and doth. courtoy to the order off
knyghthode and ꝑ yᵗ whyght flowres signifieth yᵗ mayden ꝑ one
ys a knyght which ys wounded ꝑ yᵗ day ꝑ ꝑ of ſe ꝑ gentyll woman

wherefore ye resolved and why the ij stones dredde nye the toy þ was the knyght which wolde have desolved her and hym self bothe
And Sr Bors ye had bene a grete foole and vn grete pelle for to
have sene the iij fellowes fyght for to fyndonge the vothyn tre for and
they had ronne to gyder they had be dampned and for ye resolued
them bothe men myght calle you a verey knyght & þ mirr of chyv
alrye // Than wente Sr Bors fro me thens and commaunded the
abbotte to god And than he rode all that day and herbered wt an
olde lady And on the morne he rode to a castell in a baley and þ
he mette with a woman goyng a grete pace toward a foreyste
Sey me seyde Sr Bors canst thou telle me of ony adventure Sr
seyde he there shalt be vndre this castell a grete and a mervayllous
tornemente Of what folkys shalt hit be seyde þ Bors the erle
of Playnis shalt be on the tone party and the ladyes nexte off
Hervon on the todre party · Than Sr Bors thought to be there to
assay vff he myght mete with hys brother Sr Lyonell or ony of
hys felyshyp whych were in the queste of the Sankgreall Than
turned to an Ermytayge that was in the entre of the foreyst And
whan he was com thydre he fonnde there Sr Lyonell his brop
which sate all armed at the entree of the chapell dore for to abyde
there herebredde tylle on the morne that the tornement sholde be
And whan Sr Bors sawe hym he had grete ioy of hym that no
man cowde telle of grettar ioy // And than he a knyght of his house
and seyde fayre swete brother whan cam ye thydre And as Sr
Lyonell sawe hym he seyde to Sr Bors ye may nat make none
avaunte but as for you I myght have bene slayne whan ye
sawe a knyght lede me away beatynge me ye lefte me to fyght
wt a fantrik woman and suffred me in grett of deth. for nevr after
me ded no brother to a nother so grete an vnkyndnes And for þ mysse
dede I ensure you nowe but dethe for well have ye deserved hit þ

for kepe yow fforme the fforme kene forebrande and that shalt ye fynde as
sone as I am armed / Whan Sir Boys vnderstode his brothers wrathe
he kneled adowne to fore hym to the erthe and axed hym mercy holdyng
vp both hys handes and prayde hym to for gyff hym hys dowble wylle
May nay seyde Sir Lyonell that shalt nevir and I may kawe the hyere
hande that I make myne avowe to god yow shalt kawe dethe for hit
were pite ye lyved any lenger bycause he dyenta / Ryght so he went
and tokke his harnoyse and lyghte vppon his horse and cam to fore hym & seyde
Sir Boys kepe the fro me for I shalt do to the as I wolde do the
felon of a traytowre for ye be the vntrewyst knyght that euir
cam owte of so worthy an hovse as was kynge Boys de gaus
which was owre fadir therefore stepe vppon thy horse and so
shalt yow be moste at thyne avauntage for and but if yow wylt
I wolle renne vppon the there as yow arte on foote And so
the shame shalt be myne and the shawme yomes but of yow
shame vecke / noyght Whan Sir Boys sye that he must fyghte
with his brother other elles to dye he wyste nat wholle to do So
hys herte conceyved hym nat yt to / In as much as Sr Lyonell
was hys elder brother Wherefore he owghte to bere hym reuerence
yette kneled he adowne a fayne to fore Sir Lyonell horse feete
and seyde fayre sweete brother kawe mercy vppon me and sle me
nat and kawe in remembraunce the feete lore which owghte to
be betwene vs / So wholle sone Sir Boys seyde to Sr Lyonell
he wyste nat for the fryde had brought hym in suche a wyse
that he sholde sle hym / So whan Sir Lyonell sawe he wolde
none of do nor wolde nat vyse to hys hym kenyngly he russhed
on hym so that he smote Sir Boys with his hys horse feete
vpwarde to the erthe and hurte hym so sore that he sowned
for distresse which he felte in hym selff to hadde dyed withoute
confession / So whan Sir Lyonell sawe there he a hyst of hys

how Sr Lyonell wolde have slayne his brother Sir Boys

horse to have smytten of hys hede and so he tok hym by the helme and
wolde have vertte hit from hys hede // Thenne with cam the empte
remynge vnto hym which was a good man and of grete aege
and well had herde all the wordes he lepe be twene them and so
felle adowne vppon ſ Bors and seyde vnto Sir Lyonell A Jantylle
knyght have mercy vppon me and vppon thy brother for yf ye ſle
hym ye ſhall be dede of that ſynne And that were grete sorowe
for he is one of the worthyest knyghtes of the worlde and of beſte
condicions So for god me helpe Sir knyghte but yf ye ſle hym
I ſhall ſle you and he ſhall nevir the sonner be quytte // Certes
seyde the good man I had lefore ye ſle me than hym ffor as for
my dethe ſhall nat be grete thenne nat halff ſo muche as for his
well be // Well seyd Sir Leonell I am agreed and sette his honde
to his ſwerde and smote hym ſo harde that hys hede yede off
backwarde And nat for than he vestoned hym nat of hys deth
wyll but to be hys brother by the helme and unlaced hit to have
smytten off hys hede and had slayne hym had nat a felowe
of hys of the vomde table cond whos name was called Sir
Colle Gredamure a felow of the vomde table that com thyderw
as one to hys wyll wolde and whan he sawe the good man slayne
he merveyled muche what knyght he and than he be hylde
Sir Lyonell that wolde have slayne hys brother Sir Bors which
he loved wyghtly Well Than sterte he a downe and toke ſ Lyonell
by the shulders and drewe hym strongely a backe from ſ Bors
and seyde to Sir Lyonell Wolle ye ſle yonge brothir the worthyest
knyght one of the worlde that sholde no good man suffre // Why
so seyde Sir Lyonell Wolle ye lette me ſle off for yf ye entirmete
yff I ſhall ſle you to and hym ſ after // Why seyde Sir Colgrevaunce
ye thys sothe that ye wolle ſle hym // yee ſle hym Wolle I Why so
seyth the contrary for he hath done so muche a yenſt me that he
hath well deſerved hit and so ran vppon hym and wolde have

smytten of the hede and so Sir Colgrevaunce can ketlbyte them and seyde and ye be so hardy to do so more we yt shall medyll to gidres // So whan Sir Lyoneff vnderstood his wordes he toke his shylde to fore hym and asked hym what that he was // Sir my name ys Sir Colle Gredvaunce one of his felowes // Than sayd Lyoneff defyed hym and so he smote vppon hym and gaff hym a grete stroke therwith the shelde Than he drew his swerde for he was a wassyng good knyght and defended hym veryght manfully and so longe dured ye batayle that Sir Bors sate vp all armed vyshe and he hyrde Sir Colle gredvaunce the good knyght that fought with his brop for his mayest. Ther of he was full redy and thought yf Sir Colle gredvaunce slew hys brother that he shold neu shame hym // Also and yf hys brother slew Sir Colle gredvaunce the same shame shold en be myne Than wold he slade shame vysed to shame depted prew but he had nat so much myght to stonde one fote // And so he abode so longe that Sir Colle gredvaunce was on yrdryed for thys Sir Lyoneff was of grete cheualry & passyng hardy for he had perced the shadelder & the helme so sore that he bled but lytyl. for he had lost much blod & but was merueyle that he myght stonde vp veryght Than he hyrde the Sir Bors wyche sate dressyng hym self wyche seyde a Sir Bors why cam ye nat to reskewe me ouer of pell of dethe where in I shame putte me to for to hym wyche were veryght nere myne dethe Sayd seyde Sir Lyoneff that shall nat a dayle yon for none of yon shall be otherwyse wreke but ye shall dye both. of my honde // Whan Sir Bors herde that he seyde so muche he arose and put on hys helme And than he pulled fast & smyte tyll wyche was flayne Than made he a merueylous sorow vppon hym Than Sir Colle gredvaunce cryed offyn vppon Sir Bors and seyde why will ye let me dye here for yo take no force Sir yf hit please yon that I shall dy the dethe shall please

Holy Sir Lyoneff slewe ye Squyre and Colle gremmce for preludyng of his bop Syr Bors

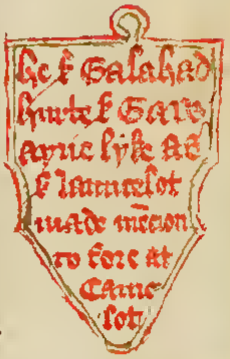
me the better for to sadde a worthyer man myght / men reseyde
the dethe / with that worde Sir Lyonell smote of the heline frome
hys hede And whan Sir Colfredemere sawe that he myght nat
astape than he seyde fayre swete lord crayste that / thine myssedo
have mercy vppon my sowle for such sorowe that my harte suf-
fryth for gladnes and for alnes dede that / wolde have done
here be to me a kyeregemente of penaunce vnto my sowle the tyme
And so at thes wordes Sir Lyonell smote hym so sore that he
bare hym dede to the erthe And whan he had slayne Sir Colf-
redemere he ran vppon hys brothir as a fyndely man and gaff
hym such a stroke that he made hym stompe and as he that was
full of hermitte prayde hym for goddis love to sadde his battayle
for yf hit be felle fayre brothir of that / sle yon or ye me bothe
shalle dye for that tyme So god me helpe / shalle neuer have
other mete and / may have the better hende. Well seyde / Boys
and dredde hys sworde all wepynge and seyde fayre broder god
knowyth myne entente for ye have done full evyll thys day
to sle an holy preyste which never trespasted Also ye have slayne
a sauntyll knyght and one of myne felowes And well wote ye /
am nat a ferde of yow gretely but / drede the wrathe of god
and thys ys an vnkyndely werre / fore god shewe his myracle
vppon vs bothe And god have mercy vppon me yonge / defende
my lyff ayenst my brothir And so with that Sir Boys lyffte
vp hys honde and wolde have smytyn hys brothir And with that
he harde a voice frome heyth seyde fle Sir Boys and towche hym
nat other ellis yon shalle sle hym / bryght so a bryght a cloude
he dyverte them in lykenes of a fayre and a merveylous flame
that bothe Sir Boys shyldis brente than were they fore a ferde /
felle both to the erthe and lay / a grete whyle in a sowne /
And whan they cam to them selff Sir Boys sawe that hys
brothir had none harme than he hylde vp both his hondys /

for the dread last god had taken vengeaunce vppon hym So that
the knyght a voyce that seyde Syr Boos go hens and leave yo felyssyp
no lenger with thy brothyr but take thy way anone vyght to ye see
fore Syr Dewdale a hydeth the there // Than he seyde to his broth
for godds love frayre swete brothyr for gyff me my trespasse Than
he answerd and seyde god for gyff yon and I do gladly So ye Boos
depted frome hym and rode the next way to the se And at ye last
by fortune he cam to an abbay which was nyze the see And y
myght he vested hym there And as he slepte ye cam a voyce
and bade hym go to the see Than he sterte vp and made a sygne
of the crosse and tok hym to his harnes and made redy his
horse and at a brokyn walle he rode owte and by fortune he
cam to the see and vppon the see stronde he fonnde a shyppe
that was comde all with vertuous knyghtes samyte // Than he a lyzte
and betoke hym to god evyrste and as sone as he was entred
the shyppe depted in to the see and to hys semyng hit went
fleyng but hit was sone dyrked that he myght knowe no man
Than he layde hym downe & slept tyll hit was day And when
he was waked he sawe in myddis of the shyppe a knyght
lye all armed sawff hys helme And anone he was ware hit
was Syr Dewdale de galys ye pan he made of hym vyze grete joy
But Syr Dewdale was a hayssed of hym and asked what he
was A fayre Syr seyde Syr Boos knowe ye me nat Certy seyde
he sumdele well ye cam hyder but if owre lorde bromght
you hyder hym selff than Syr Boos smyled and ded off hys
helme And anone Syr Dewdale knewe hym and ayn made
grete joy of other that hit was mervayle to hyre than Syr Boos
tolde hym how he cam into the shyp and by vertue a monyssed
and all thyn told of ye temptacions as ye have herde to for
honde So wente they dryvyng in the see one wekyle buckwayde

a nop wesyle forthward

whyle forewarde and eny man comforted oth and en they were in theyre
prayers than serde the Sadale we take no yerde but the Galahad the
the good knyght Now turnyth the tale vnto Sir Galahad.

Dodo seyth the tale whan Sir Galahad had restored
Sir Sadale frome the xx^ti knyghtes he rode po in to a
wast forest where in the dnd many sondrey aduentures
my aduentures whych he brought all to an ende where of the
tale maketh here no mencion // than he toke his way to the see
and on a day as hit be felle as he passed by a castell there was
a doondre turnemente but they dorth on the had done so much
that they dorth in deede put to the worse and yet were they
cc^ti in good knyghtes / Indo // So whan Sir Galahad sodo po dd^ti
in were at so grete myschiefe that men sledo hem at the entre of
the castell than he thought to helpe them and pute a speare
fourthe and smote the first that he fledde to the eyste and the
speare rode in peces than he dredo his swerde and smote on as
they were thickyst and so he dnd wondrefull dedys of armys that
all they merbayled And so hit happynde that Sir Galvayne and
Sir Ector de marys were dorth the knyghtes w^t oute // But pan they
aspyed the whyght shylde dorth the rede crosse And anone that
one seyde to that other yondre ys the good knyght Sir Galahad
the shamefull knyght Now for sothe me thynkith he shall be a grete
fole that shall mete dorth hym to fyght But at the laste by
aduenture he cam by Sir Gawayne and smote hym so sore on
that he clafe his helme and the coyffe of yron vnto the hede //
that Sir Gawayne felle to the erthe but the stroke was so grete
that hit slented dodone and bette the horse sholdr in two / So
whan Sir Ector sadr Sir Galvayne dodone he dredo hym
a syde and thought hit no worse dede for to a slyde hym and also
for natureall lodre for he cause he was his vncle // Thus rydde



hys hardynesse he bete a backe all the knyghtes vnto and put
them vnto flyght and chaced them all a bonte / But Sr Galahad
Sr Galahad sawe there wolde none turne a gayne he stale a
way prevayly and no man wyste where he was become / Now
be my hede seyde Sr Gawayne vnto Sr Ector wode ar I wonder
tydyngs that was seyd of Sr Launcelot that at the syluer shelde
in the stone fraye sholde gyffe me such a buffette / I wold not
shame hit for the beste castell in the worlde and sothely now
hit is proved tydyngs for nere ar had I such a stroke of mannys honde
Sr seyde Sr Ector me semyth youre aneste is done And myne
is not done / Wele seyde he I shall sette no further than Sr
Gawayne kyng in to the castell and vnarmed hymself and kepte hym
in a veyll kelde and a leche was sonnde to hele hym And / Ector
wolde not depte fromme hym tyll he was myche hole / And so / the good
knyght Sr Galahad rode so fyste that he came that nyght to the
castell of Carbonecke And so fyll he felle hym that he was be
nyghted and came vnto an ar mytayge / So the good man bade
kepe him Wherin he sawe he was a knyght arraunte / So wherin they
were at reste there he felle a Sanctyll Woman and cam and knokked
at the doge and called Sr Galahad and so the good man came
to the doge to wete what she wolde than she called the knyghte /
Alphyne and seyde I am a Sanctyll Woman and that wolde fayne
spete with the knyght which is now in yon than the good man
awaked Sr Galahad and bade hym aryse and spete with a San
tyll Woman that semyth she hath grete nede of yon than Sr
Galahad and asked her what she wolde Sr Galahad seyde she
wolde that ye arme yon and lyght vppon thys horse and folw me
for I shall shewe yon with in thys iij dayes the kyngeste aduenture /
en any knyght sawe So anone Sr Galahad armed hym and
toke hys horse and commended the knyghte to god And so the lade /
Sanctyll Woman to ryde and she wolde folowe there as she lyked

So the rode as fiste as thy passeyd myght dayes ther tylle that she cam to the see Whych was called Collybre and by myght they com vnto a castell in a valey closed with a rennyng water Whych had stronge walles and hyze And so she entred in to the castell W Sir Galahad And there had she grete chere for the lady of that castell was dame sels lady So was he vnarmed Than seyde the damesell madame shall we abyde here all thys day nay seyde she but tylle he hath dyned and slepte a litell and so he ete and slepte a whyle and p mayde than called hym and armed hym by torche lyzt And Nynyan the mayden was horsed and the bothe the lady to le p Galahad a fayre shylde and vyolle and so they departed fromme the castell and rode tylle they cam to the see and there they fonnde the shippe that Sir Bors and Sir Bedivere was in Whych seyde on the shyp bonde bonede // Sir Galahad ye be well com for we habe a bydyn yon longe And Nynyan he herde them he wisshed them wchat they were Sir seyde she take youre horse hyze and I shall take myne also and tok hir sadils and hir bridyls with them and made a crosse on them and so entred in to the shyp and p ye knyzt restreyned them both with grete joy and enych made of and so the wynde a vose and drove hem thorow the see in to a mannes place and with in a whyle lyzt dalved Than and Sir Galahad of hys shelde and hys sweyde and asked of hys felowes from whens com that fayre shippe Tredely seyde they ye wote as well as we but lyzt com of goddis grace and than they tolde enych to other of all theyre harde adventures and of her grete temptacions Tenly seyd Sir Galahad ye ar mych bounden to god for ye have escaped vryght grete adventures // Certes had nat this sanctifi woman ben I had nat come hyder at thys tyme ffor as for yon ye I wente nen to have fonnde yon in thys shippe trewly A Sir Galahad seyde Sir Bors if Sir launcelot yo fadir were

here thay were bothe at ease for thay me semed we sayled no
thynge // Ethat may nat be seyd Sir Galahad but yf hit pleased
lorde by thay the ship had renne fyrome the londe of Logrys many
myles So by adventure hit arryved vp by a rocchis pas
fyngt grete and mervaylous but there they myght nat londe for
there was a walowe of the see Save there was a noy shippe
and vppon hit they myght go With outen daunger Now go
we thydir seyde the Sanctifi Woman and there shall we se ad
ventures for so ys ony lordys wylle And whan they com thyd
they fonnde the shippe voyde Ryddyr but they fonnde noy man
nor Woman yn hit but they fonnde in the ende of the shippe yn
fayre lettres Wrytten Which seyde a dredefull Wyrde A mervay
lous Upon man Whych shall entir in to this shippe be Ware
that you be nat stedfaste beleve for man fayethe and yn fore be
sydde you entirest but yf you be stedfaste for and you fayle yn of
I shall nat helpe the And than seyde the Sanctifi Woman Sir
Bedwar seyde she beste ye do that I and Sertis seyde she nay bette
my dytynge I sadde you nevir aryste Wyte ye Well seyde she I and
thy Syster Which Was doughter vnto Kynge Pellynor And yn fore
Wete you Welle ye ar the man that I moste love and yf ye be nat
in parfite be lyve of I shall ensyste entir nat in no man of Wyse
for than I sholde ye parfit the shippe for he ys so parfite that Wolde suf
fir no synner With yn hym // So Whan Sir Bedwar vnderstode
she Was hys Wyffis Syster she Was inwardly glad and seyde fayre
Syster I shall entir yn for yf I be a mysse creature or an vnclene
knyght there shall I parfite So in the meane Whyle Sir Galahad
blyssed hym and entirde yn hit and so nexte the Sanctifi Woman
And than Sir Bors and than Sir Bedwar and Whan they
were yn hit Was so merveylous fayre and ryche and a myddis
the shippe Was a fayre bedde And anone Sir Galahad Went

ſ to and ſonnde ꝑon a cuſſine of ſylke and at the feete was a ſwerde wyth and ſcawe and hit was drawyn oute of the ſheeth a foote and more and the ſwerde was of dyuſe faſſions and the pomell was of ſtoone and there was in hym all man of colomes ꝑ ony man myght fynde and euery of the colomes had dyuſe vertues ꝑ ſtode of the kanſſte wexe of ꝑ vyſbis of ꝑ dyuſe beſtis that one was a ſeruente whych ys conſaunte Jn Calydone and ys calle ꝑ ꝑ ſtrente of the fynde and the boone of hym ys of ſuch vertu that ꝑ ys no hande that handeleth hyrn ſhalle nede be dreyy nor hyrte and ꝑ and the oꝑ boone ys of a hyſſh whych ys nat rygght greete ſ kanm with the ſkade of Enfrate and that hyſſh ys called Eutanay and the bonys be of ſuch man of kynde that who that handelyth hyrn ſhalle kanne ſo mnche dryll that he ſhalle nede be dreyy and he ſhalle nat thynke on ſoy nor ſorowe that he hath had Jnl only that thynge that he be holde that be fore hyrn and as for thys ſwerde there ſhalle man be gruppe hyrn ꝑ ys to ſey the hande but one and he ſhalle paſſe all othir Jn the name of god ſeyde Sir Ꝺgbale Jſhalle aſſay to handyll hit So he ſette hys honde to the ſwerde but he myght nat be gruppe hit be my fayrthe ſeyde he now kadee Jſayled than Sir Bors ſette to hys hande ſ fayled than Sir Galahad be hylde the ſwerde and ſadly beſtowe hyte blade that ſeyde let ſe who dare drawe me oute of my ſheet but ſ he be more hardyer than ony of ſſor who that drawyth me oute wete yon welle he ſhalle nede be ſhamed of hys body nor wounded to the dethe Ꝺſay ſeyde Sir Galahad Jwolde drawe thys ſwerde oute of the ſheethe but the offendynge ys ſo greete th Jſhalle nat ſende my hande there to Now ſirs ſeyde the Jantrik wo man the dradynge of thys ſwerde ys nayned to all ſanſſ alle only to yon Alſo thys ſhippe a rydeth in to realme of Logrys and that tyme was dedly warre be twene kynge Ryalx which was ſuden vnto the nayned kynge and kynge Ryrlanne whych was

a sarasyn And than was he newly cristened and so afterwerde
hylde hym one of the worthyest men of the worlde And soo vppon
a day hit be falle that kynge labor and kynge Ymralaune had assem
bled theyre folke vppon the see wherye thys shippe was ayrded & there
kynge Ymralaune was discomfite and hys men slayne And he was
a ferde to be dede and fledde to thys shippe and p̄ fownde p̄ swerde
and drewe hit And cam onte and fownde kynge labor the man
of the worlde of alle cristyn in wysdom theyre the grettest knyghte and
whan kynge Ymralaune was discomfite and hys mene slayne
and and he was a ferde to be dede and fledde to thys shippe and
there fownde thys swerde and drewe hit and smote hym vppon the
helme so harde that he clafe hym and hys horse to the hede w̄
the firste stroke of hys swerde and hit was in the vealme of logres
And so he falle there grete pestilence and grete harme to bothe beest
nys for p̄ encreased noȳ corne ne grasse noȳ beest nye ne fyssh
ne in the watir was fownde no fyssh there fore men calle hit
the londys of the ȳ maryehys the waste londe for that dolorous
stroke And whan kynge Ymralaune sawe thys swerde so kerdey
nyse he turned a gayne to fetch the scawberd And so cam in
to thys shippe and entred and pryvyly the swerde in p̄ sheethe
And as sone as he had done hit he falle downe dede a fore the
bedde this was the swerde pryced that neu man dredde hit
but he were dede or maymed So lay he there tyll a mayden
cam in to the shippe and caste hym onte for p̄ was no man so
hardy in the worlde to entre in that for the defens And yn
the hylde they the scawberde hit he semyd to be of a spentis skyne
and there on were lettres of golde and syluer And the grundyll
was but poorely to com to and nat able to susteyne such a vyrtu
swerde and the lettres seyde the whych shalle welde me ought
to be more hardy than ony oȳ if he beye me as trusty as me

onyte to be done for the lady of hym whiche I ought to chaunge by
he shall nat be shamed in no place where he ys knowde wt the
knyghtly noys neu nowe he so hardy to do a way thys knyghtly
for hit ought nat to be done a way but by the honde of a mayde
and that she be a kynges doughte & a quenys and she must be
a mayde all the dayes of her lyff both in deyll and in woyle
and if she breke her virginite she shall dy the moste dyslaynes
deth that ev dud ony woman // Ser seyde Sr Gawayne turne thys
sherde that we may se what ys on the oth syde and hit was yede
os blacke with blacke lettres as ony cole that seyde he that shall
prayse me moste moste shall he fynde me to blame at a gte nede
and to whom I sholde be moste debonayre shall he moste felon
and that shall be at one tyme only fore thyr seyde she to Sr
Gawayne hit be falle after a fourty yere after the passion of our
lorde shal cryste that Nacien thy brothir in lawe of kynge Ryons
shall lose in a tornoye more than xxiiij dayes Journey fro me his cor
tray by the comaundemente of onre lorde in to an yle in to the
dayes of the weste that men clepith the Ile of Lyonesse So he
fell hit he fonde thys shippe at the entre of a roche and he
fonde the bedde and the sherde as we have nowe Nat for pat
he had nat so moch hardyneese to dredy hit and p he dwelle
an hole dayes and at the nynyth day there felle a grete tempe
which depted hym owte of the Ile and brought hym to a nop
Ile by a roche And there he fonde the grettest gyaunte p ev
man myght see And there with cam that horrible gyaunte
to se hym and than he loked a bowte hym and myght nat
se Also he had no thynge where wt to defende hym but at p
laste he ran to the sherde and whan he sawe hit naked he
prayse hit moche and than he shoke hit and p wt hit brake

in the myddys of seyde Nauen the thynge that I moste prayssed ou[t]
Inder moste to blame and there with he threw the pens of ỹ sweyde
on hys bedde and after that he lepe on the bonde to hyght wt the
gyaunte and sledo hym and anone he entrede in to the shippe
a gayne and the wynde arose and drede hym therew the see that
by aduenture he cam to a noy shippe where kynge Ydrayns
was which had bene tempted fulle depelt with the fynde in ỹ p[er]sone
of zeelous vache and whan that one sedde ỹ on they made grete
ioy ayther of other and so they tolde eche on of ỹ aduentures tyll
the swerde fayled hym at hys moste nede // So whan Ydrayns
sadd the sweyde he preysed hit moche but the brekynge was do by
wyckednesse of thy self ward for yon arte in som synne and ỹ the
wote the sweyde and sette the pens to gydres and they were as
fayre I solvdred as ev they were to fore and than he put ỹ sweyde
in the sheeth anew and leyde hit adowne on the bedde // Than sayde
they a doyce that seyde go ye out of this shippe a litell whyle e
untyl in to that other for drede ye falle in dedly synne for and ye
be fownde in dedely synne ye may not asoyne but perisshe and so
they wente in to the other shippe And as Nauen went on the
bonde he was smytten with a sweerde on the vyght sorte that he
felle adowne nose lenge to the shippe bonde and there wt he seyde
I good lorde helpe and shrifte than ỹ cam a doune that seyde vnto
yon ỹ for thy forsette that yon dyddest in dreadynge of yis sweyde
there fore yon shalt ne sayned a bonnde for yon were nat worthy
to handyll hit the wrytynge maketh mencion In the name of
god seyde Sr Galahad ye ar vyght wyse of thes worthy Sr seyde
he there was a kynge that hyght Pellean which men called
the maymed kynge and whyle he myght ryde he supported
mych cristendom and holy chyrche So vppon a day he hunted
in a forest of hys owne which lasted vnto the see so at ỹ laste he

loste hys aduentyre and hys knyghtly fame only one pe to pe and hys knyght wente tyll that they com to-ward Perelonde and there he fonde the schyppe And whan he sawe the letters and vnderstood them wel he entred for he was ryght wyse of hym but hys knyght had no hardynes to entre and there fonde he thys swerde and drewe hit oute as moche as ye may se // So there with entrede a spreye where-as he was smytten thorow both thyes and neuertheles myghtely he defended hym-self to pat he com to hym-self Than seyde she was hym self Ioseph pat pe sone pat gramte syre maymed for hys hardynes In the name of god dameselle seyde sir Galahad. So they wente toward pe bedde to be holde all a-bonte hit and a-bodyn the bed pe hyngyn iij swerdys Also there were iij pyndelys whych were whyght as snowe and other that were rede as blode and other a-bodyn grene as any emeraude of thes iij coloures were thes pyndelys and of natural colour wythin and with oute any paintynge Thes pyndelys seyde the dameselle was whan synfull Eue eam to gadir fruyte for-which adam and she were put oute of paradyse she tokke with her the bowe whych the appyll hynge on Than aspyed she that the braunche was fayre and grene and she remembred of the losse which cam of the tre. Than she thought to kepe the braunche as longe as she myght and for she had no coffyr to kepe hit in she put hit in the erthe So by pe myracle of our lorde the braunche grew to a grete tree with a fayre vtwyle and was as whyght as any snowe braunches bowes and leuys that was a token that a mayden planted hit But after pe our lorde com to Adam and bade hym bende hys wyll stedfastly as nature requyred // So by Adam with hys wyll bende pe same tre And amonge the tre which was whyght fell to grene as any grasse and all that com oute of hit And in the same tyme that they medled to gyders Abell was be gotyn Thus was the tre longe of grene colour And so after he fell many dayes bidde

the same tre Cayme slew Abell wherfore he se selle grete vnmarle for a
Abell had yessayded dethe vndre the grene tre he laste the grene colo
and he awn vede and that was in tokenyng of blod and anone
all the plantis dyed p off but the tre gredie and vowed vnmaylush
fayre and swt was the moste fayryst tre & the moste delectable p
ony man myght be holde and se and so ded the plantis p gredde
onte of hit to fore that Abell was slayne vndre hit and so longe
dured the tre tyll that Salamon kynge Danyth pe sonne regned
and holde the londe after his fadre // So thys Salamon was wyse
and knew all the vertues of stonys and treys also he knewe the
conese of the fowres and of many ony dyns thyngs So thys Sala
mon had an envll wyff wherfore thorowe he wrecche p had he no
good woman borne and therfore he dispysed pem in hys bokis
So p answrede a voice that seyde to hym pus Salamon yf hedy
nesse com to a man by a woman ne veth po nevr for yet shall p
com a dreeman wherfore of p shall com grett joy to a man an C.
tymes than thys hedynesse gyvith sorow and that world shall
be borne of thy kynaryge // So whan Salamon hawde thes wordis
he hylde hym self but a foole that pref had he by olde bookis
the trowp also the holy goste shewed hym the comynge of p glory
Orrgyne mayry than asked he the boyse yf hit sholde be in p parde
of hys kynaryge May seyde the voyce but p shall com a mayd whiff
shall be a mayde and kaste of yowre blode and he shall be as
good a knyght as denke Josne thy bwys in kade Now thane I
sertefyed the of that pon stondyst in doute Than was Salamon
glade that p shulde com ony sycke of hys kynaryge but as he myn
led and studyed who that sholde be and whatt hys name sy
myght be So hys wyff perceyved that he studyed and pought she
wolde knowe at som season and so she wayted hyr tyme & cam

to hym and asked hym and there he tolde hem all to gydre holde þ
wonre had tolde hym // Well seyde she I shall lette make a shippe of the
beste wood and moste durable that ony man may fynde So Salamon
sente for carpenters of all the londe the beste and whan they had
made the shippe the lady seyde to Salamon Sir syn hit ys so þ thys
kynghte owyte to passe all kynghtes of chyualry whych hath bene to
fore hym and shall com after hym ayeyn on I shall lerne yow
seyde she ye shall go in to owre lordis tempte where ys kynge Da
uith his swerde yowre fadir whych ys þ merbaylonste þ is sherpyste
that ever was taken in ony kynghtes honde there fore take ye that
and take off the pomelle and þ to make ye a pomell of precious stonys
lette hit be so subtelly made that no man perceyue hit but that hit
all one And after make there an hylte so merbaylonsly that no
man may knowe hit and after that make a knaylons sheep and
whan ye have made all thys I shall lette make a gurdyll þ to
knog one as shall plese me // So all thys kynge Salamon ded lat
make as she devysed bothe the shippe and all the yemenaunte þ therin
the shippe was redy in the see to sayle the lady lete make a grete bedde
and knaylons vyche and sette hem vppon the beddis hede conde w
and leyde the sworde at the feete And the gurdyls were of hempe
and there w the kynge was vyghty angry / Sir wyte yon well that
I have none so hyze a thynge whych were worthy to sustayne and þ
she lete make a corayge to the shippe of clothe of silke that sholde nei
ther for no maner of wedir than thys lady went and made a car
penter to com to the tre whych Abelle was slayne vnder Who seyde
she cowde me onte of thys tre as much wode as wolde make me a
sperydyll A madam seyde he thys ys the tre which owre fyrste moder
plaunted So hit shyd she or elles I shall destroy the And as he be
gan to worke there com onte droppys of blod and pan wolde he a
lesse but she wolde nat suffre hym and so he tolke as much wode
as myght make a sperydyll and so she made hym to take as much

of the grene tre and so of the holygrst tre And whan thes .iij. swordys were shapyn she made hem to be fastened vppon the Syler of the bedde So whan Salamon sawe thys he seyde to hys wyff ye haue done inaplonsly for ponze all the worlde were heye vngast now they cowde nat devise wherfore sore all thys was made but onee loyde hym self And pon pt haste done hit wote nat what hit shall be tokyn Now let hit be seyde sor ye shall hyre pader tyme tydyngs sommer pan ye wote

Now here ye a wondir tale of kyng Salamon and of hys wyff

That nyght lay Salamon be fore the shippe with hit all selyshyp and whan he was on slepe hym thowht pt com from heyn a grete company of angels and a bryght m to the shippe and toke hat wich was bwrnt by an angell in a vessell of Syluer and he stynte all the shippe And after he cam to the swerde and dredw lettres of the hylte and after wente to the shippe bowde and wrote pt of lettres wherof seyde pon man that wolde entw wt in me be ware pt pon be fulle m the frythe for I ne am but fryth and be hyde whan Salamon aspyed pes lettres he was so abaysshed that he dwst nat entw and so he dredw hym a backe And the shippe was anone sholdyn m the see he wente so faste that he had loste the syght of hym wt in a lytill whyle And pan a voyce seyde Salamon the laste knyght of thy kynred shall reste m hys bedde than wente Salamon and awaked hys wyff and tolde her the adventures of thys shippe Now seyth the tale that a grete whyle m feldwns he hyde the bed and pt m stryndyls than they were at a frayne that they were of natmall colomes with onte ony gaynstynge than they lyfte vp a cloth which was a bove the grownde and there fownde a ryche spryse be semyng And Sir Bedwere tok hit and fownde pt in a wryttr and so he vad hit and devysed the man of the stryndils and of the ship whens hit cam and by whom hit was made Now seyde Sir Galahad where shall we fynde the jantill woman that shall make new gwdyls to pt

swerde shalle sirres seyde Sadallie systes dismay yow nat for by the lede of god I shalle lette make a gurdyll to the swerde such one as sholde longe yto And than opynde she a boye and toke oute gurdils which were semely wrought goldyn tiedys and vppon that were sette full of pre stonys and a vyche buckyll of golde to lowdys she seyde here ys a gurdill that ought to be sette a bowte the swerde and wete yow well ye grettist gre of this gurdyll was made of my hayre which some tyme I toned well whyle that I was woman of the worlde // But as sone as I wyste that this adventure was ordayned me I shipped off my heyre and made this gurdyll in the name of god ye be well I sonde seyde Sir Lyos for sterse ye shalle put vs oute off grete payne where in we sholde shalle entirde ne had ye tydyngis ben // than wente the sanctist woman and sette hit on the gurdyll of the swerde // Now seyde the fayrest what ys the name of ye swerde and what shalle we calle hit trewly seyde she the name of ye swerde ys the swerde with the straunge gurdyls and the seeth medrew of blod for no man that hath blod in hym ne shalle neu see that one pty of the sheth which was made of the tree of hyll than sey seyde Galahad in the name of I hu crysti we pray yow to gurde yow with this swerde which hath bene dere so mech in the dealing of Ihu crys Now latte me be gyrne seyde Galahad to gryppe this swerde for to gyff yow corrayge // But wete yow well hit longith no more to me than hit dothe to yow and than he gryped a bowte hit and he sprynges a grete dele and than she gurte hym a bowte ye myddyll with the swerde Now wete I nat thongth I dye for now I holde me one of the beste blyssed maydyns of the worlde which hath made me one of the worthyest knyghtis of the worlde Damesell seyde Sir Galahad ye shalle done so mech that I shalle be yo knyght all the dayes of my lyff than they wente fromme that shyp and wente to the ry and among the wynde droff them in to the see a grete pace but they had no vytayle So hit be felle that pey came

on the moyne to a castell that men calle Carteloyse that was in the marchys of scotlende and whan they had passed the yorde ꝑ ſaintill woman seyde lordys here be men a lyven that and they doyst ꝑ and he were of kynge Arthurs comte ye ſhulde be aſſayled anone with dammeſell diſmay yon nat seyde Sr Galahad for he that caſt vs oute of the vaccle ſhalle defend vs fromme them // So hit be felle as ye tolled yne tho ryden there cam a ſquyre by them and aſked what they were Sr we ar of kynge Arthurs houſe ye that ſothe seyde he Nowe be my hede seyd he ye be doyll arayde and than turned a gayne onto the caſtell fortreſſe and w'in a whyle they harde an horne blow. Than a ſaintill woman cam to them and aſked yem of whens they were and one they tolde her Nowe ſayre lordys ſhe seyde for goddys lode turnyth a gayne if ye may for ye be com to yonge dettes // Nay for ſoth they ſeyde we wolle nat tne a gayne for he ſhulde helpe vs w' to whos ſyrſe we were entred ſm // So as they ſtode talkynge there cam v kynghtis well armed and bade hem yelde other elles dye // That yoldynge seyde yey ſhalle be noyons vnto yow And there with they lete ꝑ horſis renne and Sr Lidvale ſmote the firſte that he baye hym to the erthe and tokk hys horſe and he ſtrode hym and the ſame wyſe did Sr Galahad and alle Sr Boos ſmed a noyſe for they had no horſe w' that contrey for they leſſt ꝑ horſys whan they tokk ꝑ ſhippe and ſo whan they were horſed than he gan they to ſette vppon them and they of the caſtell ſtedde w' to ſtrongte fortreſſis and yes w' kynghtis after them w' to the caſtell and ſo atyzt on foote and w' ꝑ ſwerdis ſtode them downe and gate w' to the halle than whan they be helde the grete multitude of the people that they had ſlayne they helde them ſelf grete ſynners Certh seyde ꝑ Boos ſ I wene and god had loved them that we ſholde nat have

had power to have slayne hem yne but they have done so mvche a thynge ovre lorde that he wolde nat svffre hem to regne no leng[e] yee say nat so seyde Galahad first if they myssedid a yenst god p̄ vengeaunce ys nat dvwys but to hym wholich hath power p̄ off so cam p̄ onte of a chambre a good man wholich was a preste & have goddis body in a cuppe and whan he sawe hem wholich lay dede in the halle he was abayssed anone Sir Galahad ded of hys ſ̄ kneled a downe and so dyd hys ȳ. felowys // Sir seyde they have ye no drede of be for the bene of kynge Arthurs courte & than asked the good man how they were slayne so svddaynly and they tolde hym Verely seyde the good man and ye myght lyde as longe as p̄ worlde myght endure ne myght ye have done so grete alwys dede as ys Sir seyde Sir Galahad I repente me gretely yn as mvch as they were a ryghte Nay repente yon nat seyde he for they were nat a ryghte And I shall telle yon how that I vnder of thys castell here was a lorde erle whos name was Hernox nat but one yere and he had yn hys good knyghtis of armys and a doughtir p̄ fayrest lanterne woman that men knew So yt ȳ. knyghtis loved p̄ systir so sore that they brente in love and so they lay by her magre p̄ hede And for she cryed to hir fadir they slew her and tolde p̄ fadir and pvt hym in prison and wovnded hym nye to the deth. but dyd yn of hers restored hym And then ded they grete dishonnthe for they slew clerkis and prestis and made bete downe chapellis that ovre lordys knyght myght nat be seyde // And thys same day her fadir sente vnto me for to be confessed and houseled but such a fvme had never man as I had thys same day With p̄ ȳ. breyne but the olde erle made me to svffre for he seyde they shold nat longe endure for ȳ. shamys of ovre lorde shold destroy them And now hit ys brought to an ende and by thys may yon knowe p̄ ovre lorde ys nat displesed with yonre dedis // Certis seyde p̄ Galahad and hit

had nat pleased owre lorde nen sholde we have slayne so many men
in so lytill a whyle and they brought the erle Hermon oute of prison
in to the myddis of the hall the which kneled well to Galahad and
yet he sye hym nen he sore but by revelacion of owre lorde // than
he gan he to wepe vyolently tendirly and seyde lorde have I abydyn
yowre comynge but for gredis lode holdeth me in yowre armys that
my sowle may departe oute of my body In so good a manys armys
as ye be fulle gladly seyde Sir Galahad And pan one seyde on
hyghte that all folke harde Sir Galahad well hast pou ben a
Knyght of godis enemyes Now be holdith the to go to the maymed
kynge as sone as pou mayste for he shalle recovire by the dethe
whych he hath a bydyn so longe and there is the sowle departed
fromme the body and Sir Galahad made hym to be buryed as
hym ought to be // Pyght so departed the iij. knyghtis and Sir Gawaines
sister with them and so they cam in to a waste forreyst and there
they sawe a fore them a delytyble herte which iij. lyons had eschaw
they tokk them to assente for to folowe after to knowe whyder they
wolde they rydden after a grete pase tylle that they cam to
a barey and there by was an hermytage where a good man
dwelled And the herte and the lyons entirde also whan they
sawe all thys they turned to the chapell and sawe the good man
in a relygyous wede and in the armys of owre lorde for the holy
knyghte masse of the holy goste and so they entred in and herde
masse and at the secrete of the masse they iij. sawe the herte be
com a man which merveyled them and sette hym upon the awte
in a vyolle sete and sawe the iij. lyons were chaunged // One
to the forme of man and anoper to the forme of a lyon and
the pride to an egle and the iij. was chaunged to an oxe than
to be they kest sete where the herte sete and wente oute pryvely
a glasse wyndowe and there was no thynge perysshed nopr broken

And pey harde

and they harde say in such man entred the sone of god in to the
wombe of maydyn mary whos bryghte ne was dysshed ne
hurte and whan they harde thes wordis they fell downe to
the erthe and were a stoned and there w^t was a gret cleyenesse
and whan they were com to y^r selff a gayne they wente to the
good man and prayde hym that he wolde say them the trouthe
of that vision // why what thynge hane ye sene anone pey tolde
hym all / a lordys seyde he ye be welcom. for now wote I well
ye beth the good kyngis / whych shall bryngge the Sankgreall
to an ende for ye bene they vnto whom owre lorde shall shew
secretis and well ought owre lorde be signifyed to an harte // for
the harte whan he yong olde he wayxith yonge a gayne in his whyte
skynne kyngis so cometh a gayne owre lorde fromc deth to lyff for
he lost erthely flesshe that was the deedly flesshe whych he had
taken in the wombe of the blyssed virgyne mary and for that
cause appered owre lorde as a holy gost harte w^t oute foot and
the iiij^or that were with hym ye to vnderstonde the iiij^or euangelistis
which sette in writynge a pte of the holy crystis dedys that he did and
tyme whan he was a monge vs an erthely man for wete you
well nevyr erst ne myght no kyngis knowe the trouthe for of hym
tymes ov thys / hath owre lorde shewed hym vnto good men and to
good kyngis in hy^r nesse of an harte // Wel I suppose fromc hense
forthe ye shall se lyst no more and than they soped mych and
dwelled there all day And vppon the morne whan they had
herde masse they departed and comended the good man to god and
so they cam to a castell and passed by y^r cam a kyngis armed
after them and seyde lordys thys / a nutt woman that ye led
with you ys a mayde ye sir seyde she a mayde / and than he toke
hir by the bridyll and seyde by the holy crosse ye shall not askape
me to fore ye hane yolden the custom of thys castell / let her go

seyde sr Gawaine ye be nat wyse for a mayde m what place she comyth ye fee // So in the meane whyle there cam onte a .xv. or .xvj. knyghtes armed onte of the castell and with them cam .vj. auncyll women ye whych hylde a dysshe of syluer and than they seyde thys auncyll woman muste holde be the custom of thys castell // Why seyde sr Gr Gallahad what ys the custom of thys castell Sr seyde a knyght what mayde quysshe here by sholde hylde thys dysshe full of blode of kr knyghtes arme blame thame he seyde Galahad that wrongfull wyll custome and so god sadee me also sone as ye be t of this auncyll women shall ye fayle whyle that I thame fele // So god me helpe seyde Gr Gawaine I had lefe be slayne and .j. also seyde Sr Bors // Be my feyth seyde the knyght than shall ye dye for ye wolde nat endure a yenste do ponze ye were the beste knyght of the worlde Than lette they ren eche howse to oy and p my knyghtly dede the .v. knyghtes and pan set p shondis to p swerdis and dede them dolue Than p cam onte of the castell a sixty knyghtes armed Nolo fayre lordis seyde thes .iij. knyghtes thame nede on yowre selff and thame nat a do with so May fayre lordes seyde the knyghtes of the castell We commeyle yow to withdrawe yow for ye ben the beste knyghtes of the worlde and p fore do no more for ye thame done I nolde // We wolle late yow go w thys thayme that we muste nedys thame the custom Sertis seyde Sr Galahad for nonzte spede ye // Wolle sey they wolle ye dye // Sr We be nat yet com p to seyde Sr Galahad than be gan they to medyll to gydres And Sr Galahad with the strangest gurdys dede this sterde and smote on the ryght shonde and on the lyfte shonde and slew wolsom that cm a dele hym And dud so medwaylonsly p they had medwayle of hym and hys .iij. felowis helpe hym wyll strongly wolle and so they helde p stowrney enyell m tyde thanke tyll hit was myze myght than muste they nedis depte // So p cam a

Sad kynyght and seyde to thes .iij. kynyghtis / if ye wolle com in to myn
and take such herberow as here ys ye shalle be wyllcom wolle come and
we shalle ensure yow by the feythe of owre bodyes and as we be trew
kynyghtis to lede yow in such a sytte to morow as here we fynde yow
with onte owr fallsehode And as sone as ye knowe of the custom we
dare sey we wolle accorde there fore for goddis lode seyde the Jantylle
woman go we thydir and spare nat for me / wolle go we seyde sir
Galahad and so they entred in to the castell and whan they were
alyghte they made grete joy of hem // So with in a whyle the .iij.
kynyghtis asked the custom of the castell and where fore hit was used
Sir what hit ys we wolle sey yow the sothe There ys in this castell
a Jantylle woman and which hath lore and thys castell ys hers and
many oth So hit be falle many yeres a gone there happened on her
a malodye and whan she had bene a grete whyle she felle in
to a mesell and no leche cowde yemedye her tyll at the laste
an olde man sayde and she myght have a dysshfulle of blode
of a maydyn and a clene dowgyne in wylle and in worde and
a kynyght dowte that blode shulde be her helpe for to a noynte
her with all and for thys thynge was thys custom made // Lo
seyde Sir Gadalis sister fayre kynyghtis / se wolle that ys Jantylle
woman ys but dede + onte helpe and ys fore latte me blede Seyr
seyde Sir Galahad and ye blede so mekle ye mon dye Trewly seyd
she and I dye for the helpe of her I shalle grete me grete worshyp
and sowle helthe and worshyp to my kynayghte and hath ys one
have me than downe and ys fore ys shalle no more lutenyde be but
to moyne I shalle yow yowre custom of this castell And than ys was
made grete joy on there was made to fore ffor ellis had ys bene
mortalle warre vppon the moyne nat withstondynge she wolde
none of whos they wolde or nolde So that myght were pes in
feldowis cased with the beste and on the moyne they harde masse

The deth of Sir Peradalis Sys ter

and Sir Peradalis sister lade them bryngē forth the syke lady so she was brought forth whych was sith dyght at ease // Than seyde she vnto sir Galahad Sir shalt lette me blede // So one cam fir the and lette her blede and she bled so mvche that the dysh was fvlle than she lyfte vp her honde and blyssed her and seyde to this lady madame I am com to my dethe for to helpe yon there fore for goddis love prayeth for me And with that she fell in a sovne Than Sir Galahad and his felaws sterte vp to her and lyfte her vp and stavnched her blod but she had bled so mvche that she myght nat lyve So whan she was a waked she seyde fayre brethyn Sir Pedvale I dye for the helpynge of this lady And whan I am dede I require yon that ye burye me nat in this contrey but as sone as I am dede putte me in a bote at the nexte haven and late me go as aventvres wolle lede me and as sone as ye m. com to ꝑ cite of Sarras there to enchyeve the holy grayle ye shalle fynde me vnder a tombe arayed and there bury me in the spirytvalle paleys for I shalle telle yon for trevthe there shalle Sir Galahad shalle be buryed and ye bothe in the same place whan Sir Peradale vnderstode these wordis he grawnted her all wepynge And pan seyde aloyde vnto pem lordis to morowe at the dave of pryme ye m. shalle depte and yeth fromē ꝑ tylle the aventvre be vnto the mayned kynge than asked she her sakeyne and as sone as she had reseyved hyre the sowle departed fromē the body So the same day was the lady holed whan she was anoynted with her blode than Sir Pedvale made a letter of all that she had holpe thend as in svonge aventvres and yet hit in her ryght honde and so leyde her in a barge and conde hit vnto blacke hylle and so the wynde avose and drofe the barge fromē the londe and all man of kynghtis he hylde hit tyll hit was on tte of pe clokke than they drev all to the castell and fvrst with ꝑ stylle atempeste sodeyne of thvnder & lyghtnynge & rayne as all ꝑ erthe wolde a broken So ꝑ the castell tvrned vp so dovne

So hyt passed downe longe or the tempest were ceased than they sawe to fore them a knyght armed and wounded harde in the body thrughe the hede which seyde a good lorde helpe me for nede hathe nede so ast thys knyght there cam a nother knyght and a knave with armes and cryed to them a fowre stronde ye may nat asterte than the wounded knyght hylde up hys handes and prayde god he myght nat dye in suche tribulacion Than seyde Sir Galahad I shall helpe hym for hys sake that he called on Sir seyde sir Bors I shall do hit for hit is nat for you for he is but one knyght Sir seyde he I counte you So sir Bors toke hys speare and commaunded hym to god and rode ast to reskowe the wounded knyght

Now turne we to Sir Galahad and to Sir Perdaill

Dus the myth the tale vnto sir Galahad & sir Perdaill that they in a chapell all myght in her prayers for to save them Sir Bors Go on the morow they dressed them in their harneys toward the castell to wete what was fallyn of the fend and when they cam there they founde nother man nother woman that hem was dede by the vengeaunce of some lorde So with that they harde a voice that seyde thys vengeaunce is for blode shedynge of maydyns Also they founde at the ende of the castell a chirche yarde and in they myght see a xxti fayre tumbes and that place was fayre and so delectable that hit semed them that had bene no tempeste And there lay the bodyes of all the good maydyns which were martired for the fyrst lady Also they founde the names of eche lady and of what blode they were com off and all were of kynges blode and vij of them were kynges doughters Than departed they & wente into a foreyste Now seyde Sir Perdale vnto sir Galahad We muste depte and there fore pray we onely lorde that we may mete to gyders in shorte tyme Than they ded of their helmys and kyssed to gyder and fore depte at theyre departynge

Now turnyth thys tale vnto Sir Launcelott

The avision of Sir launcelot

Dolo seyth the tale that whan Sir launcelot was com to ye
water of Mortays as hit ys reherced be fore he was in ye
werelf and so he leyde hym adowne and slepte and toke the aventure
that god wolde sende hym So whan he was a slepe ye cam a vision
vnto hym that seyde ye launcelot aryse vp and take thyne armes
and entir in to the fyrste shippe that thou shalt fynde And whan he
herde thes wordys he starte vp and sadde grete clerenesse a bonte
hym And than he lyffte vp hys honde and blyssed hym // And so
toke hys armys and made hym redy and at the laste he cam by
a stronde and fownde a shippe with oute eny saylle or ore And as
sone as he was w^t^ in the shippe ye he had the moste swetnes ye
cu^d^ he felte and he was fulfylled with all thynge that he wyst
on of desyred // Than he seyde swete lorde what wylte thou
what thou wylte I am in for thys passith all erthely joyes that ever I was
in And so in thys joy he leyde hym adowne to the shippe borde and
slepte tylle day And whan he awoke he fownde there a fayre bed
and there in lyynge a gentill woman dede which was ye lady
sister And as Sir launcelot avised her she aspyed in hir ryght
honde where with he had that tolde hym all the aventures that ye ha
ve herde be fore and of what lynage she was cu^m^ So w^t^ thys
gentill woman Sir launcelot was a moneth and more yf ye wold
vse that he lyved for he that fedde the chyldren of Israell w^t^ mana
in deserte so was he fedde // for eny day whan he had seyde hys
hys prayers he was susteyned with the grace of the holy goste //
so on a day he wente to play hym by the watirs syde for he was
som what wery of the shippe and than he lystened and herde and
com and one rydyng vppon hym and whan he cam nyze hym
semed a knyght And so he late hym passe and wente there as ye
shyp was and there he alyzt and toke the sadyll and the bryddil
& put the horse fro me hym and so wente in to the shippe And
than Sir launcelot and dressed hym vnto the shippe and seyde Sir

ye be welcome and he answered and saluted hym a gayne & seyde
Sir wolde ye yonge name for moche my herte draweth vnto you Truly
seyde he my name ys Sir sir launcelot du lake Sir seyde he than
be ye welcome for ye were the begynner of me in this worlde
du sir ar ye Sir Galahad / ye for sothe and so he kneled downe &
askyd hym hys blyssynge and after that toke of hys helme and
kyssed hym And there was grete ioy be twyxte them for no tunge
can telle other what ioy was be twyxte them and whan they of yond
tolde other the aventures that had be falle them sythe that they de-
parted fro me the courte And anone as Sir Galahad sawe the
fayre woman dede in the bedde he knew her well and seyde grete
worshyp of hym that she was one of the beste maydens lyvyng
and that was grete pyte of her dethe / Anone whan Sir launcelot
herde how the medeayles sworde was gotyn and who made hit
and all the medeayles reherced a fore than he prayd sir Gala-
had that he wolde shewe hym the sworde & so he brought hit forth
and kyssed the pomell and the hiltes and the scawberde // Than
seyde Sir launcelot nere arste knew I of so hyze aduentures done
and so merbaylous stronge // So departed Sir launcelot
Galahad with in that shippe halff
myghtly with all ye godnes
fro me folke where he
they fonnde many
brought to an end
and nat in the a
bith here mene
them / So after
edge of a forey
armed all in
ryghte hond

trustist pou more on thy harneyse than in thy maker for he
myght more availe the than thyne armes in what place
that pou arte sette in // Than seyde Sir launcelot fayre fad
I aske cryste I thanke the of thy grete mercy that pou yeprouydyst
me of my mysse dede Nowe se I that pou holdiste me for one
of thy fryndes than toke he hys swerde a gayne and yode hit
vp in hys sheethe and made a crosse in hys foreheede and cam to
the kyng And they made semblaunte to do hym hayne But
notwithstondynge he passed by them without hurte & entred
in to the castell to the chyef fortresse And there were pey all
at reste Than Sir launcelot entred so armed for he fownde
no gate nor doore but hit was opyn And at the laste he fownde
a chambre where of the doore was shutte and he sette hys
honde pr to to have opened hit but he myght nat Than he
enforced hym myckyll to undo the doore Than he hyrkened
and herde a voice which sange so swetly that hit semede
none erthely thynge And hym thought the voice seyde Joye &
honoure be to the fadre of heuen Than Sir launcelot kicked
a dorne to fore the chambre doore for well wyst he that pr
was the Sankgreall Wherin In that chambre Than seyde he
fayre swete fadre I aske cryste yf ever I and thynge that pleseth
the lorde for thy perte ne have nat in dispite for my synnes
done by fore tyme and that pou shewe me som thynge of that
I seke and with that he sawe the chambre doore opyn and pr
cam unto a grete clerenesse that the house was as bryght
as all the torches of the worlde had bene there // So cam
he to the chambre doore and wolde have entred And anone
a voice seyde unto hym Sir launcelot flee and entre nat
for pou owyst nat to do hit for and yf pou entre pou shalt for

hym thynke hit / than he with drede hym a back ryght / and // than
loked he vp vnto the myddes of the chambr and sawe a table of syluer
and the holy vessell come with rede Samyte and many angels
a bonte hit / where of one hylde a candyll of were bryenyge and
the other hylde a crosse and the ornementis of an autre / and be fore
the holy vessell he sawe a good man clothed as a prieste And hit
semed that he was at the sakeryng of the masse And hit semed
to sr launcelot that a bove the preystes hondys were iij men where
of the iij ꝑsons the yongyste by lykenes bedene the preystis hondis and
so he lyfte them vp vpright hym And hit semed to shewe so to the
people And than Sir launcelot merveyled nat a litell for hym
thought the preyste was so greatly charged of the bygonne ꝑ hym
semed that he sholde falle to the erthe and whan he sawe none
a bonte hym that wolde helpe hym than cam he to the dore a
grete pace and sayde fayre fadir ihū cryste me tatte hit for no
synne yf I helpe the good man which hath grete nede of helpe
Wyghte so entred he in to the chambr and cam toward ꝑ table
of syluer and whan he cam nyze hit he felte a breeth ꝑ hym
thought hit was entromedled with fyre which smote hym so
sore in the bysayge that hym thought hit breute hys bysayge
and there with he felle to the erthe and had no power to arise
as he that had loste the power of hys body and hys hyrynge
and syght // than felte he many hondys which toke hym vp
and bare hym oute of the chambr dore and lefte hym ꝑ
semynge dede to all people So vppon the morowe whan hit
was fayre day they with in were vysed and fownde Sir
launcelot lyynge be fore the chambr dore All they merveyled
how that he com in and so they loked vppon hym and felte
hys bodye to bete wherfore were ony lyff in hym and so they

The significacion of ꝑ Sankgreal that ys called the holy vessell the whiche appered to Sir launcelot

fownde hyff in hyrnd but he myght nat stonde nor stirre no membir
that he had and so they tolke hym by eny yte of the body and layd
hym in to a chambir and leyde hym in a fresh bedde fame frome
folke and so he lay iij. dayes Than one seyde he was on hyde
and a nor seyde nay he was dede In the name of god seyde an
olde man I do you bewyte to wete he is nat dede but he is as
fulle of lyff as the strengyst of vs all therefore I rede you all
that he be well kepte tylle god sende lyff in hyrnd a yayne So
fuch man they kepte Sir launcelot iij. yere dayes and also
many nyghtis that en he lay stylle as a dede man And at the
yere. day he fylle hyrnd after myddaye that he opened hys yen
and whan he fawe folke he made grete sorow and seyde wo is
thame ye a doated me for I was more at ease than I am now
I pray crifte who myght be so blyssed that myght se openly thy
grete merbayles of secretnesse there where no sinner may be
Why thame ye sene seyde he grete merbayles that no tunge
may telle and more than ony herte can thynke and had nat
my syrnne bene be fore tyme ellis I had sene mnche more than
they tolde hyrnd sodenly he had layne there iij. yere dayes & myght
than hym thonzt hit was pony shemente for the iij. yere y
he had bene no sinner where fore onco lorde qnit hym in the
name the iij. dayes and myght than loked launcelot to fore
hyrnd and fawe the hayre which he had borne myze a yere for that
he for thonzte hyrnd wyght mnche that he had broken his ozdre
vnto the hermyte which he had avowed to do Than pey asked
sodenly stood with hyrnd for sothe seyde he I am hole of body thanked
be onco lorde there fore for godds lodre telle me where I am
Than seyde they all that he was in the castell of Carbonek
There with cam a fantift woman and bronzt hym a shirte

of small lynen clothe but he chaunged nat there but toke the hayre to
hym a grayne // Sir seyde they the queste of the Sankgreall ye encha-
ced nowe ryght moche you and nere shall ye se of Sankgreall more pan ye
have sene nowe | thanke god seyde Sir Launcelot for this grete mer-
of that I have sene for hit suffiseth me for as I suppose no man in
this worlde have lyved better than I have done to encheve that
I have done And there with he toke the hayre and clothed hym
in hit and a tokken that he put a lynen and after that a roobe
of scarlet freyssh and newe and whan he was so arayed they
merveyled all for they knewe hym well that he was sir Launcelot
the good knyght and than they seyde all a my lorde sir Launcelott
ye le he and he seyde yee truely I am he than cam worde to the
kynge Pelles that the knyght that had layne so longe dede was
the noble knyght Sir Launcelot than was the kynge ryght glad
and wente to se hym And whan sir Launcelot sadde hym cowd
he dressed hym a yenste hym and pan made the kynge grete joy
of hym And there the kynge tolde hym tydynge how this fayre
damyselle was dede // than Sir Launcelot was ryght sadde and
seyde me for thynkyng of the deth of youre doughter for she was a
full fayre lady freyshe and yonge and well I wote she have the
beste knyght that yet nowe on erthe or that ene was syn god was
borne So the kynge kylde hym there iij. dayes and on the
morowe he tolde hys tydynge at kynge Pelles and all sir Launcelot
and thanked them of the grete labour & knyght so as they sate
at her dyner in the chyff halle hit be fylle that sir Sangreall
had fulfylled the table with all metis that ony herte myght pynke
And as they sate they sadde all the doores of the paleyse and
voyded there shulde no mans blonde be there they
all a bayssed // So a knyght wrothe was all awmed cam to sir

that cam to the chyrch dore and ay knocked and cryed vndo but
they wolde nat/ and ey the cryed vndo so hit noyed them so muche
that the kynge hym selff awoke and cam to a wyndowe there wher
the knyght called/ than he seyde Sir knyght ye shall nat ete at
this tyme/ whyle the Sankgreall ys hyre and therefore go
ye in to a nothir forteresse for ye be none of the knyghtis of ye quest
but/ one of them wherby haue fayled the frende and haste lesse
the fayse of owre lorde than was he passynge wroth at ye
kynghtis wordis// Sir knyght seyde the kynge syn ye wolde so fayne
entir telle me of what contrey ye be// Sir he seyde I am of ye
realme of logrys and my name ys Sir Ector de maris broth
vnto my lorde Sir Launcelot/ in the name of god seyde ye kynge
me for thynkis seyde the kynge for yonre bisy ys here me//
Whan ye Ector vnderstood that hys bisy was/ ye for he was
the man in the worlde that he moste dred and lofed than he
seyde a good lorde now dredeth my sorowe and shame full trewly
seyde the good man of the hylle vnto Sir Galvayne and to me
of owre dremys// than wente he onte of the cowrte as faste as
hys horse myght and so thorowe onte the castell than kynge Ryalls
cam to Sir Launcelot and tolde hym the myght of hys brothir a
none he was sory therefore that he wyst nat what to do So
sir Launcelot dressed and toke hys armys and seyde he wolde go
se the realme of Logris whych had nat sene a fore in a yere
and there with commanded the kynge to god and so rode thorowe
many realmys and at the laste he com to a whyghte abbay
there they made hym that myghty grete chere and on the morne
he awoke and hard masse and a fore an owter he fownde a ryche
tombe which was newely made and than he toke hede and sawe
the lydys wrytten with golde which seyde here lyeth kynge Bag
demagus of Gore which kynge Arthurs newely slew and named

hym Sr Gawayne than was nat he a litill sory for sir Launcelot
toned hym muche more than ony of and had nat bene ony of pan ſ
Gawayne he sholde nat astape frome the dethe and seyde to hym self
alonde god thys ys a grete hynte vnto kynge Arthure to lose
losse of suche a mayd And than he depted and com to the abbey where
Sr Galahad did the aventure of the tombis and wan the white
shylde with the rede crosse And there had he grete chere all that nyzt
and on the morne he turned to Camelot where he fonnde kynge
Arthure and the quene with many of the knyghtis of rounde table
were slayne and destroyed more pan halff and so iij of them were
com home Sr Ector Gawayne & Ironeſt and many of that nedith
nat nowe to reherce And all the courte were passyng glad of Sr
Launcelot and the kynge asked hym many tydyngis of hys sone sir
Galahad And there Sr Launcelot tolde the kynge of hys aventures
that he felle hym syne he depted And also he tolde hym of ſ aven
tures of Sr Galahad ſ Pedyvere and ſ Bors with that he knew
by the letture of the ded mayden And also as ſ Galahad had tolde
hym nowe god wolde seyde the kynge that pey were all iij there
that shalle neu be seyde Sr Launcelot for ij of them shalle ye neu
se But one of them shalle com home a gayne //

Nowe leyth thys tale and speketh of Sr Galahad.

Nowe seyth the tale that Sr Galahad rode many sommers
in vayne and at the laste he com to the abbay where
kynge Mordrayns was and whan he harde that he thought he
wolde a byde to se hym and so vppon the morne whan he had herd
masse Sr Galahad com vnto kynge Mordrayns and anone ſ kynge
sadde hym with had layne blynde of longe tyme and pan he dis
ſed hym a yenste hym and seyde Sr Galahad the seruante of ihū
cryste and verry knyght welcom comynge I shalle a byddyn longe
nowe on brace me and lette me reste on thy breste so that I may
reste be twene thyne armys for pou arte a clene mayde knyght above
all knyghtis as the flowre of the lyly in whom vyrgynite is signified

and pou arte the rose whiche ys the flowre of all good vertu & pu arte
of all good vertu kyng for the frye of the holy grosse ys takyn so in the
that my flesshe whyche was all dede of oldenes ys be com a grenne
yongte // whan Sir Galahad harde thes wordys than he enbraced
hym and all hys body than seyde he fayre lorde shid cryste wolde
I hane my wyfle I wolde I requyre the in thys poynte that I am in
pat pou com and dyste me and anone owre lorde herde his prey
and there dyed the sonle departed frome the body and pan ſ Galahad
put hym in the cofyne as a kyngc ought to be and so departed and cam
in to a pelons forcyste where he sownde the welle whiche boyled
with grete wawes as the tale telleth to fore // and as sone as Sir
Galahad sette hys honde ſ to hit ceased so that hit brente no more
and anone the hete departed away and cause why that hit brente
hit was a fygne of lechery that was that tyme unchc used but ſ
hete myght nat abyde hys pure virgynite and so thys was ta
kyn in the contrey for a mwacle and so en after was hit called
Galahadis welle So by aventure he com into the contrey of Gye
and into the abbey where Sir launcelot had bene to fore honde
and sownde the tombe of kynge Bagdemagus / but he was fown
der ſ off shor there was the tombe of Joseph of Aramathy ys sow
and the tombe of Symyan where Sir launcelot had fayled
than he loked in to a cowche under the mynstre and there he sawe a
tombe whiche was full merwaylously than asked he the brethirne
what hit was Sir seyde they a merwaylous aventure that may
nat be brought to an ende but by hym that passith of bownte and
of knyghthode all them of the rownde table // Wolde seyde Sir
Galahad that ye wolde bryngc me ſ to gladly seyde they and so
ledde hym tyll a cave and so he wente dowwe upon greces and
cam into the to mbe and so the stenyngs fayled & ſ fyre stan
ched which many a day had bene grete // than cam ſ a voice

wherfor seyde moche ar ye be holde to thanke god which hath sente you a good wynde that ye may drawe onte the sonles of erthely payne and to putte them in to the joyes of paradyse // Sir sayn of yonre kynred which hath dwelled in thys forest thys iij. C. wynter and more to be purged of the synne that sayd a zenste Aramathy Joseph. Than sir Galahad tolke the lady in his armys and bare hir in to the mynster and that nyght lay Sir Galahad in the abbay and on the morne he gaff hym hys servyse and put hym in the erthe by fore the hyze alter So dayted he seeme pens and comended the brethren to god and so he rode v. dayes tylle that he cam to the mayned kynge And en so folwed Sir Bedvale the v. dayes where he had bene And so one tolde hym howe the adventures of Logrus were enchesed So on a day hit be felle that he cam onte of a grete forestе and fyndde there at tradevers with Sir Boos which rode a lone // Hit ys no rede to aske if they were glad and so he salewed hem and they yelded to hym honoure and good aventure and enyeh tolde of howe ley had spedde Than seyde Sir Boos hit ys more than a yere & a halff that I ne lay v tymes where men dwelled but in wylde forestes and in mdventeryes but was en my comforte // Than rode they a grete wetyle tylle they cam to the castell of Carbonek and whan they were entrede with in kynge pelles knew hym So there was grete joy for he wyste well by her comynge y they had fulfylled the Sankgreall Than Elyazar kynge pelles sone brought to fore them the brokyn sperde where with Joseph was styeken thorowe the thyzhe Than Sir Boos sette his honde y to to say if he myzht thane soudded hit a zayne but hit wolde nat be Than he toke hit to Sir Bedvale but he had no more godnes y to than he Nowe thane ye hit a zayne seyde y Bedvale onto Sir Galahad for and hit be en enchesed by ony lordly mand ye must fle hit and than he toke the pecis and set them

to sydnes

to grydwe and ſemed to them as hit had nevr be broken ſt as well as hit was ſirſte forged And whan they with in aſſayed that the adventures of the ſwerde was encheved than they gaff ye ſwerde to Sr Bors for hit myght no better be ſette for he was ſo good a knyght and a worthy man And a litill be fore dyned the ſwerde avoſe grete and merveyllous and was full of grete hete that many men felle for drede And anone after there that ſeyde amongſt them and ſeyde they that ought nat to ſitte at the table of owre lorde ſhuld erylle awayde hens ſor. nowe ye ſhalle ſeyn every knyght be fedde So they wente penſe alle ſauf kyng Pelles and Elyazar hys ſonne which were holy men and a mayde which was hys nece And ſo there iij. knyght and two iij. elde men nomo // And anone there came in knyghtis all armed ye cam in at the halle dore and dede of ye helmys and armys and ſeyde unto Sr Galahad for vre hane hyred vr eyght moche for to be with yow at thys table where the holy mete ſhalle be ſerved than ſeyde he ye be welcome and hertyly of whens be ye // So iij. of them ſeyde they were of Gaule and of iij. ſeyde they were of Irelonde and of iij. ſeyde they were of Dancmarke // And ſo as they ſatte yns there came oute a bedde of tre of a chambre which iij. auncill women brought and in the bedde lay a good man ſyke and had a coronne of golde upon his hede and there in the myddis of the paleyſe they ſette hym downe and wente a ſtayne than he lyfte up hys hede and ſeyde Sr Galahad gode knyght ye be vyghte welcome for moche hane y deſyred yo comyng for in ſuch payne and in ſuch angwyſſh as I hane ſuffred longe but nowe I truſte to god the terme yo come that my payne ſhalle be alayed and ſone paſſe oute of thys worlde ſo as hit was ſpmyſed me longe a gyo And there with a voice ſeyde ye be iij. amongſt yow that be nat in the queſte of the Sanke greall and ſore deſyrith

Than kynge Pelles and hys sone dressed and þ wyff he semed wel that þ cam an olde man and iij. angelis fro me hidyn clothed in lykenesse of a bysshop and had a crosse in hys honde and ij. angelis bare hym vp in a chayre and sette hym adowne before the table of syluer. Where vppon the Sankgreall was and hit semed that he that he had in myddis of hys forehede lettres whych seyde Se yon here Joseph the firste bysshop of cristendom þ same whych owre lorde sacrayned in the cite of Sarras in the spyrytuall palleys than the knyghtis merwayled for that bysshop was dede more than iij. C yere to fore a knyght seyde he merwayle nat for I was som tyme an evyll man So wel that they hande þ chamber dore opyn and there they saw angelis and iij. bare candels of wexe and the thride bare a tolvell and the iij. a speare whych bled merwaylously that the droppis felle vp in a bolle whych he hylde vp hys othir hande and anone they sette the candyls vppon þ table and the thride the tolvell vppon the vessell and the iij. þ holy speare ouyr vp ryght vppon the vessell And than the bysshop made semblaunte as yonge he wolde have gone to þ sakeryng of a masse and than he toke an oblay whych was made in lykenesse of brede and at the hyfftyng vp there cam a vysyone in lykenesse of a chylde And the brygnesse was as rede and as bryght as any fyre and smote hym selff in to the brede that alle perseyvid hit that the brede was fourmed of a fleyschely man and than he put hit in to the holy vessell a gayne and than he did than longed to a prestis to do masse And than he wente to Sir Galahad and kyssed hym and bade hym go and kysse hys felowis And so he did anone Wolde seyde he the fruyte of thid aventure ye shuld be fedde a fore thys table with swete metis that neu knyghtis yet tasted And whan he had seyde he vanysshed away and they sette

hem at the table in grete deede and made ȳ prayers than loked they and sawe aman come oute of the holy vessell that had all the lymmes of the passion of ihū crysto bledynge all openly and seyde my knyghtes and my servauntes and my trewe children which have come oute of deedly lyff in to the spirituall lyff I wolle no lenger conceme from you but ye shalle se more of my secrets and of my hydde thynges Now holdeth and resseyveth ȳ thyng of me and mete which ye have so moche desyred Than tok he hym selff the holy vessell and cam to s Galahad and he kneled a doowne and resseyved hys saweoure And after hym so resseyved all hys felowes and they thought hit so sweete that hit was meveyllous to telle Than seyde he to sir Galahad Sonne wotyst ȳ what I holde betwyxte my handes Nay seyde he but if ye telle me Thys ys seyde he the holy dysshe wherein ihū ate the lambe on after day and nowe hast thou sene yat thou moste desyred to se but yet hast thou nat sene hit so openly as thou shalt se hit in the cite of Sarras in the spirituall palleyse Therefore ȳ must goo hense and leave with thys thys holy vessell for ȳ myght hit shalle depte from the realme of logres and hit shalle neu more be sene there And knowyst thou where fore for he ys nat served nor worshipped to hys ryghte by hem of thys londe for they be turned to dowell hydoynge and therefore I shalle departe hem of the honoure which I have done hem And ȳ fore goo ye in to the see where ye shalle fynde youre shippe redy And with you take the swerde with the stronge gurdils and no mo with you but sir Bohalis and ȳ Bors Also I wolle that ye take with you off thys blode of thys speare for to anoynte the maymed knyghte both hys legges and hys body and he shalle have hys heale Sir seyde Galahad why shalle nat thys oure felowes goo with vs for thys cause for ryghte as I depte my fadir one here and a

nothir there Go I wolle that ye depte and ij of yon shalle dy in my
kynge and one of yon shalle com a kynge and telle tydynge Than
gaffe he Than gaffe he hem hys blyssynge and vanysshed a
way And Sir Galahad wente anone to the speare which
lay vppon the table and todrowghe the blode with hys fyngres
and com after to the maymed kynghte and anoynted his legge
and hys body and there with he clothed hym anone and sterte
vppon hys feete onte of hys bedde as an hole man & thanked
god that he had holed hym and anone he lefte the worlde and
yelded hym selffe to a place of religion of whyghte monke and
was a full holy man And that same nyght a bonte mydnyght
com a voyce a monge them and which seyde my sonnes and nat
my chyefe sonnes my frendis and nat myne enemyes go ye
hens where ye hope beste to do And as I bade yon do al junkes
do yon lordz that yon wolle wyghte sauff to calle hem my sonnes
Now may well pryde that we have nat owre payres And a
none made haste they to ke her harneyse and dressed But ye my
kynge of Gaule one of hem kyghte Clandyne kynge Clandas
sonne and the ofte were grete fautrit Than prayde
Sir Galahad to ete of them that and they com to kynge
Arthurs courte to salewe my lorde Sir Lamucelot my fadir
and hem all of the rownde table if they com on that sty nat to
forgete hit kyghte so dressed Sir Galahad and Sir Percivale
and Sir Bors with hym and so they rede iij. dayes and than
they com to a ryvage and fownde the shippe where of the tale
spekith of to fore and whan they com to the bownde they fownde
in the myddys of the table of syluer where they had lefte w^t the
maymed kynge and the Sanke greall which was conde w^t
rede Sawnte Than were they glad to have such thynges in

ȳ felyshyp and so they entred and made grete reuence ȳ to And
Sr Galahad felle on hyȝ kneys and prayde longe tyme to oure
lorde that at laste tyme that he asked he myȝt passe oute of ys
worlde And so longe he prayde tylle a voice seyde ȳ Galahad ȳ shalt
haue thy requeste And whan pou aslyste the deth of thy body pou
shalt haue hit and pan shalt pou haue the hyȝe of thy sonle Than
Sr Bedale hayde hym a litill and prayde hym of felyshyp that
was be doone thend wherefore he asked such thyngs // Sr ȳ shalt
I telle pou seyde ȳ Galahad thys other day whan we sadde a
yte of the adventures of the Sangreall I was in such Joy of herte
that I trowe neu man was evthely And therefore I wote well whan
my body ys dede my sonle shall be in grete Joy to se the blyssed
trynite en ȳ day and the maieste of oure lorde I shal ayske And so
longe were they in the shippe that they seyde to Sr Galahad fro
thys bedde ye onyte to lyȝe for so seyth the lettres And so he layde
hym adowne and slepte a grete whyle And whan he awaked
he loked to ferre hym and sawe the cite of Sarras and as they
wolde haue londed they sawe the shyp where in Sr Bedalf had
putte hys syster In. Trwly seyde Sr Bedalf in the name of god
well hath my syster holden vs Dreynamte Than tok per oute
of the shippe the table of syluer and he tok hit to ȳ Bedale ȳ to
ȳ Boys to go to ferre And Sr Galahad tom he hynde and ryȝt
so they wente in to the cite And at the gate of the cite they sawe
an olde man cloth And anone Sr Galahad called hym and
bade hym helpe to bere thys herdy thynge Trwly seyde ȳ olde
man hit ys ȝe were a ȝo that I myȝt nat go but we crouche
Take pon nat seyde Sr Galahad a ryse vp and shelde ȳ gode
wyll And so he assayde and fonnde hym self as hole as en
he was Than van he to the table and tok one yte a yenst ȳ

Galahad anone rose ꝑ a grete noyse in the ate that a cripple was made hole by kny3tly merueylous that entred into the ate // Than anone after the kny3tly worde to the water and bro3t vp into the paleyse Sir Perrallis syster and buryed her as ryche as yem ou3te a kyng3 do3te And whan the kynge of that contrey knew that and sawe that kny3tly whos name was Estorause he fu asked them of whens they were and what thynge it was that they had bro3t vpon the table of syluꝛ and they told hym the trouth of the Sankgreall And the power wherby god hath sette there Than thys kynge was a grete tirraunte and was com of the lyne of paynymes and toke them and put them in preson in a depe hole But as sone as they were there o3t sente them the Sankgreall thorgh whos grace they were all wey fulfylled whyle they were in preson // So at ꝑ yeres ende hit be felle that thys kynge lay syke and sente ꝑ the sholde dye / Than he sente for the iij. kny3tly and they cam a fore hym And he cryed them mercy of that he had done to them And pray forgeue hym goodly and he dyed anone Whan the kynge was dede all the ate stode dysse mayde and wyst nat Who myght be her kynge be3ist so as they were in comcyle ꝑ com a voice downe amonge them and bade them chose the yongest kny3t of iij to be her kynge for he shall well mayntayne yow and all yonys So they made Sir Galahad kynge by all the assente of ꝑ hole ate and ellys they wolde have slayne hym And whan he was com to hys a bedde he lete make a bedde by the table of syluꝛ A cheste of golde and of precious stonys that conde the holy vessell and euy day early thes iij. kny3tly wolde com be fore hit and make ꝑ prayers nolde at the yeres ende and ꝑ self Sonday after that Sir Galahad had hym the redone of golde

he arose vp erly and hys felowys and cam to the paleyse and
sadd to fore them the holy dessell And aman enelyng on his kne
ys in hyknesse of a bysshop that had abowte hym a grete felisship
of angels as hit had bene Sayd cryste hym selff And pan he
arose and he gan a masse of owre lady And so he cam to ye sake
ynge and anone made an ende / he called Sir Galahad vnto
hym and seyde com for the the whyte of Sayd cryste and ye shalt
se pat pon hast mych desired to se and pan he he gan to trenible
vyolyt shalde wepan the dedly fleyssh he gan to be holde ye spry
tuall thyngs than he hylde vp hys hondis towarde hevyn
and seyde lorde I thanke the for now I se that that hath be my
desire many a day Now my blyssed lorde I wold nat lyde in pis
wrecched worlde no lenger yf hit my gyht please the lorde and
ye wt the good mand to be owre lordys body be delyvyte hys hondis
and gyf hit to Sir Galahad and he resseyved hit vyolyt gladly
and meklly Nowotist pon wat I and seyde the good man May Sir
seyde ye Galahad I am Joseph the sonne of Joseph of Aramathy
which owre lorde hath sente to ye to bere the felysship And wotyst
pon wherfore he hathe sente me more than ony op for pon hast
resemblyd m to thyngs that pon hast sene that ys the mervayles
of the Sankgreall for pon hast bene a clene mayde as I shall be
and and And whan he had seyde thes wordis he went to Sir
Percevale and kyssed hym and Amended hym to god And so he
went to Sir Bors and kyssed hym and Amended hym to god
and seyde my fayre lorde salewe me vnto my lorde sir Launcelot
my fadir and as sone as ye se hym bydde hym remembir of yat
wordde vnstable and there with he knelyd downe to fore the
table and made hys prayers and so sodderynly departed hys
sowle to Sayd cryste and a grete multitude of angels bare hit

lyp to hedyn dyn in the fyght of hys ij feldens Also thes ij knyghtys sayd
com fro me hedyn and hande hit they sy nat the body and so hit cam
ryght to the wesselt and tok hit and the speare and so bare hit up in
to hedyn and sythen was ȳ nen man so hardy to sey that he hade sene
the Sankgreall Ho whan Sr Ywayne & Sr Bors sawe Sr Ga
lahad dede they made as meche sorow as enȳ ded men And if they
had nat bene good men they myght lyghtly have falle in dispayr
and so people of the contrey and ate they were wyght hedyn but
so he was bureyed and as sone as he was bureyed Sr Ywayne
yelded hym to an ermytayge onte of the ate and tok religyous clothyng
and Sr Bors was all wey dothe hym but he chonged nen hys
seculer clothyng for that he purposed hym to go azeyne in to ȳ real
me of logyns Thus a yere and ij monethis hyded ȳ Ywayne in
the ermytayge a full holy lyff and pan passed onte of ȳ worlde
Than Sr Bors bat bury hym by hys fryer and by ȳ Galahad my
sportunalitee / Ho whan Sr Bors sawe that he was in so ffayre
contreyes as in the ptis of Babilone he departed frome ȳ ate of
Sarras and armed hym and cam to the see and entred in to a
shyppe And so hit befelle hym by good adventure he cam onto
the realme of logyns and so he rode a pace tylle he com to Ca
melot where the kynge was and pan was ȳ made grete ioy
of hym in all the contre for they wente he had bene loste for as
meche as he had bene so longe onte of the contrey And whan
they had etyn the kynge made grete clerk to cum be fore hym
for cause they shulde cronycle of the hyze adventures of the
good knyght // Ho whan Sr Bors had tolde hym of the hyze
aventures of the Sankgreall such as had be falle hym and his
iij feldres which were Sr Launcelot Ywayne and ȳ Galahad
and hym self Than Sr Launcelot tolde the adventures of the
Sangreall that he had sene And all thys was made in grete buk

and pitt vp in almeryes at Salysbury And anone Sir Bors seyde to Sir launcelot Sir Galahad yonne dwne sonne saledred yon by me and after yon my lorde kynge Arthure and all the hole courte And so ded Sir Pedale for I buryed them both myne owne hondes in the cite of Sarras Also Sir launcelot Sir Galahad prayde yon to remembre of thys vnstedfast worlde as ye be hytt kynd whan ye were to fynde more pan halffe a yere Thys ye tolde seyde I launcelot I trwste to god hys prayer shall avayle me Than I launcelot toke Sir Bors in hys armys and seyde conforme ye ar yytt welcome to me for ye and I shall neu departe in sondir wherfor once kysse may laste Sir seyde he as ye wolle so wolle I Thus endith pe tale of the Sanhyreal that was bretfly drawyn oute of frenshe whych ys a tale compiled for one of the tredyest and of ye holyest that ys in thys worlde By Sir Thomas Maleore knyght. O blessed ihū helpe hym thorow hys mygth. Amen.

So after the quest of the Sankgreall
was fulfylled and all knyghtes that were lefte on lyue
were com home agayne vnto the table rownde
as the booke of the Sankgreall maketh mencyon
than was ther grete ioy in the courte and eyeshealle
kynge Arthure and quene Gwenyuere made grete ioy of ye yeme
namyte and that were com home and passyng glade was the kynge
and the quene of Sir Launcelot and of Sir Bors for they had bene
passynge longe a dway in the queste of the Sankgreall Than as
the booke seyth Sir Launcelot he gan to resorte vnto quene Gwenyu
a gayne and for gate the promyse and the pfession that she made in
the queste ffor as the booke seyth had nat Sir Launcelot bene in his
prydy thoughtes and in hys myndes so sette inwardly to ye quene
as he was in semynge outewarde to god there had no knyght pas
sed hym in the queste of the Sankgreall but ein his thoughtes
prevyly were on the quene And so they rode to gydrs more hert
than they dyd to fore honde and had many suche prydy draughtes
to gydr that many in the courte spake of hit And in especiall
Sir Aggranayne Sir Gawaynes brothir for he was en oppyne
mowthed So hit be felle that Sir Launcelot had many resortes
of ladyes and damesels whiche dayly resorted vnto hym to be
ye champion in all suche materes of ryght Sir Launcelot apply
ed hym dayly to do for the plesure of one lorde and eyght and
ein as muche as he myght he withdrew hym fro ye company
of quene Gwenyu for to eschewe the sclaundir and noyse where
fore the quene wrayed wrothe with Sir Launcelot So on a day
she called hym to hir chambir and seyd vnto Sir Launcelot Ise
and sele dayly that yowre lode be fyrste to shake for ye have
no ioy to be in my presence but ein ye aw onte of thys contre
And quarels and materes ye have now a dayes for ladyes

madyns and ſaynte wymmen than en ye were wonte to shame be
fore thande & madame seyde Sr launcelot m thys ye mnſt holde
me excused for dyns cauſe One ys I was but late m the queſt of
the Sankgreall and I thanke god of hys grete my and nen of my
defrynge that I sawe m that my queſte as mych as en sawe ony
synfull mawe lyvynge and so was hit tolde me and yf that I had
nat had my prede thonghts to retyrne to yone lode a tayne as I
do I had sene as grete wyſtryes as en sawe my some Galahad
Dawale of Sr Bors and there fore madam I was but late
m that queſte and wyte yon well madam hit may nat be yet
by ſeythly for goyn the hyze ſynge m whom I dud my dyligente
labonre Also madame wyte yon well that ye be many men ſpe
kith of owre lode m thys contre and shame yon and me grutely
m a wayte As yes Sr Agrauayne and Sr Mordred p madam
wyte yon well I dvede them more for yowre ſake than for ony feage
of them I shame of them my ſelffe for I may happyn to aſtarte and
ryde my ſelff m a grete nede Where madame ye mnſte a byde all
that well be seyde vnto yon And than yf that ye fulle m ony
diſtreſſe thonde onte wyll fulfill ſody than ys ye none of them
but by me and my blode And wyte yon well madam ye holde
meſſe of yon and nie wolde bryngre vs to ſhame and ſclaundir
and that were me lothe to ſe yon diſhonowred And ye is ye cauſe
I take vppon me more for to do for dameſels and maydyns paid
en y dod to forne that men ſhonde vndirſtonde my ioy and my
delite ys my pleſure to shame a do for dameſels and maydyns
All thys whyle & the quene ſtode ſtylle and lete Sr launcelot
ſey whatt he wolde And whan he had all ſeyde ſhe braſte onte
of wepynge and so ſhe ſobbed and a wepte a grete whyle and
whan ſhe myght ſpeke ſhe seyde Sr launcelot nolde I well God
ſtonde yt yon arte a falſe recreayed knyght and a comon diſhonwed

and lodyste and holdiste othir ladyes and of me yon haste dysdayne
and storne ffor doyte yon dede ⁊ vnderstonde thy fulfchede ⁊ shalt
neu lode the more and loke yon be neu so haudy to com in my syght
and vyght ffore ⁊ dyscharge the thys comete pat yon neu com do in
fact and ⁊ forfende the my felyfhip and vppon payne of thy hede ⁊
yon se me neu more ⁊ bycght so Sir launcelot dexted wt grete hedynes
that vnneth he myght fuftayne hym felff for grete dole makynge
Tefam he called Sir Bors Ector de maris ⁊ ⁊ hyneff and tolde hem
hold the quene had forfende hym the comete and so he was in doyte
to dexte in to hys owne contrey ffayre Sir seyde Bors de ganys ye
fhalt dexte onte of thys londe by myne advyce for ye mufte yenne
Sir yon Wotfat ye ar and renomed the moste nobelyft knyght
of the worlde and many grete materd ye haue in honde ⁊ wo
men in ⁊ haftyneffe wolde do oftyn tymes that aftir hem fore
repentith And ⁊ fore be myne advyce ye fhalt take yonre horfe
and vyde to the good Ermytayge there be fyde wyndefore ⁊ fom
tyme was a good knyght hys name ys Sir Biafrias and there
fhalt ye a byde tyll that ⁊ fende yon worde of bettir tydynge ffor Bors
seyde Sir launcelot Woyte yon Wolff ⁊ am fuffe lothe to dexte onte
of thys realme but the quene hath defended me so hyghly ⁊ me se
mythe fhe wolde neu be my good lady as fhe hath bene Sey ye
neu so seyde Sir Bors for many tymys ou ⁊ fhe hath bene
wrothe with yon and aftir that fhe was the fyrfte repented
fitte ye fey Wolff seyde Sir launcelot for nede Wolff ⁊ do by yo
counceyle and take myne horfe and myne harneyfe and vyde
to the Ermyte Sir Biafrias and there Wolff ⁊ repofe me tille
⁊ hyre fom man of tydynge frome yon but fayre Brofm ⁊ ye
can grete me the lode of my lady quene Gwenyr Sir seyde
Sir Bors ye nede nat to medle me of fuche materd for Wolff ye
Wote ⁊ Wolff do Wotfat ⁊ may to pleafe yon And pan Sir launcelot

dyȝted ſuddeynly and no creature wyſt where he was be come
but Sir Bors So whan Sir launcelot was dyȝted the quene
owtewarde made no man of ſojelde nyȝtyng to none of his
blode nor to none ojj but wyte ye well mdwardely as þ booke
ſeythe ſhe tolde ſrete thonȝt but ſhe bare hit owte waywarde
countenaunce as and ponze ſhe felte no thonȝt nor dauntȝe
Sir the quene lete make a pryvy dauntȝe in london vnto the
knyȝtes of the rownde table and all was for to ſhelde owtewarde
that ſhe had as grete joy in all oj knyȝtes of þ rownde table
and all was for to ſhelde owtewarde as ſhe had in þ launce
So there was all only at that dyner þ Gawayne and his bryn
that ys for to ſey þ Agrauayne þ Gaherys þ Gareth þ awidred
Also there was þ Bors de ganys þ Blamo de ganys þ Bleobris
de ganys þ Galihud þ Galiodyn þ Ector de mayis þ lyonell þ Dala
mydes þ Safyr his brothir þ lacote male tayle þ Dſamuns þ Iron
ſyde þ Brandeles þ kay le ſenyſchalk þ Aydre de la porte þ patiſe
a knyȝt of ſrelonde þ Alydute þ Aſtamoure and þ Dyneſh le
ſavcayge wyche was coſyne to þ lamerok de galis the ȝod knyȝt
that þ Gawayne and hys brethirn ſlewe by treſon and ſo reſ
myn and yt knyȝtes ſholde dyne with the quene in a pryvy place
by them ſelff and there was made a grete feſte of all maner of
deyntees but Sir Gawayne had a cuſtom that he vſed dayly
at mete and at ſupper that he lovede well all maner of frwyte
and ſpeſyall apples and peeres and þ fore who ſom ever
dyned oj feſted Sir Gawayne wolde comonly ȝyve hym ȝod
frwyte for hynd And ſo did the quene for to pleaſe þ Gawayne
ſhe lette ȝyve hym all maner of frwyte for þ Gawayne
was a paſſyng ſhote knyȝt of natwre And thys þ lyonell hated
Sir Gawayne by cauſe of hys kynnes man þ lamorake dethe

and there fore for pure enuy and hate ſ Dyoneſſ enpoyſonde ſtyngd
appylls for to enpoyſen ſ Gawayne So thys was well yet into the
ende of mete and ſo hit he ſtylle by myſſe fortune a ſtood knyght ſ patryſe
whych was cosyn vnto ſ ayadoz de la porte tok an appyll for was en
chaſſed with hete of wyne and hit myſſchaped hym to take a poyſonde
appyle And whan he had etyn hit he ſwalt ſore tylle hit braſte And ſ
ſir Patryſe felle downe ſuddenly dede amongſte them Than en y
knyght lepe ſwome the bowrde aſhamed and a vaſted for wrathfe
oute of hir wittis for they wyſt nat what to ſey conſideryng
quene Dienyſi made the feſte and dyner they had all ſuſpection
vnto hir ayr lady the quene ſeyde ſ Gawayne madam wyte you
that pys dyner was made for me ſt my feldwis And for all folkys
knowyth my condicion vnderſtonde that I lede well fyghte ſt nobo
I ſe well I had noze be ſlayne there fore madam I drede me leſte
ye wolle be ſhamed Than the quene ſtood ſtylle and was ſo
ſore abayſſhed that ſhe wyſt nat what to ſey thys ſhalle nat
ſo be ended ſeyde Sr ayadoz de la porte for thore thane I loſte a
fulle noble knyght of my blode and ſ fore vppon thys ſhame and
diſpite I wolle be ſedeuenged to the vttirannce And ſ openly ſ ayadoz
appeled the quene of the deth of hys coſyn ſ patryſe Than ſtood
they all ſtylle that none wolde ſpeke a worde a yenſte hym for
they all had grete ſuſpection vnto the quene by cauſe ſhe lete make
that dyner And the quene was ſo abayſſhed that ſhe wiſte
none of wayes do bute wepte ſo hartely that ſhe felle on
a ſwoone So with thys noyſe and cry cam to them kynge
Arthure And whan he wyſte of the trouble he was a paſſyng
ſtern man And Sr madoze ſtood ſtylle be fore the kynge
and appeled the quene of treſon for the auſtom was ſuch at ſ
tyme that all man of ſhamefull deth was called treſon ſſayne
lordys ſeyd kynge Arthure me repentith of thys trouble but
the cauſe ys ſo I may nat ſtande a do in thys mater for I muſte

be a vyȝtfull kynge and that repentith me that I may nat do batayle for my dyssh for as I deme thys dede comyn̄ by her And ȳ for I suppose she shall nat be all distayned but ȳ some good knyght shall put hys body in ionopardy for my quene vat pan she sholde be brente in a wrongge quarell And ȳ forȝe ȳ Madore be nat so hasty for ȳe hit may happyn̄ she shall nat be all frendeles and ȳ fore desyre yon thy day of batayle and she shall purchey hyr of som good knyght that shall answere yon or ellis hit were to me grete shame and to all my contre // ayr gracious lorde seyde sir Madore ye must holde me excused for ȳonge ye be owre kynge in that degree ye ar but a knyght as we ar and ye ar sworne vnto knyghthode als welle as we be And ȳ fore I be seche yon ȳ ye be nat displeased for ȳ ȳe none of all thes xv ȳ knyghtes that were kdyn̄ to thys dyner but all they shall gete satisfaccion vnto the quene Wohat sey ye all my lordys seyde ȳ Madore thaw they answerde by and by ȳ seyde they conde nat excuse the quene for wohy she made the dyner And ony hit must com̄ by her ony by her shamtis Alas seyde the quene // I made thys dyner for a good entente and nen for none evyll so all myghty Jhu helpe me in my vyȝtfull as I wus nen̄ purposed to do such evyll dede and that I repente me vnto god / ayr lorde the kynge seyde sir Madore I requyre yon as ye beth a vyȝtfull kynge gyffe me my day that I may shame wastyse wokk seyde the kynge thys day vij. dayes lete yon be redy armed on horsebak in the medyr be ȳdes Wynchestr And if hit so falle that ȳ be ony knyȝt to encounter to encounter a ȳenste yon pere may yon do yonge lefte ȳ god spede the vyȝtfull And if so be falle ȳ ȳ be no knyȝt redy at ȳ day yan must my quene be brente and there she shall be redy to shame hyr wgemente I am answerde seyde ȳ Madore And ony knyght rode where hym lyked // So began the kynge ȳ ȳ quene

were to gyue the kynge asked the quene how this case be felle than the
seyde Sir. as I shal be my helpe she wyst nat how nor in what maner
Where ye Sir launcelot seyde kynge Arthure and he were here he wold
he wolde nat gyue ouse to do batayle for you Sir seyde the quene I wote
nat where he ye but his brop and his kynessmen deme that he be nat
worth in this realme // that me repenteth seyde kynge Arthure for
and he were here he wolde sone fynde this fayre // Well than I
wolle counceyle you seyde the kynge that ye go vnto the Bors and pray
hym for to batayle for you for Sir launcelottis sake and vppon my
lyff he wolle nat refuse you for well I se seyde the kynge that none of
the myst ye knyghtis that were at yo dyner where the Dattryse was
slayne that wolle do batayle for you nor none of them wolle sey
well of you and that shalle be grete shamed to you in this contre
but nowe I mysse Sir launcelot for and he were here he wolde
sone putte me in my Sowtis case // What aylith you seyde the
kynge that ye can nat kepe the launce vppon youre syde for wyte
you well seyde the kynge Nay that hath the launcelot vppon his
body hath the moste man of worship in this worlde vppon his
syde Nowe go youre way seyde the kynge vnto the quene and require
Sir Bors to do batayle for you for sir launcelottis sake // So the
quene depted from the kynge and sente for the Bors in to the
chamber And whan she cam she be sought hym of knyghthode axadame
seyde she what wolde ye that I ded for I may nat by my worship
haue a do in this mater be cause I was at the same dyner
for drede of eny of yo knyghtis wolde haue you in suspection //
Also madam seyde the Bors nowe mysse ye Sir launcelot for he
wolde nat a failed you in youre ryghte nor in youre wyonge for
whan ye haue bene in ryghte grete damgers he hath socomed
you And nowe ye haue dredeyn hym oute of this contrey by
whom ye and all we were dayly worshipped by hym therefore sore

Holy quene Bwuyn le bonyt sir Bors to fyght for her

axadame

madame I merbayle howe howe ye dare for shame to requyre me
to do ony thynge for you In so muche ye haue enchaced owte of yo^r
courte by whom we were dyshorne and honomed // Alas fayre
kynyght seyde the quene I pray me hole in youre grace and all^t
yo^r a mysse I wolle amende as ye wolle counceyle me And yf^t w^t the
kneled downe vppon both hir kneys And be sowre Sir Boos to
haue mercy vppon her or elles shalle haue a shameffull dethe & yf to
I quen offended // Kyght so cawd kynge Arthure and sonnde yo^r quene
knelynge And than Sir Boos that toke hir vp and seyde madam
ye do me grete dishonoure a Saunture kynyght seyde the kynge haue
mercy vppon my quene curteyse kynyght for I am nolle in strayne in
strayne she yo^r vntrewly defamed and yf sore curteyse kynyght &
kynge seyde ye promyse her to do batayle for her I requyre you for yo^r
lode ye doyre vnto Sir Boos ye requyre me the grettest pynge yf ony
man may requyre me And wyte you wolle yf I graunte to do batayle
for the quene I shalle wrethe many of my felyshyp of the table
wonde But as for that seyde Sir Boos I wolle graunte for my
lorde sir Launcelotts sake and for youre sake I wolle at that day be
the quenys champyon onles yf yf com by aduenture a bett kynyght
than I and to do batayle for her // Wolle ye gr myse me this seyde yo^r
kynge by youre fayth yee sir seyd sir Boos of that I shalle not fayle
you nor her but yf yf com a better kynyght than I and than shalle he
haue the batayle Than was the kynge and the quene wonderynge
gladde and so kepte and thanked hym hevtely // Than sir Boos
kepte secretly vppon a day and rode vnto sir Launcelot yf as he was
with sir Bias and tolde hym of all thys aduenture And
sir Launcelot seyde thys yo^r com happely as I wolde haue hit yf
fore I pray you make you redy to do batayle but loke yf ye tarry
tylle ye se me com as longe as ye may for I am sure sir Ayadyc
yo^r an hote kynyght whan he yo^r m chaffed for yf more ye suffyr hym

the Maistrer wolde he be to battayle // Sir seyde Sir Boos latte me deale w^t hym
dowte ye nat ye shalle shalle have alle youre wylle // So dep^ted ſ Boos
frome hym and cam to the comte a gayne than was kyt noysed
in alle the comte that Sir Boos sholde do battayle for the quene
wherfore many knyghtes were displeased with hym that he wolde
take vppon hym to do battayle in the quenes quarell for ſ were but
fewe knyghtes in alle the comte but they demed the quene was ſ
the wronge and that she had done that treson So ſ Boos answe
red vnto hys felowys of the table rounde Sirs wolde ye wolde my fayre
lordis that were shame to do alle and we suffired to se the moste noble
quene of the worlde to be shamed openly consideryng her lorde and
owne lorde ye the man of moste worshyp crystynde and the hythen
worshipped vs alle in alle places // Than answerd hym a gayne as
for owre moste noble kynge Arthure we lete hym and honowre
hym as well as ye do But as for quene Guenyu we lete hyr nat
be cause she ys a destroyer of good knyghtes Fayre lordis seyde ſ Boos
me semyth ye sey nat as ye sholde sey for neu yet in my dayes knewe
I newe ne herde sey that ever she was a destroyer of good knyghtes but at
alle tymes as fer as ever I conde knowe she was a mayntenor of
good knyghtes and ever she hath bene large and free of her goodis to alle
good knyghtes and the moste bevnteous lady of hir gyftes and her
good grace that ever I sawe or herde speke off And ſ fore hit were
shame to vs alle and to owre moste kynge wyff whom we owe to
be shamefully slayne And Sirs yon wolde seyde ſ Boos I wolde nat
suffre hit for I dare sey so moch for the quene ys nat guylty of Sir
Patryse ys dethe for she owghte hym non none dyde wolde nor
none of the iiij. c. knyghtes that were at that dyner for I dare sey
sey for good lorde she bade vs to dyner and nat for no male engyne
And that I dowte nat shalle be proved here affter for knowe som ever

the game goth there was treson a mongste vs / Than som seyde to Sr Boys We may well be lyke yonre wordys and so some were well pleased and som were nat so the day com on fastē vntyll the dayn that the batayle shulde / Than the quene sente for Sr Boys and asked hym how he was disposed Truly madame seyde he / and disposed in lyke wyse as / promysed yon that ye to sey / shalle nat fayle yon Onles there by aventure com a lettre bnyght pan / and to do batayle for yon Than madam / am of yon discharged of my promyse / Well ye seyde the que that / telle my lorde ye kyng pnes both as hit pleasith yon madam / Than the quene yede vnto ye kyng and tolde the answere of Sr Boys / Well thane ye no donte seyde the kynge of Sr Boys for / calle hym nowe that ye hydynge one of the nobleyst bnyghtt of the worlde and moste vertuous man / And pnes hit waste on tylle the morne and so the kynge & ye quene and all man of bnyghtt that were ye at ye tyme dedve yom vnto ye medowe by sydys Wyncestre where the batayle and so whan ye kynge was com wt the quene and many bnyghtt of the table rownde So the quene was pan put in the Conestables dwarde and a grete fyre made a donte an shon stode that an ye Ayadn de la porte had the lettre she shulde there be dwente for such custom was vsed in yo dayes for fadonne lode nor assynte there shulde be none or but vyghtt wone instamente as well vppon a kynge as vppon a bnyght and as well vppon a quene as vppan anor qonne lady So thys meane whyle cam / Sr Ayadn de la porte and tolde thys be fore the kynge howe ye the que ded thys treson Untill thys cosyn Sr Patryse and vnto myne othe / wolle prove hit wt my body stonde for haude who that wolle sey the contrary / Bytht so cam / Sr Boys de Samys and seyde that as for quene Elyenn she ys in the vytht and ye wolle / make good that she ys nat culpable of thys treson that is put vppon hey / Than make the redy seyde Sr Ayadne we shalle prove

whether ye be in the ryght or I. Sir Hadyre seyde ℔ Bors Wete ye well I holde you for a good knyght nat for thy I shall nat feare you so greatly but I truste to god I shall be able to withstonde youre mayne But thus muche shall I promyse my lorde Arthure and my lady the quene that I shall do batayle for her in thys cause to the vttyraunce onles that ℔ com a better knyght than I and and dyscharge me // so that all seyde Sir Hadyre other com yon off and do batayle with me or elles say nay take youre horse seyde ℔ Bors and as I suppose I shall nat tarry longe but ye shall be answerde Than ayther dressed to ℔ tentes and made hem redy to horse backe as they thought beste And anone Sir Hadyre came in to the felde with hys shylde on hys shulder and hys speare in hys honde // And so rode a boute the place crying vnto knyght Arthure hyd youre champyon com forthe and he dare // Than was ℔ Bors a shamed and toke hys horse and cam to the hyeste ende And than was he ware where cam frome a wode ℔ fast by a knyght all armed vppon a whyght horse with a straunge shylde of straunge armys and he cam dryvynge all that hys horse myght venne And so he cam to ℔ Bors and seyd mas fayre knyght I pray you be nat displesed for ye were a better knyght than ye ar thys batayle there fore I pray you withdraw you for ryght you well I shall had thys day a ryght grete somme and thys batayle ought to be myne ℟ so I promysed you when I spake with you laste and with all my herte I thanke you of youre good wylle // Than ℔ Bors rode vnto knyght Arthure and tolde hym how there was a knyght com that wolde have the batayle to fyght for the quene // What knyght ys he seyde the knyght I wote nat seyde Sir Bors but suche adventure he made vnto me to be here thys day // Now my lorde seyde ℔ Bors here I am dischargyd

Now sir launcelot vesed wod quene gwe uyuere fiun ye deth

Than the knyght called to theit knyght and asked hym if he wolde fyght for the quene / Than he answered and seyde Sir ℔ fore com I. hyder And ℔ fore sir knyght tarry me no lenger

for anone as ſ̄ thane fynyſſhed thys batayle ſ̄ muſte depyte hens for ſ̄ thane to do many batayles elſ̄ wolde for doute yondell ſeyde that knyzght thys ys diſſhonoure to yon and to all knyzghtes of ſ̄ rounde table to ſe and knowe ſo noble a lady and ſo curteyſe as quene Gwe-nyvere ys thus to be rebuked and ſhamed amonzyſt yon. Than ſey all merveyled what knyzght that myzght be that ſo toke vppon hym for there was nat one that knewe hym but if hit were ſir Ewaſ Than ſeyde ſ̄ ayadore de la porte vnto the kynge nowe lat me wete with whom ſ̄ ſhalle thane a do And than they rode to the hyſtſende and there they couched ſ̄ ſpeares and ran to zydens w+ all ſ̄ myzth and anone ſ̄ ayadores ſpeare braſte all to peces but but pe othirs ſpeare thylde and bare ſ̄ ayadores horſe and all backwarde to ſ̄ erth a zrete falle but myzghtyly and delyuerly he delyuerde hys horſe from hym and put hys ſhylde be fore hym and drewe hys ſwerde and bade the othir knyzght a kyzght and do batayle w+ hym on foote // Than that knyzght deſcended downe from hys horſe and put hys ſhylde be fore hym and drewe hys ſwerde and ſo they came egrely vnto batayle and eythir zaff othir many ſadde ſtrokes thyzk and thranſhyzk and foynynge to zydens w+ ſ̄ ſwerdes as hit were wolde bere pe thus fyzhtynge nyze an howre ſore thys Sir ayadore was a ſtrongge knyzght and myzghtyly preued in many ſtraunge batayles but at the laſte thys knyzght ſmote ſ̄ ayadore zwodelynge vppon the erthe and the ſtepte nere hym to thane ſonde ſ̄ ayadore ſtarte vppon the zrounde and there w+ ſ̄ ayadore aroſe and in hys vyſynge he ſmote that knyzght thorowe the nek thyk of ſ̄ thyes that ſ̄ blode braſte oute freſſhly And whan he ſette hym ſelf ſo wounded and ſawe hys blode he lete hym awyſe vppon hys feete and than he zaffe hym ſuch a buffette vppon the helme ȳ he felle to the erthe ſtarlynge and there with he ſtrode to hym to thane pulled

of hys helme of hys hede And so sir ayadove prayde that knyght
to sade hys kyff and so he yeldyd hym as on cond and released the
quene of hys quarell / / wolle nat / Graunte the thy kyff seyde that
knyght / only that yon freely realese the quene for ev And yf no mencion
be made vppon sir Datayse yo tombe that en quene Gwenyfi con
sented to that treson All thys shall be done seyde ſ ayadove / clerely
dyschaunge my quarell for ev than the knyghtis peers of the hous
tokk vp sir ayadove and led hym vnto hys tente And
the other knyght went streyte to the stayre foote where sate
kynge Arthure and by that tyme was the quene com to ꝑ kynge
and arthur kyssed other kartely And whan the kynge sadw that
knyght he stodyed dodone to hym and thanked hym And / In
lyke wyse ded the quene and the kynge prayde hym to putt of hys
helmet and to repose hym and to take a soppe of wyne And pan
he putte of hys helmette to dwynke and than ony knyght knew
hym that yt was ſ launcelot And anone as the kynge / wyst
that he tokk the quene in hys honde and yode vnto ſ launcelot and
seyde sir Graunte mcy of yonre grete tedeayle that ye same had yis
day for me And for my quene my lorde seyde ſ launcelot / wotte
yon well y ought of ryght en in yonre quarell and in my ladyes
the quenys quarell to do batayle for ye ar the man that yaff me
the knyghtly order of knyghthade and that day my lady yonre quene
ded me worshyp and ellis had / bene shamed for that same day
that ye made me knyght tpordly my hastynes / loste my sweide
And my lady yonre quene fonnde hyt and lapped hyt in her
treayne and yode me my swerde ageyn / had nede ꝑ to And ellis
had / bene shamed amongyst all knyghtis And therefore my
lorde Arthure / prayed her at that day en to be hys knyght
in ryght other in wronge / Graunte mcy seyde the knyght for
this Iornney and wete yon well seyde the knyght / shall acquyte

yonge gladnesse // And ever more the quene bekyrde sir Launcelot and
wrote so tendirly that she sanke all meste to the grounde for sorowe
that she had done to hym so grete kyndenes Where she shewed hym
grete unkyndenesse Than the knyghtis of hys blode drewe unto hym
and there anythyn of them made grete joy of othir And so stood
all the knyghtis of the table vonnde that weere there at ye tyme
and wolde comen hym And than Sir Hadore was heeled of
hys sekenesse eranssche And sir Launcelot was heeled of hys playe and
so there was made grete joy and many mervelys there was made
in that contre And so hit be felle that ye damesell of the lake ye
knyghtis Nynyve wedyed wedded the good knyght Sir Gollias
And so she cam to the courte for ever she ded grete goodnes unto
kynge Arthure and to all hys knyghtis therefor her servyse
enchauntementes And so began she ferste fyrste the quene was
wedded for the dethe of Sir Patryse than she tolde hit openly
that she was nevir guylty and there she disclosed by whom hit was
done and named hym Sir Pynel and for to hat cause he ded hit
there hit was openly knowyn and disclosed and so the quene was
And thys knyght Sir Pynell fledde unto hys contrey And was
openly knowyn that he enpoysynde the appyls at that feste to
that entente to have destroyed Sir Galvayne by cause of Galv
ayne and hys brethirne destroyed destroyed of Launcelot de Gahys
Which of pynell was cosyn unto Than was of Patryse buryed
in the chirche of Westemynster mastowne and upon was
wrytten there hyetht of Patryse of Irelonde slayne by of Pynell
le Savayne that enpoysynde appelis to have slayne of Galvayne
and by mysse fortune Sir Patryse ete one of the appelis and
than suddeynly he brastte Also there was wrytyn upon the
tombe that quene Gwenyvere was appeled of treason of ye deth
of Sir Patryse by Sir Hadore de la porte and there was made y

menaon holde sir launcelot fought wt hym for quene Gaweyn
and on com hym in playne delayde att thys was wretyn vpon
the tombe of ſ Patryse in exaltynge of the quene and yan sir
ywadore ſerued dayly and longe to kane the quenys good grace and ſo
by the meanys of Sir launcelot he caused hym to stonde in the
quenys good grace and all was for tryſſhyn thus itt passed vntyll
owre lady day of the assumpcon wt in a xx. dayes of that feste ye
the kynge lete crye a grete justyse and a turnement that shulde
be at that day at camelott off wyſe called wyncheſt and ye kynge
lete cry that he and the kynge of scotte wolde juſte ayenſt all the
worlde // And whan thys knyghtes was made thyder cam many
good knyghtes that ys to sey the kynge of north walis and kynge
angwyſh of irelonde and the kynge wt the C. knyghtes And Syr
Galahalte the haute prynce and the kynge of northumberlonde
and many of noble dedes and evelle of ye dyuſe contreyes / So kynge
Arthure made hym redy to dayte to hys juſtes and wolde kane
had the quene wyth hym but at that tyme she wolde nat she
seyde for she was ſyke and myghte nat ryde that me repentith
seyde the quene kynge for thys vij. yere ye sawe nat such a noble
felyshyp to gydrs excepte the wyghtſondyde whan ſ Galahad
departed frome the comyte Ewayn seyde the quene ye muſte holde me
excuſed y may nat be there and many demed the quene wolde
nat be there be cauſe of Sir launcelot for he wolde nat ryde wt
the kynge for he seyde he was nat hole of the play of ſ ywadore
whereſore the kynge was redy and passynge wroth and ſo he
dyuerted towarde wyncheſtre wt hys felyshyp And ſo by the way
the kynge lodged at a towne that was called Aſtolot that ys
in englyſh Gylforde and there the kynge lay in the caſtell So
whan the kynge was departed the quene called Sir launcelot
vnto her and seyde yms Sir ye ar worthy to blame yms to holde

yon be thynde my lorde wherfor wolde yonve enemyes and myne soy
and deme // Se sayd sr launcelot / sayd thou thym en be thynde the kynge
and so the quene dothe / also for that they wolde haue yplesiure
to thydre and thy / wolde they say seyde the quene // haue ye no dowte
madame seyde sr launcelot / I sayd yonve wille that ye of late com
syn ye were boxen so wyse and there madam at thys tyme I
wolde be vnkid by yonve counceyle and thys my ryght / I wolde take
my veste and to morow be tyme / I wolde take my way toward
wyncheste / and wyte yon well seyde sr launcelot vnto sr quene
at that / thys / I wolde be a yenste the kynge and a yenste all thys
felyshyp Sir ye may there do as ye lyste seyde the quene but be
my counceyle ye shalle nat be a yenst yonve kynge & yo felyshyp
for y dene sulle many harde knyghtes of yonve blode // madame
seyde sr launcelot / I shalle take the aduenture that god wolle wyll
me and so vppon the mo morne erly the harde masse and dyned
and so he toke thys lode of the quene and dressed and pan he rade
so nyche vnto the tyme he com to astolot and there lyst / happyd
thym that in the euenyng tyde he cam to an olde gardynes place
that belyght Sir Barnarde of astolot / and as sr launcelot entred
in to thys lodgynge kynge Arthure aspyed thym as he did walke
in a gardeyne be syde the castell he knew thym well / and wel
nyes seyde kynge Arthure vnto thys knyght that were by thym
be syde the castell / thane rode aspyed one knyght he seyde y wolle
slay thys / slay at the / nyes / vnder take // who ye that seyde the
knyght // At thys tyme ye shalle nate wyte for me seyde the kynge
and smyled and went to thys lodgynge // So when sr launcelot
was in thys lodgynge and vnarmed in thys chamber the olde bardon
Sir Barnarde com to thym and well comed thym in sr beste man
wyse he knew nat Sir launcelot fayre sir seyde sr launcelot
tylle thys / ofte / wolde pray yon to lende me a shylde y were nat

apynly kndwyn for myne yo wolle kndwyd Sir seyde hys ofte ye shalle have yowre desire for me semyth ye bene one of the hyghest knyghtis that ever I sadve and therefore sir I shalle shedde yon freyndshep and seyde sir doyte yon wolle I shame my selfe that were but late made knyghte and the eldist knyght is Tarry and he was knyte ye same day he was made knyght and he may nat ryde and hys shylde for that yo nat kndwyn I dare sey but there is no place And hys yongyst sonne knyght is Sadayne and if hit please yon he shalle ryde with yon vnto that Iustis for the yo of hys aywe strongye and wyghtis for mech my herte gyvith vnto yon that ye shulde be a noble knyght and therefore I pye yon to telle me yowre name seyde sir Baynarde and for that seyd sir Launce lot ye muste holde me excused as at thys tyme And if god gyffe me grace to spede wolle at the Iustis I shalle come a gayne & telle yon my name Wit I pray yon in ony wyse late me have yo sonne sir Sadayne wt me and that I may have hys wepys shylde Sir all thys shalle be done seyde sir Baynarde So thys olde knyght had a dowghtir that was called that tyme the fayre maydyn off Astolot and ever she he hylde sir Launcelot wondirfully and as the boke sayth she feste such a love vnto sir Launcelot that she cowde non wyth dwelle hir bodye Wherefore she dyed and her name was Elayne le blanke So ryne as she came to and fro she was so shote in bode that he sonnest sir Launcelot to have vppon hym at the Iustis a token of hers Damesell seyde sir Launcelot and if I gramme yon that ye may sey that I do more for yowre love than ever ded for lady or Jantill woman Than he remembrid hym selff that she wolde go to the Iustis dysgysed and be cause she had non a fore done no man of token of no Damesell She he thought hym to have a token of hers

that none of hys blode there by myght kndo hym And than
the seyde fayre mayden / Well gramme yow to were a token of yonges
vppon myne helmet and for more what ye hit shedre ye hit me
Sir the seyde hit ys a rede sledre of myne of Scarlet well enbrode
dred with grete perelles and so she brought hit hym // So Sir
Launcelot resseyued hit and seyde nede dud / erste so nyght for no
dameself dyan / Launcelot be toke the fayre mayden hys shylde
in kepynge and prayde her to kepe hit vntill tyme that he cond
a gayne and so that myght he had myrry reste and grete chere
ffor thys dameself Elayne was en a bolde / Launcelot all the
while she myght be suffride // So vppon a day on the morne
kynge Arthure and all hys knyghtis dressed for / the kynge hyld
tourned in dayes to a byde hys noble knyghtis And so whan / kynge
was ryden / Launcelot and / Galayne made yem redy to ryde
and ayther of them had wyght shyldis and the rede sledre /
Launcelot bete euery dele hym and so they toke / sledre all / Sauvage
the olde baronne and all hys doughtir the fayre mayden And yan
they rode so longe tyll that they cam to Camelot that tyme called
wynchester and there was grete prees of kynges dewk / erlis ba
rownes and many noble knyghtis // But / / Launcelot was lodged
prively by the meanys of / Galayne w a vyage but / / no man
in that towne was ware what they were and so they rested yem
there tyll onre lady day of the assumpcon that / grete iust / holde
be // So whan trumpettis blew vnto the felde And kynge Arth
was sette on hyght vppon a chaffet to be holde who dud beste but
as the fraynsshe book seyth the kynge wold nat suffre / Galayne to
go fromne hym for nede had Sir Galayne the dette and / Launc
were in the felde and many tymes was / Galayne rebuked so
whan / Launcelot was in the felde in ony / iustes dysgysed dyan
non of the kynges ne kynge Anguysh of Ireland and the kynge

of scotte were that tyme turned to be vppon the side of kynge Arth-
and than the othir pty was the kynge of northgalis and the kynge
north the C. knyghtis and the kynge of north humberlonde And Sir
Galahalte the hade prynce But thes iij. kynges and thys duke
was passynge wayle to holde a yenste Arthurs pty for do hym were
the nobelyst knyghtis of the worlde So than they both dredy them
aythir pty fro me othir and eny man made hym redy in his beste
maner to do defiat the myghtis Than Sir Launcelot made hym
redy and put the rede shelde vppon hys helmette and fastened hit
hit faste And so sir Launcelot and Sir Lavayne depted onte of
Wynchestir pryvayly and rode vntyll a litill fedred wode be hynde
the pty that hylde a yenste kynge Arthure pty and there pey hylde
hem stylle tylle the pryes smote to tydyngs And pan cam sir kynge
o scotte and the kynge of irelonde on kynge Arthurs pty and
a yenste them cam in the kynge of Northumberlonde and the kynge
with the C. knyghtis and there be gan a strete medle And there
the kynge of Scotte smote downe the kynge of Northumberlonde
And the kynge w+ the C knyghtis smote downe kynge Angwysh
of irelonde Than Sir Galampydes that was one Arthurs pty
he encountred w+ Sir Galahalte and ayth of hem smote downe
othir and aythir pty hatpe p lordys horse back-wayne So p
he gan a frounte assayle on bothe p pryes And than com in Sir
Braundyles p Sayrtamoure le desyrous p Sodynas le sadecayte
p Kay la senestralle p Gryffelet le fyze de dn p Lucan de butlere
p Bedwere p Agravayne p Galherys p Agrodred p Aelpot de
lostreys p Ozanna le cure hardy p Sadok p Eppynogrys p Gal
leodyne of Galeway All thes xx. knyghtis that were knyghtis of
the rounde table So thes both mo of cam in to tyme and bete
a backe the kynge off northumberlonde and the kynge of north

north walys Wyllam Sir Launcelot sayde thys as he rydeth in the hytyll tyded Wood than he seyde vnto sir Lavayne se yondir ys a company of grad knyghtis and they holde pem to gydirs as fore ys that were chaced with dogges that ys ffrenshe seyde ſ Lavayne Nowe seyde ſ Launcelot And ye wolle holde a lityll ye ſhalle se ſ yond felyſhip that chaceth nowe thes men on owre ſyde that they ſhalle go as faſte backwarde as they Wente forewarde Sir ſtowre ye nat for my gre seyde ſ Lavayne for I ſhalle do Wyllam I may Tyllam ſ Launcelot and ſ Lavayne com in at the thyckyſt of the preeſe and there Sir Launcelot ſmote downe ſ Brandeles ſ Sagiñ ſ Dodynas ſ Kay ſ Gryffiet and all thes he ded Wt one ſpeare And Sir Lavayne ſmote downe sir Lucan de Butlere And Sir Bedwere And than Sir Launcelot gate anoy Wrete ſpeare And ſ he ſmote downe Sir Agrravayne and Sir Gahery Sir Agardred ſ Aglhoty de Logtrys And ſ Lavayne ſmote downe ſ Ozanna le cure hardy And pan Sir Launcelot drew hys ſwerde and there he ſmote on the vyſſhe honde and on the lyffe honde And by Wrote forſe he Anhorſed ſ Safir ſ Epynogrys and ſ Galleron and than the knyghtis of the table vounde Wyth drew them a backe after they had Wotyn ſ horſe Agayn as Wyell as they myght A nicy ſhe seyde ſ Galvayne Wyllat knyghtys yondir that doth ſo Wnaylons dedys in that fylde I ſ Wote Wyllat he ys seyde the kyn but as at thys tyme I Wolle nat name hym Sir seyde ſ Galvayne I Wolde ſey ſtt Were ſ Launcelot by hys vydynge ſe hys buffetis that I ſe hym deale but an me Semyth ſtt ſholde nat be he for that he berythe the rede ſhylde Wpon hys helmet for I Wyll hym nedeleave to hym at no I uſeys of lady ne ſaunſtll Woman Tat hym he seyde knyght Arthure for he Wolle be Wrothe knowyng ſe do more ow ende he dayde than the qty that Was Agenſt knyght Arthure Were Wolle comforted and than they ſhylde them to gydirs ſ he forſe hande Were ſore rebuked Tyllam Sir Bors ſ Syr Lyonel de marys Sir

lyonell and they called vnto them the knyghtis of ꝑ blood as ꝑ Blamo de
ganys ꝑ Bleoberys ꝑ Alydute ꝑ Galyhud ꝑ Galyhodyn ꝑ Bellyngere
le bewse so thes ye knyghtis of sir launcelottis kynne threst in myghtyly for they were all noble knyghtis and they of grete hede & despite
thought to vebuke ꝑ launcelot and ꝑ lavayne for they knew hem nat
and so they cam rushyng to gydres and smote downe many knyghtis
of north walys and of northumbirlonde And whan ꝑ launcelot sawe
them fare so he gate a grete speare in hys honde and ꝑ encountred
vp hym all at onys ꝑ Bors ꝑ Ector and ꝑ lyonell and they in-
smote hym at onys vp ꝑ speares And vp sore of them self they
smote ꝑ launcelottis horse veders to the erthe And by myssefortune
ꝑ Bors smote ꝑ launcelot thorow the shylde in to the syde &
the speare brake and the hede lefte stylle in the syde Whan ꝑ la-
vayne sawe hys mayster lye on the grounde he ran to the kynge of
scottis and smote hym to the erthe and by grete force he toke hys
horse and broght hym to ꝑ launcelot and maugre hem all he made
hym to mownte vppon that horse And than ꝑ launcelot gate a
speare in hys honde and there he smote ꝑ Bors horse and man
to the erthe And in the same wyse he ꝑued ꝑ Ector and ꝑ lyonell
and ꝑ lavayne smote downe ꝑ Blamo de ganys And ran ꝑ laun-
celot drew hys swerde for he fette hym self so sore hurte yat he
wende there to have had hys deth. And than he smote ꝑ Bleoberis
such a busshet on the helmet that he felle downe to the erthe in a
swowne And in the same wyse he ꝑued ꝑ Alydute & ꝑ Galyhud
and ꝑ lavayne smote downe ꝑ Bellyngere that was to Alystaud
le orgholyn And by thys was done was ꝑ Bors horsed a-gayne
And in cam vp ꝑ Ector and ꝑ lyonell and all they in smote vp
ꝑ swerdis vppon ꝑ launcelottis helmet And whan he felte ꝑ
busshettis And vp that hys wounde grieved hym grevously that
he thought to do what he myght whyle he cowde endure And yan

he gaff ſ Bors ſuch a buffette that he made hym bowze hys hede
paſſynge lowe And there w^t all he vaced of hys helme and myght
haue ſtayne hym but whan he ſaw ꝑ wyſaytes and ſo pulde hym
downe And in the ſame woyſe he ſued ſ Ector and ſ Ironeſſ for
as the booke ſeyth he myght haue ſtayne thend but whan he ſaw
ꝑ wiſaytes hys herte myght nat ſue thym ꝑ to but leſſe hem there
And eu ſ Lavayne w^t hym and there ſ Launcelot w^t hys ſwerde
ſmote downe and pulled downe as the freynſh booke ſeyth no pau
ꝓwy^s knyghtſ and the moſte ꝑty neue of the table ronnde And they
ſu^r Lavayne and fulle well that day for he ſmote downe ꝑ knyghtſ
of the table ronnde // aneuey ſ hym ſeyde ſ Galvayne vnto kynge Arthu
merwayle what knyght that he ys with the rede ſlede ſu^r ſeyde kyng
Arthure he wolde be knowyn or eu he departe And than the kynge blew
vnto lodgynge And the iij ꝑtye was gadryn by hemſelues vnto
the knyght with the whyte ſhylde that haue the rede ſhyde // than
cam the kynge of northgales and the kynge of northumbirlonde
and the kynge w^t the c. knyghtſ And ſu^r Galahalte the hauteprince
ſeyde vnto ſir Launcelot ſeyre knyght god yow bleſſe for myche ſhame
ye done ſow^r vs this day and therefore we pray yow that ye wolde
com w^t vs that we may ſe ſeyde the ſhone and the prynce as ye haue
worſhypfully defined hit // ſeyre lordys ſeyde ſ Launcelot wete yow
well gyff I haue defined thanke I haue ſore bought hit and ꝑ me repen
teth hit for I am nere hyde to aſcape with the hyff therefore my fayre
lordys I pray yow that ye wolde ſuffre me to departe where me lyſtith
for I am ſore ſmote and I take no force of none honoure for I had
lefer repoſe me than to be lorde of all the worlde And ꝑ w^t all he
wroned pyteouſſly and rode a grete dalop awaywarde from them
vntyll he cam vnder a depe dyche And whan he ſaw ꝑ he was
frome the felde myght a myle that he was ſure he myght nat be
ſeyne than he ſeyde w^t an hyghe voyce and w^t a grete grone I ſauffe

knyght sr Ywayne helpe me that thys trumchesone were onte of my syde
for hit sytteth so sore that hit myghte me dymyne done lorde seyde
sr Ywayne I wolde fayne do that myghte please yow but I drede me sore
and I saylle onte trumchesonne that ye shalle be mysselle of dethe I charge
yow seyde sr Launcelot as ye love me drede hit onte and p̄ w̄ alle he des-
cended frome hys horse and wyghte so ded sr Ywayne And forth w̄ alle
he drewe the trumchesonne onte of hys syde and gaffe a grete shryche and
a gresly grone that the blood braste onte myche a pynte at onys that
at the laste he sanke downe vppon hys arse and so swowned downe
pale and dedly Alas seyde sr Ywayne what shalle I do And than
he turned sr Launcelot vnto the wyride and so he lay there myche
halff an owre as he had bene dede And so at the laste sr Launcelot
caste vp hys yzen and seyde A sr Ywayne helpe me that I were on
my horse for here ys faste by w̄in thys iij myle a sanctifi̊ hermyte that
som tyme was a full noble knyght and a grete lorde of possessyons
And for grete goodnes he hath taken hym to wyll full poynte and
forsaken myghty londys and hys name ys sr Bawdwyn of bry-
tayne and he ys a full noble surgeon and a good leche Now fayr se
and helpe me vp that I were there for ell̄ my harte bydeth me that
I shalle nevir dye of my cosynes wermaynes hondys And than they gate
payne sr Ywayne helpe hym vppon hys horse And than they rode
a grete wakep to gydres And ell̄ sr Launcelot bled that hys vambrase
to the ertle and so by fortune they came to an hermytayge was vndir
a wode and a grete clyff on the other syde and a fayre watir renynge
vndir hit And than sr Ywayne bete on the gate w̄ the but of hys
speare and cryed faste that I̊n for hys sake And anone p̄ came a fayre
chylde to hem and axed them what they wolde I sayre sonne seyde sr
Ywayne go and pray thy lorde the hermyte for goddys sake to lete I̊n
here a knyght that ys full sore wounded and thys day telle yy lorde
I shalle hym do more dedys of armys than ell̄ I herde sey that ony
man ded So the chylde wente I̊n hystily and pan he broght p̄ hermyte

which was

wolych was a passynge holy man // wolam ſ Ialayne ſalde hym he pryde hym for gaddys ſake of hucd / what knyght ys he ſeyde the ermyte ys he of the houſe of kynge Arthure or nat / I wote nat ſeyde ſ Ialayne what he ys nor what ys hys name but well I wote I ſalde hym he mevaylously thys day as of dedys of armys On wholm ſyr was he ſeyde the ermyte // Sir ſeyde ſ Ialayne he was thys day ayenſte kynge Arthure and there he wanne the pryce of all the knyghtis of the rounde table // I hane ſeyne the day ſeyde the ermyte I wolde hane loved hym the worſe by cauſe he was ayenſte my lorde kynge Arthure for ſome tyme I was one of the felyſhip but nowe I thanke god I am other wyſe diſpoſed // But wolde ye he bat me ſe hym telle ſyr Ialayne bronght the ermyte to hym // And wolam the ermyte he hylde hym as he ſatte keenynge vppon hys ſadyll bowe en bledynge ſpitedouſly and en the knyght ermyte thought that he ſholde knowe hym but he cande nat bewyſe hym to knowleche by cauſe he was ſo wake for bledynge // wolat knyght ar ye ſeyde the ermyte ſ wolych were ye borne // ayr fayre lorde ſeyde ſyr Launcelot I am a ſtraunger and a knyght aduentureꝰ that laboureth thorowe ontre many realmys for to wynne worſhip telam the ermyte adyſed hym better ſ ſalde by a wounde on hys cheke that he was ſ Launcelot Alas ſeyde the ermyte myne owne lorde woly layne ȳon ~~me~~ yowre name from me ſoo long I ought to knowe yon of ryght for ye ar the moſte noble knyght of the worlde for well I knowe yon for ſ Launcelot Sir ſeyde he ſyth ye knowe me haſte me and ye may for gaddys ſake for I wolde be ontre of thys payne at onys other to dethe other to lyffe / hane ye no donte ſeyde the ermyte for ye ſhalle hyde and fare ryght well and ſo the ermyte called to hym iij of hys ſiuēt and ſo they bare hym in to the ermytayge and lyghtly vnarmed hym and leyde hym in hys bedde and than anone the ermyte ſtraunched hys bloode and made hym to drynke good wyne that he was well refyſoll red and knewe hym ſelffe // ffor in thoſe dayes ſyr was nat the ſyſe

v

as ye nowe adayes for there were none Erlyngis in yo dayes [illegible]
but that they had bene men of worshyp and of gruesse and yo Erlyngth
hylde grete honsehoulds and refreyshed people that were in distresse
Nowe turne we vnto kynge Arthure and lete we [illegible] Launcelot in
the Erlyngtayne & whan the kyngis were to gydirs on both partyes and
the grete feste shulde be holden / kynge Arthure asked the kynge of North
gales and yo sely shyp where was that knyght that bare the rede shylde
fatt bryngis hym before me that he may hafe hys knyghtly honowre
and the preyse as ryght ys / than spake [illegible] Galahalte the hawte
prynce and the kynge w^t the c. knyghtis and seyde we suppose yt knyght
ys myshedyd so that he ys nere hyde to se yon nor none of vs all
and that ys the grettyst pryde that ever we doyde of ony knyght //
Alas seyde kynge Arthure howe may this be ys he so sore smytte / but
what ys hys name seyde kynge Arthure Certynly seyde they all we
knowe nat hys name nor frome whens he came nor whedir he wolde
Alas seyde the kynge this ys the dearfe tydyngis that / ever came to me
this day / were for / wolde nat for all the londys / were to knowe
and wyte all this were so that yt noble knyght were slayne // Sir knowe
ye ought of hym seyde they all As for that seyde kynge Arthure
whether / knowe hym or none ye shalle nat knowe for me what
man he ys but all myghty / god sende me good tydyngis of hym
and so seyde they all // Be my hede seyde sir Gawayne gyff hit so
be that yt good knyght be so sore smytte hit ys grete damage & pite
to all this londe for he ys one of the nobelyst knyght that ever /
sadde in a hylde Handyst speare or sworde and iff he may be fonde
/ shalle hynde hym for / am sure he ys nat fawre frome this contrey
Sir ye leave yon well seyde kynge Arthure and ye hynde hym
onles that he be in such a poynte that he may nat welde hym self
/ god defende seyde [illegible] Gawayne but wyte / shalle well / shalle knowe
what he ys and / may hynde hym // Anone so sir Gawayne toke a

sqwyre with hym vppon hakeneyes and rode all a bonte Camelot / & fo
vnd & vnd myle but so he cowd a sqwyne and odde here no worde of hym
Than with in .v. dayes kynge Arthure and all the felysshyp retorned
vnto london a sqwyne and so as they rode by the way hit happened
Sir Gawayne & Astolot to lodge with sir Bawmande there as was
Sir Launcelot lodged And so as Sir Galvayne was in hys chamb
to repose hym Sir Barnarde the olde barowne cam into hym
and hys doughtir Elayne to chere hym and to aske hym what
tydyngis and who ded beste at the turnemente of Wynchefe // So
god me helpe seyde ſ Gawayne there were .v. knyghtis that bare
.v. whyght shyldys but one of them bare a rede sherde vppon hys
hede and stranly he was the beste knyght that euyr sadd vnder
shylde ffor / dare I sey seyde sir Galvayne that one knyght & ye rede
shyde smote adowne fowrty knyghtis of the rounde table and hys felow
ded vyghtly well and worshypfully Now blyssed be god seyde thys fayre
maydyn of Astolate ye that knyght sped so welle for he ys the man
in the worlde that I fyrste lovyd and truly he shall be the laste that
euyr I shall love // Now fayre maydyn seyde sir Galvayne ys ye god
knyght youre love / Certaynly sir she seyde he ys my love Than knowe
ye hys name seyde ſ Gawayne Nay truly sir seyde the dameselle
I know nat hys name nother fro whens he cowd but to sey ye I
love hym I promyse you and yon I love hym Now had ye knowleche
of hym fyrste seyde ſ Gawayne Than she tolde hym as ye hade
harde be fore and how hir fadir he toke hym her brothir to do hym
pryse And how hir fadir kepte hym her brothirs sir Tarrys
shylde And here vnto me he lefte he lefte hys owne shylde // ffor
what cause ded he so seyde ſ Gawayne for thys cause seyde ye dame
selle for hys shylde was full well knowyn amongis many noble
knyghtis A fayre dameselle seyde ſ Gawayne pleafe hit you to lette
me have a syghte of that shylde // Sir she seyde hit ys in my chambir

conde deyth a case and yf ye wolle com w^t^ me ye shalle se hit // Nat
so seyde s^r^ Launcelot to hys dowghter but sende ye for that shylde Ryght
the shylde was com Sir Gawayne toke of the case And whan he he hylde
that shylde and knew hyt anone that hit was s^r^ launcelottis shylde
and hys olde armys // Alas my seyde s^r^ Gawayne now ys my herte
more hevyar than ere hit was to fore // Why seyde thys mayde Slayne
for shame a grete cause seyde s^r^ Gawayne ys that kynght p^r^ dwyth
thys shylde youre lobe // yee truly she seyde my lobe ys he // God wolde
that I were hys lobe // So god me spede seyde sir Gawayne fayre
damesell ye shame wyght for and he be youre lobe ye lobe the moste
honorable kynght kynght of the worlde and the man of moste worshup
So me thynght ere seyde the damesell for nere ar that tyme
no kynght that ere I sawe lobed I nere none assye God graunte seyde
sir Gawayne that aythir of you may reioyse othir but that ys no
a grete aventure // But truly seyde s^r^ Gawayne vnto the damesell
ye may sey ye shame a fayre grace for why I shame knowyn that
noble kynght thys day ys yere and nere or that day I nor none
othir kynght I dare make grad sawe nere nor herde say that ere
he have tokyn or sygne of no lady I auntir woman nor maydyn
at no I nede nor turnemente And there fore fayre maydyn
ye ar moche be holdyn to hym to gyff hym thanke But I drede
me seyde Sir Gawayne that ye shalle nere se hym in thys worlde
and that ys as grete pite as ere was of ony erthely man Alas
seyde she how may thys be ys the slayne I say nat so seyde s^r^ Gaw
ayne But wete you wolle he ys grevously wounded by a man
of hys owne and by meanys of hys owne brethyr to be dede paw
to be on hyde And wete you wolle he ys the noble kynght s^r^ Laun
celot for by thys shylde I knew hym // Alas seyde thys fayre may
dyn of Astolat how may thys be and what was hys dewte //

trwly seyde sir Gawayne the man in the worlde that lowed leste
hym thurte hym And I dare sey seyde ℔ Gawayne and that knyght
that thurte hym knew the werry strayute that he had thurte Sir
Launcelot hit were the moste sorow that ever cam to hys herte
Nowe fayre fadir seyde than Elayne I requyre you gyff me leve
to ryde and sette hym ethir ellis I wote well I shall go onte of
my mynde for I shall nevir thynke tylle that I fynde hym and my
brothir ℔ Ialayne // Do ye as hit lykith you seyde hir fadir for
sothe me repentis of the thurte of that noble knyght Bycause so the
mayde made hyr redy and dressed be fore ℔ Gawayne mahynge
grete dole than on the morne ℔ Gawayne com to kynge Arthur
and tolde hym all howe he had sowne ℔ Launcelottis shylde in the
kepynge of the fayre mayden of Astolat All that knew I a foye
shande seyde kynge Arthure and that causid me I wolde nat suffir
you to thane a do at the grete Iustis for I astyred hym whan he
cam owtyght hys lodgynge fulle late in the evenynge I un to Astolat
Bute grete merveyle thane I seyde kynge Arthure that ever he wolde
leave ony syngne of ony damesell sothe we nowe I nevir herde sey nor
knowe that ever he gave ony token of none erthely woman ℔ Be my
fede sir seyde ℔ Gawayne the fayre mayden of Astolat lodith hym
merveylously well what hit meanyth I can nat sey and she ys
yondyr a stow to sette hym // So the kynge and all com to london and
there Gawayne all openly disclosed hit to all the comyn that hit
was ℔ Launcelot that Iustid leste And whan sir Bors thanke that
wyte you well he was an hevy man and so were all hys kynnys
men Bute whan the quene wyste that wyst that hit was Sir
Launcelot that have the have the rede shylde of the fayre mayden
of Astolat she was nyghe owtyght of her mynde for wrathe And
than she sente for sir Bors de Ganys in all haste that myghte be
So whan Sir Bors was com be fore the quene she seyde a ℔ Bors

have ye nat herde say how falsely sr Bors launcelot hath betrayed me
Alas madame seyde sr Bors I am a fende he hath betrayed hym self
and vs all No force seyde the quene yonder he be destroyed for he is
a false traytour knyght // madame seyde sr Bors I pray you sey ye
no more so for wyte you well I may nat here no such langayge
of hym // why so sr Bors seyde she shold I nat calle hym traytour
whan he bare the rede shylde vpon hys hede at wyncheste at the
grete iustes madame seyde sr Bors that shylde bere ynge repente
me but I dare say he dud beare hit to none other entent but
for thys cause he bare the rede shylde that none of hys blood shold
knowe hym for or yan we nor none nor none of vs all nere
knewe that ever he bare token or sygne of maydyn lady nother
vnclene woman // fy on hym seyde the quene yet for all hys
pryde and boldnesse for there ye prooved yowre self well man
than he May madam sey ye nevermore so for he bete me and
my felowys and myght have slayne vs and he had wolde //
fy on hym seyde the quene for I harde sr Gawayne say be fore
my lorde Arthure that hit were merveyle to telle the grete love
that ys be twene the fayre maydyn of Astolat and hym // madame
seyde sr Bors I may nat warne sr Gawayne to sey what hit
pleasith hym but I dare say as for my lorde sr launcelot
that he loveth no lady vnclene woman nor mayden but as he
loveth all in lyke muche And therefore madam seyde sr Bors ye
may sey what ye will but wyte you well I wolde haste me to
fynde hym and fynde hym where so ever he be and god sende
me good tydynges of hym // And so leve we them there & speke
we of sr launcelot that lay in grete peyne And so as thys fayre
maydyn Elayne cam to wynchester she sought yt all a boute And
by fortune sr Lavayne hir brother was ryddyn to seeke hym
to enchaas hys horse And anone as thys maydyn Elayne

sawe hym she knewe hym And than she cryed on lowde tylle hym
And than she cryed on lowde to hym and whan he herde her
he com to her And anone wt that she asked hym wherof he
my lorde s launcelot Who tolde you systers that my lordes
name was s launcelot than she tolde hym how s Gawayne
by hys shylde knewe hym So they rode to gyders tyll that they com to
the Crymytarye And anone she alyghte So s Gawayne brought her
in to sir launcelot And whan she sawe hym ly so sycke and pale
in hys bed she myghte nat speke but suddenly she felle downe to
the erthe in a swoune And there she lay a grete whyle and
whan she was relyved she shrycked and seyde my lord s launce
lot Alas whyche hye pe in thys plyte And than she sowned agayne
And than Sir launcelot prayde s Gawayne to take her vp and bringe
her chrow to me And whan she cam to her self Sir launcelot
kyste her and seyde fayre maydyn why sawe ye nat for ye put me
to more payne Wherefore make ye no suche chere for and ye be
com to comforte me ye be wyghte well com and of thys lytyll hurte
that I haue I shall be wyghte hastely Howe by the fayth of god But
I merwayle seyde s launcelot who tolde you my name And so thys
maydyn tolde hym all how sir Gawayne was lodged wt her fader
and there by yonde shylde he dyscouerde yonde name Alas seyde s
launcelot that repenteth me that my name ys knowyn for I am
sure she wolle turne vnto sorowe And than Sir launcelot
compaste in hys mynde that s Gawayne wolde telle quene Gue
nyuere how he have the rede shylde and for whom that he wyghte
well wolde turne vnto grete sorowe And then sir launcelot
Go thys maydyn Elayne nat wente fro me Sir launcelot but
watched hym day and nyght and dyd such attendaunce to hym
that the fayre she wolde fayth there was nat woman dyd nat
more kyndelyer for man Than s launcelot seyde s Gawayne

to make aspyes in wynchester for sir Bors / & he cam & tolde
hym by what token he sholde knowe hym by a wounde in hys
forehede ffor I am sure seyde & launcelot that & Bors wolde sette me
for he ys the same good knyght that smote me / Nowe turne we vnto
Sir Bors de ganys that cam vnto wynchestre to seke after hys
cosyne Sir launcelot and whan he cam to wynchest Sir lavayne
seyde vnto hym & Bors And anone he had knowynge of hym
and se he fonde hym / And anone he salewed hym and tolde hym
fromme whens he cowd // Nowe sayre knyght seyde & Bors ye be welle
com And I requyre you that ye wolle bringe me to my lorde & laun-
celot // Sir seyde & lavayne take yonne horse and wt in thys howre
ye shalle se hym So they dyrted and com to the kynnynge And
whan & Bors sawe & launcelot lye in hys bedde dede pale & dystoned
Anone Sir Bors loste hys countenaunce and for kyndenes & pite
he myght nat speke but wepte tendirly a grete whyle And whan
he myght speke he seyde vnto my lorde & launcelot god gyve blysse
and sende yon hasty recouvyre for fulle sedyr am I of my myssfortune
and of myne vnhappynesse ffor nowe I may calle my selff vnhappy
And I drede me that god ys gretely wt me that he wolde suffir me
to shame suche a shame for to smyte yon that ar alle owre ledar &
alle owre worship and there fore I calle my selff vnhappy Alas
that ever suche a cayteff knyght as I am sholde have power by on
happnes to smyte the moste noblyst knyght of the worlde where
I so shamefully sette vppon yon and on charged yon and where ye
myght have slayne me ye saved me and so ded nat I for I and
alle owre blode ded to yon & otterance I nevir trayle seyde & Bors
that my herte or my blode wolde fyne me // Where fore my lorde &
launcelot I aske yon mercy fayre fadirs seyde & launcelot ye be wyte
welle com and wyte yon welle on mochche ye be for & goldenesse of
me whych pleasith me no thynge for why I have the same

I sowght for I wolde wt pryde hame on com yon all And I in my
pryde I was nere slayne and that was in myne owne defawte
for I myght hame wyssh yon war myne of my kenrede I And
had I had no knyte for hit ys an olde seyde sawe there ys kynde
kenrede there as kynne and frendys dothe kenrede ay I a yenst of
for I may be no mercy but mortall warre there fore sayre cosyn
seyde I launcelot but thys langynge on passe and all shall be well
com that god sendith and latte us telle of thy mater and speke of
som veray synge for thys that ye done may nat be vndone and lat
us fynde awemedy how sone that I may be hole Than I Boos le
myd vpon thys reddys syde and tolde I launcelot how p quene
was rassynge wrothe with hym he cause ye ware the vede slyde
at the grete juste and I I Boos tolde hym all how I Gawayne
distroide hit by yonre slyde that the kesse wt the fayre madyn of
Astolat Than ys the quene wrothe seyde I launcelot p fore am I
rythte sory but I desired no wreath for all that I did was by cause
I wolde nat be knowyn Sir rythte so excused I yon seyde I Boos
but all was in vayne for she seyde more langerer to me than to yon
sey nay but I ys thys she seyde I Boos that ye so busy a bonte yon
that men calle calle the fayre maydyn of Astolat ffor sothe she hit
ys seyde I launcelot that by no meany I can nat pryt her fro me
Why sholde ye pryt her frome yon seyde I Boos for she ys a passynge
fayre damesell and well be sayne and well tawght and god wolde
fayre Consyn seyde I Boos that ye cowde love her but as to p I may
nat nor dare nat comforte yon But I se well seyde I Boos by
her dylygence a bonte yon that she lovith yon I entirely I Than me
repentis seyde I launcelot Well seyde I Boos She ys nat the fyrste
that hath lost hir wayne vppon yon and that ys the more pyte
And so they talked of many mo thynge and so wt in iij or iiij dayes
Sir launcelot wexed lyghte and lyghte Than I launcelot tolde I Boos

hade þ was storme a grete tweyne with Ye kynge arthure and the kynge of Northgales that sholde be vppon all halowe masse day be fydes wynchestre // So that tweyth seyde þ launcelot ethan shalle ye abyde with me stylle a lytyll whyle vntyll that I be hole for I fele my self resonably bygge and stronge // Blessed be god seyde þ Bors ethan they were there nyne a moneth to gyders And en thys maydyn Elayne ded en hir dylygence and labo both nyght and day vnto þ launcelot that þ was nen chylde nor wyff myne mekne tyll fadir and husbande than was thys fayre maydyn of Astolat where fore þ Bors was grethy pleased wher // So vpon a day by the assente of þ Ladayne þ Bors and þ launcelot pey made the knyte to sette in woodys for dyuse ewbys And so þ launcelot made fayre Elayne to gadr ewbys for hym to make hym a bayne So in the meane whyle þ launcelot made þ Ladayne to arme hym ry all peces and there he thought to assay hym selff vppon horse backe with a speare wher he myght welde hys arme and hys speare for hys hurte or nat And so whan he was vppon hys horse he preyved hym freyshly and therfore was passyng lusty & fryske be cause he was nat labowred of a moneth be fore // And pan sir launcelot bade þ Ladayne dyff hym that grete speare And so þ edw ched launcelot codrchyd that speare in the reeste the comsey kepte myghtyly whan he sette the stowrer and he that was vppon hym was the nobelyst horse man of the worlde straynyd hym myghtyly and stabely and kepte stylle the speare in the reeste and there with sir launcelot straynyd hym selff so straytly & so grete force to grete the comsey forewarde that þ buttom of hys wombe braste both with in and with out and there wt all the blode cam out so hyrsely that he sette hym selff so feble that he myght nat sitte vppon hys horse And than þ launcelot cryed vnto þ Bors & sir Bors and sir Ladayne helpe for I am comen vnto myne ende

And there we/ the fette downe on the one syde to the erth. lyke a dede
corse And pan sir Bors and ſ Ladayne cam vnto hym w sorow
makynge onte of mesure And so by fortune thys mayden Elayne
fande ſ monenynge And than ſhe cam And whan ſhe fonnde Sir
launcelot/ there armed in that/ place ſhe cryed and wepte as ſhe had
bene wood And than ſhe kyſſed hym and ded what ſhe myght to a
wake hym and than ſhe reburked her brothir and ſ Bors & called
hem falſe traytoures/ and ſeyde why wolde take hym onte of hys bed
for and he dye/ Wolle appele yon of hys dethe/ And so we that cam ꝑ
Evmyte ſ Galhodelyn of Bretayne And whan ſhe fonnde ſ launce
in that plyte ſhe ſeyde but lityll but wyte yon Beſt ſhe was wroth
but ſhe ſeyde lette vs/ take hym in And anone they bare hym in to
the Evmytage And vnarmed hym and leyde hym in hys bedde and
eſ̄ move hys wonde bled ſo tedously but he ſtirred no lyme off
hym Than the knyght ermyte ſmelt a thynge in hys nose and a
lityll dele of wexte in hys/ mowthe And pan ſ launcelot/ waked of
hys ſwowne and than the Evmyte ſtaunched hys bledynge
And whan ſ launcelot/ myght ſpeke he aſked why he put hys lyff
ſo in Jouparte Sir ſeyde ſ launcelot be cauſe I wente I had be ſtronge
Inough and alſo ſir Bors tolde me ſ ſholde be that ſ ſholde be at
Galahadys mulle a grete Juſtis be dwyte kynge Arthur and ꝑ kynge
of northe walys and there fore I thought to aſſay my ſelff wolde ꝑ I
myght be there or not And ſ launcelot/ ſeyde the Evmyte yonne harte
and yonne entrayte Wolle nedi be done vnkyll yonne laſte day but
ye ſhalle do nowe be my counceyle lat ſ Bors depte frome yond
and late hym do at that tournemente what he may and by the
grace of god ſeyde the knyghte Evmyte be that ſ tournemente be
done and he comyn hydre a grayne ſ ye ſhalle be hole ſo that ye
wolle be gouerned by me/ Than ſ Bors made hym redy to depte
frome hym And ſ launcelot ſeyde fayre conſyn ſ Bors recomande

me vnto all ye dowghtí knyghtís that I made me vnto and I pray yow
enforce yowre self at that Justís that ye may be beste for my lorde
and here I shall abyde yow at the mey of god tyll yowre comynge
comynge And so ſ Bors dep̃ted and cam to the courte of kynge
Arthure and tolde hem in what place he lefte ſ launcelot
that me repentis seyde the kynge but syn he shall haue hys
lyff we all may thanke god And than ſ Bors tolde the quene
what sorowe ſ launcelot was in when he wolde aseyde hys
horse And all that he ded was for the lobe of yow be cause he
wolde a bene at thys turnemente // fy on hym recreande knyght
seyde the quene for wyte yow well I am wyght sory and he shall
haue hys lyff // a madam hys lyff shall he haue seyde ſ Bors
And who that wolde ot̃wyse except yow madame we ſ ben of
hys blod wolde helpe to shorteyn ſ lyves But madame seyde ſ
Bors ye haue ben oftyn tymes displeased w̃ my lorde ſ laun
celot but at all tymys at the ende ye fownde hym a trew knyght
and so he dep̃ted And than cam knyght of the rounde table
that were there that tyme p̃sente made pem redy to that Justís
at all halowmasse and thider dred many knyghtís of dyuerse
contreyes And as halowmasse dred were thydir cam ſ kynge
of Northgalis and the kynge w̃ the c. knyghtís and ſ Sala
dalt the haute pryncs of Surluse And thider cam kynge Ur
ryens of Irelonde and the kynge of Northumbirlonde and ſ
kynge of Scotlis so thes iij kynges com to kynge Arthures cyte
And so that day ded ſ Gawayne ded wynne dedys of armys a
be yam fyrste And the howdedis nombrid ſ ſ Gawayne smote
downe xxv knyghtís than ſ Bors de ganys cam in the same
tyme and he was nmbir he smote downe xxv knyghtís and ſ
fore the pryse was gyvyn he dwyst them bothe for iey he gan
fyrste and lenyest endured Also ſ Gareth as the boke seyth

did that day grete dedis of armys for he smote downe & pulled downe
yve knyghtis But wyan he had done that dedis he tarved nat but
so departed and there fore he loste hys pryse And ſ Palamydes dyd
grete dedis of armys that day for he smote downe yve knyghtis but
he departed ſuddenly and mendemed that he and ſ Gareth rode
to Lydyns to ſom man adventures So wyan thys tournement
was done ſ Bors departed and rode tylle he cam to ſ Launcelot
hys cosyne And than he ſounde hym walkynge on hys feete and ſ
sythe made grete Joy of oyr And ſo he tolde ſ Launc of all the
ſuſtys hyde as ye haue herde / merwayle seyde ſ Launcelot that ſ
Gareth / wyan he had done ſuche dedis of armys that he wolde
nat tarry / Sur ſ of we merwayled all seyde ſ Bors for but
yf hit were yon of the noble knyght ſ Cryſtram or the good
knyght ſ Lamorake de Galis / ſaw neu knyght beve ſo many
knyghtis and ſmyte downe in ſo ſtuff a ſtryfe added ſ Gareth
And anone as he was gone we all wyſt nat wyſere he be cam
Be my hede seyde ſ Launcelot he ys a noble knyght & a myghty
man and well brethed And yf he were well aſſayed seyd ſ Launc
I wolde deme he were good / now for ony knyght that beryth ſ
lyff and he ys / gentill curteyse and vyrgyn bolvnedvous mete
and mylde and / in hym ys no man of male enuyne but playne
knyghtlyneſſe and trevv So than they made them redy to departe frome
the Cyrcumſtaunce And ſo vppon a morne they tolde ſ horſis and ſ
Elayne le blanke with them and wyan they cam to Aſtolat there
were they well lodged and had grete chere of ſ Barnarde the
olde baron and of ſ Dame hys ſonne and ſo vppon the morne wyan
ſ Launcelot ſholde departe ſayne Elayne beſought hir fadir & her
and ſ Lavayne and ſ Tyre And pan ſaid ſhe seyde my lorde ſ
Launcelot now / ſe ye well departe frome me now ſayne knyght and
curteyse knyght seyde ſhe well ye be my pamoure ſhalle ye ſey vppon

me and suffre me nat to dye for yowre love // Why what wolde you that
I did seyde sr launcelot Sir I wolde have you to my husbande seyde
Elayne fayre damesell I thanke you hartely seyde sr launcelot But
truly seyde she I aske me nede to be wedded man / Than fayre knyght
seyde she wolle ye be my pame I shal defende me seyde sr launcelot
for than I wolde lese yowre fadir and yowre brothir shulde dey sr
grete grodnesse / Alas than seyde she I muste dye for yowre love //
Ye shalle nat do so seyde sr launcelot for wyte you well fayre mayden
I myghte have have maryed and I had wolde but I nede aspyred me
yette to be maryed but by cause fayre damesell that ye love me as
ye sey ye do I wolle for yowre grod wylle and kyndnes shewe to you
som grodnesse That ye thys sr Where som ever ye wolle be sette yowre
herte upon som grod knyght that wolle wedde you and I shalle gyff
you to yndows a cite pounde yerly to you and to yowre ayris of myne
wolle I gyff you fayre mayden for yowre kyndnesse and all weyes
whyle I lyve to be yowre owne knyght / Sir of all thys seyde she may
dyn I wolle none for but yff ye wolle wedde me or ey to be my pame
At the laste wyte you well sr launcelot my grod dayes ar done fayre
damesell seyde sr launcelot of thes iij thynges ye muste nedis me
Than she shrieked shrekly and felle downe in a sowne and pan wente
have hym in to her chambre and there she made ou mnche sorowe
And than sr launcelot wolde depte and there he axked sr Ywayne
what he wolde do / Sir what shulde I do seyde sr Ywayne but folowe
you but if ye dryve me fromme you or Bmande me to go fromme you
Than cam sr Baynarde to sr launc and seyde to hym I can nat se
but that my doughter wolle dye for yowre sake Sir I may nat do
withall seyde sr launcelot for that me sore repenteth sfor I repose
me to yowre self that my grefe is fayre And me repenteth seyde sr
launcelot that she lovith me as she dothe for I was nede the causer
of hir for I repose me unto yowre sonne I nede erly nor late to fyrde

her wolde not fayre be hefte And as for me seyde ſ launcelot I dare
do that a knyght ſholde do and ſey that ſhe ys a clene mayden for
me bothe for dede and wylle for I am verray lady of hir diſtreſſe
for ſhe ys a fulle fayre maydyn grode and ſertuk and well I taught
ſtadir ſeyde ſ gawayne I dare make good ſhe ys a clene maydyn as
for my lorde ſ launcelot but ſhe doth as I do for ſythen I ſaw firſt
my lorde ſ launcelot I wolde nevir departe frome hym nor nought I
wolle and I may ſolde hym / Than ſ launc tolde hys fedre and ſo
they depted and cam to Joyouſe garde And whan kynge Arthur wyſt
that ſ launcelot was com hole and ſolvide the kynge made grete
joy of hym and ſo did ſ Gawayne and all the knyghtis of ſ rounde
table excepte ſ Agrawayne and ſ agwydred alſo quene Gwenyvir
was wrothe with ſ launcelot and wolde by no meanys ſpeke
with hym but enſtrangyd her ſelff frome hym / And ſ launcelot
made all the meanys that he myght for to ſpeke with the quene but
ſhe wolde nat be / Now ſpeke we of the fayre maydyn of Aſtolat
that made ſuch ſorowe day and nyght that ſhe nevir ſlepte ete nor
dranke and evir ſhe made her complaynte unto ſ launcelot So
whan ſhe had pas endured x. dayes that ſhe fedded ſo ſ ſhe muſte
nedis paſſe oute of this worlde Than ſhe ſhrove her clene confeſſed
her evcatrice and evir ſhe complayned ſtylle upon ſ launcelot
Than ſhe goſtly fadir bade her lede ſuch thoughtis Than ſhe ſeyde
why ſholde I lede ſuch thoughtis am I nat an erthely woman and
all the whyle the brethe ys in my body I may complayne me for
my be lyfe ys do ſ I do none offence upon I lede an erthely man unto
god for he formed me ſ to and all man of grode lede comyth of
god and other pan grode lede lede I nevir ſir launcelot du lake
And I take god to record I loved nevir none but hym nor nevir ſhall
of erthely evcatrice and a clene maydyn I am for hym and for
all othir and ſithyn hit ys the ſuffyſaunce of god that I ſhall dye

for so noble a knyght & he seche the hyze fadir of hevyn hane mey dyson
me and my sowle and vppon myne dommmable paynys & suffir
may be alyzeannce of yte of my synnes for-whete lorde & hid seyde
ſ fayre maydyn & take zod to recorde & was nevir to the zite offensyd
noy a yenste thy lawis but thrity & tolled thys noble knyght ſ Lan-
celot onte of mesure and of my selff zood lorde & had no myzht to
withstonde the ferdent lobe wherewith fire & shame my dethe and pan
she called hir fadir ſ Bernarde and hir brothir ſ Ewry and
hartely she prayd hir fadir that hir brothir myzhte wryzht
a letter lyke as she ded endite And so hir fadir zrawnted her and
whan the letter was wryten worde by worde lyke as she devisid
hit than she prayde hir fadir that she myzhte be watchid vn-
tylle she deede and whyle my lady ys hote lat this letter be put in
my vyzhte honde and my honde bounde faste to the lefte vntylle ſ
he colde and bite me be put in a fayre bed w^t all the vychyste
clothys that I shall a bowte me And so lat my bed and all my
vychyste clothis be ledde with in a chariott vnto the nexte place
where the tenys ys and there lette me be put w^t in a bawzet and
but one man w^t me such as ye trewste to stiere me thidir and ſ
my bawzet be couede with blacke samyte on and on And thus
fadir I be seche you lat hit be done So hir fadir zrawnte her
faythfully all thynze shulde be done lyke as she had devised than
hir fadir and hir brothir made zrete dole for he And whan this
was done anone she dyed And whan she was dede the corse and ſ
bedde all was lad the nexte way vnto the tenys And ſ a man se
the corse and all thynze as she had devised was put in the tenys
and so the man that stiered the bawzett vnto westmynste and ſ hit
rumbled and rolled too and fro a zrete whyle or ony man aspyed
hit So by fortune kynze Arthure and quene Gwenyn was tak-

kynze to

kynge to kynde at a dore ryde and so as they loked in to the temmys they aspyed that blacke barget and had merueyle what hit ment/ tan the kynge called sr Kay and shewed hit hym and seyde sr Kay wote yon well there ys som nede thydyng/ there fore go ye thidr/ seyde the kynge to sr Kay and take wt you sr Bramdiles and sr Agrauayne & kynge me redy worde what ys there/ Than thes iij. knyghtes/ depted and cam to the barget and wente in and there they founde sr Launcelot cors kynge in a ryche bed that en the side and a yoge man sittynge in the bargettes ende and no worde wolde speke So thes iij. knyghtes retorned vnto the kynge a yeyne and tolde hym what they fonde Than sayde cors wolde/ & se seyde the kynge And so the kynge toke sr quene by the honde and wente thydr/ than the kynge made sr barget to be holde faste and than the kynge and the quene wente in wt sr tayne knyghtes/ with them and there he sawe the fayyest woman lyn a ryche bed conde vnto her myddyll/ with many ryche clothes And all was of cloth of golde and she lay as she had smyled Than the quene aspyed the lettre in her ryght honde and tolde the kynge Than the kynge toke hit and seyde now am I sure this lady wolde/ telle vs what she was and why she ys com hydr/ So than the kynge & the quene wente oute of the bargette and so commanded a styrynge to wayte vpon the barget/ And so whan the kynge was com to his chambr he called many knyghtes a boute hym and seyde that he wolde wete openly what was wryten wt in that lettre Than sr kynge brake hit and made a clerke to rede hit/ and thys was the entente of the lettre/ Moste noble knyght my lorde sr Launcelot now hath dethe made vs hym at debate for youre lobe and I was youre lover that men called the fayre maydyn of Astolate Therefore vnto all ladyes I make my mone yet for my soule ye pray and bury me at sr tefte And offre ye my masse penny thys ys my laste requeste & a clene maydyn I dyed I take god to wytnesse and pray for my soule as sr Launcelot as yon arte peereles/ Thys was all the substaunce

in the lettre And whan hit was vad the kynge the quene and all the knyghtis wepte for pite of the dolefull complayntes than was ſ launcelot ſente for And whan he was com kynge arthure made the lettre to be vad to hym And whan ſ launcelot harde hit worde by worde he ſeyde my lorde arthur wyte yow well I am vryght ſory of the deth of thys fayre lady And god knowyth I was nevir cauſar of her deth be my wyl kynge And that wolle I reporte me vnto her owne brothir that here ys ſ labayne I wolle nat say nay ſeyde ſ launcelot but that ſhe was both fayre and good and mych I was beholdyn vnto her but ſhe loved me oute of meſure // Sir ſeyde the quene ye myght have ſhewed hir ſom kyndnes and curtiſnes whych myght have preſerved hir lyff // ma dame ſeyde ſ launcelot ſhe wolde none of my wayes be anſwerde but that ſhe wolde be my wyff other elles my paramour and of thes iij I wolde not graunte her but I proffird her for her good love that ſhe ſhewed me a gret lyvelode to her and to her ayres and to wedde ony man of kynghte that ſhe cowde fynde beſte to love in her harte for madame ſeyde ſ launce I love nat to be conſtreyned to love for love muſte only aryſe of the harte ſelff and nat by none conſtreynte // Itt ys trouthe ſ ſeyde the kynge And wo many knyghtis love ys fre in hym ſelffe and nevir wolle be bonde for where he ys bonden he lovyth hym ſelff than ſeyde the kynge vnto ſir launcelot ſ hit wolle be youre worſhyp that ye on ſe that ſhe be entered worſhypfully // Sir ſeyde ſ launcelot that ſhalle be done as I can beſte devyſe and ſo many knyghtis yede thy der to be holde that fayre dede mayden And ſo vppon ye morn ſhe was entered vyctoſly And ſ launce offrid her maſſe penny And all ye knyghtis of the table vowde ſe were there

at that tyme offerde w^t ſ launcelot and than the prince men wente
a-gayne wyth the bawrdet // Than the quene ſent for ſ launcelot
and prayde hym of mercy for wyhy that ſhe had ben wrothe w^t
hym causeles Whys ys w^t nat the firſte tyme ſeyde ſ launc^l
that ye have ben displeſe w^t me causeles Nay madame en
ſomme ſuche ſyſſe you Nay What ſoever that I endure ye take
no force So thys passed on all that wynter w^t all man^r of
hunttynge and hawkynge and juſtes and turneres were ma-
ny be tawyte many grete lordis and ed^n in all places ſ launcy
gatte grete worſhyp that he was nobely deſamed amonge many
knyghtis of the table rownde // Thus hit paſſt on tylle cryſte
maſſe And than every day there was juſtes made for a dyamo
nde who that juſted beſt ſhulde have a dyamonde Nay ſ
launcelot wolde nat juſte but yf hit were a grete juſt^e ayed
Nay ſ lavayne juſted there all the cryſtemaſſe paſſyngly
well and was beſte prayſed for y^t were but feaw that ded
ſo welle Wherefore all man^r of knyghtis demed t^t ſ lanayn
ſholde be made knyght of the table rownde at the next feſte
of pentecoſte // So at aſſter Cryſtemas kynge Arthure lete
calle unto hym many knyghtis and there they avyſed to ry-
ders to make a pty and a grete turnemente and juſtes And
the kynge of North walys ſeyde to kynge Arthure he wolde
have on hys pty kynge Anguyſſh of ireland and the kynge
wyth the c knyghtis and the kynge of northhumbirlonde
and ſ Galahalt the haute prynce So thes iij kynges and pis
myghtily denke tolde pty a yenſte kynge Arthure ſ ſ knyghtis
of the rownde table And the cry was made that the day off
juſtys ſhulde be fyxed weſtemynſter upon Candylmaſſe day
Where of many knyghtis were glad and made pem redy to
be at that juſtys in the fayreſſhyſte man^r Than quene Guenyl

for ſ launcelot and ſeyd thus I warne you that ye ryde no more
in no juſtis nor turnementis but that ponce kynesmen may
knowe you and at thys juſtis that ſhall be ye ſhall haue of me
a ſhelde of golde and I pray you for my ſake to forbere yo ſelff
there that men may ſpeke you worſhyp but I charge you as
ye woll haue my loue that ye warne yo kynesmen ſ ye woll
beare that day the ſhylde of golde vppon yo helmet // ayadame
ſeyde ſ launcelot dit ſhall be done And other made grete ioy
of other And whan ſ launcelot ſaw hys tyme he tolde ſ la
lady that he wolde departe and no mo wyth hym but ſ lady
ne vnto the good hermyte that dwelled in the foreſt of wyndſ
ſore whos name was ſ Brastias and there he thought to
repoſe hym and to take all the reſte that ſhe myght be cauſe
he wolde be freyſh at that day of juſtis So ſ launcelot
ſ launcelot departed that no creature wyſte where he was be
come but the noble men of hys blood And whan he was
com to the hermytayge vnto you well he had grete ioye and
ſo dayly ſ launcelot vſed to go to a welle by the hermytage
and there he wolde ly downe and ſe the well ſpryngyng
out and ſom tyme he ſlepte there // So at that tyme there was
a lady that dwelled in that foreſte and ſhe was a grete hun
reſſe and dayly ſhe vſed to hunte and oft ſhe bare her bowe
wt her and no men were nere wt her but all wayes women
and they were all ſhooters and coude well byſſe a dere at ſ
ſtalke and at the treſte And they dayly beare bowys swerdis
hornys and wood knyues and many good dogges they had
both for the ſtreyte and for a bate // So hit happed ſ lady
the huntreſſe had a baited her dogge for the bowe at a ha
rayne hynde and ſo toke the ſlyzeſt on hir hys and heads
and eu thys lady and yte of her women coſted the hynde

and cheeked hit by the noyse of the hounde to hame mette w^t the hynde at som watir and so hit happened that ꝑ hynde cam to the same welle there as ꝑ launcelot was by that welle slepynge and slumberynge / And so the hynde whan she cam to the welle for hete she wente to soyle and there she lay a grete whyle and the dogge cam after and vn be caste a bonte for she had lost the verray ꝑfyte felute of the hynde bycause so cam ꝑ lady ꝑ hunteres that knew by her dogge that the hynde was at the soyle by that welle and thyder she cam streyte and founde the hynde And anone as she had spyed hym she pict a brade arowe in her bowe and shot at the hynde and so she on shotte ꝑ hynde And so by mysse fortune the arowe smote ꝑ launcelot in the thycke of the buttok on the barbys whan ꝑ launcelot felte hym so hurte he whorled vp wrothly and saw the lady that had smytten hynd And whan he knew she was a woman he sayde thus lady or damesell what some ever ye be in an evyll tyme have ye thys bowe the devyll made you a shoter Nowe my fayre ꝑ seyde the lady I am a vnwetill woman that wyth there in thys foreyste hunteynge and god knowyth I saw you nat but as there was a barayne hynde at the soyle in thys welle And I wente I had done welle but my hande swarved / Alas seyde ꝑ launcelot ye hane myschefed me And so ꝑ lady departed And ꝑ launcelot as he myght pulled oute ꝑ arowe and lefte the stede stylle in hys buttok and so he wente wrayfully vnto the ermytayge ever more bledynge as he wente And whan ꝑ lavayne and the ermyte aspyed that ꝑ launcelot was so sore hurte wyte you well they were passynge sorowfull But ꝑ lavayne wyst nat howe that he was hurte nowe by wykked And than were they wrothe oute of mesure And so wyth grete payne the ermyte gate oute the arowe hede oute

of ſ launcelotus brake and moche of hys blode he ſhed ꝑ ye wounde
was paſſynge ſore and vnhappyly ſmytten for hit was on ſuch a place
that he myght nat ſtryve ſn not ſadyly // A mey ſhu ſeyde ſ launc
I may calle my ſelff the moſte vnhappy man that lyveth ſfor
evr whan I wolde haue fayneſt worſhyp there be fallyth me
evr ſom vnhappy thynge // Now ſo ſhu me helpe ſeyde ſ launc
and yf no man wolde bid good I ſhalle be in the fylde on Chan
dilmas day at the ſuſtys wheat ſom evr falle of hit ſo all ye
myght be ſtoryn to ſeke ſ launcelot was had // So whan
the day was com ſ launc lat deuiſe that he was a vayed
and ſ launayne and he and yr horſis as they had ben Sar
ſyns And ſo they dyzted and cam myze to the fylde So the
kynge of northgalys he had an C. knyghtſ wt hym and
the kynge of northehumberlonde brought wt hym an C.
good knyghtſ And kynge Anguyſh of Irelonde brought wt
hym an C. good knyghtſ redy to ſuſte And ſ Galahalte the
haute prynce brought wt hym an C good knyghtſ And yr
kynge wyth the C. knyghtſ brought wt hym as many and
all there were proued good knyghtſ // Than cam in kynge
Arthuꝛ ꝓty and in cam he wyth hym the kynge of Scotſ
and an C knyghtſ wt hym And kynge Vryence of Storre
brought wt hym an C. knyghtſ And kynge Howell of Gre
tayne he brought wyth hym an C. knyghtſ And duke
Chalaunce of Clarannce brought wt hym an C knyghtſ
and kynge Arthuꝛ hym ſelff cam in to the fylde wt yn C knyghtſ
and the moſte ꝓty were knyghtſ of the rounde table ye were
all proued men noble men and there were olde knyghtſ ſet on
ſtuffoldys for to ſonge wt the quene who ded beſte

Than they dreſſed vnto the fylde and ye the kynge off
Northgalis encountred wyth the kynge of Scotſ and ye

the kynge of Scottes had a falle And the kynge of Irelonde smote
dolvne kynge Bryeuce and the kynge of Northehumberlonde smote
dolvne kynge Howell of Bretayne And ℔ Galahalte ℔ hawte
prynce smote dolvne denke Chalamuce of Clarence And
than kynge Arthure was wood wrothe and ran to the kynge
wyth the ⁊ kny3tly And so kynge Arthure smote hym dolvne
And after wyth that same speare he smote dolvne .iij. kny3tes
And than hys speare brake And ded passyngly well // So ℔ ye
cam In ℔ Gawayne and ℔ Gaheris ℔ Agrauayne and Sir
Mordred And there enych of them smote dolvne a kny3t ⁊
℔ Gawayne smote dolvne .iij. kny3tes and than ℔ he gan a
grete medle for than cam In the kny3tes of ℔ launcelottys
blod And ℔ Gareth and ℔ Palomydes wyth them and many
kny3tes of the rounde table and they be gan to holde ye .iij. kynges
and the myghty denke so hande that they were my discomfyte
But thys ℔ Galahalte the hawte prynce was a noble kny3t
and by hys myghty prowes of armys he helde the kny3tes
of the rounde table stravte So all thys dayngne lady ℔ launce
and than he cam in to the felde wyth ℔ lavayne w^t hym as
fat had bene thynder And than anone ℔ Bors and the
kny3tes of hys blode assayed ℔ launcelot anone and seyde
vnto them all Sirs ware ne gyve be ware of hym w^t the sheld
of golde vpon hys hede for he ys hym selff my lorde ℔ launce
And for grete grodnes ℔ Bors warned ℔ Gareth Sir Sam
wele payde seyde ℔ Gareth that I may knowe hym Sir
wote ye he seyde they all that rydeth w^t hym in the same
away // Sir that ys the good and manly kny3t ℔ lavayne
seyde ℔ Bors So ℔ launcelot encountred w^t ℔ Gawayne ⁊
there by force ℔ launce smote dolvne ℔ Gawayne and his
horse to the erthe And so he smote dolvne ℔ Agrauayne

and ſ Gaherys and alſo he ſmote dolane ſ ayordred And all ſ
was wyth one ſpeare Than ſ lavayne mette wt ſ palomy-
des and aythir mette oth ſo harde and ſo feerſely that both theire
horſis felle to the erthe And than were they horſed a yeyne
And than mette ſ launc wt ſ palomydes And there ſ palo-
mydes had a falle And ſo ſ launcelot ouer ran the ſyngle and as
faſte as he myght yete ſpeareys he ſmote downe vyyti knyyth
and the moſte pty were knyyth of the rounde table and en
the knyyth of hys blode wyth drew theym and made
them a do in other places Where ſ launcelot cam nat And
than kynge Arthure was wrothe whan he ſaw ſ launc
do ſuche dedis And than the kynge called vnto hym ſ Gaw-
ayne ſ Gaherys ſ Agrravayne ſ ayordred ſ kay ſ Gryffleth
ſ lucan de butlere ſ Bedyvere ſ palomydes and ſ Safyr
hys brothir and ſo the kynge wyth theis vi knyyth made
them redy to ſette vppon ſ launcelot and vppon ſ lavayne
And all theys aſſayed ſ Boys and ſ Gareth Now I drede
me ſore ſeyde ſ Boys that my lorde ſ launcelot Wolle be hyde
matched Now be my hede ſeyde ſ Gareth I Wolle ryde vnto
my lorde ſ launc for to helpe hym Wat ſom euer me betyde
for he ys the ſame man that made me knyyth Sir ye
ſhalle nat do ſo ſeyde ſ Boys be my counceyle ontes that
ye were diſcyyſed Sir ye ſhalle ſe me ſone diſcyyſed ſeyde
ſ Gareth and there wt all he had aſſayed a wayliſſhe knyyt
Where he was to reyoſe hym for he was ſore hmete be-
fore of ſ Gawayne And vnto hym ſ Gareth rode & preyde
hym of hys knyythode to lende hym hys ſhylde for hys
I Wolle Wolle ſeyde the wayliſſhe knyyt And whan ſ Ga-
reth had hys ſhylde the booke ſeythe he was yeyne wyth a

mayden whych semed in hit than ſ Gareth· cam dryvynge
vnto ſ launcelot all that ende the myght and ſeyde ſ knyght
take kepe to thy ſelff for yondir comyth· kynge Arthur w+
yo· noble knyghtſ wyth hym to put yon to a rebuke and ſo
ſam com to deare yon ſelyſhys for the olde love ye have
ſhewed vnto me // Graunte mey ſeyde ſ launcelot // And ſ
ſeyde ſ Gareth· encountir ye w+ ſ Gawayne And I ſhall en
countir w+ ſ palomydes And lat ſ lavayne macche w+ ye
noble kynge Arthur And whan we have delyvirde them
lat vs nyghe holde vs ſadly to gydirs // So than cam kynge
Arthure wyth hys xv· knyghtſ w+ hym And ſ launcelot
encountred w+ ſ Gawayne and ſmyte hym ſuche a buffette
that ſ arſed of hys ſadyll breaſte and ſ Gawayne felle to
the erthe than ſ Gareth encountred w+ ſ palomydes &
he ſmyte hym ſuch· a buffet that bothe hys horſe and he
dayſſhed to the erthe than encountred kynge Arthure
wyth ſ lavayne and there aythir of them ſmote other to the
erthe horſe and all that they lay bothe a ſtrete whyle // than
ſ launcelot ſmote downe ſ Agrravayne and ſ Galeryo &
ſ wordred And ſ Gareth· ſmote downe ſ kay ſ Safir and
ſ Gryfflet And than ſ lavayne was horſed a ſtrayne and
he ſmote downe ſ Lucan de butlere and ſ Bedyvere And pan
there he ran ſtrete theranye of ſtrad knyghtſ than ſ launc
hurled here and there and raced and pulled of helmys ſ+
that tyme there myght none ſytte hym a buffette w+ ſpeare
nothir w+ ſwerde And ſ Gareth· did ſuch· dedys of armys
that all men merveyled what knyght he was w+ ye ſtryne
ſhylde for he ſmote downe that day and pulled downe mo
than xxty+ knyghtſ And as the freynſhe booke ſayth· ſ launc
merveyled whan he he hylde ſ Gareth· do ſuch dedis what

kynyght the myghtyest & And ſ Lavayne ſmote and ſmytte downe no
thyng xij kynyghtis // And yet for all thys ſ launcelot knew nat
ſ Gareth for and ſ Cryſtin de lyones or ſ Lamorak de Galys
had ben on hyde ſ launcelot wolde have demed he had bene
one of them twayne // So en as ſ launc ſ Gareth and ſ La
vayne fowght on the tone ſide ſ Bors ſ Ector de marys Sr
Lyonell ſ Bleoberys ſ Galyhud ſ Galyhadyn and ſ pelleas
and many mo of kynge Bauys blod fawght vppon anoy
thy and hylde the kynge vnyth the ſ kynyght and ſe kynge
of Northhumberlonde tyght ſtrayte // So thys tournemente
Iuſtis dured longe tylle hit was neve myght for the kynyghtis
of the rounde table releved en vnto kynge Arthur for ſ kyng
was wrothe onto me ſince that he and hys kynyghtis myght
nat prevayle that day // Than ſayde ſ Galvayne to ſe kynge
ſ medewayle Where ar all thys day ſ Bors de Bauys and hys
felyſhyp of ſ launcelottis blod that of all thys day they be nat
a boute you And ſe fore me thynke hit ys for ſom cauſe ſeyde ſ Gal
vayne We my hede ſeyde ſ kay ſ Bors ys yonder all thys day
vppon the vyght honde of thys hylde and there he and his blod
dothe more worſhypfully than we do // hit may well be ſeyde
ſ Galvayne but me dredes me en of tyde for of payne of my
lyff that ſame kynyght vnto the rede ſhylde of golde ys hym ſelff
ſ launcelot for me ſe well by hys vndyrnyme and by hys grette
ſtrokis And the other kynyght in the ſame colowres ys ſe good
yonge kynyght ſ Lavayne And that kynyght vnto the grene
ſhylde ſhylde ys my brothir ſ Gareth and yet he hath disſyſed
hym ſelff for no man ſhall make hym be a wenſte ſ launc
by cauſe he made hym kynyght By my hede ſeyde kynge Ar
thure nedeth me hyde you and me fore now telle me what
ys yonre beſte counſayle // Sr ſeyde ſ Galvayne my counſaile

ys to blow vnto lodgynge for and he be ſ launcelot du lake And
my brothir ſ Gareth wyth hym wyth the ſhelde of ſ^t^ rede
gonge kny3ght ſ lavayne tynſte me trwly hit wolde be no bote
to ſtryde wyth thend but if we ſholde ſalle v or vj ſ3ppond
one kny3ght and that were no worſhyp but ſhame // ye ſay
trouthe ſeyde the kynge hit were ſhame for vs ſo many as we
be to ſette vppon thend ony more ſſor wyte yon well ſeyde kynge
Arthure they be iij good kny3ghtſ and namely that kny3ght w^t^
the ſhylde of golde And anone they blew vnto lodgynge but
fyrſt w^t^ all kynge Arthure lete ſende vnto the iij kynges
and to the myghty denke and prayde hem that ſ^e^ ſ^d^ kny3ght w^t^
the ſhylde of golde deyde nat frome thend but that ſ^e^ ſ^d^ kynge may
ſpeke w^t^ hym than fyrſt w^t^ all kynge Arthur alyght and
vnarmed hym and toke a lytyll ſalkeney and rode aſt^r^ ſir
launcelot for er he had aſſay vppon hym and ſo he fonnde
hym amongſt the iij kynges and the denke and ſ^e^ ſ^d^ kynge
prayde hem all vnto ſomppare and they ſeyde they wolde w^t^
glad wyll And whan they were vnarmed kynge Arthur
knew ſ launcelot ſ Gareth and ſ lavayne // A ſ launcelot
ſeyde kynge Arthure this day ye ſhame ſhete me and my
kny3ghtſ // And ſo they rode vnto kynge Arthurs lodgynge
all to gyder and there was a grete feſte and gle revell &
the pryce was 3ovyn vnto ſ launcelot for by herowdys
they named hym that he had ſmyten downe c kny3ghtys
And ſ Gareth .v^t^ xxv^ti^ kny3ghtſ and ſ lavayne iij^ti^ xv^ti^
than ſ launcelot tolde the kynge and the quene how ſ^e^ lady
hunteras ſhotte hym in the foreyſte of wyndeſore in ſ^e^ buttok
wyth a brode arowe and how the wounde was at that tyme
vj ſnchys depe and in lyke longe Alſo kynge Arthur blamed

ſ Gareth be cause he lefte hys felyshyp and hyde wt ſ Launc
a ly lorde seyde ſ Garethe he made me knyght and whan I
ſaw hym so hard be stad me thought hit was my worshyp
to helpe hym for I sadde hym do so mnche dedis of armys and
so many noble knyghtis a yenste hym that whan I vnderstode
that he was ſ Launcelot du lake I shamed to se so many
knyghtis a yenste hym alone / Now trewly seyde kynge Arth
vnto ſ Gareth ye say well and worshypfully have ye done
and to youre selff grete worshyp // And all the dayes of my
lyff seyde kynge Arthure vnto ſ Gareth // Wyte yon well
I shall lede yon and trust yon the more herre for ever hit ys
seyde kynge Arthure a worshypfull knyght dede to helpe
and socoure a noy worshypfull knyght whan he seeth
hym in damagere for ever a worshypfull man will be lothe
to se a worshypfull man shamed And he that ys of no
worshyp and medelyth wt cowardise nen shall he shewe
gentilnes nor no mand of goodnes Where he seeth a mand
in damagere for than will a cowarde nen shewe mercy
And all wayes a good man will do ever to a noy man as
he wolde be done to hym self So than there were made grete
festis vnto kynges and dewkis and ryall grame and play
all mand of nobeles was vsed And he that was curteyse
trewe and frythefull to hys seynde was ꝑ tyme chevyssed
And thus hit passed on from candylmas vntyll after that
the moneth of may was com whan every lusty harte begyn
nyth to blosson and to bourgyne for lyke as trees & erbys
bourgenyth and flowrisshyth in may In lyke wyse ony lusty
harte ꝑ ys ony mand of lober spryngyth bourgenyth budyth
and flowrisshyth in lusty dedis ffor hit shewyth vnto all lovers

encrayse that lusty moneth of may in som thynge to construyne
hym to som maner of thynge more in that moneth than in
ony oth moneth for dyuers causes ffor than all erbes & treys
tendrythe a man and woman And in lyke wyse louers callyth
to yᵗ mynde olde auntyquites and olde gestes and many thynde odr
that was for gotyn by necligence ffor lyke as wynd doth
dothe all way a race and defaice grene sommer So fareth hit
by vnstable lode in man and woman for in many psones
there ys no stabylite ffor he may se all day for a lytill blaste
of wyntres rasinge anone he shall defaice and lay a pte thelo
lode for lytill or nowyt that coste moche thynge Thys ys no
wysedome Noth no stabylite but hit ys frebleness of nature and
grete dishonesty Who som euer vseth thys thynge fore lyke as
may moneth flowreth and florysheth in eny manes gardyne
So in lyke wyse let eny man of worshyp florysh hys herte
in thys worlde fyrste vnto god and nexte vnto the joy of frend
that he promysed hys feythe vnto for yᵗ was nen worshyp
full man nor worshypfull maid woman but they loued one
bettir than another and worshyp in armys may nen be fol
lod but fyrste resyne the honoure to god and secundely the
gracelest mayde com of thy lady and such lode I calle vertuous
lode / But nowe a dayes men can nat lode by wyt but pey
myste shame all yᵗ desyres That lode may nat endure by
reson for where they bethe sone accordyd and hasty hete sone
kelyth And ryzght so fareth the lode nowe a dayes sone hote
sone colde thys ys no stabylyte but the olde lode was nat so. for
men and women conde lode to gyders by yeris and no by
owres / fyftene was be twyxte the end And than was lode
trouthe and faythefulnes / And so in lyke wyse was vsed
such lode in kynge Arthurs / dayes where fore I pitten lode

nede a dayes vnto somer and wynter for hyde as the tone ys colde and the othyr ys hote So fareyth lobe nowe a dayes And ꝑ fore all ye that be lovers calle vnto yowre remembraunce ꝑ moneth of may hyde as ded quene Gwenyn for whom I make here a lytyll mencion that whyle she lyved she was a trew lover and there for she had a good ende

So hyt be felle in the moneth of may quene Gwenyn called vnto her y· knyghtis of the table rounde and she yaff them warnynge that early vppon ꝑ morne she wolde ryde on maynge in to wodis and feldis be fyres Westemynstre And I warne you that ꝑ be none of you but he be well horsed and that ye all be clothed all in grene other in sylke other in clothe And I shall brynge w^t me y· ladyes and ech knyght shall have a lady be hynd And ech knyght shall have a squyar and iij· yomen And I wolle that all be well horsed // So they made hem redy in the freysshyst maner and thes were the namys of the knyghtis / Sir Kay le Senestrall ꝑ Agrevayne ꝑ Brandyles ꝑ Sagramo le desyrous ꝑ Lodynas le sadayre ꝑ Ozanna le cure hardy ꝑ Ladynas of ꝑ foreyst sadynge ꝑ Estamore of Inde ꝑ Ironside that was called the knyght of the rede launde And ꝑ Pellcas the lover and thes y· knyghtis made them redy in the freysshyste maner to ryde with the quene And so vppon the morne or hyt were day in a may morynge they toke ꝑ horsys with the quene and rode on mayinge in wodis and meddowes as hyt pleased hem in grete Joy and delytes for the quene had caste to have bene a mayne w^t kynge Arthur at the furthest by y· of the clok and so was that tyme her purpose Than there was a knyght which hyght ꝑ Aellyagaunce and he was sonne vnto kynge Bagdemagus and ꝑ knyght had that tyme a castell of the syssh of the kynge Arthure w^t in vij myle of Westemynstre and thys knyght ꝑ Aellyagaunce

lobed passyngly well quene Guenyr and so had he done longe
and many yerys And the booke seyth he had lay in a wayte
for to stele a way the quene but cowde neuer have for by
cause of sir launcelot for in no wyse he wolde meddyll wt the
quene and sir launcelot were in her company ouerellys and he
were neuer bonde And that tyme was such a custom that yf
quene rode nere wyth oute a grete felyshyp of men of armys
a bowte her and they were many good knyghtis And pe moste
pty were yonge men that wolde haue worshyp And pey were
called the quenys knyghtis and nere in no batayle tournement
nor Justys they bare none of here no mawe of knowlechynge
of yowre armys but playne wythout shyldis and pfor they
were called the quenys knyghtis And whan hit happed ony
of them to be of grete worshyp by hys noble dedis than at
the neyxte feste of pentecoste wyth yf were ony slayne or dede
as yf was none yere that yf fayled but yf were som dede than
was yf chosyn in hys stede that was dede the moste men of
worshyp that were called the quenys knyghtis And thus
they cam vp fyrste or they were rendowned men of worshyp
both sir launcelot and all the remenaunte of them // But thys
knyght sir ayellyagaunce had aspyed the quene well and her
purpose And how sir launcelot was nat wyth her And how she
had no men of armys wt her but the yonge knyghtis
all vayed in grene for mayntenance than he ordeyned hym
a xx men of armys and an C archers for to dyssevere yf
quene and her knyghtis for he he thought that tyme was
beste season to take the quene / So as he was ones on may
yngne wyth all her knyghtis whych were be dyssyed wyth
erbis mossis and flowres in the freyssheste maner // Right so
yf came ouere of a wood sir ayellyagaunce wt an vnkouthe
stove men all harneyst as they shulde fyght in a batayle of a veste

and bade the quene and her knyghtis a byde for mastres yf ther
they shulde a byde Traytonre knyght seyd quene Guenyu
what caste yon to do wolt yon shame thy self be thynke yf how
yon arte a kynges sonne and a knyght of the table rounde
and yon pus to be a bonte to dishonoure the noble knyght
made the knyght yon shamyst all knyght hode And thy
selffe and me And that the wyte yon shalt nen shame me
for I had lefur lete myne owne throte in twayne rather
than yon sholde dishonoure me / As for all thys langyage
seyde sir ayellyagaunte be as hit be may for wyte yon well
madame I shame lofed yon many a yere and nen ar now
adude I yete yon at such a dayle and yf ore I wolle take yon
as I fynde yon Than spake all the v. noble knyghtis at onys
and seyde sir ayellyagaunte wyte yon well yon ar a bonte to
sompte thy worshyp to dishonoure and also ye caste to sompte
ponre pponesshow be hit we be unarmed and ye shame us
all a yete a dauntayge for hit semyth by yon that ye shame
kayde wacch. bppon us Bet rather than ye shulde put the
quene to a shame and us all we had as lyff to departe
frome owre lyfys for and we other wayes ded we were
shamed for ev Than seyde sir ayellyagaunt dresse yon as
well as ye can and kepe the quene Than the v. knyghtis
of the rounde table dredy yf swerdis and thes other lat reu
all thend wyth yf spearys and the v. knyghtis manly a bode
therin and smote a way yf spearys that no speare ded them
no shame Than they kaysshed to gydows wyt swerdis and
among sir kay sir Sagramour sir Agrawayne sir Godymas sir la
dynas and sir Ozanna were smytten to the ertlie w grymly wom
dis Than sir Bramundiles and sir Pstamore sir Ironsyde & sir Pel
leas fawght longe and they were sore wounded for thes v.
knyghtis or ev they were kayde to the gromde sleu somtyme new

of yᵉ boldist

of the boldyste and the beste of them // So whan the quene sawe her knyghtes thus dolefully wounded and nedys muste be slayne at the laste Than for verry pyte and sorowe she cryed and seyde Sir Ayelly a gaunte she nat my noble knyghtes And I wolle go w^t the vppon thys Covenaunte that yon sawe them and suffre them no more to be hurte Wyth thys that they be lad w^t me Where som of you bedyste me for I wolle rather slee my selff than I wolle go Wyth the Onles that thes noble knyghtes may be in my presence Madame seyde S Ayelly a gaunt for yo^r sake they shalle be lad Wyth yon in to myne owne erthe w^t that yo^e wolle be rewled and vyde w^t me // Than the quene prayde the m. knyghtes to lede p^r hyghtynge and she and they wolde nat depte // Madame seyde S Pelleas We wolle do as yo^e do for as for me I take no force of my lyff nor deth ffor as p^r feeynshe lorde seyth S Pelleas wan such buffettis p^r p^t none armoure myghte holde hym Than by the quenys comaundemente they lefte batayle and dressed the wounded knyghtes on horse bak som sytting and som on twarte p^r horsis that bet was yte to be holde And than S Ayelly a gaunt charged the quene and all her knyghtes that none of hem sekyshyp shulde depte fro me her for suche sorowe he dyed S launcelot du lake Laste he shulde have ony knowleachynge and all s^o assoyed the quene and prydaly she called vnto her a chylde of her chambr Which was wyfftely horsed of a gyrte a vambrayce // Now yo^n seyde she Whan yon seyst yp tyme and beare thys erynge vnto S launcelot du lake and pray hym as he bodyste me that he wo^l se me and reskow me if ony he wolle have joy of me and spare nat thy horse seyde the quene nop^r for water nop^r for londe // So thys chyld aspyed hys tyme and hyghtly he toke hys horse w^t spurres and

departed as faste as he myght And whan ſ. ywellyagraunte ſaw hym
ſo ſle he vnderſtood that hit was by the queenys commaundemente
for to warne ſ. launcelot than they that were beſte horſed cha-
ced hym and ſhotte at hym But fro me hem all the chylde
wente delyuerly And than ſ. ywellyagraunte ſayde vnto ſ. quyne
madame ye ar a ſhrewe to betray me but I ſhall ordayne for
ſ. launcelot that he ſhall not com lyghtly at yow and than he
rode wyth her and all the felyſhyp in all the haſte that they
myght And ſo by the way ſ. ywellyagraunte layde embuſſhe-
mente of the beſte archars that he had of a yyy^tie to a wayte
vppon ſ. launcelot charʒynge them that yf they ſaw ſuche
a mayd a knyght com by the way vppon a whyght horſe ſ-
me ony wyſe ye ſle hys horſe But in no maner haue ye ado
wyth hym bodyly for he ys on hande to be ouercom // So
thys was done and they were com to hys caſtell but in no
wyſe the quene wolde nether lette none of the v. knyghtes and
her ladyes out of her ſyght but all wayes they were in her
preſence for the booke ſayth ſ. ywellyagraunte durſte make
no maſteryes for drede of ſ. launcelot / In ſo muche he demed
that he had wrathed hym So whan the chylde was departed fro
the felyſhyp of ſ. ywellyagraunte wyth / in a whyle hym com
to weſtemynſter and anone he fonde ſ. launcelot And
whan he had tolde hys meſſayge and delyuerde hym ſ. quenys
lettre // Alas ſayde ſ. launce now am I ſhamed for euermore
that I may reſtore that noble lady fro me diſhono than ſ-
ly he aſked hys armys And on the chylde tolde ſ. launcelot
how the v knyghtes fought merueylouſly and how ſ. gaheris
ſ. yrons ſyde ſ. bleoberys and ſ. gawaynes of ſuche fought
ſtrongely but namely ſ. gaheris there myght none harneys
holde hym and how they all fought tylle they were layde to the

and how the quene made a poyntemente for to save ꝑ knyghtes
and to goo with ꝑ ayellyagaunte Alas seyde ꝑ launc̃ that moste
noble lady that she shulde be so destroyed / had ben seyde ꝑ launc̃
than all straunge that / had bene there well armed // So whan
ꝑ launcelot was armed and vppon hys horse he prayde the
chylde of the quenys chambre to warne ꝑ lavayne how sud-
denly he was departed and for what cause and pray hym as
he lovyth me that he wolde ryde hym after me And ꝑfore
nat wetyng he cowde to the castell Where ꝑ ayellyagaunte abydith
for there seyde ꝑ launc̃ he shalle ryde of me and / he answerd hy-
dyngly // Than ꝑ launc̃ rode as faste as he myght and ꝑ book
sayth. he toke the water at westmynster bryge and rode
hys horse stynte on the temys vnto lambyth. And so wt
in a whyle he cam to the same place there as the .v. noble
knyghtes fought wt ꝑ ayellyagaunte And than ꝑ launcelot
folowed the trak vntyll that he cam to a wode and ꝑ was a
straynte way And there the .vij. archers bade ꝑ launcelot
turne ageyne and folowe no lenger that trak // What to
maundemede shame ye seyde ꝑ launc̃ to cause me that am a
knyght of the rounde table to leve my ryght way // Sithe
ryght wayes shalle yow leve other elles yow shalle goo hit on yꝑ foote
for wyte yow well thy horse shalle be slayne that ye shalle
maystery seyde ꝑ launcelot to slee myne horse but as for my
selff whan my horse ye slayne / myself ryght nought of yow
nat and ye were .v. hundred mo So than they shotte ꝑ lan-
celottes horse and smote hym wt many arwes and than
ꝑ launc̃ avoyded hys horse and wente on foote but ꝑ were
so many dyches and hedges be twyxte hem and hym ꝑ
he myght nat meddyll wt none of hem // Alas for shame
seyde ꝑ launc̃ that on one knyght shulde be thus another

knyght but hyt ys an olde seyde sawe A good man ys nen in dam
gere but whan he ys in the dawngere of a cowhard Than ſ
launcelot walked on a whyple and was sore a combrd of hys
armonre hys shylde and hys speare wyte yon well he was
full sore anoyed and full lothe he was for to lete ony thynge
that longed vnto hym for he dread sore the treson of ſ ayellyn
gaunne // Than by fortune there cam a charyote that cam thed
to fecche wood say me quarter seyde ſ launc What shalt thyff
thee to suffre me to lepe in to thy charyote and ſ yon wolde
bryngge me vnto a castell w^t in thys ij myle yon shalt nat
entre in to thys charyot seyde the carter for I am sente for to
fecche wood // vnto whom seyde ſ launcelot vnto my lorde ſ
ayellyagaunne seyde the carter And w^t hym wolde I spede
seyde ſ launcelot // yon shalt nat go w^t me seyde the carter
whan ſ launc lepe to hym and gaff hym backwarde w^t
hys gauntelet. aweye mayne that he felle to the erthe stark
dede Than the tothir carter hys felow was a ferde & wente
to flane gone the same way And than he seyde fayre lorde
saue my hyff and I shalle bryngge yon where ye wolle Than
I charge the seyde ſ launc put yon dede me and yis charyote
vnto ſ ayellyagaunne yate // Than lepe ye dep in to ye chary
otte seyde the carter and ye shalle be there anone So ye carl
dede on a grete walop And ſ launcelott hors folowed ye
charyot w^t me pan xl. archers in hym and more pen
an dzore and an halff quene Guenyu was a waytynge
in a bay wyndow Than one of hir ladyes aspyed an ar
med knyght standynge in a charyote // Ase madam seyde
the lady where rydys in a charyot a goodly armed knyght
And we suppose he rydyth vnto flamyngne // Where seyde
the quene Than she aspyed by hys shylde that hit was Sir

launcelot And than was the dore vnclose cam hys horse aft̄ the charyotte and ca he took hys gutte and hys pannche vnder hys feete // Alas seyde the quene now I may preue it̄ he that well ys that creature that hath a trusty frende A thā seyde quene Guenyu̅ I se well that ye were blaude be stad when ye vyde in a charyote And than she rebuked that lady that hyghted l launcelot to vyde in a charyote to hangynge for sothe hit was foule mdwrought seyde the quene and dyght hyghted so for to hyghten the moste noble knyght of the worlde vnto such a shamefull deth A Jesu defende hym and kepe hym seyde ye quene fwone all my displesaunce ende So by thys was l launc comyn to the gatis of that castell and there he descended downe and coyed that all the castell myght ryngge Where arte yon ye false traytowne l aellyagaunte and knyght of ye table rownde com forth yon traytour knyght yon and all thy felyshyp w the ffor thone I am l launcelot du lake that shall fyght w yon all ye there w all the bone the gate vyde open vpon the porter and smote hym vndre the eve with hys launcelot that hys nelle braste in .ij. peces // When l aellyagaunte hande ye l launc was comyn he vane vnto the quene and falle vpon hys kne and seyde my madame for now I praye me hole in yon stad here what ayles yon now seyde quene Guenyu̅ gode I myght well wete that some good knyght wolde rebuke me ponze my lorde kynge Arthure knew nat of thys ye worke // A madame seyde l aellyagaunte all thys that ye a mysse on my pty shall be a mended wyght as yonre selff wolle devyse and hold I pray me in yonre grace // What wolde ye that I ded seyde the quene // A madame I wolde no more seyde l aellyagaunte but that ye wolde take all in yonre owne hondys and ye wolle vnle my lorde l launc and such esyse as may be

made hym in thys ponre castell ye and he shall shane bretyll to morow
and than may ye and all they vetrne ayen vnto west myrst
and my body and all that I shane I shall put in ponre vnle //
Sey well seyde the quene and better ys pees than ever mor
And the lesse noyse the more ys my worshyp // than the quene
and hir ladyes went downe vnto sr launcelot that stod and
wrothe onte of mesure to a dyde batayle And ever seyde yt tunto
knyght com forthe than the quene cam vnto hym and seyde
sr launcelot why be ye so amoved // A madame seyde sr launc
why aske ye me that questyon for me semyth ye ought to be
more wrothier than I and for ye shane the shame and sr dishon
sor wete yon well madame my shame ys but lytell in regard
for the slayntz of a mayys sonne but the despite greveth me
mych more than all my shame Trewly seyde the quene ye say
trouthe but hardely I thanke yon seyde the quene but ye must
com in vt me pesybly for all thyngs ys put in myne honde
and all that ys a myss shall be amended for the knyght shall
sore repente hym of thys myshaventure yt ys be fallyn hym
madame seyde sr launcelot sythis hit ys so that ye be accorded wt
hym as for me I may nat a gayne say hit how be hit sr axel
lyagraunte hath done full shamefully to me and edwardly
madame seyde sr launc and I had wyste that ye wolde shane
bene so hyrtelly accorded wt hym I wolde nat a made such haste
vnto yon // Why say ye so seyde the quene do ye for thynke yonr
selff of yonre good dedis // Wete yon well seyde the quene I accor
ded nat wt hym for no favonre nor love that I had vnto hym
but of ony shamefull noyse of wyssedom to lay a downe / A
dame seyde sr launcelot ye vnderstonde full well I was nevr
wyllynge nor glad of shamefull sclaundir nor noyse And
there ys nor hyngre quene ne knyght that bereth yt he sse

except my lovde kynge Arthur and yow madame þ̄ shulde
lette me but I shulde make þ̄ excellyaganntte harte full colde
or ende I depted frome thense that vnto I well seyde thys quene
but what wolle ye more ye shalle have all thynge vnder as ye
lyste to have hit / madame seyde þ̄ launcelot so ye be pleased
as for my pte ye shalle sone please me wyght so the quene tolde
þ̄ launcelot by the lave honde for he had pite of hys grantelot
and so the vente vnto hym tylle her chambir and than she com-
maunded hym to be unarmed and than þ̄ launc̄ axed the
quene where were hir y knyghtis that were wounded to her
than she shewed them vnto hym and there they made grete
joy of the comynge of þ̄ launcelot and he made gyfte of
þ̄ hurtis And there þ̄ launcelot tolde them how cowardly and
traytorly he sette archers to slee hys horse and how he was
fayne to put hym selff in a charyotte and thus they dysplayed
enysche to op̄ and full fayne they wolde have ben redemyd
but they kepte the pees by cause of the quene // than as the
frenysh̄ booke sayethe þ̄ launc̄ was called many dayes after le
chyvalere de charyotte and so he ded many dedys and grete
adventures and so we lefe of have of la chyvalere le charyote
and turne vs to thys tale / So þ̄ launcelot had grete chere vnto
the quene and than he made a promyse vnto the quene that the
same nyght he shulde com to a wyndow entendaunde towarde a
gardyne and that wyndow was barred w̄ yron and þ̄ Sir
launc̄ promysed to mete her whan all folke were on slepe // So
than cam þ̄ lavayne desyrynge to the states seyenge where
ys my lorde þ̄ launcelot And anone he was sente fore And
whan þ̄ lavayne sawe þ̄ launc̄ he seyde a my lorde I sorrowe
sholde ye were harde be stadde for I have sorrowe yō hors slayne

that ye shayme vs accordyng do for that seyde sr launc / sayde yow
sr labayne speke ye of other maters and let thys passe and wyght
hit a nother tyme and we may // Than the knyghtes that were hurt
were serched and soffte salues were layde to ye woundes and so
hit passed on tyll somp tyme and all the chere that myght be made
thend there was done vnto the quene and all her knyghtes And
whan season was they wente vnto ye chambres but in no wyse
the quene wolde not suffre her wounded knyghtes to be fro her
but that they were layde in wyth drawyghtes by hyr chambre vp
pon bedds and paylettes that she myght her self se vnto thend
that they wanted no thynge // So whan sr ayell launcelot was
in hys chambre wherof was assygned vnto hym he called
vnto hym sr labayne and tolde hym that myght he myght speke
wt hys lady quene Guenyn Sir seyde sr labayne let me go wt
yow and hyt please yow for I drede me sore of treson of sr ayellva
daunte // Nay seyde sr launcelot I thanke yow but I wolle haue no
body wyth me Than sr launcelot tole hys sheld in hys honde and
prevely wente to the place where he had sayed a ladder to sore
hande and that he tolde vnder hys arme and lepe hit thorowe
the wyndowe and sette hit vp to the wyndowe And anone ye quene
was there redy to mete hym And pan they made ye complaynte
to other of many dyuers thynges // And than sr launcelot wyssshed
that he myght haue comyn in to her // Wyte yow well seyde the
quene I wolde as fayne as ye that ye myght com in to me // Wolde
ye so madame seyde sr launcelot wyth yowre charte yf I were wt
yow / ye truly seyde the quene // Than shalle I preue my myght
seyde sr launc for yowre lobe and than he sette hys hondes vpon
the barres of yron and pulled at them wt suche a myght yt he
braste hem clene out of the stone walles And yt wt all one of ye
barres of yron kutte the bredene of hys hondys thorowe vnto
the bone and than he lepe in to the chambre to ye quene / wyth

ye no noyse seyde the quene for my wounded knyghtis lye here fast by me
So to passe vppon thys talk ¶ launcelot wente to bedde ⁊ the quene
and toke no force of hys hurte shonde but toke hys pleasaunce and hys
lykynge vntyll hit was the aduenyng of the day for wyte yee well
she slept nat but waccched and whan he sawe hys tyme ⁊ he myght
tary no lenger he toke hys leve and depted at the wyndowe and put
hit to ryght as well as he myght a gayne and so depted vntyll
hys owne chambr and there he tolde ¶ lavayne how that he was
hurte Than ¶ lavayne dressed hys shonde hit and put vppon hit
a gyrdle that hit sholde nat be aspyed and so they lay longe a bed
in the morenyng tylle hit was .x. of the clok ¶ Than ¶ ayellya
gaunte wente to the quenys chambr and fonnde her ladyes there
redy clothed & shod wch seyde ¶ ayellyagaunte what ayles yon ma
dame that ye slepe thys longe And there ⁊ all she opened ⁊ entryd
for to be holde her And than was she ware how she lay and all
the hede sheete pyldw and on shyte was all be bled of the blode
of ¶ launcelot and of hys hurte shonde Whan ¶ ayellyagaunte
aspyed that blod than he demed in her ⁊ she was false to ¶ kynge
and ⁊ son of the wounded knyghtis had lyene by her all ⁊ nyght
& ha madame seyde ¶ ayellyagaunte now I shame fonnde yond
a false traytoresse vnto my lorde arthur for now I prede well
hit was nat for nought that ye layde thes wounded knyghtis
w⁊ in the bondys of yonre chambr therefore I calle yon of tresoñ
afore my lorde kynge arthure and now I shame proved yon ma
dame wyth a shamefull dede and that they bene all false or-fond
of thend I wolle make hit good for a wounded knyght thys nyght
hath layne by yon that ye false seyde the quene that I wolle repent
me vnto thend But whan the .v. knyghtis herde of ¶ ayellyagaunte
yis wordys And than they spake all at onys and seyd ¶ ayelly
agaunte yon falsely be lyest my lady the quene and that we wolle
make good vppon the any of vs now chose wheche yon lyste of vs
began we ar hole of the woundes yon gaddrest vs // ye shalle nat

away wt yowre grounde langayge for here ye may all se that a wom-
ded knyght thys nyght hath layne by the quene than they all lo-
ked and were sore a shamed whan they sawe that blode and wyte
yon well sr ywellyagraunce was passyng gladd that he had pr quene
at suche a aduantage for he demed by that to gyde hys dome
to reson And so in thys comyn sr launcelot and sodonde
them at a grete assay / Whatt away ye thys seyde sr launcelot
than sr ywellyagraunce tolde hem whatt he had fonnde and so
he shewed hym the quenys bed / Now trewly seyde sr launcelot
ye ded nat yowre gode nor knyghtly to towche a quenys bed wyfe
but was deadwyn and she kynge pr m And I dare say seyde sr
launcelot my lorde kynge arthur hym selff wolde nat haue dis-
played hir curtaynes and she beynge wt m hir bed onles pt hit
had pleased hym to haue layne hym alone by her And pr fore
sr ywellyagraunce ye haue done vnworshypfully & shamefully
to yowre selff / Sr I wote nat whatt ye meane seyde sr ywellya-
graunce but well I am sure there hath one of hir knyghtes knyght
layne wt her thys nyght And that well I prove wt myne
handys that she ys a traytoures vnto my lorde kynge arthur
Wedware whatt ye do seyde sr launce for and ye say so and wyll
prove hit hit well be takyn at yowre handys ayr lorde sr launce
seyde sr ywellyagraunce I rede yow be ware whatt ye do for thonge
ye ar nere so good a knyght as I wote well ye ar renowmed
the beste knyght of the worde yet shulde ye be avysed to do vn-
tayle in a wronge quarell for god wolle haue a stroke in ony
batayle As for that seyde sr launcelot god ys to be dred but
as to that I say nay playnly that pres nyght there lay none
of thes .v. knyghtes wounded wt my lady quene Gwenyn &
that well I prove wt myne handys that ye say untrewly
on pt Now whatt say ye seyde sr launcelot / Thus I say seyde
sr ywellyagraunce here ys my hode that she ys a traytoures

vnto my lorde kynge Arthur and that thys myght one of the
wounded knyghtis lay wyth her / Well sir and I reserve yowe
grode seyde sir launcelot and anone they were sealed w^t^ yron
and dekynde vnto the v knyghtis At what day shall we do be
tryde to stydnes seyde sir laūce thys day viij. dayes seyde sir aellyn
agramore in the fylde be sydys westemynstr I am a greed seyde sir
launcelot / But now seyde sir aellyagramore sythyn hit ys so that
we muste nedys ryght to stydnes I pray yow as ye lovyde a noble
knyght a wayte me wyth no treson nor no bylany thys meane
whyle nor none for yow / So god me helpe seyde sir launcelot ye
shall vnderstonde well wyte that I was nevir of no such condicions
for I reporte me to all knyghtis that evir rode knowyn me I fared
nevir wyth no treson nor I dred nevir the fely shyp of them I fared
w^t^ treson Than bad he go vnto dyn seyde sir aellyagramore ga
after dyn the quene and ye may ryde all vnto westemynstir
Well well seyde sir launcelot Than sir aellyagramore seyde vnto
sir launcelot sir pleasyth yow to se thys castell w^t^ a good
wyll seyde sir laūce and than they wente to stydnes fyrste chambir
to chambir for sir launcelot dradde no pellis for evir a man of hys
shyp and of prodes dredde but lytyll of gyle for they wende that
evyl mand be as they bene But evir he that fawyth w^t^ treson gyt
tyth oftyn a tredy mand in yvele daunsyng And so hit be felle
vppon sir launcelot that no pell dyd as he wende w^t^ sir aellyn
agramore he trade on a trappe and the burde rolled and per sir
laūce felle adowne more than xx fadom in to a cave full off
stravee And than sir aellyagramore depted and made no force
no more than he that wyste nat where he was And whan
sir launcelot was thus myssed they medayled where he was
be comyn and than the quene and many of them demed
that he was depted as he was wonte to do suddaynly ffor sir
aellyagramore made suddaynly to pit on seyde sir labaynes horse

He ſ launcelot fell into a deepe pytte by ye treſon off ſ ayelly agaūce tenſtadn

that they myght all vnderſtonde that ſ launcelot were depted ſuddaynly ſo that hit paſſed on tylle aſſter dyn And than ſ lavayne wolde nat ſtynte vntyll that he had horſe lytters for the wounded knyght that they myght be caryed in theym and ſo we ye quene lothe ladyes and jantyll women and ſo they rode vnto weſtemynſt and there the knyght tolde how ſ ayelly agaunce had appeled the quene of hyghe treſon and how ſ launcelot reſtoryed ye quene of hyrn and thys day vij dayes they ſhall do batayle be for yon ye my rede ſeyde kynge arthur I am a feude ſ ayelly agaunce hath chargyed hym ſelff w a grete charge But where is ſ launcelot ſeyde the kynge Sir we wote nat where he ys but we deme he ys ryddyn to ſom aduentures as he ys offtyme vſyd wonte to do for the hath ſ lavaynes horſe lothe hym be ſeyde the kynge for he wolle be founden but if he be be trapped wyth ſom treſon / thus lefte we ſ launcelot lyynge w in ye cyte in grete payne and euery day ye cam a lady and bronghte hys mete and hys drynke and wolde hym euery day to haue hane payne by hir and eu ſ launcelot ſeyde her nay than ſeyde ſhe ſ ye ar nat wyſe for ye may nen onte of ye preſon but if ye hane my helpe and alſo youre lady quene Gwenyu ſhall be bronte in youre defaute onles that ye be there at the day of batayle / god defende ſeyde ſ launce that ſhe ſhulde be bronte in my defaute and if hit be ſo ſeyde ſ launcelot ye I may nat be there hit ſhall be well vnderſtonde lothe at the kynge and the quene and w all men of worſhip that I and dede lyke other in preſon for all men that knowe me wolle ſay for me that I am in ſom dyſeaſe and I be nat ye day there And thus well I vnderſtonde ye ye ys ſom good knyght other of my blood eſ ſom of that lodys me that wolle take my gracelle in honde And there fore ſeyde ſ launcelot wyte yon well ye ſhall nat feaue me and if ye wyll no mo women ne

all thys londe but ye yet shall nat / shame a do wt̄ yond / than
ar ye shamed seyde the lady and destroyed for ever as for worldis
shame Now / sir defende me and as for my distresse but yf /
welcome what som ever hit be that god sendys me So she cam to
kyng arthure the same day that the batayle shulde be and seyde
to launcelot be thynke you for ye ar to hard hartid and to fers
and ye wolde but onys kysse me / shulde delyu̇r you and yo ar /
moure and the beste horse that was wt̄in to ayellyagaynste stu-
dde As for to kysse you seyde launc / may do that and lese no
worshyp and wyte you well and / vnderstood yf ther ony dis
worshyp for to kysse you / wold nat do hit And than he kyssed
hir and anone she toke kyng bedwyr̄ kys armo And whan
he was armed she brought hym tylle a stable where stode
yō̄ good cōpers and bade hym to chose of the beste / than to
launcelot loked vppon a whyght cōpere and that lyked hym
beste and anone he cōmaunded hym to be saddeled wt̄ the beste
sadyll of ware and so hit was done than he toke kys owne
spcare in kys honde and kys sworde by kys syde And than he
cōmaunded the lady vnto god and seyde lady for thys dayes
dede / shall do you to myse if ev̄ hit lye in my powar / Now
lete we here of launcelot all that ev̄ he myght vnclose to spede
we of quene Guenyu̇r that was brought tyll a fyre to be brente
for to ayellyagaynne was sore kyng thought that launcelotte
sholde nat be at that batayle And there fore he ordeyned vppon
to arthure to do hym / in kysse other elles be tyme forth / launc
than was the tyme and all the comyn full sore a brysshed
and shamed that the quene shulde thane be brente in to defaute
of launcelot // oyr loude kynge arthure seyde launcelot
lavayne ye may vnderstonde that hit ys nat well wt̄ my loude
launcelot for and he were on lyve so he be nat syke or m̄ prson

wyte yon well he wolde haue done there for neu̇ harde ye ȳ en the
fayled yet hys yte for whom he solde do batayle sore And ȳ sore
seyde ſ launcelot lavayne my lorde kynge Arthur ſ he secke yond ȳ
ye well wyll me hyence to do batayle there thys day for my lorde and
mayster and for to save my lady the quene Gramercy ſaurell ſ
lavayne seyde kynge Arthur for ſ dare say all that ſ ayellyagaunce
pleyth vppon my lady the quene ys wronge for ſ hane seen yn ȳ
all the ȳ wounded knyghtȝ and there ys nat one of them and
he were hole and able to do batayle but he wolde preve vppon
ſ ayellyagaunce body and so shall ſ seyde ſ lavayne in ȳ defence
of my lorde ſ launcelot and ye well gyff me lefe // And ſ gyff
yon lefe seyde kynge Arthur and do yonre beste for ſ dare well
say ȳ ys sonne to-fore done to ſ launcelot // Than was ſ lavayn
armed and horsed and delyuerly at the lystes ende to-fore
hys batayle And ryght as the herehodis shuld cry lechez
lech alere ryght so cam ſ launcelot dryvyng with all the myght
myght of hys horse And than kynge Arthure axed who
and a-byde And than was ſ launcelot called to fore kynge
Arthur and there he tolde openly to for the kynge all how
that ſ ayellyagaunce had serued hym furste and laste And
whan the kynge ⁊ quene and all the lordis knewe off the
treson of ſ ayellyagaunce they were all a-shamed on hys be
halfe Than was the quene sente fore and sette by the kynge
in the ryche towne of hir champioun and than ſ launcelot ⁊
ſ ayellyagaunce dressed them to-gydir with speares as ȳmd
And there ſ launc̄ bare hym ouyte on hys horse crowne and
than ſ launc̄ alyȝt and dressed hys shylde on hys shulder and
tolke hys swerde in hys honde and so they dressed to ecche oth
and smote many ryche strokis to-gydir And at the laste sir
launc̄ smote hym suche a buffet vppon the helmet ȳ he felle

on the tone syde to the erthe and than he cryed vppon hym lowde
and seyde moste noble knyght sr launcelot sawe my lyff for-
yelde me vnto you and requyre you as ye be a knyght & felow
of the table rounde sle me nat for-yelde me as ouercomyn &
wrecchyn & shall hyde ouer-dey & yeue me my knyght hondes and
yomes // than sr launcelot wyst nat what to do for he had
lefe than all the good in the worlde that he myght be relessed
vppon hym so sr launcelot loked vppon the quene wyth he myght
aspye by ony syene or countenaunce what she wolde haue done
And anone the quene wagged her hede vppon sr launce as he
seyth sle hym. And full well vnder-stode sr launcelot by her sygnes
that she wolde haue hym dede than sr launce bade hym aryse
for shame and defende me thys batayle vnto me to the vttera[n]nce
May seyde sr agellys a galaunce I wolle nedes aryse vnto-tyll that ye take
me as yolden and recreaunte // nay I shall yeldyn you a large
yeldyn seyde sr launce that ye for to say I shall vn-arme my
hede and my lyfte quarter of my body all that may be vn-arm-
ed as for that quarter and I wolle lette bynde my lyfte honde
be hynde me than he shall nat helpe me And myght so I shall
do batayle w^t you // than sr agellys a galaunce sterte vp and seyde
on hyght take hede my lorde Arthur of thys yefte for-I wolle
take hit and lette hym be dysarmed and bounden accordynge
to hys yeldyn // what sey ye seyde kynge Arthur vnto sr launce
wolle ye abyde by yomes yeldyn // ye my lorde seyde sr launcelot
for I wolle nedes so for-that I shame ouyr sayde than .j. knyght
ouer-s of the felde disarmed sr launcelot fyrste hys hede and
than hys lyfte arme and hys lyfte syde and they bounde his
lyfte arme to hys lyfte syde fast be hynde hym and his lefe w^t
oute shylde or ony thynge and anone they rode to stydnes //

wyte yon well there was many a lady and many a knyght mer-
wayled of ſ launcelot wolde nought hyrd ſelff in ſuche wyſe thaw
ſ gelly agrauice com wyth ſwerde all on hyght And ſ launc
ſhewed hym openly hys bare hede and the bare hyſſte ſyde and
wolsam he wende to have ſmytten hyrd vpon the bare hede //
Than hyghtly he adwyded the hyſſte legge and the hyſſte ſyde
and put hys honde and hys ſwerde to that ſtroke and ſo put
hit on ſyde wyth grete ſhyght And than wt grete force ſ launc
ſmote hym on the helmet ſuch a buffett that the ſtroke carved
the hed in ij ſtyes Than there was no more to do but he was
dedlyn ende of the hyde and at the grete inſtaunce of the
knyghtſ of the table vonde the kynge ſuffred hym to be
entered and the menaced made vpon hyrd wolde ſle hyrd
hyrd and for wolsat cauſe he was ſlayne And than the
knyghte and the quene made more of ſ launcelot and more
was he cherysſhed than ever he was a fore hande Than as
the ſtorye ſpeketh of kyng marbuth menaced there was a good knyght
in the londe of hungre wolſes name was ſ brye and he
was an adventurys knyght and in all places wherre he
myght heve ony adventures dedis and of worſhyp ſ wold
he be // So hit happened in Spayne there was an erle and
hys ſones name was called ſ alyſeus and at a grete
turnemente in ſpayne thys ſ brye knyght of ſpayne hun-
gre And ſ alyſeus of Spayne encountred to gyders for
verey envy and ſo eythir vndertoke oth to the vttera[n]ce
And by fortune thys ſ brye ſle w ſ alyſeus the erlys ſon
of Spayne but thys knyght that was ſlayne had rede
ſ brye or ever he were ſlayne vij grete wondis in on

the ſyde

the hede and m· on hys body an one vppon hys lyffte honde
And thys ſ Alpheus had a mader was a ſyrcte ſorſeras
And ſhe for the deſpyte of hir ſunes deth wrought by her
ſuttyle craffftis that ſ Vrry ſhulde nedr be hole but en hys
wondis ſhulde one tyme feſter and anoꝑ tyme blede ſo that
he ſhulde nedr be hole vntyll the beſte knyght of the worlde
had ſerched hys wondis And thus ſhe made her avaunte
wherre thorowe hit was knowyn that thus ſ Vrry ſholde nedr
be hole Than hys mader lete make an horſe lytter & put
hym ꝑin wt ñ paſſyngis cawyng hym And than ſhe tok
wyth hym hys ſyſter a full fayre dameſell whos name
was ffyleloly And a ꝑayſe wyth hem to lede ꝑ horſis and
ſo they lad ſ Vrry thorow many contreyes for as ꝑ ſtorye
boke ſayth ſhe lad hym ſo by· yere thorow all londis cryſte
ned and nedr cowde fynde no knyght that myght eaſe her
ſonne So ſhe cam vnto Scotlonde and in to the londs of ſuꝫ
londe And by fortune ſhe com vnto the feſte of pentecoſte
vntyll kynge Arthurs comyn that at that tyme was hol
dyn at Kynkelyſſe And whan ſhe cam there ſhe made
hit to be opynly knowyn how that ſhe was com in to that
londe for to hele her ſonne // Than kynge Arthur lete
calle that lady and aſke her the cauſe why ſhe brought
that kny3te knyght in to that londe my moſte noble kynge
ſeyde that lady wyte yow well ꝙ I brought hym hyddir to be
heled of hys wondis that of all thys by· yere myght
nedr be hole and thus ſhe tolde the kynge and where
he was wounded and wt wyſond kud how hys mader
diſtonde hit in her peyde how ſhe had worought by
enchaunteme[illegible] that he ſholde nedr be hole vntyll ꝑ

the beste knyght of the worlde had serched hys wounde and so I have passed all the londis cristynde therde to have hym healed excepte thys londe and zyff I shyld here in thys londe I wolde nedi take more payne vppon me and that ys zwete pite for he was a good knyght and of zwete nobleas // what ys hys name seyde kynge Arthure wo good and gracious lorde she seyde his name ys sr Urre of the mounte I zwod tyme seyde the kynge and sythyn ye ar com in to thys londe ye ar ryght welcome and wote you welle there shalle nonce son be healed and en ony cristyn man healle hym and for to zyff all other men off worshyp a courayge I my selff wolle assay to handyll yo sonne and so shalle all the knyghtis dukis and erlis that ben here presente at thys tyme not presumynge vppon me that I am so worthy to healle nonce lord be my dedis but I wolle courage other men of worshyp to do as I wolle do And than sr kynge comaunded all the kynghtis dukis dukes and erlis and all noble knyghtly of the rounde table that were there that tyme presente to com in to the medde of pavelyght and so at that tyme there were but ten of the rounde table for yo knyghtis were that tyme away and so there we must be zyme at kynge Arthure as was kyndely to be zyme at hym that was that tyme the moste man of worshyp cristynde than kynge Arthure loked vppon sr Urre and he thought he was a full lykly man whan he was hole And than the kynge made to take hym downe of the lyttar and leyde hym vppon the erth And a none there was layde a cusshyon of golde that he shulde knele vppon And than kynge Arthure seyde fayre knyght me reweyth of thy hurte and for to courayge all yo knyghtly I wolle pray the softely to suffre me to handyll thy wounde

ayr moste noble ayshynd kynge do ye as ye hyste seyde ſ brye
for I am at the my of god and at youre comaundemente.
So than kynge arthur ſoftely handeled hym and than som of
hys wounds rendred vppon bledynge Than kynge Clary-
aunce of northumberlonde serched and hit wolde nat be And
than ſ Sauraunte le apres that was called the kynge de
the hundred knyghtis he assayed and fayled // So ded kynge bry-
ence of the londe of ygore So ded kynge angwyſh of ſrelonde
and ſo ded kynge Nentreys of Garlothe So ded kynge Carados
of Scotlonde So ded the duke ſ Galahalt the haute prynce
So ded ſ Constantyne that was kynge Cadors ſon of cornu-
ayle / So ded duke Chalaunce of Claraunce // So ded the erle of
Vrbalwys So ded the erle Lambayle So ded the erle Auystanse
Than cam in ſ Gawayne with hys iij. ſunes ſ Gyngalyn ſ
ffloraunce and ſ Lovell thes iij were ygotyn vppon ſ Dramude-
les ſyſter and alle they fayled Than cam in ſ Aggrawayne ſ
Gaheryes and ſ Gyordred and the grad knyghte ſ Gawell ye thre
of hevery knyghtied worthe alle the brethered So cam in ye knyght
of ſ Launcelottes kyn but ſ Launcelot was nat tyme in the
courte for he was that tyme vppon hys adventures Than
ſ Lyonell ſ Ector de maryis ſ Bors de ganys ſ Blamour de
ganys ſ Bleoberys de Ganys ſ Galalantyne ſ Galyhodyn ſ
Gyeuadale ſ Vyllars ſ valyaunte ſ Hebes le vendome alle thes
were of ſ Launcelottis kynne and alle they fayled / Than cam
in ſ Segwarus le deſyrus ſ Sodynas le ſauvage ſ Gyuadan ſ
Brelonne le noyre that ſ hay named la cote male tayle and ſ
hay le ſeneſtrall ſ hay deſtraungis ſ Ascllyot de logris ſ pe-
tipace of wynchylſe ſ Galleron of Galway ſ Agelyon of the
mountayne ſ Tardoke ſ Vwayne les auentres ſ ſ Ozanna

le arvehardy Than cam in ſ Aſtamour and ſ Grimnor & Grimorſan
ſ Troſſeleme ſ Seneraunſe le bridvſe that was called a paſſynge
ſtrongе knyght for as the boke ſeyth the chyff lady of the lady off
the lake feſted ſ launcelot and ſ Sedauſe le bridvſe And whan
ſhe had feſted them both at ſundry tymes ſhe prayde hem to wyff
her a done And anone they graunted her And than ſhe prayde
ſ Sedauſe that he wolde promyſe her nen to do batayle a yenſte
ſ launcelot and in the ſame wyſe ſhe prayde ſ launcelot nen
to do batayle a yenſte ſ Sedauſe and ſo aythir promyſed her ſſor
the frenyſhe booke ſayth that ſ Sedauſe had nen encaugе nor
greate luſte to do batayle a yenſte no man but if hit be a yenſte
Eyaumys and a yenſte dragons and wylde beſtes So lete
we thys mater and ſpeke we of them that at the kynges reherſe
where they were at the kyngе feſte as knyghtes of the rounde
table for to ſeruſe ſ kinge and to thys entente the kynge ded
hit to wyte whych was the moſte nobleſte knyght amonge
them all Than cam in ſ Agglovale ſ Gawayn and ſ Ector
that was be gotyn vppon the Edwardes wyff but he was
be gotyn a fore Ayres wedded her and kynge Pellynor be gate
them all fyrſte ſ Ector ſ Agglovale ſ Gawayn ſ launcelot ſe moſte
nobleſte knyght one of them that en was in kynge Arthurs
dayes as for a worldly knyght And ſ Perſivale that was pure
lees except ſ Galahad in holy dedis but they dyed in ſe queſte
of the Sangreall Than cam in ſ Gryfflet le fyze de du ſ
Lucan the butlere ſ Bedyvere hys brothir ſ Braundeles ſ Cor
ſtantyne ſ Cadors ſon of Cornwayle that was kynge after
Arthurs dayes and ſ Clegis ſ Sadok ſ Gyuas le ſeneſchall de
Cornwayle ſ ffergus ſ Gryamure ſ launbegus ſ Clarrus off
Clarendurte ſ Cleodrus ſ Hectymere ſ Edwarde of Carnarvan

ſ Bryan⁹ wherfe was cryſtynde by the meanys of ſ Eryſtiñ the
noble knyght And there in were brethren ſ Helayne le blaunke
that was ſon vnto ſ Boos for he be-gate hym vppon kynge
Brandygorys doughter and ſ Bryan de lyſtenoyſe ſ Gawter ſ Guy
wolde ſ Eyllymere were iij brethren wherfe ſ launcelot wan vp-
pon a bendys in ſ Hayes armys ſ Blyaryte le petite ſ Bellyn-
gere le breuſe that was ſon to the good knyght ſ Alyſtaundre le
orphelyn that was ſlayne by the treſon of kynge Marke / Alſo
that tyme kynge Ryon the noble knyght ſ Eryſtiñ as he
ſate hawkynge a fore hys lady la beale ſyde Wa trenchaunte
playne for whos dethe was the moſte wayllynge of any knyght
that ever was in kynge Arthurs dayes for there was men none
ſo be-wepted as was ſ Eryſtiñ and ſ launcelot for they were vn-
treſon ſlayne Or Eryſtiñ by kynge Marke and ſ launcelot
by ſ Gawayne and hys brethren And there ſ Bellyng reuenged
the dethe of hys fadre ſ Alyſaundre and ſ Eryſtiñ for he ſlowe
kynge Marke and la beale yſode dyed ſowpynge vpon the cuſſe
of ſ Eryſtiñ wherfe of was grete pite And alle that were vn-
to kynge Marke wherfe were of aſſente of the dethe of ſ Eryſtiñ
were ſlayne as ſ Arthured and many other ellys can ſ Hebes
ſ Morganoure ſ Sentrayle ſ Suppynabiles ſ Belyamure le orgulus
that the good knyght ſ lamorak wan in playne batayle Or
Nerobens and ſ Plenorius ij good knyghtes that ſ launcelot
ſlame Or Darras ſ Harry le fyze lake ſ Grimynde broþ to kynge
Hermanure for whom ſ Palomydes fawght at the rede cite vn-
to ij brethren And ſ Selyſes of the delerous towre ſ Edward
of Orkeney ſ Ironſyde that was called the noble knyght of the
rede launde that ſ Gareth wan for the lode of Dame Lyones
ſ Aurok ſ Degrebeaute ſ Segwarde ſawnze bylowe that fawght
wyth the grymme of the blak lode // Or Eppinogrys that was
the kynges ſon of northumberlonde ſ Pellias that lowed þ lady

Edwarde and he had dyed for her sake had nat bene one of pe ladyes of the lake whos name was dame Nyuyne and she wedde ſ̄ Pellas and she sdeed hym and after that he was nen slayne by her dayes and he was a full noble knyght And ſ̄ launcell of ther dyff that was a grete lodear ſ̄ Playne de fors ſ̄ Melyans de lyle ſ̄ Edwarde le aire hardy that was kynge Arthurs son ſ̄ Madone de la porte ſ̄ Coll grevaunce ſ̄ Kedyse de la foreſt sadcayde ſ̄ Marrok the good knyght that was betrayed w^t his wyff for he made hym yn pere dwardwyff ſ̄ Persaunt ſ̄ Astolore hys brother that was called the grene knyght And ſ̄ Beryuones brother vnto them bothe whych was called the rede knyght ſ̄ ſ̄ Garetſ̄ name whan he was called Edwaynes All thes .c. knyghtſ̄ and .x. serched ſ̄ Vrreys wounds by the comaunde mente of kynge Arthur Soon whan kynge Arthur whare ys ſ̄ launcelot dn lake that he ys nat there at thys tyme And thus as they sood and spake of many thynges there one aspyed ſ̄ launcelot that com vpryght towarde them and anone they tolde the kynge Yees seyde the kynge lat no man say no pynge vntyll he be com to vs So whan ſ̄ launcelot had aspyed kynge Arthur he descended adowne fromme hys horse and came to the kynge and salewed hym and them all And anone as the damesell ſ̄ Vrreys syster sade ſ̄ launc̄ She vomed to her syster brother there as he lay in hys lytter and seyde brother here ys com a knyght that my harte gladyth gretly vnto ffayre syster seyde ſ̄ Vrre so doth my harte hete gretly a yenste hym and my harte gladyth me more vnto hym than to all thes that hath serched me Than seyde kynge Arthur vnto ſ̄ launcelot ſ̄ ye muſte do as we have done and tolde hym what they had done and shewed hym them all that had serched hym Sir defende me seyde ſ̄ launcelot whyle so many noble knyghtſ̄ have fayled that I ſhulde

presume vppon me to enchyde that all ye my lordis myght nat enchyde // ye shall nat chose seyde kynge Arthur for I commande yon to do as we all have done ony moste vendowmed lorde seyde sir launcelot I know well I dare nat nor may nat disobey yon but and I myght or durste wyte yon well I wolde nat take vppon me to tolerate that wounded knyght in that entent that I shulde passe all other knyghtis I shid deffende me fromme that shame // Or ye take hit wronge seyde kynge Arthur for ye shall nat do hit for no presumpcion but for to leave vs fely shyp in so muche as ye be a felaw of the vounde table and lyte yon well seyde kynge Arthur and ye avedayle nat and heale hym I dare sey there ys no knyght in thys londe that may hele hym and therfore I pray yon do as we have done And pray all the kynges and knyghtis for the moste ptie prayed sir launc to serche hym And than the wounded knyght sir vrre set hym vp wayfely and seyde vnto sir launcelot Now tu terse knyght I requyre the for gruddis sake heale my woundis for me thynkis en sythyn ye cam here my woundis gruchyth me nat so muche as they did a my fayre lorde seyde sir launcelot I shid wolde p I myght helpe yon for I shame sore vpon my selff that I shulde de thus requyred for nede was I able in worthynes to do so hyze a thynge // than sir launc knelid adowne by the wounded knyght sayinge my lorde Arthure I must do yowre comande mente Wherof ye sore a pensife my harte and than he hylde vp hys hondys and loked vnto the eyste sayinge secretely vnto hym selff Now blyssed fadir and son and holy gooste I be seche the of thy mcy that my symple worshyp & honeste be saved And yon blyssed tryinyte yon mayste yeff me power to hele thys syde knyght by the grete vertu and vce of the holy rood lorde next of my selff And than sir launc yede sir vrre to fet hym se hys hede and than adoutly knelynge he vnlaced

the m' wondis that they bled alityll and forth w' all the wondis
sayre heled and semed as they had bene hole a vij. yere and in
lyke wyse he serched hys body of o'y m' wondis and they healed
in lyke wyse And than the laste of all he serched hys honde so
anone hit sayre healed Than kynge Arthur and all the kynges
and kny3thode kneled dolvne and 3alde than kynges and lo3ynge
vnto god and vnto hys blyssed moder And en' s' launcelote
wepte as he had bene a chylde that had bene beatyn Than kynge
Arthure lat wasshe pryvely and clanly in the moste dewoute
wyse to bynge in s' vrre into Carlyle w' kynglyns and lo3yng
to god And whan this was done the kynge let clothe hym
in ryche mann And than was s' but feaw better made kny3th
in all the contre for he was passyngly well made & bygly
Than kynge Arthur asked s' vrre how he felte hym selff
Any good and serious loude I felte my selffe ned so lusty
Than wolle ye juste and do ony armys sayd kynge Arthur
Sir and I had all that longed vnto justis I wolde be fone redy
Than kynge Arthur made a-ply a ct kny3thode to be a gensshe
an ct And so vppon the morow they justed for adyamonde
but s' justed none of the dan3erous kny3thode And so for
to shortyn this tale s' vrre and s' lavayne justed beste j. day
for s' was none of them but he on threw and pulled dolvn
a xxty kny3th And than by assente of all the kynges & lordes
s' vrre and s' lavayne were made kny3thode of the table wonde
And than s' lavayne beste hys lode vnto dame hyleolyt s' vrre
syster And than they were wedded w' grete joy And so kynge
Arthur 3aff to eny of them a tavorny of londis And pis s'
vrre wolde ned no frome s' launc but he and s' lavayne
awayted ay more vppon hym And they were in all the
contre accounted for good kny3thode and full dey3rous in ar-
mys and many noble kny3thode dedis they did for pey wolde

Rane no reste but ey̆ ſonyght vppon ꝑ dedis thyne they hyded
m alle that comyn vnyth ꝥete noblesse and joy longe tymes
But ey̆ nyght and day ꝑ Agrauayne ꝑ Gawaynes bro-
ꝺer wayted qnene Gwenyll and ꝑ launcelot to put hem bothe
to a rebuke and a ſhame // And ſo ſ̄ lede here of this tale
and ow lepe ꝥete bokis of ꝑ launcelot what ꝥete adven-
tures he ded whan he was called le ſhyvalere de ꝯharyot
for as the freynsh booke ſayth. be cauſe of deſpyte ꝑ knyght
and ladyes called hym the knyght that rode in the ꝯharyot
lyke as he were ſuyged to the ſhame Therefore in ꝑ deſpyte
of alle them that named hym ſo he was caryed in a ꝯhary
otte a yer. monethe monethe for but lytell aſtir that he had
ſlayne ꝑ agellyagaunte in the qnenys qnarell the nam of
a yer moneth. com on horſe bak and as the freynſhe booke
ſayth he ded that yer moneth more than yer batayles And
by cauſe ſhame loſte the bery mater of ſhevalere de ꝯharyot
ſ̄ depyte frome the tale of ꝑ launcelot and here ſ̄ go vnto ꝑ morte
darthur And that cauſed ꝑ Agrauayne And here on ꝑ othir
ſyde folowyth the moſte pyteous tale of the morte Arthure
ſamyn Guenerdon le ſhyvalere ſ̄ Thoñs a Alleoure knyght
Whi ꝥyed ely ꝑ vnto bone mercy Amen

Mar whan cūy̆ hauke flowyth ⁊ hungrith
for as the ſeaſon yis luſty to be holde and comfortable ſo man
and woman veryly̆th and ꝥladith of ſom comynge w̄ this
freyſhe flowres ſſor wynter vnyth hys rowze wyndis and
blaſtis cauſyth luſty men and women to colure and to ſit
by fyres // So thys ſeaſon hit be falle in the moneth of may
a ꝥete anguyſ and vnhappy that ſtynted nat tylle ꝑ ſlowre
of ſhyvalry of the worlde was deſtroyed and ſlayne and all

was longe vppon ¶ Vnhappy knyghtes whych were named
ſ Agrravayne and ſ ayordred that were brethren vnto Sr
Gawayne for thys ſ Agrravayne and ſ ayordred had ena
gredy hate vnto the qnene dame Gwenyſ and to ſ launc
and dayly and nyghtly they enwaccted vppon ſ launc
So hyt myſſe fortuned ſ Gawayne and all hys brethren
were in kynge Arthurs chamber And than ſ Agrravayne
ſeyde thus openly and nat in no counceyle that manye
knyghtes myghte here ¶ merveyle that we all be nat
a ſhamed to ſe and to knowe howe ſ launcelot lyeth
dayly and nyghtly by the qnene and all we knowe well
that hit ys ſo and hit ys ſhamefully ſuffred of vs all ſ
we ſhulde ſuffre ſo noble a kynge as kynge Arthur ys to
be ſhamed Than ſpake ſ Gawayne And ſeyde brother ſ
Agrravayne ſ pray you and chaunge you mode no ſuch
matters no move a fove me for wyte you well ¶ wolle
nat be of youre counceyle ¶ So god me helpe ſeyde Sir
Gaherys and ſ Gareth we wolle nat be knowyn of yo
dede Than wolle ¶ ſeyde ſ ayordred ¶ lyke you well ſeyde
ſ Gawayne for ende vnto all vnhappynes ſ ye wolle chuse
and ¶ wolde that ye lefte and make you nat ſo byſy for
¶ knowe ſeyde ſ Gawayne what wolle falle of hit ¶ ffalle
what fall on falle may ſeyde ſ Agrravayne ¶ wolle diſcloſe
hit to the kynge ¶ Nat be my counceyle ſeyde ſ Gawayne
for and ſ a vyle warre and wrake be twyxte ſ launc
wyte you well brother there wolle many kynge ſ and gnete
lordes holde w ſ launcelot alſo brother ſ Agrravayne
ſeyde ſ Gawayne ye muſte remember howe of tyn tymes
ſ launcelot hath reſcowed the kynge and the qnene and

the beste of Es all had bene full colde at the harte roote had
nat ꝑ lamorelot bene bettir than we and that hathe he ꝓved
hym self full ofte And as for my ꝑte seyde ꝑ Gawayne I
wolle now be a yenste ꝑ lamorelot for one dayes dede that
was whan he vestoned me feeme kynge Carados of the
dolewns tolvre and sleve hym and sadeed my hyll Also kep
ꝑ Aggrawayne and ꝑ Gyordred in lyke wyse ꝑ lamorelot res
cowed yon bothe and my store and my feeme ꝑ Carquyne And
therefore brethir me thynkis sythe noble dedis and kyndnes
shulde be remembrede but do ye as ye lyste seyde ꝑ Gawayne
for I wolle layne hit no lenger // So doyth thes wordis cam
in ꝑ lamorele Arthure Now brethir seyde ꝑ Gawayne stynte
yonre stryff that wolle I nat seyde ꝑ Aggrawayne and ꝑ Gyor
dred // Well wolle ye so seyde ꝑ Gawayne than rede sprede yon
for I wolle nat here of yonre tales nothir of yonr counceile
No more wolle I seyde ꝑ Gaheryes nor I seyde ꝑ Gareth for
I shalle neir say dyell by that mayd that made me knyght
and there doyth all they in-dopted makynge grete dole //
Alas seyde ꝑ Gawayne and ꝑ Gareth now ys thys realme
holy destroyed and my shelded and the noble felyshyp of the
rownde table shalle be dispeled. So they dopted And than
kynge Arthure asked them wharat noyse they made // ayr
lorde seyde ꝑ Aggrawayne I shalle telle yon for I may kepe
hit no lenger / here ye I and my brethir ꝑ Gyordred bracke
vnto my brethir ꝑ Gawayne ꝑ Gaheryes and to ꝑ Gareth
for thys ye all to make hit shorte we knowe all ꝑ ꝑ laun
holdith yonre quene and hathe done longe And we be yo
fystir sonnes we may suffir hit no lenger and all we
wote that ye shulde be a felow ꝑ lamorelot and ye ar ꝑ kynge

that made hym knyght and therefore we wolle preve hit that he is a traytour to youre p̄son // Syff hit be so seyde the kynge wyte you well he ys non other but I wolde be lothe to be wyth such a thynge but I myght ham̄ preve of hit // ffor I launcelot ys an hardy knyght and all ye knowe that he ys the best knyght amonge vs all and but if he be take wyth the dede he wolle fyght wyth hym that bryngeth vp the noyse I knowe no knyght that ys able to macche hym̄ there fore and hit be sothe as ye say I wolde that he were take wyth the dede ffor as the scripture boke seyth the kynge was full lothe that such a noyse shulde be vppon I launcelot and his quene for the kynge had a demynge of hit but he wold nat there of off for I launcelot had done so moche for hym̄ and for the quene so many tymes that wyte you well the kynge dred hym passyngly well // wy lorde seyde I aggrauayne ye shalle ryde to morne an hunting and dowte ye nat I launcelot wolle nat be wyth youre And so whan hit dawe towarde myght ye may sende the quene worde that ye wolle be oute all that myght and so may ye sende for youre cookes And than vppon payne of dethe that myght we shalle take hym wyth the quene and we shalle brynge hym vnto you quycke or dede // I wolle well seyde the kynge than I counceyle you to take wyth you fyve score knyghtes Ne seyde I aggrauayne my brother I agrauayne and I wolle take wyth me xv. knyghtes of the rounde table // The kynge seyde kynge arthure for I warne you ye shalle fynde hym wyghte // lat be deale seyde I aggrauayne and Sr agrauayne So on the morne kynge arthure rode an huntynge

and sente worde to the quene that he wolde be ordre alle þ nyzt
than þ Aggrauayne and þ Mordred zede to thenn vn knyzth
and hyd hem selff in a chambre in the castell of Carlyle
And thes were þ namys þ Coll· grehamme þ Agador de la
porte þ Gyngalyne þ Apellyot de logris þ petipace of wyn
chylse þ Galleron of Galoway þ Aelyon de la mountayne
þ Astemore þ Gromore somer Joure þ Curselalyne þ Florence
and þ Idell· So thes vn· knyzthy were dr þ Mordred and sr
Aggrauayne And all they were of Scotlonde of ellis of þ Gau-
aynes kynne other knyghtes to hys brothir· So whan sr nyzht
cam þ Launcelot tolde þ Kyng how he wolde zo that nyzht
and spake dyuers to the quene // Or seyde þ Kyng ye shall nat
zo thys nyzht be my counceyle whi seyde þ Launcelot for
I drede me of þ Aggrauayne that wayteth vppon you
dayly to do you shame and vs all And nere truste my harte
a ponste no moyntze that ye wente to the quene so much
as now for I myse trustre that the kyngte ye orde thys nyzht
frome the quene there fore I drede me sore of som tresoñ
shame ye no drede seyde þ Launcelot for I shall zyue you cond
a zeyne and make no taryyntze // Or seyde þ Kyng þ me
repentis for I drede me sore that youre zoyntze thys nyzht
shall wratth vs all // ffayre nevewe seyd þ Launcelot
I merwayle me much· why ye say thus sythyn the quene
hath sente for me and wyte you well I wolle nat be so much
a coward but she shall vnderstonde I wolle se her zead ayen
God spede you well seyde þ Kyng and sende you sonde and
sauff a zeyne So þ Launcelot depted and tokc hys sworde
vnder hys arme and so he walked in hys mantell þ nyzte

knyght and put hym self in grete lompte and so he past on tylle he cam to the quenys chambr And so knyghtly he was had in to the chambr for as the scripture hoole seyth the quene and ſ launcelot were to gydrs and whan they were a bed op at op man of disportis me lyste nat there of make no menacon for lobe that tyme was nat as lobe ys now adayes but thus as they were to gydr there cam ſ agrawayne and ſ agordred wyth yn knyght w thend of ꝑ rounde table and they seyde w grete cryynge and stacynge boyce pon traytowre ſ launcelot now ar pon taken and pus they cryed wyth a lowde voyce that all the courte myght here hit and thes x knyghtis all were armed at all poyntis as they shulde fyght in a batayle // Alas seyde quene Gwenyn now ar we myschefed bothe // Madame seyde launcelot ꝑ fere ony arms w in pon that myght com my body wyth all and if ꝑ be ony gyft hit me and I shall sone stynte ꝑ malice by the grace of god // Nold tenly seyde the quene I shall none arms nop helme shylde sword nop spere where fore I dred me sore onre longe lobe ys com to a myschyefs ende for I here by ꝑ noyse ꝑ be many noble knyghtis and well I wote they be fiercly armed and a pens thend ye may make no resistence where fore me fear hyly to be slayne and than shall I be brente // ffor and ye myght astape thend seyde the quene I wolde nat doute but that ye wolde restore me in what daunger that I en stood Ihu Alas seyde ſ launcelot in all my lyfe thus was I nen be stad that I shulde be thus shamefully slayne for lake of myne arms But en ſ agrawayne and ſ agordred cryed trayto knyght com out of the quenys chambr for wyte ꝑ well

yon arte be sette so that yon shalt nat ascape / Alsw my syd
s launc thys shamefull cry and noyse I may nat suffre ffor
better weve deth· at onys than thus to endure thys payne
Than he toke the quene in hys armys and kyssed her and
seyde moste noblest cristen quene I be seech yon as ye shall
ben end my specialt good lady and I at all tymes yo power
knyzhst and trew vnto my power And as I non fayled yon
in vzzhst nor in wronge sythyn the fyrste day knyzte Arth
made me knyzht that ye wolt pray for my sowle yf that I
be slayne ffor well I am assured that s Sors my nevewe
and all the remenaunte of my kynne w t s lavayne and fu
rore that they wolt nat fayle yon to vestow yon from the
fyer And therefore myne owne lady recomforte yonr self
what som end cond of me that ze go w t s Sors my nevewe
and they all wolt do yon all the plesure that they may and
ye shall kyde kyke a quene vppon my londis // May s launcelot
may seyde the quene wyte yon well that I wolt kyde longe
after thy dayes Wnt and ye be slayne I wolt take my dethe
as meekly as evided master take kys dethe for I hid cryst
sake // Well madame seyde s launc syth hit ys so that s day
ys come that owre love munste depte wyte yon well I shall
selle my kyff as dere as I may and a thousand folde seyde s
launcelot I am more redyar for yon than for my self // And
now I had levir than to be lorde of all cristendom that I had
fure armo vppon me that men myzhst speke of my dedys
or en I were slayne // Truly seyde the quene and hit myzt
please zod I wolde that they wolde take me and slo me & suffir
yon to ascape That shall nevir be seyde seyde s launcelot zod
defende me frome such a shame but I hid cryste be yon my
shylde and myne armonre And therw t s launc wrapped

hys mantel a bonte hys arme well and fmely and by thad
they had ygetyn a grete fomme onte of the halle and there w^t
they all rnfhed at the dore Nowe fayre lordys feyde ſ launcelot
lede yowre noyſe and yowre vnſſkynge and ſſhall ſette ayyn
thys dore and that may ye do w^t me what hit lyketh yow to
of than feyde they all and do hit for hit abayſhith me nat to
feyde a yenſte vs all and therefore let vs into thys cham
bir and we ſhall fade thy lyff Anone pon com to kynge ar
thur than ſ launc^e vnbarred the dore and w^t hys hyſſte
honde he hylde hit open a lytyll that but one man myght
com in at onys And ſo p^an fteppynge a good knyght a
mych man and a large And hys name was called Sir
Colle gredamore of Eore and he with a ſwerde ſtrake at ſ
launcelot myghtyly and ſo he put a ſyde the ſtroke ſo ygaff
hym ſuch a buffette vppon the helmet that he felle grovelynge
wyth in the chambir dore than ſ launc^e w^t grete myght
drew the knyght w^t in the chambir dore And than ſ launc^e
with helpe of the quene and her ladyes he was hyghtly ar
med in Collgredamore armoure And en ſtead ſ Agrauayne
and ſ ayordred cayme to me knyght com forthe onte of
the quenys chambir Sir ſede yowre noyſe feyde ſ launc^e
for wyte yon well ſ Agrauayne ye ſhall nat preſon me
thys myght And therefore and ye do be my conneyle ye
all ſtonne thys chambir dore and make yon no ſuche cayme
and ſuch maid of ſclaundir as ye do for I promyſe yon be
my knyghtſhode and ye well dryte and make no more noyſe
I ſhall as to morne appeyre a fore yon all and be fore the
kynge and than let hit be ſene whyche of yon all or ellis
ye all that well depreabe me of treſon and there ſhall
I anſwere yon as a knyght ſhulde that fyder I cam to ꝑ

quene

quene for no man of male engyne and that wolle I preve and
make hit good vppon yon wyth my handys / Ffye vppon the
traytour seyde ℔ Agrauayne and ℔ Mordred for we wolle hane
the maugre thyne hede and sle the and we kyste for we let the
wyte we hane the choyse of kynge Arthure to sadde the of sle ℔
A frere seyde ℔ Launcelot yo ℔ none of grace w̄t yon than kepe
yonre selff And than ℔ Launc̄ selle alle eppyn the chambir dore
and myghtyly and knyghtly he strode In amonge pem and
anone at the firste stroke he slew ℔ Agrauayne and a none
after yē of hys felowys w̄t In a whyle he had layde pem alle
colde to the erthe for there was none of the yē knyghtis myght
stonde ℔ Launcelot one buffet and also he wounded ℔ Mordred
and there w̄t alle he fled w̄t alle hys myght And than ℔ Launc̄
returned a gayne vnto the quene and seyde madame nowe
wyte yon well alle owre trewe love ye Bwonght to an ende
ffor nowe wyll kynge Arthur̄ calle me my fo and ℔ fore madame
and fat kyste yon that I may hane yon w̄ me I shall sadde yond
frome alle mane adventures dawngers / Sir that ye nat
beste seyde the quene me semyth for nowe ye hane don so much
harme fat wolle be beste that ye holde yon styll w̄t this and
yf ye se that as to morne they wolle pitte me vnto dethe
than may ye resceyve me as ye thynke beste / I wolle well
seyde ℔ Launcelot for hane ye no doute whyle I am a mane
lyvynge I shall reskewe yon and than the tyste flee and ayē
of them gaff othir a vyage and so the quene he lefte there
and wente vnto hys lodgynge / Whan ℔ Bors sawe Sir
Launcelot he was nere so glad of hys home comynge / Than sayde
seyde ℔ Launc̄ Why be ye alle armed What meanyth thys
Sir seyde ℔ Bors after ye were departed frome vs we alle ℔ ben
of yonre blood and yonre well wyllars were so adrenced that

som of vs lepe onte of owre beddis naked and som in ye dremys comyn
naked swerdys in ye hondis And there fore seyde ye Sors we demed
there was som grete seruyse on honde and so we demed ye we wer
be trapped wt som treson and there fore we made vs thus redy
Wha nede that ow we were In / ony fayre nedeys seyde ye launc
vnto ye Sors now shall ye wyte all that thys nyght I was more
harde be stad than ow I was dayes of my lyff and thanked be
god I am my self astraped ye dawnyere and so he tolde hem all
how and in what maner as ye shall harde to fore hande And
there fore my feldlys seyde ye launc I pray yow all ye ye wolle
be of harte good and helpe me in what nede that ow I stonde
for now ye ware comyn to vs all Sir seyde ye Sors all
ye welcom that god sendyth vs And as we shall tabyn
mech wreke wt yow and mech worshyp we wolle take ye wo
wt yow as we shall tabyn the wreke And there fore they
seyde all the gode knyght lete ye take no discomforte for
ye no kindys of knyght Ondir hedyng but we shall be
able to rede therof as mche as they vs and ye fore discom
forte nat yowre self by no maner And we shall gadir to gyd
all that we lobe and that lobyth vs and what that ye wolle
have done shall be done and there fore lat vs take the wo
and the joy to gydir Than seyde ye launcelot of yowr
good comforte for I in my grete distresse fayre nevew ye com
forte me gretely yet this my fayre nevew I wolde that
ye ded in all haste that ye may for hit ys fyve dayes paste
that ye wolle lete in ye ladyynge that ben lodged nyze there
a bonte the kynge which wolle holde wt me and which wol
nat for now I wolde knowe which were my frendis fro my
foes Sir seyde ye Sors I shall do my payne and or hit be
vij of the clok I shall wyte of such as ye have done for wh

who that wolde holde w^t you / than ſ Bors called vnto hym ſ
lyonel ſ Ector de marys ſ Blamo de ganys ſ Sahalantyne &
Galyhodyn ſ Galyhud ſ ewenadute ſ bylleres le dalyamte fyr
hebes le renoune ſ labayne ſ bore of hungry ſ Nerodens &
Palenorym for thes .vij. were bmyghtyest than ſ launcelot drew
vppon a bredge and there fore they wolde nedes be a yenſt hym
And ſ Harry le fyz lake and ſ Selyſes of the dolerous towre
ſ Ewellyas de lyle and ſ Bellangere le beluſe that was ſ Alyſan
dir le orphelyne by cauſe hys modir was hym vnto ſ launce le
hyde wyth hym So cam ſ Palomydes and ſ Saphir hys
brothir ſ Clegis ſ Sadok ſ Dynas and ſ Harry of Clarem^ont
So thes .vij. and yet bmyghtyest drew hem to gyders And by paw
they were armed and on horſe but they promyſed ſ launce
to do what he wolde than ſ felle to them what of nor the
walys and of forn wayle for ſ launcelot ſake and for &
Tryſtrames ſake to the nubir of a .M. ſtore bmyghtyest than
ſpake ſ launcelot vnto you well / ſhane bene en lyue / and
to thys comyn well wylled vnto my lorde Arthur And vnto
my lady quene Gwenyuer vnto my power and thys myght
by cauſe my lady the quene ſente for me to ſpeke w^t her
/ ſuppoſe hit was made by treſon how be hit / dare lawfully
excuſe her perſon nat w^t ſtondyng / was ſ by nere honde
ſlayne but as god prouyded for me And than ſ^r noble
bmyght ſ launce tolde them how he was harde be ſtad m^y
quenys chambir and how and in what maner he aſcaped
from them And there fore vnto you well my fayre lordis
/ am ſure there nys but warre vnto me and to myne and
for cauſe / ſhane ſlayne thys myght ſ Agrauayne ſ Gah
ayues brothir and at the leſte yer of hys feldyng And for

thys cause nowe and I swere of mortall warre for thes knyghtis were sente by kynge Arthure to betray me and therefore the kynge wolde in thys hete and malice sownde the quene vnto brennynge and that may nat I suffre that she shulde be brente for my sake for and I may be hawde and holpyn I wolle fyghte for the quene that she ys a trewe lady vntyll her lorde but the kynge in hys hete I drede wolle nat take me as I ought to be takyn / ayr lorde sayde sir launcelot sayde sir Boos be myne adwyce yf ye shalle take the hors wyth the wealle and fyghtyn hit ys faulyn as hit ys I counceyle you to kepe yowre selffe ffor and ye wolle yowre selffe yf ye no felyshyp of knyghtis aystonde that shalle do you wronge and also I wolle counceyle you my lorde that my lady quene Gwenyll and she be in ony distres in so muche as she ys innocente for yowre sake that ye knyghtly restore her for and ye ded ony other wyse all the worlde wolde speke you shame to the worldis ende In so muche as ye were takyn with her wolle ye ded wyghte other wronge hit ys nowe yowre pite to holde wyth the quene that she be nat slayne and put to a myschevous dethe for and she so dye the shame shalle be on yowre / Nowe I shall dessende me from shame sayde sir launcelot and kepe and save my lady the quene from vylany and shamefull dethe and that she nede be destroyed in my defaute / Wherefore my fayre lordy my kyn and my frendis sayde sir launcelot what wolle ye do And anone they sayde all with one voyce we wolle do as ye wolle do Than I pute thys case vnto you sayde sir launcelot that my lorde kynge Arthure by dyvill counceile wolle to mowe in hys hete put my lady the quene vnto the fyre and there to be brente than I pray you counceile me

what ye beste for me to do than they seyde all at onys w^t
one voice Sir Go thynke beste that ye knyghtly reskowe the
quene for in so muche as she shall be brente for your sake
And but ye to purpose and ye myght be handeled ye shulde
have the same dethe other elles amore shamefuller dethe
And sir we say all that ye have reskowed her fro me her
deth many tymes for of menes avaunte therefore do sempyll
but ye move your worshyp that ye reskowe the quene from
thys quarell for so muche that she hath but for yo^r sake than
S^r Launcelot stood stylle and seyde my fayre lordis wyte you
well I wolde be lothe to do that thynge that shulde dishono^r
you or my blode and wyte you well I wolde be full lothe y^t
my lady the quene shulde dye such a shamefull deth but
but be so that ye will counceyle me to reskowe her I must do
muche harme or I reskowe her And paduenture I shall y^t
destroy y^e som of my beste frendis And if so be that I may
ryme the quene away where shall I kepe her Sir that
shall be the beste counceyll of all seyde S^r Boos for I dowted
the moste noble knyght S^r Lyonell by your syde well kept
nat he w^t hym da braff sode neve m^r pere in Joyous grande the
whyche was done by your advyce and that same
place ye your selfe done and in lyke wyse may ye do & ye lyst
and take the quene knyghtly away w^t you if so be y^t the
kynge will longe her to be brente and in Joyous grande may
ye kepe her longe I nolde but yll the hete be paste of the
kynge And than but may fortune you to bryng y^e quene
ayayne to the kynge w^t grete worshyp and paduenture
ye shall have than thanke for your bryngyng home where
other may happyn to have mayne / but ye hard for to do

seyde ꝑ launcelot to do for by ꝑ cryſtiñ I may have a wavmynge
for wham by meanys of tretyse ꝑ cryſtiñ brought a wayne to
leaff Iſode vnto kynge ayarke ſyrome ſoy3 gyrde lode ye nowe what
felle on the ende howe ſamefully that falſe traytor kynge ayarke
ſlew kynd as he ſate harpynge a fore hys lady la leaff Iſode
wyth a gwomden glayve the threſte kynd in be hynde to the
harte wherof gretyth ſore me seyde ꝑ launcelot to ſpeke of hys
dethe for all the worlde may nat fynde ſuch anoy3 knyght
all thys3 ye trouthe seyde ꝑ lanc3 but ꝑ3 one thynge ſhall
corvayne you and vs all ye knowe well that kynge arthur
and kynge ayarke were nevir lyke of condicions for ꝑ was
nevir yet man that cowde gyrde kynge arthur vntrewly
of hys promyſe But ſo to make ſhorte tale the were all con
dyſcended that for better other for worſe if ſo were ꝑ ꝑ qwene
were brought ayen that morne to the fyre ſhortely they all
wolde reſtore her And ſo by the advice of ſ launcelot they
put hem all in aredd as myze fayrly as they myght
and there they a bode ſtylle to wyte what the kynge wold
do ¶ Now turne we a zeyne that wham ſ ayardred was
aſkaped ſyrome ſ launc the ſame hys horſe and cam to kynge
arthur ſore wownded and all for bled and there he tolde the
kynge all howe hit was and howe they were all ſlayne ſave
hym ſelff alone A ſyr ſaid he howe may thys be ſeyde ꝑ kynge
tolde ye hym in the qwenys chamber ye ſo god me helpe
ſeyde ſ ayardred there we ſownde kynd vnarmed and anone
he ſlew ſ tolleſgrebance and armed hym in hys armo
and ſo he tolde the kynge ſyrome the be zynnyng to ꝑ ende
Syr ſaid he kynge the ys a mervaylous knyght of
prowes And alas ſeyde the kynge me ſore repentith that

en ꝑ Launcelot sholde be a ȝenste me for nowȝ I am swre the
noble felyshyp of the rownde table ys brokyn for ein for dowtȝ
hym wolde many a noble knyght holde And nowe hit ys fallen
so seyde the kynge that I may nat wt my worshyp but my
quene muste suffir dethe And was sore a mased / So thand
ꝑ was made ȝevte ordynaunce in thys wise and the quene
awnste nedis be jowged to the dethe And the lady was such
in ys dayes that whatsomeu they were of what astate
or degree yf they were fowndeu ȝylty of treson there shulde be
none oꝑ remedy but dethe and other ꝑ menis oꝑ ꝑ tabynge
wythe the dede shulde be cawsed of ꝑ hasty jowgement and
ryȝht so was hit ordeyned for quene Gwenyn by cawse sir
agrawayne was astraped sore wounded and the dethe of ym-
mediately of the rownde table thes previs and exspress cau-
sed kynge Arthure to comawnde the quene to the fyre and
there to be brente // Than spake ꝑ Gawayn and seyde my
lorde Arthure I wolde counceyle you nat to be on hasty but
that ye wolde pute hit in respite thys jowgementis of my
lady the quene for many causis One ys thys thynge hit
were so that ꝑ launcelot were fownde in the quenys chambir
yet hit myȝht be so that he cam thydir for none dyvyll for
ye knowe my lorde seyde ꝑ Gawayne that my lady ꝑ quene
hathe oftyn tymes ben ȝretely beholdyn vnto ꝑ launcelot
more than to ony other knyght for oftyn tymes he hathe
savyd her lyff and done batayle for her whan all ꝑ comte
refused the quene And paduentur he sente for hym for
gladnes and for none dyvyll to rewarde hym for his ȝud
dedys that he had done to her in tymes past And paduentur
my lady the quene sente for hym to that entente that sir

launcelot / holde a com̃ prevaly to her wemynge that hyt had be beste in estadynge of stamidre for ofym tymys we do many thynge that we wene for the beste be and yet paduentur hyt tornyth to the warste for I dare sey seyde ꝑ Gawayne my lady yo quene ys to yow both good and trew And as for ꝑ launce I dare say he wolle make hyt good vppon ony knyght lyvynge that wolle put vppon hym vylany or shame and in lyke wyse he wolle make good for my lady the quene / that I be leve well seyde kynge Arthur but I wolle nat that way werke w ꝑ launcelot for he trustyth so moche vppon hys hondis and hys myght that he dowtyth no man and ꝑfor for my quene he shalle nede more knyght for she shalle haue the lade And yf I may gete ꝑ launcelot wyte yow well he shalle haue as shamefull a dethe I shal defende me seyde ꝑ Gawayne that I nede se hit nor knowe hit why say yow so seyde kynge Arthur forsothe ye haue no cause to lede kynd ffor thys nyght last past he slew yowre brothir ꝑ Agrauayne a full good knyght And alle moste he had slayne yowre othir brop ꝑ Gaerdred and also there he slew yongh noble knyghtis And also remembir yow ꝑ Gawayne he slew vij sonnes of yowres ꝑ ffloreus ꝑ Lucas my lorde seyde ꝑ Gawayne of alle thys I haue a kyndirdethe wherof her dethis sore repentis me but I so moche as I myght haue them wavenynge and tolde my brothir and my sonnes a fore honde what wolde falle onthe ende And in so moche as they wolde nat do be my counceyle I wolle nat medyll me ꝑ off nor vndertake me no thynge of ꝑ dethys for I tolde them ꝑ was no boote to stryde w ꝑ launcelot Now be hit I am sory of the deth of my brothir and of my vij sonnes but they ar the causis of ꝑ owne dethe

for often tymes warned my brothir sir Agrevayne & I tolde hym of the pelle // Than seyde kynge Arthur vnto sir Gawayne make you redy & pray yon in youre beste awne wyth youre brethirn sir Gaherys and sir Galvayne to bryngge my quene to the fyre and there to hane her Jugement // May my moste noble kynge seyde sir Galvayne that wolle I nevir do sfor wyte yon well I wolle nevir be in that place where so ever a quene as ys my lady dame Gwenyn shalle take such a shamefulle ende / sfor wyte yon well seyde sir Galvayne my harte wolle nat serne me for to se her dye and that shalle nevir be seyde that evir I was of youre counceyle for her deth. Than seyde the kynge vnto sir Galvayne sithir youre brethirn Sir Gaherys and sir Gareth to be there / ay lorde seyde sir Galvayne wyte yon well they wylle be lothe to be there present by cause of many adventures that ys fylle & but they ar yonge and fulle vnable to say yon nay Than spake sir Gaherys & the good knyghte sir Gareth vnto kynge Arthur & ye may well comaunde vs to be there but wyte yon well hit shalle be sore a yenste owre wylle & but we be there by youre straynte comaundement ye shalle playnly holde vs for evensed we wolle be there in peyable wyse and bere none harneyse of warre vppon vs In the name of god seyde the kynge Than make you redy for she shalle hane sone her Jugement Alas seyde sir Gawayne that evir I shulde endure to se this vnfulle day So sir Gawayne turned hym and wepte hartely and so he went in to hys chambir and so the quene was lad furthe Wonte durfely and anone she was disporyed in to he smocke and than her goostely fadir was brought to her to be shryven of her myssededis Than was ther wepyng and wayllynge and wryngynge of hondis of many lordys and ladyes

but ꝑ were but feaw in compyson that wolde leave ony armour
for to fave the dethe of the quene than was ꝑ one that ꝑ
launcelot had sente vnto whych were to aspye what tyme
the quene shulde go vnto her dethe And anone as he sawe
the quene dysspoyled in to her smok and shyrte than he
staff ꝑ launcelot wayvynge anone than was ꝑ but stur-
vynge and pluchynge vp of horse and ryght so they came vnto
the fyre And who that stode a yenste them ꝑ were they
slayne full many a noble knyght ffor there was slayne
ꝑ Gellyas le orgulus ꝑ Gedwarydes ꝑ Gryfflet ꝑ Gla-
dyles ꝑ Agglonale ꝑ Dor ꝑ Saut ꝑ Gyllymer ꝑ Reynold my
brethyr and ꝑ Damas ꝑ ꝓnam ꝑ Kay le straunge ꝑ Tyamut
ꝑ Lambegus ꝑ Kermynde ꝑ Petolyp ꝑ Perymones my brethyr
whych were called the quene knyght and the rede knyght
And so in this onsshynge and shevynge as ꝑ launcelot
thrange sheve and there fyll myssortuned hym to sle Sr
Gallerys and ꝑ Gareth the noble knyght for they were vn-
armed and vnwares as the fayrysh. booke sayth ꝑ launc
smote ꝑ Gallerys and ꝑ Gareth vppon the brayne pannes
where thorowe that they were slayne in the felde Nowe be
fyll in verey trouth ꝑ launcelot sadde them and so were they
founde dede amongst the thyckyste of the preas than Sr
launcelot whan he had thus done and slayne and yrst to
flyght all that wolde withstonde hym than he rode streyght
vnto quene Gwenyn and made vnto a lowdyll complayn
vppon her and than he made her to be sette be hymde hym and
prayde her to be of good cheve Nowe wyte yon well ꝑ quene
was glad that she was at that tyme a skaped frome ꝑ dethe
And than she thanked god and ꝑ launcelot and so he rode

hys way wyth the quene as the freysshe book seyth vnto Joyous
and there he kepte her as a noble knyght shulde and many of
lordes and many good knyghtes were sente hym and many
full noble knyghtes drew vnto hym Whan they harde that
kynge Arthure and sir Launcelot were at debate many knyghtes
were glad and many were sory of the debate // Now turne we
a yayne vnto kynge Arthure that Whan hit was tolde
hym how and in what maner the quene was taken away
fromme the fyre and Whan he harde of the deth of hys noble
knyghtes and in especiall sir Gaherys and sir Gareth than
he sowned for very pure sorow And Whan he awoke
of hys swonge than he sayde alas that euer I bare crowne
vppon my hede sith now haue I loste the fayryst felyshyp
of noble knyghtes that euer hylde crysten kynge to gydwe
Alas my good knyghtes be slayne and yone away fro me
that now Wt in thre dayes I haue loste myn owne knyghtes
And also the noble felyshyp of sir Launcelot and hys blood
for now I may neuer more holde them to gydwes Wt my Wor-
shyp now alas that euer thys warre began / Now sayre
felowes seyde the kynge I charge you that no man telle sir
Gawayne of the deth of hys yonge brethrene for I am sure
seyde the kynge Whan he hyreth telle that sir Gareth was
dede he Wyll go myn onte of hys mynde and I shal seye
kynge Why slew he sir Gaherys and sir Gareth for I dare say
as for sir Gareth he loued sir Launcelot of all men erthly
that was worthy seyde som knyghtes but they were slayne
in the fyre kynge as sir Launcelot thrange in the thyckest
of the prees and as they were vnarmed he smote them
and Wyst nat Whom that he smote and so vnhappely they

were slayne // Then wolde seyde Arthure the deth of them wolde cause the grettist mortall warre that ever was for I am sure p whan sir Galvayne knowyth here off that sir Gareth is slayne I shall nevir have reste of hym tyll I have destroyed sir launcelottys kynne and hym selff bothe other ellis he to destroy me And therfore seyde the kynge wyte yon well my harte was nevir so redy as hit is now and muche more I am sorye for my good knyghtis losse than for the losse of my fayre quene for quenys I myght have I now but suche a felyshyp of good knyghtis shall nevir be to-gydirs in no company and now I dare say seyde kynge Arthure there was nevir cristyn kynge that ever hylde suche a felyshyp to-gydirs And alas that ever sir launcelot and I shulde be at debate A Aggravayne Aggravayne seyde the kynge I shal for-gyff hit the sonke for thyne evyll wyll that yon haddist and sir accordyd the brethirn unto sir launcelot hath caused all this sorowe And ever amonge thes complayntis the kynge wepte amonge and sobbed Than came sir one to sir Galvayne and tolde how the quene was led away with sir launcelot and wyg a my and yo kynghtis slayne Alas sayde me my iij brethirn seyde sir Galvayne for sothe well wyst I sayde sir Galvayne that sir launcelot wolde restore her other ellis he wolde dye in that fylde and to say the trouthe he were nat of wor-shyp but if he had restored the quene In so muche as she shulde have be brente for his sake And as in that sayde sir Galvayne he hath done but knyghtly and as I wolde have done my selff and I had stonde in lyke case Abut where are my brethirn seyde sir Galvayne I mervayle that I se nat of them Than seyde that mayd truly sir Gahe ryes and sir Gareth be slayne / I shal dessende seyd sir Galvayne

for all thys worlde I wolde nat that they were slayne and m
especiall my good brothir S Gareth S seyde the man he ys slay
ne and that ys grete pite // who slew hym seyde S Galvayne
Sr launc seyde the man slew them both // that may I nat be
lefe seyde S Galvayne that can he slew my good brop S Gareth
for I dare say he my brothir loved hym better pan me and all
hys brethirn and the kynge bothe Also I dare sey as S launc
had desyred my brothir S Gareth wt hym the wolde have ben
wt hym a yenste the kynge and vs all And p fore I may nedd
be hyde that S launcelot slew my brop bevyly S seyde p
man hit ys noysed that he slew hym // Alas seyde S Gal
ayne now ys my Joy gone and than he felle downe & swouned
and longe he lay there as he had ben dede And when he
arose onte of hys swonge he cryed onte sorowfully and seyde
alas and forth wt he ran vnto the kynge crownge & wepynge
and seyde a myne vncle kynge Arthur my good brothir S
Gareth ys slayne And so ys my brothir S Gaheryes Whych
were iij noble knyghtis Than the kynge wepte and the bothe
and so they felle on sorowynge And when they were revyved
than spake S Galvayne and seyde S I wolde ye and se my brop
S Gareth S ye may nat se hym seyde the kynge for I caused
hym to be entered and S Gaheryes bothe for I wele vnder
stood that ye wolde make on mesce sorow and the syght of S
Gareth shulde have caused yow dowble sorow Alas
my dere seyde S Galvayne how slew he my brothir S Gareth
I pray yow telle me Trewly seyde the kynge I shall telle yow as
hit hath ben tolde me S launcelot slew hym and S Gaheryes
both Alas seyde S Galvayne they leave none of myn a yenste
hym neyr of them bothe I wote nat how hit was seyde the
kynge but as hit ys seyde S launc slew them in the thyrde pres

and knew them nat And therefore lat vs shape a remedy for
to vengyn ye dethys // Sayr kynge my lorde and myne vncle seyde
ye Gawayne Wyte you well now I shall make you a promyse
Whych I shall holde be my knyghthode that frome thys day
forewarde I shall neu fayle ye launcelot Whyll that one of
vs thane slayne that other And therefore I requyre you my
lorde and kynge dresse you vnto the weres for wyte you
well I well be vengyd vpon ye launcelot And ye forces
ye well thane my seruyse and my lyfe now haste you ye to and
assay youre frendis ffor I promyse vnto yow seyde ye Gawayn
for the deth of my brothir ye Gareth I shall seke ye launcelot
thorow oute vn. kynges realmys but I shall sle hym or ellis
he shall sle me / Sir ye shall nat nede to seke hym so fir seyde
the kynge for as I here say ye launcelot well a byde me and
vs all Within the castell of Joyous garde and muche people
dayly vnto hym as I here say That may I wyst well
be lyte seyde ye Gawayne But my lorde the sayde assay yo
fryndis and I well assay myne Hit shall be done seyde ye kynge
and as I purpose I shall be bysye I nolye to dryue hym oute
of the bryghyst towre of hys castell So than the kynge sente
lettres and writtis thorow oute all Inglonde both ye lengthe
and the breede for to assemon all hys knyghtis And so vnto
kynge Arthure drew many knyghtis dewke and erlis that he
had a grete ofte and When they were assembled the kynge
enformed them how ye launcelot had be rafte hym hys
quene Than the kynge and all hys ofte made them redy
to ley syege a bowte ye launcelot Where he lay Within Joyous garde
And anone ye launcelot harde yt of and yn deyde hym off
many good knyghtis som for hys owne sake and som for
the quenys sake Thus they were on bothe ptyes well

fur myssched and wrarmyssched of all man of thynge þt longed vnto the warre // But kynge Arthure ofte was so wrete that þ launcelottus ofte wolde nat a byde hym in the fylde ffor he was full lothe to do batayle a yenste the kynge But þ launcelot drew hym vnto hys stronge castell wt all maner of vytayle plente and as many noble men as he myght suffyse wt in the towne and the castell Than cam kynge Arthure wt sr Gawayne wyth a wrete ost and leyde syge all a bonte bothe the towne and the castell and thone they made stronge warre on bothe partyes but in no wyse þ launcelot wolde vyde onte of the castell of longe tyme and nor the wold nat suffir none of hys good knyghtis to yssew onte nor of þ towne nor of the castell vntyll yer were paste So hit felle vppon a day that þ launcelot loked on the walkys and spake on hyghte vnto kynge Arthure and to þ Gawayne my lordis bothe wyte you well all thys yow wayne that ye make all thys syge for here wynne ye no worshyp but wrappe and dishonowre for and hit lyste me to com my selff onte and my good knyghtis I shulde full sone make an ende of thys warre Com forth seyde kynge Arthur vnto þ launcelot and yon daryste And I promyse the I shall mete the in myddis of thys fylde god defende me seyde þ launcelot that on I shulde encounter wyth the moste noble kynge that made me knyght Nowe sir vppon thy perill langwage seyde the kynge for wyte yon well and trwste hit I am thy mortall foo and en wolle to my dethis day for yon haste slayne my good knyghtis and full noble men of my blood that shall I nevir recon a wayne Also yon haste layne de my quene and holdyn her many wynters and sythyn hyr a traytowre taken her away fro me by force ayy moste

noble lorde and kynge seyde sr launcelot ye may sey what ye
wolle for ye wote well wyth yowre selff I wolle nat stryve but
there as ye say that I slane slayne yowre good kynysht I wote
well that I slane done so And that me sore repenteth but I
was forced to do batayle wt them in sadynge of my lyff other
elles I muste slane suffride them to slane slayne me And as
for my lady quene Gwenyu except yowre pson of yo^r kynges
And my lorde sr Gawayne there nys no knyzht vndir heven
that dare make hit good vppon me that ev I was trayto
vnto yowre pson And where hit please yow to say that I slane
holdyn my lady yowre quene yerys and wynters vnto
that I shall ev make a larzte answere and prove hit vppon
ony knyzht that berith the lyff except yowre pson and
sr Gawayne that my lady quene Gwenyu ys as trew a
lady vnto yowre pson as ys ony lady lyvynge vnto her lorde
and that wolle I make good wt my honde slow de hyt hit
hath lyked her good zrace her good zrace to slane me in
fawowre and cherysh me more than ony of the knyzht and
vnto my power a zeyne I slane desired her lorde for ofty^n
tymes my lorde ye slane concented that she sholde slane be
brente and destroyed in yowre syete and than hit fortuned
me to do batayle for her and or I departed from her adu^sary
they confessed there vntrewthe and she fulle worshypfully
excused And at sythe tymes my lorde Arthur seyde Sr
launcelot ye lowed me and thanked me wele I salved yo^r
quene fromme the fyre and than ye p^rsed me for ev to
be my good lorde And nowe me thynkith ye rewarde me
dyvll for my good servyse And my lorde me semyth I had
lost a zrete pte of my worshyp in my knyzthod and
I had suffred my lady yowre quene to slane ben brente

In so much

In so muche as she shulde have bene brente for my sake
ffor sythyn I have done batayles for youre quene moo
quarels / than in myne owne quarell me semyth now
I had more ryght to do batayle for her in her ryght quarell
And therefore my good and gracyous lorde seyde sr launc
take youre quene unto youre good grace for she ys both true
and good / ffy on the false recreaunt knyght seyde sr Galvayn
for I bar the wyte my lorde myne uncle kynge Arthur shall
have his quene and the bothe maugre thy byserde and the
yon bothe and sadde yon wiser that please hym // but may
well be seyde sr launc / but wyte yon well my lorde sr Galv
and me hyste to com onte of this castell ye shuld wyn me
and the quene more harder than ony ye wan a stronge
batayle // Now fy on thy prowde wordis seyde sr Galvayne
as for my lady the quene wyte yon wel I / wold men say
her shame but yon false and recreaunde knyght seyde sr
Galvayne what cause hadde yon to slo my good broder sr
Gareth that loved the more than me and all my kynne
And alas yon madyst hym knyght thyne owne hondis
wolde sholdest yon hym that loved the so well // ffor to
excuse me seyde sr launcelot but entendyth me nat but by
shame and by the feythe that I owe unto the kynge order of
knyghthode I wolde nat a good abydyll have slayne my
nevew sr Boyse de Ganys and alas that ony I was so unhappy
seyde sr launcelot that I had nat seyne sr Gareth and sr Ga
heryes thes hyest recreaunt knyght seyde sr Galvayne yon
sledwyste hond in the defaute of me and therefore wyte yon
well sr launcelot I shall make warre uppon the and all
the whyle that I may lyve be thyne enemy that me repeth

seyde ſ launcelot for-well I vnderſtonde hit kotenethe me nat to ſeke none accordemente whyle ye ſ Gawayne ar ſo myſchevouſſly ſett And yf ye were nat I wolde nat drede to haue the good grace of my lorde kynge Arthure I love well falſe recrayed knyght for-yon haſte many longe dayes ondad me and vs all and deſtroyed many of owre good knyghtis // Sir ye ſay all hit pleaſith yon ſeyde ſ launcelot yet may hit well be ſeyde on me and openly preved that en I be fore caſte of treſon ſhewe no goode knyght as ye my lorde ſ Gawayne haue done and ſo ded I well hit in my deffence that I was dryven ſ to m ſadnyſſe of my hyff A pon falſe knyght ſeyde ſ Gawayne ſ you meyſt by ſ launcelot but wyte yon well I ſhewe hym/ Sir ye ſhewe hymſelff nat yowre ſelff ſeyde ſ launcelot for hit had ben on mete for yon for he was one of the beſte knyghtis crystynde of his ayne and hit was grete pite of hys deth // Well well ſ launcelot ſeyde ſ Gawayne ſythyn yon enbraydeſt me off launcelot wyte yon well I ſhall well kepe the hyll I ſhall the all ſuche a bayle that yon ſhalt nat astape my honde I truſte yon well I nowe ſeyde ſ launcelot and ye may gete me I well but hytyll may But the freynſh booke ſeyth kynge Arthur wolde haue taken hys quene a gayne and to haue done accorded w ſ launcelot But ſ Gawayne wolde nat ſuffre hym by no maner of meane and ſo ſ Gawayne made many men to blow vppon ſ launcelot and ſo all at onys they called hym falſe recrayed knyght But whan ſ Boos de gawys ſ Ector de maryis and ſ lyonell harde this onte cry they called vnto them ſ Palomydes and ſ Gawayne an ſ Arrive with many mo knyghtis of ſ blode and all they wente vnto ſ launcelot and ſeyde thus my lorde wyte yon well we haue grete ſorowe of the grete vengeaus that we haue

harde ſ Gawayne ſey vnto yon Weſtere fore we ſey yon and
chartre yon als ye wolle haue ſone ſyngle lepe bis lis lengter
wyth in thys walles for we let yon wete playnly we wolle
ryde in to the fylde and do batayle wyth ſtrong force ye
as a man that were a ferde and for all ſ fayre ſpeche hit
wolle nat abayle yon for wyte yon well ſ Gawayne wolle
nedon hyſſir yon to accorde wyth kynge Arthur and ſ fore
hyzeſt for yome hyſſi and vyzeſt and dare // Alas ſeyde ſ
lamuelot for to ryde ont of thys caſtell and to do batayle
ſam fulle lothe // Than ſ lamuelot ſpake on hyzt vnto kyng
Arthur and ſ Gawayne my lorde I requyre yon ſe de ſeruſe
yon ſythyn that I am thus requyred and comowed to
ryde in to the fylde that neyſ yon my lorde kyng Arthur
neyſ yon ſ Gawayne com nat in to the fylde // What ſhall
we do than ſeyde ſ Gawayne ys nat thys the kyngſ gnarel
to fyzeſt wyth the And alſo hit ys my gnarell to fyzeſt
wyth the be cauſe of the dethe of my brothir ſ Gareth than
anſwe I nedys vnto batayle ſeyde ſ lamuelot now wyte
yon well my lorde Arthur and ſ Gawayne ye wolle expect
hit whan ſom ein I do batayle wyth yon And ſo than
they depted eythir fro me othir And than aythir pty made
hem redy on the morne for to do batayle and yete yon bey
annce was made on lothe ſydys And ſ Gawayne lat
ordeyn many knyzthſ for to wayte vpon ſ lamuelot
for to on ſette hynd and to ſe hynd And on the morne at
vnderne kynge Arthur was redy in the fylde w' m
zyete oſtys And than ſ lamuelottis fely ſhyp com ont
at the m zatis in fulle zood aray And ſ lyonell cam in
the formyſt batayle And ſ lamu cam in the myddyſt
And ſ Bors com ont at the hynde zate And thus they

cam in order and vnto as stiff noble knyghtis And en ꝑ lancelot charged all hys knyghtis in ony wyse to sawe kynge Arthure and ꝑ Gawayne than cam forth ꝑ Gawayne from the kynges ost and ꝓfirde to juste And ꝑ lyonell was a fyers knyght and lyghtly he encountred wt hym and there ꝑ Gawayne smote ꝑ lyonell thorow out the body that he daysshed to the erth lyke as he had ben dede And than ꝑ Ector de maryys and on̄ mo bare hym in to ꝑ castell And anone there be gan a greete stoure and much people were slayne And en ꝑ laūce did what he myght to sawe the people on kynge Arthure ꝑty for ꝑ Bors and ꝑ palompdes and ꝑ Saffir on̄ thirdy many knyghtis for they were dedely knyghtis And ꝑ Blamo de ganys and ꝑ Bleoberys with ꝑ Gallyngere le bewse thes iij. knyghtis did mech harme And en was kynge Arthur a bonte ꝑ lancelot to have slayne hym and en ꝑ lancelot suffred hym and wolde nat stryke a gayne So ꝑ Bors encountred with kynge Arthur and ꝑ Bors smote hym and so he a hyzt and dredd hys stroke and seyd to ꝑ launcelot sir shalle I make an ende of thys warre for the mente to have slayne hym Nat so hardy seyde ꝑ launcelot vpon payne of thy hede that pou tonch hym no more for I wolle nedis that moste noble knyght that made me knyght nor slayne nor shamed And ꝓ wt all ꝑ launcelot alyzt of hys horse and tok vp ꝓ kynge and horsed hym a gayne and seyd thus my lorde ꝓ kynge for godis lobe stynte thys strysse for ye gette here no worshyp and I wolde do myne ottervaunce

wit all wayes / for leave you and ye nor none off
yours for dreyth nat me And therefore my lorde /
pray you my remembir what / haue done in many
places and now am / dryff rewarded / So whan
kynge Arthur was on horse back he loked on p lanc
than the teeris braste oute of hys yen thyn kynge of
the grete cuntrey that was in p lancelot more than
in ony of hys mad and there w^t the kynge red hys way
and myght no lenger be holde hym sayinge to hymself
alas alas that yet thys warre be stand and pan
aythir pty of the bataylles / wych dredd them to repose
them and buryed the dede and serched the wounded men //
and leyde to p wundes soffte salues and thus they endured
that myght dylle on the morne and on the morne by endured
they made them redy to do batayle And than p boys lad p
balyaunde So vppon the morn p cam p Gawayne as brynd
as ony leone wythe a grete spere in hys honde / And whan
p Boys sawe hym he thought to reuenge hys broy p lyo-
nell of the despite p Gawayne yaff hym the oy day
And so as they that knew aythir oy scantred p speares
and w^t all p myght of p horses and them self so sharply
they mette to gyders and so felonsly that aythir brace of
thoroby and so they felle bothe to the bare erthe and pan
the batayle joyned and there was mych slaughter on bothe
partes // than p lancelot resolued p Boys and sent hym
in to the castell But nere p Gawayne nor p Boys dred
nat of p wundis for they were well holpen than Sr
Gawayne and p were prayde p lancelot to do hys payne
and seruyse as they do for we se that ye for leave espare

and that doth so much harme and sp̃ore we pray you spare
not youre enemyes no more than they do you Alas seyde
sp̃ Launcelot I have no harte to fyght a yenste my lorde Arthur
for cñ me semyth I do not as me ought to do ayy lorde
seyde sp̃ Galompdes thonke ye spare them nat so much at all
thys day they wolde sle you thanke And yf they may take
you at adayle ye ar but a dede man So than sp̃ Launcelot
understode that they seyde hym trouthe than he straynyd
hym selff more than he did to fore honde And by cause of
hys neede sp̃ Gawayn was sore wounded he payned hym
selff the more and so w̄t in a lytyll whyle by dyuerse tyme
sp̃ Launcelottis p̄ty the better stood for sp̃ Gawayn wente in
blood paste the fyrthe day there were so many people slayne
and than for very pite sp̃ Launcelot w̄drewe hys honde
and suffred kynge Arthurs p̄ty to w̄drawe them in tyde.
And so he wente hys merry m̄ to the castell and ayther
partyes buryed the dede and put salue unto the wounded men
So whan sp̃ Galvayne was hurte they on kynge Arthurs
p̄ty were nat so ordynaunce as they were to fore honde to
do batayle // So of thys warre that was betwene kynge
Arthure and sp̃ Launcelot it was noysed thorowe all cristyn
reames And so hit came at the laste by relacion unto the
pope And than the pope tolde a consideracion of pryue
grudges of kynge Arthur and of the kynge prudes off Sir
Launcelot that was called the moste noblyest knyght of
the worlde Wherefore the pope called unto hym a noble
clerke that at that tyme was there presente the freynsh
boke seyth hit was the bysshop of rocheste and sp̃ pope yaff

vndre leede and sente hem vnto the kynge charginge hym vp
pon payne of entredytynge of all / inioynde that he take hys
quene ageyne and accorde w^t ℔ launcelot So whan hys
bysshop was com vnto parlyle he shewed the kynge hys
bulles And whan the kynge vndrestode thend he wyste
nat whatt to do but fulle fayne he wolde haue bene accorded
w^t ℔ launcelot But ℔ Gawayn wolde nat suffre hym but
to haue the quene he there to agreed but in no wyse he
wolde suffre the kynge to accorde w^t ℔ launcelot but as
for the quene he consented So the bysshop had of pe kynge
hys gyrte seale and hys assurance as he was a trewe and
anoynted kynge that ℔ launcelot shulde go sauff and
com sauff and that the quene shulde nat be seyde vnto
of the kynge nor of none of hys for no thynge done of tyme
paste and of all thes appoyntements the bysshop brought
w^t hym sure wrytynge to shewe vnto ℔ launc^e So whan the
bysshop was com to Joyous garde there he shewed ℔ launc^e
how he cam fromme the pope w^t wrytynge vnto kynge Arthur
and vnto hym And there he tolde hym pe pekis tayll he
wyth held the quene fromme the kynge Anone hit was
neu^e in my thought seyde ℔ launcelot to w^t holde ye quene
fromme my lorde Arthur But I kepe here for thys cause for
so muche as she shulde haue be bente for my sake me semed
hit was my dute to sauue her lyff and put her from ye dampner
tyll better record myght com And now I thanke god seyde Sir
launc^e that the pope hathe made the peace ffor god knowyth
seyde ℔ launc^e I wolle be a thousande folde more gladder to
be kynge then ever I was of her takynge a way
wyth thys I may be sure to com sauff and go sauff and ye

the quene shall have her herberte and nede for no thynge that shall be spemyssed a fore thys tyme that she nede frome thys stonde in no pell ffor elles seyde ſ launcelot ſ dare adventure me to kepe her frome an harder shelde than ever yet ſ had // Sur ſt shall nat nede yon seyde the bysshop to drede thus muche ffor wyte yolle well the pope muste be obeyed and hit were nat the popis worshyp nor my power honeste to knowe you distressed nor the quene nor in pell nor shamed And than he shrived ſ launce all hys wrythynge bothe frome the pope and hynge arthure Thys ys sure y nowe seyde ſ launcelot for full well ſ dare truste my lordys avowe wrythynge and hys seale for he was nere shamed of hys promyse Therefore seyde ſ launcelot vnto the bysshop ye shall ryde vnto the kynge a fore & recommaunde me vnto hys good grace and late hym have knowleche that ꝑ same day vij. dayes by the grace of god ſ my selff shall be ynge the quene vnto hym and than sey ye to my moste redoubted kynge that ſ wolle say hardely for the quene that ſ shall none except for drede nor for feare but the kynge hym selff and my lorde ſ Gawayne and ꝑ ys for the kynges love more than for hym selff So ꝑ bysshop depted and came to the kynge to Carlehyll and tolde hym all holy ſ launce answerd hym so that made the teares fulle oute at the kynges yen Than ſ launcelot purveyed hym an c. knyghtis and all well clothed in grene velvet and ꝑ horsis trapped in the same to the heelys and ech knyghte helde a braunche of elyff in hys honde in tokenynge of pees And the quene had my ꝑ ladyes women folowynge her in the same wyse and ſ launcelot had xvj. squyers folowynge hym and on ech squyer sate a yonge lady with a mayd

and all they were arayed in whyght velvet wt Garters of golde
a bonte ꝑ quarters and the horse trapped in the same wyse down
to the helys wyth many owches ⁊ sette wt stonys and perelys
in golde to the nombr of a thousande And in the same wyse
was the quene arayed and ꝑ launcelot in the same of whyte
clothe of golde tyssew and wyght so as ye shame shewde as the
freynshe booke maketh mencion she rode wt the quene fromme
Joyous garde to Carlehylle and so ꝑ launcelot rode thoro owte
Carlehylle and so in to the castelle that all men myght be
holde hem And there was many a worshipfull lady and mayd
ꝑ launcelot hym self alyght and holpe hys horse and tolde a
downe the quene and so lad her where kynge arthur was
in hys seate And ꝑ Gawayne sate a fore hym and many of
yerete lordys So whan ꝑ launcelot had the kynge and ꝑ Gaw
ayne Than he lad the quene by the arme and than he kneled
downe and the quene lykewise // Wyte you wyll than was there
many a bolde knyght wyth kynge arthur that wepte as
tendirly as they had seyne all ꝑ hynne dede a fore them So
the kynge sate stylle and seyde no worde // And whan ꝑ laun
celot had hys countenaunce he arose up and pulled up the
quene wt hym and thus he seyde full knyghtly

My moste redoubted kynge ye shall understonde by ꝑ
popys comaundemente and yowres ⁊ I shame brought
to you my lady the quene as ryght requyryth and if ꝑ be
ony knyght of what degre that en he be off except yowrself
that will sey or dare say but that she ys trew and clene
to you ⁊ here my self ꝑ launcelot du lake will make hit good
upon hys body that she ys a trew lady vnto you // But ow
harde ye shame hystened and that hath caused yerete debate
be twyxte you and me ffor tyme hath bene my lorde arthur

that he were greatly pleased wt me wherfor I ded battayle for my lady
yowre qwene and full well ye wote my moste noble kynge that
she hathe be put to grete wronge or this tyme And hitherto
hyt hathe pleased you at many tymes that I shulde feyght for her
and therefore me semyth my good lorde I had more cause to
reskowe her from the fyer wherin she sholde have ben brente for
my sake for they that tolde you ye tales were knaves and so hit
falle vppon them for by hir lyghtnesse had nat the myght of my
kene wt me I myght neu have endured wt youre kynges myght
and they armed and a fore purposed and I unarmed // and
nat purposed for I was sente vnto my lady yowre qwene
I wote nat for what cause But I was nat so sone wt in the
chambre dore But anone sr Agrauayne and sr Mordred
called me traytowre and false recreayed knyght // Be my
feyth they called the rycht feyre sr Gawayne ay lorde
feyre sr Gawayne feyre sr Gawayne Iannc In yis maner they
pvoked nat them self the feste nor in the rycht // Well well
feyre sr launcelot feyre the kynge I have thynke you no cause
to do to me as ye have done for I have wor shipt you and
yowres more than ony other kynghte ay lorde feyre sir
launcelot so ye be nat displeased ye shalle vnderstonde that
I and myne have done you of tyme tymes better servise than
ony other kynghte have done in many dyuerse places and
where ye have ben full glad be fore dyuerse tymes I have
restored you fro me many dangerous and evil dede my self
I was glad to please you and my lorde sr Gawayne in
Justes and in turnementes and in battayles set bothe on
horse bak and on foote I have of tyme restored you sr yow
my lorde sr Gawayne and many mo of yowre kynghte in
many dyuerse places for nowe I wolle make avaunte feyre sr

launcelot ſ wolde that ye all wyte that as yet ſ fonde neuer no mans of kynyghte but that ſ was on harde for hynd and ſ had done myne vttermoste god yeuande myght holde hit ſ shalde be matched wt good kynyghte as ſ Tryſtā and ſ launcelot but on ſ had ſadowne vnto them and a demynge what they were and ſ take god to recorde ſ neuer was wrothe nor gretly hedy wyth no good kynyghte and ſ sadde hym besy and a bonte to wynne worshyp and god ſ was on whan ſ fonde a good kynyght that myght ony thynge endure me on horse bak and on foote holde be hit ſ Carados of the dolerous towre was a full noble kynyghte and a passynge stronge man and that wote ye my lorde ſ Gawayne for he myght well be called a noble kynyghte whan he be fyne fore pulled yon onte of yo sadyll and bonde yon on thwarde afore hynd to hys sadyll bowe and there my lorde ſ Gawayne ſ restored yon and sledde hym afore yonre kynyght also ſ fonde yonre brother ſ Gahe vys and ſ Terquyn bedynge hym bonden afore hynd & there also ſ restored yonre brothir and sledde ſ Terquyn and delyuerde hym and my of my lorde Arthurs kynyghte onte of hys preson and nowe ſ dare sey seyde ſ launcelot ſ mette neuer wyth so stronge a kynyght nor so well fyghtynge as was ſ Carados and ſ Tarquyn for they and ſ fought to the vttermeſt and yf fore seyde ſ launcelot vnto ſ Gawayne me semyth ye ought of ryght to remembir yf for and ſ myght haue yonre good wyll ſ wolde truste to god for to haue my lorde Arthurs good grace // Sir the kynge may do as he wyll seyde ſ Gawayne but wyte yon well ſ launcelot yon and ſ shall neuer be accorded whyle we lyve for yf hast slayne my of my brethyren and yf of hem yon sledde traytorsly and vyteloursly for they bare none harneys a

yenste the noysome dede // Sir god wolde they had ben armed seyde sir launcelot for than had they ben on hyre And sir Gareth̄ / lored no hymesman / had more than / lored hym and en̄ whyle / hyde seyde sir launc̄ / wolde be wayle sir Gareth̄ hys dethe nat all only for the grete sorowe / shame of you But for many causys whych causyth me to be sorowfull one is that / made hym knyght Another ys / wote well he lored me a lodely all other knyghtes And the thyrd ys he was passyngy noble and trewe curteyse and / suffull and well condycyonde the fourth ys / wyste well anone as / shulde that sir Gareth̄ was dede / knewe well that / shulde never after have ioye more lore my lorde sir Gawayne but en̄ lastyngy warre he thenket vs And also / wyste well that ye wolde my noble lorde kynge Arthur for en̄ to be my mortall foo And as / shal be my helpe and be my knyghtly hede / shelde nexte sir Gareth̄ nor hys brop̄ be my delyuerynge but alas that en̄ they were enarmed that vnhappy day But for much / shall offre me to your seyde sir launcelot yf hit may please the kynges good grace and you my lorde sir Gawayn / shall fyrste be syen at Sandwyche and there / shall go my shearte knee foote and at ende ye myles ende / shall fownde and yow make an house of relygyons of what order that ye wolle assygne me wt an hole covente to syngne and rede day and nyght̄ in especiall for sir Gareth̄ sake & sir Gaherys and thys shall / ꝑforme me whyle that / shall lyue in crystyndom and ꝑ ys none of all pes religyous place but they shall be ꝑformed furnysshed and garnysshed wt all thynges as an holy place ought̄ to be and thys were fayrer and more holyar and more gostly to

to ꝑ ſonne than ye my moſte noble kynge and yon ſ Gaw
ayne to warre vppon me for ꝑ by ſhalle ye gete none avayle
than all the kingiſſh and ladyes that were there wepte as
they were madde and the teares felle on kynge arthur hys
cheke⁹ Sr launcelot ſeyde ſ Gawayne ſ ſhame ryȝt well
ſhende thy langage and thy grete proffres but wyt yon
well fat the kynge de as hit pleaſith hym ſ well nere for
ȝyff the my brothers dethe and meſpecialle the deth of my
brothr ſ Gareth· And yf myne vncle kynge arthur wyll
accorde wyth the he ſhalle loſe my ſ̄ynes for wyte yon well
ſeyde ſ Gawayne yon arte lothe ſuche to the kynge and to me
Sr ſeyde ſ launcelot he berytȝ nat the hyff that may make
hit good And ye ſ Gawayne wolle chaunge me w^t ſo hyge
a thynge ye muſte ꝑdone me for than nedis muſt ſ an
ſwere yon Nay nay ſeyde ſ Gawayne we ar paſte that as
at thys tyme and that can ſyth the pope for he hath charged
myne vncle the kynge that he ſhalle take a tyme his ġrace
and to accorde wyth the ſ launcelot as for thys ſeaſon
there fore yon ſhalle ȝo ſauff as yon̄ com but in ꝑ londe
yon ſhalle nat abyde paſte a xl. dayes ſuch ſomons ſ ȝyff
the for ſo the kynge and we were condeſcended ꝑ accorded
as yon cam And elles ſeyde ſ Gawayn wyte yon well yon
ſhulde nat a comyn here but yf hit were magre thyne hede
And yf hit were nat for the popis commandement ſeyde ſ
Gawayne ſ ſhulde do batayle w^t the myne dayne ſhon⁹ body
for body and prove hit vppon the that yon haſte ben falſe
vnto myne vncle kynge arthur and to me lothe ꝑ
that ſhalle ſ̄ prove on thy body whan yon arte depryved fro
thense where ſom ever that ſ̄ fynde the than ſ launcelotte

hyghed and there wt the teares felle on hys chekys and than he
seyde thus moste noblyst cryster realme whom I have lovid
& lobed all other realmys and in the I have gotyn a grete
pte of my worshyp and now that I shall depte in thys wyse
truly me repentis that ever I am in thys realme for I shulde
be thus shamefully dampshyd vndeserved and causeles but
fortune is so variaunte and the wheele so mutable that per
is no constaunte abydynge and that may be proved by
many olde cronycles as of noble Ector of troy and Alysaū
the myghty conqueroure and many mo of whom they
were moste in her royalte they alyght passyng wolve and
so fourth but by me seyde Launce for in thys realme I had
worshyp and be me and myne all the hole rounde table
hath bene encreced more in worshyp by me and myne pan
ever hit was by ony of you all and therfore wryte you well
Galwayne I may hyde vppon my londis as well as ony
knyght that lyeve is and yf ye my moste redoubted kynge
will com vppon my londys wt Galwayne to warre vppon
me I muste endure you as well as I may But as to you
Galwayne of that ye com there I pray you charge me nat
with treson nor felony for and ye do I muste answer you
Do you thy beste seyde Galwayne and therfore hyze the
faste that you were gone and wryte you well we shall sone
com after and breke thy strengyst castell pat you hast vppon
thy hede that shall not nede that seyde Launce for and
I were as ovyrlons sette as ye ar wryte you well I shulde
mete you in myddys of the felde make you no more
lawnge seyde Galwayne but delyver the quene from the
and pyke the lyghtly out of thys courte well seyde sir

lancelot and I had wyste of thys shorte comynge I wolde a
adwysed me ellyse or that I had com here ffor and the quene
had be so dere vnto me as ye noyse her I dwrste haue kepte her
frome the felyshyp of the beste knyghtes vndr hebyn And
than I lancelot seyde vnto quene Gwenyn m hyrynge of
the kynge and hem all avadawne nowe I must depte from
you and thys noble felyshyp for ev and fyrthyn hit ys so I
be seche you to pray for me and I shall pray for you and telle
ye me and if ye be harde be stad by ony falsetynge but hyther
my good lady sende me worde and if ony knyghtes rhondys
vndr the hebyn may dehyn you by batayle I shall dehyn
you And there w all I lancelot kyssed the quene and pan
he seyde all openly nowe lat se what som ev he be m this
place that dare sey the quene ys nat trewe vnto my lorde
Arthur lat se who who wolle speke and he dare speke and
there w he bro3te the quene to the kynge And than Sr
lancelot toke hys lebe and depted and I was nor kynge
duke erle baronne nor knyght lady nor mayde woman
but all they wepte as people out of mynde except Sr
Gawayne And whan thys noble knyght I lanc toke his
horse to ryde out of Carlehyll there was sobbynge and
wepynge for pure dole of hys deptynge And so he toke his
way to Joy3 garde And than ev after he called hit I doleros
tour And thus depted I lanc frome the courte for ev
and so whan he cam to Joy3 garde he called hys felyshyp
vnto hym and asked them what they wolde do Than
they answerde all hole to gydrs w one voyce they wold
do as he wolde do Than my fayre felows seyde I lanc
lot I must depte out of thys moste noble realme I nowe

I shall depte hit wyth me sore for I shall depte wt no worshyp
fo a feymed man depthis nere ente of a realme wt no worshyp
And that ye to me grete hedynes sor-en I seare after my
dayes that men shall cownyete vppon me that I was fea-
med ente of thys londe And ellis my fayre lordis be ye sure
and I had nat drad shame my lady quene Gwenyuere
and I shulde nere shame depted // Than spake noble knyght
as I palomydes and I Saffyr hys brothir and I Bellyn-
le berse and I brye wt I lavayne wt many op-r gen- and
ye wolle so be disposed to a byde in thys londe we wolle nere
fayle yon and if ye hyste nat abyde in thys londe I ye
none of the good knyghtis that here be that wolle fayle
yon ffor many cawsis one ys all we that be nat of yo-r
blode shall nere be well cond-t vnto the comyte & sythyn
hit lyked ye to take a yte wt yon in yonre dystres in thys
realme vpyte yon wolle hit shall lyke ye as wolle to yo-
in othir contreyes wt yon and theve to take suche yte as
ye do // ayr fayre lordys seyde I launcelot I wolle vnder-stond
yon and as I can I thanke yon and ye shall vnder-stonde
suche hyrelde as I am borne vnto I shall depte wt yon
in thys maner of wyse that ys for to say I shall departe
all my hyrelde and all my londis freely amongte yond
and my selff wolle shape as hytyll as ony of yon ffor
shame I suffisaunte that may longe vnto my p-sone I wolle
aske none op-r vyctes nop-r array and I trwste to god to
mayntayne yon on my londys as wolle as en ye were
mayntayned Than spake all the knyghtis at onys shame
be shame that wolle leve yon ffor we all vnder-stonde
was nere gyven but in thys realme but en delite & stryff

Rob-t Selysshe

Nowe the felyshyp of the rounde tabble ys brokyn ffor by the noble felyshyp of ye rounde tabble was kynge Arthur vp borne and by ye nobeles the kynge and all the realme was en in quyet and reste and a grete yte they sayde all was be cause of yonge moste nobeles ye launcelot // Nowe trewly I thanke yow all of yonge good fayrnge holde be hit I wote well ye m me was nat all the stabilde of thys realme but m ye I myght I ded my deuer And well I am sure I hadde many rebellyons in my dayes that by me and myne were pesed and that I trowe we all shall here of m shorte space and that me sore repenteth ffor eu I drede me sayde ye launcelot ye ye mordred wolle make trouble for heres passyng enbyons & applyeth hym muche to trouble And so they were accorded to departe Wyth ye launcelot to hys landys and to make shorte thys tale they toussed and prayed all that wolde aske them And hole an c knyghtes departed departed w ye launcelot at onys and made ye avowes they wolde neu lefe hym for weale ne for woo And so they shypped at Cardyff and sayled vnto Sendwyche Som men calle hit Bayand And som men calle hit Beadwne Where the wyne of Beadwne ys but say the sothe ye launcelot and hys nebeadows was lorde of all fraunce and of all ye londes that longed vnto ffraunce he and hys kynrede reioyced hit all thorowe ye launcelottis noble prowes and pan de stuffed and fine myssed and trew myssed all hys noble tolwnys and castelles Than all the people of the landes cam vnto ye launcelot on foote and hondis And so what he had stabelyssed all those contreyes he shortly called a plement and there he avoyded ye lyonell kynge off

ffraunce And ꝑ Bors he ordened hym kynge of all kynde Clau-
das londis And ꝑ Ector de maryse ꝑ launcelotus yongeste broþ
he ordened hym kynge of Benwyke and kynge of all Gen-
walys was ꝑ launcelotus aboue londys and he made ꝑ Ector
prynce of them all and thus he departed hys londis & dawmed
all hys noble knyghte and fyrste he dawmced them off
hys blood As ꝑ Blamour he made hym duke of lymosyn
in Bryan And ꝑ Bleoberys he made hym duke of poyters
And ꝑ Galahalantyne he made hym duke of Oberd And ꝑ
Galyodyn he made hym duke of Sentonge and ꝑ Galyhud
he made hym erle of Perygot And ꝑ Menaduke he made
hym erle of Berye and ꝑ Dyllaus ꝑ Valyaunt he made
hym erle of Beawne And ꝑ Hebes le renoumes he made
hym erle of Romanye And ꝑ Idayne he made hym erle
of Armynake And ꝑ Drue he made hym erle of Estrake
And ꝑ Nerdeus he made hym erle of Pardue and ꝑ
Palenorus he made hym erle of Hoyse And ꝑ Selyses
of the doleroꝰ towre he made hym erle of Agansak and
ꝑ Melyas de lesse he made hym erle of Tursanke And
ꝑ Bellyngere le beause he made hym erle of the Lalemdis
And ꝑ Palomydes he made hym duke of Prodynce and
ꝑ Saffir he made hym duke of Landok And ꝑ Cleges
he ȝaff hym the erle of Argente And ꝑ Sadok he ȝaff
hym the Sysedom of Carlat And ꝑ Dynas le seneschall
he made hym duke of Angeoy And ꝑ Clarrus he made
hym duke of Normandy thus ꝑ launce rewarded hys
noble knyghtes and many mo that me semyth hit were
to longe to reherse So lefe we ꝑ launcelot in hys londis
and hys noble knyghtes wt hym and retorne we a gayne

Cowe kynge Arthure and bade ȝ Gawayne that made a grete
ofte a redy to the mekle of my sore thousande and all pynge
was made redy for shyppyng to passe on the see to Wart-
toppon ȝ Launcelot and vppon hys londis and so they
shypped at Dandyff and there kynge Arthur made Sir
Mordred chyeff ruler of all Inglonde and also he put
the quene vndir hys gouernaunce by cause ȝ Mordred
was kynge Arthurs son he gaff hym the rule off hys
londe and off hys wyff and so the kynge passed the see and
landed vppon ȝ Launcelottis londis and there he brente
wasted thorowe the begynnyng of ȝ Gawayne all that they
myghte ouerenne // So whan thys worde was bute Sir
Launcelot that kynge Arthure and ȝ Gawayne were landed
vppon hys londis and made full grete destruccion & waste
than spake ȝ Boys and seyde my lorde ȝ Launcelot hit is
shame that we suffre them thus to ryde on owre londys
for doyte yon weff suffre ye them as longe as ye wyll they
wolle do yon no socoure and they may handyll yon than
seyde ȝ Lyonell that was ware and wyse my lorde ȝ Launc
I wolle tryst yon thys counceyle late vs kepe owre strongis
walled towenys vntyll they have hongyr and colde and
blode on ȝ naylis and than late vs freyshly set vppon
them and shrede them dowene as shepe in a folde that
all after Aduenturis may take ensample howe the lande
vppon owre londys than spake kynge Bagdemagus
to ȝ Launcelot and seyde ȝ yonge curtesy wolle shende vs
all and yonge curtesy hathe walked all thys towne for and
they thus on redy ryde owre londis they shall by pees
brynge vs all to nought Wherfore we thus in holde vs tyde

than seyde ꝑ Galyhud vnto ꝑ Iaunce lot Sir here bene knyghtes com of kynges blod that wolde nat longe drompe and dare vn̄t me thyes wathes there fore zyff ye lyke as we hew knyghtes to mete hem in the fylde and we shalle so dele vnth them that they shalle cause the tyme that ever they cam in to thys contrey Than spake by brethren of northe wales whych were by noble knyghtes for aman myght sette by kynges londes or he myght fynde suche by knyghtes and yet by noble knyghtes seyde alle at onys ꝑ Iaunce lot for cryste sake late vs ryde onto vn̄t ꝑ Galyhud for we were nevir wonte to comen in castels nor in noble townes Than spake ꝑ Iaunce that was marster and gouvernour of hem alle and seyde my fayre lordes vnto you wolle I am full lothe to ryde onte vn̄ my knyghtes for shedynge of cristen blood and yet my lordes vnderstonde be full sure for to sustayne any ostes alwhyle for the myghty prayers that holy lom made kynge Flandus vppon thys contrey and vppon my fadir kynge Ban and on myne uncle kynge Bors how be hit we wolle as at tyme kepe owre strongis walles and I shalle sende a me sengere vnto my lorde Arthur a twelfe for to take for hel ys pees than alle manes ware // So ꝑ Iaunce lot sente forth a damesell with a dwarff vn̄t her requyrynge kynge Arthur to lete hys wareynge vppon hys londys and so he stacte vppon a palfrey and a dwarffe ran by her syde and whan she came to the pavelon of kynge Arthur ꝑ she a lyght and there mette her a sanctyll knyght ꝑ hight Iwain ꝑ Vrbanere and seyde fayre damesell com ye fromme ꝑ Iaunce lot du lake // yee ꝑ she seyde there fore cam I hydir to speke vn̄t my lorde the kynge Alas seyde ꝑ Iwain my lorde Arthure wolde accorde vn̄t ꝑ Iaunce lot But ꝑ Gawayne wolde nat suffir hym And than he seyde I pray to god damesell ꝑ ye

may speke for all we that bene abowte the kynge wolde that
launcelot ded beste of ony knyght lyvynge And so wt thys
sr lucan lad the damesell to the kynge where he sate wt sr
Gawayne for to hyre wosat she wolde say // So whan she
had tolde her tale the watir ran onte of the kynges yen And
all the lordys were full glad for to abyde the kynge to be ac
corded wt sr launcelot sawe all only sr Gawayne And he
seyde my lorde myne uncle wosat wolle ye do wolle ye now
turne a zeyne now ye ar paste thys sayre vppon yonre
Jorney all the worlde wolle speke of yon by lam & shame
Now seyde kynge arthur wyte yon well sr Gawayne
I wolle do as ye advyse me And yet me semyth seyde kynge
arthur hys sayre proffers were nat good to be refused but
Arthur I am com so far vppon thys Jorney I wolle that ye
wyrr the damesell her answere for I may nat speke to her
for yete for her prefirs ben so large // Than sr Gawayne
seyde vnto the damesell thus sey ye to sr launcelot that hyt ys
waste labowre now to sew to myne uncle for telle hym
and he wolde hane made ony labowre for pease he sholde
hane made hit or thys tyme for telle hym now hit ys to
late And say to hym that I sr Gawayne so sende hym word
that I promyse hym by the fayrhe that I owe to god and to
knyghthade I shall nevir lede hym tylle he hathe slayne me
or I hym // So the damesell wepte and depted and so yt was
many a wepynge eye And than sr lucan brought ye damesell
to her palfrey And so she cam to sr launcelot where he
was amonge all hys knyghtis // And whan sr launcelot
had hawde her answere than the terys ran downe by hys
cheks And than hys noble knyghtis com a bowte hym
and seyde sr launcelot where sore make ye suche chere now
thynke wosat ye ar and wosat men we ar and late us noble

knyghtis macche hem in myddis of the felde / that may be hyth
done seyde ſ launcelot but I was now ſo lothe to do battayle and
therefore I pray yow ſirres as pelode me be ruled at thys
tyme as I will haue yow for I will all wayes ſle ye noble
knyght that made me knyght and whan I may no further
I muſte nedis deſſende me and that will be more worſhyp
for me and be all that to compawe wt that noble knyght
whom we haue all ſerued Than they hylde yr langayge
and as that myght they tole yr reſte And vppon ye morowe
erly in the dadwynge of the day as knyght loked oute yer
felle the ate of Bendwyke be fyxed vnnde a bonte and ſtand
faſte to ſette vp laddres And they wt in kepte pem oute of ye
tolvne and bete hem myghtyly fro me the walles // Than cam
forthe ſ Galwayne well armede vppon a ſtyffe ſtede and he
cam be fore the chyeff yate wt hys ſpeare in hys honde cry
nge where arte yon ſ launcelot yis yr none of all yo prowe
knyghtis that dare breake a ſpeare wt me // Than ſ Bors
made hym redy and cam forth oute of the tolvne and ther
ſ Galwayne encountred wt ſ Bors and at that tyme he
ſmote hym dolvne fro me hys horſe and all moſte he had
ſlayne hym And ſo ſ Bors was reſtored and borne in to
the tolvne / Than cam forthe ſ lyonell and thonzte to
reſcowe hym and aythir feltred yr ſpearys and ſo ran to
gydirs and there they mette ſpitefully But ſ Galwayne
had ſuch a grace that he ſmote ſ lyonell dolvne & wounded
hym there paſſyngly ſore And than ſ lyonell was reſtored
and borne in to the tolvne And thus ſ Galwayne cam euy
day and fayled nat but that he ſmote dolvne one knyght
or othir So thus they endured halff a yere & muche ſlaughte
was of people on bothe ptes // Than hit be falle vppon a day
that ſ Galwayne cam a fore the yatis armed at all peas on a

noble horse wt a greate speare in hys honde and than he cryed wt
a lowde voyce and seyde beware arte pon nolw pon false traytour
sr launcelot why holdyst pon thy selff wtin holys and wallys
lyke a coward lete owte pon false traytour knyght and here
I shall revenge vppon thy body the dethe of my iij brethyrne
And all thys langwyge hawde sr launcelot envyeale than
hys hyrne and hys knyghtly dede a lowde hyrd and all they
seyde at onys vnto sr launcelot Or nolw muste pon deffende
pon lyke a knyght other ellis ye be shamed for ev for nolw ye be
called vppon tresord hat ys tyme for pon to shewe for ye shame
slepte on lowge and suffrede owr muche // So god me holpe
seyde sr launcelot I am evyght hedy at sr Galvaynes wordys
for nolw he chawgith me wt a greate chawge and y sore I wote
as well as ye I muste nedys deffende the me or ellis to be
accounte // Than sr launcelot bade sadyll hys stowgyst horse
and bide let feche hys armys and dressse all to the todore
of the yette And than sr launcelot spake on hyght vnto y
kynge and seyde my lorde Arthur and noble kynge y made
me knyght wyte pon well I am evyr redy for ponne sake
that ye thinke selue vppon me and all wayes I for beare pon
for and I wolde be beryeable I myght shame mette pon in
myddys the fylde or thys tyme and thereto shame made yo
boldyste knyght full tame And a nolw I shame for borne
pon and suffrede pon halff a yere and sr Galvayne to do
what ye wolde do And nolw I may no lenger suffre to endure
but nedys I muste deffende my selff In so muche as sr Galvayn
hathe be called me of tresord wherefor ys wrethy a renste my
wyll that en I shulde fyght a renste ony of ponne blod
But nolw I may nat for sake hit for I am dryven y to as
beste tylle a day than sr Galvayne seyde vnto sr launcelotte

and pon durste do batayle lede thy bataylynge and com off and lat
vs ease ome thartis Than ſ launcelot armed hym & mounted
vppon hys horse and aythir of them gate greate spearys in ys
hondys and so the ofte wt ontc stode stylle all a yonte and
the noble knyghtis of the ote cam a greate mayny that wyth
kynge Arthur saw the mayny of men and knyghtis hem ayde
and seyde to hym selff alas that on ſ launce was a yenst
me for now se that he hath for lorne me and so ys oste
nawnte was made there shulde no man myze hem nor deale
wyth them tylle the tone were dede or yolden Than ſ launce
lot and ſ Gawayne devyded a greate way in sundir and
than they cam to gydrys wt all the horse myzte as
faste as they myzte renne and aythir smote othir en
myddis of ys shyldis But the knyghtis were so stronge
and ys spearys so bygge that ys horsis myzte nat endure
ys buffettis and so ys horsis felle to the erthe and pan
they avoyded ys horsys and dressed ys shyldis a yove them
Than they cam to gydrys and zaffe many sad stroks on
dyuse places of ys bodyes that ys blode braste ovte on many
sydys Than had ſ Gawayne suche a grace and myzte
that an holy man had wyth hym hyrd that ony day in the
yere fyome vndern tyll hyze noone hys myzte encreced
vp ryght as much as thryse hys strengthe and that
caused ſ Gawayne to wynne greate honowre and for hys
sake kynge Arthur made an ordynaunce that all maner off
batayles for ony quarels that shulde be done a yore kynge
Arthur shulde be zyvne at vndern And all was done
for ſ Gawaynes lobe that he hadde off ſ Gawayne wer
on the tone yte he shulde haue the bettir in batayle Wyle
hys strengthe endured ryght Bvt ys were ys tyme but seldo

knyght hydynge that kndwe thys adventure for that Gal-
ayne had but knyght Arthure alle only / So that launcelot sawe
wyth that Galvayne And whan that launcelot felte hys myght
en̄ more encrese that launce wondred and drad hym sore to be
shamed for as the freynshe boke seyth he wende whan he
felte that Galvaynes double hys strengthe that he had bene
a fiende and none earthely man wherefore that launcelot
traced and trauersed and conde hym selff w^t hys shylde
and kepte hys myght and hys brethe dyuerse many dowrys
And that whyle that Galvayne gaff hym many sad bronte
that all knyght that be hylde that launcelot merveyled
how he myght endure hym but full lytell vnderstod
they that tradayle that launcelot had to endure hym and
than whan hit was paste noone that Galvaynes strengthe
was gone and had no more but hys olvne myght / Whan
that launcelot felte hym so com downe than he streached hym
vp and strode nere that Galvayne and seyde thus now / sele
ye haue done ponce warste And now my lorde that Galvayn
/ muste do my pte for many a grete and grevous stroke
/ haue endured pon thys day w^t greate payne And so that
launcelot doubled hys strokis and gaff that Galvayne suche
a stroke vppon the helmet that hydelynge he felle downe
vppon hys one syde And that launcelot w^t drew hym frome
hym / Wyth wyth dradwyste pon the seyde that Galvayne the
a^rtayne false traytowre knyght and fle me onte for and I^t
lede me thus anone as I am hole / shalle do batayle w^t the
a^rtayne / Sir seyde that launce / shalle endure pon be goddis
grace Bute wyte pon dalle that Galvayne / wolle nevir smyte
a felde knyght And so that launcelot depted and wente vnto

the ate And ſ Gawayne was borne vnto kynge Arthure pe
Noyſon and anone lechys were bwyght vnto hym of the beſte
and ſerched and ſalued hym wt ſonſſte oynementis And
than ſ launcelot ſeyde now haue good day my loude ſ kynge
for wyte yon dede ye wynne no worſchyp at thes walſſhe
ffor and ſ wolde my kynyght ovte kynge there ſhulde
many a doughty man dye And therefore my lorde Arth
remembir yon of olde kyndenes and holw ſom ev ſ fare
ſhu de yonre ryde in all places // Now alas ſeyde the kynge
that ev thys vnhappy ware be drawe for ev ſ launc for
dearythine in all places and in hyke wyſe my kynne pe
that ye ſene well thys day what auntey he ſchewed my
nevewe ſ Gawayne than kynge Arthur felle ſyke
for ſorow of ſ Gawayne that he was ſo ſore hurte and
by cauſe of the ware he dwyete hym and ſ launcelot
Go after that they on kynge Arthures pty kepte the dege
wt hytyll ware wyth onte forthe and pey wt in forthe
kepte ſ walſſhe and deffended them when nede was thus
ſ Gawayne lay ſyke and vnſonde in wyles in hys trauſe
wt all maid of leche cranſſte that myght be had And as ſone
as ſ Gawayne myght go and ryde he armed hym at all
poyntis and he ſtrode a ſtyffe courſer and tuke a ſtrete
ſpeare in hys honde and ſo he cam rydynge afore ſ eſtreſſ
gate of then wyke And there he cryed on hyght and ſeyde
where arte yon ſ launcelot com forth yon falſſe traytowre
knyght and reſcayue for I am here ſ Gawayne pat wolle
preue thys that I ſay vppon the And all thys langwyge
ſ launcelot harde and ſeyde thus ſ Gawayne me repentis
of yonre ſolvle knyghte that ye wolle nat ceaſe yo langwyge

ffor ye wote well ſ Gawayne | knowe yonre myght and all ſ
ye may do And well ye wote ſ Gawayne ye may nat greatly
hurte me Com downe traytorne knyght ſeyde he and make
good the contrary with thy honndys for hit myſſehapped me
the laſte batayle to be hurte of thy honndis there fore wyte
you well I am com thys day to make amendis for I wanne
this day to dey the as lowe as yon laydeſt me Ihu defende
me ſeyde Sir launcelot that euer I be ſo fayre in yonre dawngyer
as ye haue ben in myne for than my dayes were done //
Whit Gawayne ſeyde ſ launc ye ſhalt nat thynke that I
ſhalle tarye lonnge but ſtyghtly that ye dishonnyſtly calle me
thens of treſon ye ſhalt haue lothe yonre honndys fulle of me
And than ſ launc armed hym at all poyntis and mounted
vppon horſe & toke a tyvcte ſpeare in hys honde and rode
vnto at the tyvte and bothe ſ oſtis were aſſembled of them
vnto and vnto ſ ſtood in a way ſtill manly And bothe
ptyes were charged to holde them ſtylle to ſe and be holde
the batayle of thes ij noble knyght and than they layde
ſ ſpearys in ſ reſtis and ſo cam to gydow as thondir
And ſ Gawayne brake hys ſpeare in an hundred to
hys honde And ſ launcelot ſmote hym vnto a grett myght
that ſ Gawaynes horſe fecte veyled and ſo the horſe and he
felle to the erthe Than ſ Gawayne delyuerly delyuerded hys
horſe and pitt hys ſchylde a fore hym and manly drew hys
ſwerde and bade ſ launcelot aryght traytorne knyght and
ſeyde wyff a mayys ſomme ſtatis fayled me wyte yon well a
knyghis ſomme and a queny ſomme ſchall nat fayle the Than
ſ launcelot delyuerded hys horſe and dreſſed hys ſchylde a fore
hym and drew hys ſwerde and ſo cam egerly to gydow ſtyff
many ſad ſtrokis that all men on bothe ptyes had wonder
Whan ſ launc felte ſ Gawaynes myght ſo myraculouſly encrees

he than wyth hyde hys corayge and hys wynde and so he kepte
hym vndir coverte of hys myght and of hys hyde he traced
and trauced hyder and thyder to breake ſ Gawaynes strokys
and hys enemyes and eu ſ Gawayne enforced hym ſelff
wyth all hys myght and power to destroy ſ launcelot for
as the freynshe booke sayth ewr as ſ Gawaynes myght encreced
myght ſo encreced hys wynde and hys dryll wyll and pus
he ded gyrete payne vnto ſ launcelot my. dwres that he had
mych. a do to defende hym And whan the my. dwres were
paste that he felte ſ Gawayne was com home to his owne
ppre strengthe than ſ launcelot sayde ſ now ſ shame pryed
you dwyse that ye ar a full daungerous knyght and a
wondir full man of hys myght and many wondir dedis
shame ye done in yowre dedis for by yowre myght encreasyng
ye shame destroyed many a full noble knyght and now
ſ fele that ye shame done yowre myghty dedis and now wyte
you well ſ muste do my dedis And than ſ launc̃ strode nere
ſ Gawayne and doubled hys strokis and eu ſ Gawayne
defended hym myghtyly But new the les ſ launcelot smote
such. a stroke vppon hys helme and vppon the olde wounde
that ſ Gawayne sanke downe and swouned and anone as he
ded awake he waved and soyned at ſ launc̃ as he lay and
sayde traytowre knyght wyte you well ſ am nat yet slayne
therfore com you nere me and profounde thys battayle
to the vtteraunce // ſ wolle no more do than ſ shame done
sayde ſ launcelot for whan ſ se you on foote ſ wolle do battayle
vppon you all the whyle ſ se you stande vppon yowre feete
But to smyte a wounded a man that may nat stonde wyll
defende me from such. a shame and than he turned hys
way towarde the este And ſ Gawayne eu more callyng

hym trayterowre knyght and seyde trayterowre knyght wryte pou well sr launcelot whan I am hole I shall do batayle w^t pou a grayne for I shall neu^r lete the tylle the tone of vs be slayne ihus as thys wryte endured and as sr Gallathyne lay sykke neve hande a monethe And whan he was well recouered and redy w^t in iij. dayes to do batayle a grayne w^t sr launcelot bycause so cam tydynges vnto kynge Arthur frome Inglonde that made kynge Arthur and all hys ost to remeue

AS sr Mordred was vnkar of all Inglonde he lete make lettres as thoughe that they had com frome be yonde the see And the lettres specifyed that kynge Arthur was slayne in batayle w^t sr launcelot // wherefore sr Mordred made a parlemente and called the lordys to gyder and by he made them to chose a kynge and so was he crowned at Cantirbury and kylde a feste there xv. dayes And after warde he drew hym vnto Wynchester And there he tolde quene Gwenyvere and seyde playnly that he wolde wedde her which was hys vncles wyff and hys fadres wyff And so he made redy for the feste and a day prefyxte that they shulde be wedded wherefore quene Gwenyvere was passyng hevy but she dyssymulyd dyssymulyd her harte but spake fayre and agreed to sr Mordredys wylle And anone she desyred of sr Mordred to go to london to bye all maner thynges that longed to the wedale And by cause of her fayre speche sr Mordred trusted her and gaff her lefe And so whan she cam to london she tolde the lordes of london and suddenly in all haste possyble she furnysshed hit w^t all maner of vytayle and well garnysshed hit w^t men and so kepte hit // And whan sr Mordred wyst thys he was passyng wrothe out of mesure & shorte tale to

make he leyde a myghty syge a boute the towre & made many assautes and threw engynnes vnto them and shotte grete gonnes but all myght nat prevayle for quene Gwenyvar wolde nevir for fayre speache nor for fonde nevir to trewste vnto sir Mordred to com in hys hondis a gayne Than cam a the bysshop of Cantirbyry Whych was a noble clerke and an holy man And thus he seyde vnto sir Mordred sir what wolle ye do wolle ye fyrste displease god and sythyn shame youre selff and all knyghthode // ffor ys nat kynge Arthur youre vncle no farther but youre modirs brothir And vppon her he hym selffe be gate yon vppon hys owne sister there fore holy may ye wed youre owne fadirs wyff And therefor sir I seyde the bysshop leve thys opynyon or elles I shall curse yon w bokke belle and candyll // Do yon thy worste seyde sir Mordred and I the defye the // Sir seyde the bysshop vnto yon dwell and I shall nat feare me to do that me ought to do And also ye nose that my lorde Arthur ys slayne and that ys nat so and there fore ye wolle make a fonde werke in thys londe I drede thou falsse pryste seyde sir Mordred for and yon chaunce me ony more I shall smyte of thy hede // So the bysshop departed and dede the cursynge in the moste orgynlusse wyse that myght be done And than sir Mordred sought the bysshop off Cantirbyry for to have slayne hym Than the bysshop for fledde and toke parte of hys good w hym and wente nyghe vnto Glassynburyry and there he was a preste ermyte in a chapell and lyved in poynte and in holy prayeres for wolde he vnderstood that myschevous warre was at honde than sir Mordred sought vppon quene Gwenyvar by lettres & sondis and by fayre meanys and fonde meanys to have her to com onte of the towre of london but all thys availed

nowght for she answered hym shortely openly and pryvayly
that she had lever she her self than to be maryed w^t hym
Than cam ȳ worde vnto ȳ Mordred that kynge Arthure
had arrysed the syge fromme ȳ Launcelot and was comynge
homwarde wyth a greate ost to be avenged vppon ȳ Mor-
dred Wherefore ȳ Mordred made prytty vnto all ȳ baronny
of thys londe and moche people drew vnto hym ffor than was
the comyn voyce amonge them that w^t kynge Arthure was
nevir other lyff but warre and stryff And w^t ȳ Mordrede
was greate joy and blysse Thus was kynge Arthure dyscrated
and dryff forde off And many there were that kynge Arth^r
had brought vp of nought and fryssh them londis that
myght nat than say hym a good worde // Lo ye all englysshe
men se ye nat What a mysheff here was for he that was
the moste kynge and nobelyst knyght of the worlde & moste
lved the felyshyp of noble knyghtis and by hym they all were
vp holdyn And yet myght nat thes englysshemen holde pem
contente w^t hym Lo thus was the olde custom and Usayges
of thys londe And men say that we of thys londe have nat
yet loste thatt custom Alas thys ys a greate defaute of vs
englysshemen for there may no thynge vs please no ter me
And so fared the people at thatt tyme they were lett^e pleased
w^t ȳ Mordred than they were w^t the noble kynge Arthure and
moche people drew vnto ȳ Mordred and sayde they wold abyde
wyth hym for lette vre and for warre And so ȳ Mordred drew w^t
a greate ost to ward for there he harde say that kynge Arth^r
wolde a vyne and so he thought to lette hys owne fadir fro
hys owne londys and the moste pte of all Englonde hylde
wyth ȳ Mordred for the people were so newfangyll And so
as ȳ Mordred was at dover w^t hys ost // So cam kynge Arth^r

wyth a greate navy of shyppis and galyes and tarydes and
there was ſ mordred redy abeaytynge vppon hys londynge
to lette hys owne fadir to londe vppon the londe that he was
kynge on than there was launchynge of greate botis & smale
and full of noble men of armys and there was muche
slaughtir of lordis and knyghtis and many a full bolde knyght
was layde full lowe on bothe sydes // But kynge Arthur
was so enragyous that ſ myght no man of knyght lette hym
to lande and hys knyghtis fiersely folowed hym and so they
londed maugre ſ mordredis hede and all hys power & put
ſ mordred a bak and all hys people / So whan this battayle
was done kynge Arthure let serche hys people that were
hurte and dede And than was noble ſ Gawayne fownde
in a greate bote lyenge more than half dede // Whan kynge
Arthur knew that he was layde so lowe he went vnto hym
and so sownde hym and there the kynge made greate sorow
ynte of mesure and tok ſ Gawayne in hys armys & thryse
he there sownede And than whan he was waked kynge Arthur
seyde alas ſ Gawayne my systers son here now yon kyrgest
the man in the worlde that I lovid moste and now ys my
joy gone for now my nedeth ſ Gawayne I will discomme
vnto yon than in yonre person and sle ſ launcelot I moste had
my joy and myne assyrannce And now have I loste my joy
of yon bothe wherefore all myne erthely joy ys gone fro
me // A myn uncle seyde ſ Gawayne now I will that ye wyte
that my dethe dayes be comd And all I may wyte myne owne
hastynes and my wylfulnesse for thorowe my wylfulnes
I was cawser of myne owne dethe ffor I was thys day
hurte and smytten vppon myne olde wounde † ſ launcelot

suffi me

gryffe me and ſ ſele my ſelffe that ſ muſte nedis be dede by the dore of noone and thorowe me and preyde ye ſhane all thys ſhame and diſeaſe ffor had that noble kynyt ſ launc len w^t yon as he was and wolde ſhane ben thys vnhappy warre had nen ben be tyme for he thorowe hys noble knyghtlede & hys noble blode kylde all youre enemyes in ſubiection and damnyere And now ſeyde ſ Gawayne ye ſhalt myſſe ſ launcelot But alas that ſ wolde nat accorde w^t hym And p^r foyre vnkle ſ pray yon that ſ may ſhane pauyn penet ſnke that ſ may wryte vnto ſ launcelot a letter wrytten w^t myne owne honde // So whan pauy penc and ſnke was browghte than ſ Gawayne was ſette vp wayrely by kynge Arthure for he was ſhryuen a lytyll a fore And than he toke hys penne and wrote thus as the freynſhe booke maketh mencion // vnto the ſ launcelot ſtowre of all noble knyghtis that en ſ harde of for ſake be my dayes // ſ Gawayne kynge lotthe ſonne of Orke ney and ſyſtirs ſonne vnto the noble kynge Arthur ſende p^r tretynge lettynge the to ſhane knowleche that vpon the .v. day of may ſ was ſmytten vppon the olde wounde p^r yon gryffe me a fore the ate of Benwycke and thorowe that wounde ſ am come to my dethe day // And ſ wolle that all the worlde wyte p^t ſ ſ Gawayne kny[illegible] of the table rounde ſonte my dethe and nat thorowe thy deſmynge but myne owne feblynge Wherfore ſ be ſeche the ſ launcelot to retourne a gayne vnto thys realme and ſe my tombe and pray ſom prayer more ſpe cyal for my ſoule And thys ſame day that ſ wrote p^r ſame ſedull ſ was ſmyte to the dethe Wherof wounde was ſyrſte gryffyn of thyn honde ſ launcelot for of a more noble ar mad man myght ſ nat be ſlayne Alſo ſ launc ſ for all p^r lode that en was be knyghte do make no tarrynge but come on p^r

How ſ Gawayne wrote a letter to ſ launce lot at the tyme of his dep

the see in all the yeadly haste that ye may with yonne noble knyght
and restore that noble kynge that made the knyght for he yo
fulle straytely he stad with an false traytonne wherefor ye my hulpe
brothir sr Mordred for he hath ordayned hym selfe kynge and
wolde have wedded my lady quene Gwenyn and so had he done
had she nat kepte the tolbre of london wt stronge honde and
so the x-day of may last paste my lorde kynge Arthur & he
all landed vppon them at Dover and there he put that
false traytonne sr Mordred to flyght and so hit there myes for
tuned me to be smytten vppon the stroke that ye gaffe me
olde And the date of thys letter was wrytten but vij. dayes
and an halfe a fore my dethe wrytten wt myne owne honde
and subscryved wt yte of my harte blod And yf ffore I requyre
the moste famous knyght of the worlde pat yon write se my
tombe And than he wepte And kynge Arthur wroth and
sorowed And whan they were awaked bothe · the kynge
made sr Gawayne to reysede hys sacrament And pan Sir
Gawayne prayde the kynge for to sende for sr launcelot & to ese
vysshe hym a boven all other knyghtis And so at the dayes
of none sr Gawayne yelded vp the goste And than ye kynge
let entere hym in a chapell wt in a dever castell And yet
all men may se the shulle of hym and the same wounde is
sene that sr launcelot gaffe in batayle // Than was hit told
the kynge that sr Mordred had pyght a new fylde vppon
Barram downe And so vppon the morne kynge Arthur rade
thyder to hym and there was a grete battayle be twyxt hem
and moche people were slayne on bothe partyes but at the
laste kynge Arthurs party stode beste And sr Mordred and hys
party fledde vnto Canturbury And than the kynge let serche
all the downes for hys knyghtis that were slayne & entered

them and salued them wt softe salues that full sore were
wounded // Than moch people drew vnto kynge Arthur and
than they sayde that s Mordred Wared vppon kynge Arthure
wyth wronge and anone kynge Arthure drew hym wyth his
ost adowne by the see syde Westwarde towarde Salysbury and
there was a day assigned betwyxte kynge Arthur and Sr
Mordred that they shulde mete vppon a downe be syde Salesbury
and nat fawre fromme the see syde And thys day was assigned
on monday after Trynyte sonday Whereof kynge Arthur
was passyng glad that he myght be avenged vppon s Mordred
Than s Mordred auaunsed moche people a bowte londow for
they of kente Southsex and Surrey Essex Sussex & Northe
folke helde the moste pty wt s Mordred And many a full noble
knyght drew vnto hym And also the kynge Arthur that they that
loved s launcelot drew vnto s Mordred // So vppon Trynyte
sunday at myght kynge Arthure dremed a wonderfull dreme
And in hys dreme hym semed that he sate vppon a chaffet
a chayre and the chayre was fyxte to a whele And yt vppon
sute kynge Arthure clothe of golde that myght be made And
the kynge thought there was vnder hym fawre fromm hym
an hydeous depe blak water and there in was all man of
spentis and wormes and wylde bestis fowle and orryble
And suddenly the kynge thought that the whele turned vp
so downe and he fell amongst the spentis and every beste
tok hym by a lymme And than the kynge cryed as he lay
in hys bed helpe helpe And than knyghtis squyers and
yomen awaked the kynge And than he was so amased that
he wyste nat where he was And than so he awaked vn-
tylle hit was nyze day And than he felle on slomberynge
a-gayne nat sleepynge nor thorowly wakynge // So s kynge

semed verryly that ȳ cam ſ Gallvayne vnto hym wt a nmbr of fayre ladyes wyth hym ⁊ wh̄an kynge Arthur ſaw hym he ſeyde welcom my ſyſters ſonne ⁊ wende ye had ben dede and now ⁊ ſe the on lyve mych am ⁊ be holdyn vnto all myght ihū a fayre medes what ben thes ladyes that hyder be com wt you ⁊ Sir ſeyde ſ Gallvayne all thes be ladyes for whom ⁊ have fowghten for wh̄an ⁊ was nam̄ kynge and all yes ar yo that ⁊ ded batayle fore in vrſalēs wonſ grnnels and god hath wrowght hem that grace at ȳ grete prayer by cauſe ⁊ ded batayle wyth them for ȳ vrſt that they ſhulde bryngе me hyd vnto you thus much hath wrowght me leve god for to warne you of youre dethe ffor and ye bryght as to morne wt̄ Agrauayn as ye bothe have aſſygned vnto ye nat ye ſhall be ſlayne and the moſte pty of youre people on bothe ptyes and for ȳ grete grace and goodnes that all myghty ihū hath vnto you and for pyte of you and many mo op good men there ſhall be ſlayne for god hath ſente me to you of hys ſpecialle grace to wyſſ you warnyng that in no wyſe ye do batayle as to morne but that ye take a treatyſe for a monethis day and proffer you largely ſo that to morne ye put in a delay ffor wt̄in a monethis ſhall com ſ launcelot wt̄ all hys noble knyghtſ reſtor you worſhypfully and ſle ſ Agrauayn and all ȳ en wyll holde wyth hym ⁊ Whan ſ Gallvayne and all the ladyes vanyſſhed and anone the kynge called vppon hys knyghtſ ſqwyers and yomen and charged them wyrſtly to ſeche hys noble lordes and wyſe byſſhoppis vnto hym And wh̄an they were com the kynge tolde hem of hys adviſion that ſ Gallvayne had tolde hym and warned hym that and he fowght on ȳ morne he ſholde be ſlayne Whan the kynge comanded ſ lucan the butlere and hys brothir ſ Bedyvere the bolde wt̄ yn byſſhoppis

wyth hem and charged them in ony wyse to take a treatyse for
a moneth day wyth ℔ Aywdred and spare nat proffir hym
londys and goodys as muche as ye thynke resonable so pan they
depted and cam to ℔ Aywdred where he had a grete ost of an
C. hy and there they entreted ℔ Aywdred longe tyme and at ℔
laste ℔ Aywdred was agreed for to have Cornwale and Kente
by kynge Arthures dayes and after all that all Inglonde after
the dayes of kynge Arthur than were they condescende ℔
kynge Arthure and ℔ Aywdred shulde mete betwyxte thy ℔
ostis and enych of them shulde bryngge x̄ti̇ psons and so
they cam wyth thys worde vnto Arthur than seyde he
I am glad that thys ys done and so he rode in to the fylde
And whan kynge Arthur shulde departe he warned all hys
that and they se ony swerde drawyn loke ye com on fyersely
and ste that traytornes ℔ Aywdred for no wyse tenste hym
In lyke wyse ℔ Aywdred warned hys ost that and ye se ony
man of swerde drawyn loke that ye com on fyersely ℔ so ste all
that ende be fore yon stondyth. for in no wyse I wolle nat tenste
for thys treatyse And in the same wyse seyde ℔ Aywdred vnto
hys ost for I knowe well my kadre wolle be adressed vppon me
And so they mette as ℔ poyntement was and were agreed
and accorded thorowly and wyne was sette and dranke to
wyndw. Bryst so cam oute an addr of a hyrsell hethe bussche
and hit stange a knyght in the fote And so whan the knyght
felte hym so stonge he toted downe and sawe the addr And
anone he drew hys swerde to ste the addr and thorowgh none
othir thynge And whan the ost on bothe ℔ thes sawe ℔ swerde
drawyn than they bledde beamys trumpettis and hornys
and shontted fyersly and so bothe ostis dressed hem to fyghtyng
And kynge Arthure toke hys horse and seyde alas ℔ vnhappy

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day and so rode to hys ꝓpre / And ꝑ Ayoudred m hyle wyse and nere
hyme was ꝑ ner seyne a more dolesfuller batayle m no crysten
londe for there was but russhynge and rydynge foynynge
and stroykynge and many a grym worde was ꝑ spoken of
aythir to othir and many a dedely stroke But ever kynge Ar-
thure rode thorow oute the batayle of ꝑ Ayoudred many tymes
and ded full nobely as a noble kynge shulde do And at all
tymes he sayntid nere And ꝑ Ayoudred ded hys devoure that
day / put hym selfe m grete perell And thus they fowght
all the longe day and ner stynted tylle the noble knyghtis
were layde to the colde erthe and ever they fowght styll tylle
nyght was nere cum and by than was ꝑ an C of hys leyde
dede vppon the erthe Than was kynge Arthure wode wroth
oute of mesure when he sawe hys people so slayne frome hym
And so he loked a bowte hym and colde se no mo of all hys
ost and good knyghtis lefte no mo on lyve but vi knyghtis
the tone was ꝑ Lucan de Buttler and hys brother ꝑ Bedwere
and yette they were full sore wounded / Syr my leyde the
kynge where ar all my noble knyghtis he cond alas ꝑ end
I shulde se thys dolefull day for now seyde kynge Arthure I am
com to myne ende But wolde to god seyde he that I wyste now
where were that traytoure ꝑ Ayordred that hath caused all
thys myschyff Than kynge Arthur loked a bowte and was
ware where stood ꝑ Ayoudred leanynge vppon hys sworde a
mongis a grete hepe of dede men now sayff me my speare
seyde kynge Arthure vnto ꝑ Lucan for yondir I have aspyed
the traytoure that all thys woo hath wrought // Syr lette
hym be seyde ꝑ Lucan for he ys vnhappy and yf ye passe pis
vnhappy day yshall be wyght well revenged and what
ꝑ spyryte of ꝑ Galvayne tolde you to nyght and yet god of

hys grete grudnes hath· prefyned yon hyddre to And for gadd
sake my lorde leve of thys for blyssed be god ye shane wan the
hylde for yet ne ben there m· on lyve And w^t s^r Aoydred ys
natt one on lyve And p^r fore yf ye leve of now thys wycked day
of destyny ys paste // Now tyde me dethe tyde me hyll seyde p^e kynge
now / se hym yonder alone / se shalle ned a skape myne honde
for at a bettre avayle shalle / ned shane hyne / God spyede
yon well seyde s^r Bedyvere than the kynge gate his speare
in bothe hys hondis and ran towarde s^r Aoydred crynge
and sayinge traytowre now ys thy dethe day come And whan
s^r Aoydred sawe kynge Arthure he ran vnto hym w^t hys
swerde drawyn in hys honde And there kynge Arthure smote
s^r Aoydred vnder the shylde w^t a forne of his speare thorow out
the body more than a fadom And whan s^r Aoydred felte that
he had hys dethys wounde he threste hym self w^t the myght
that he had vpp to the bures of kynge Arthures spear And
vnyght so he smote hys fadre kynge Arthure w^t hys swerde
holdynge in both· hys hondys vppon the syde of the hede that
the swerde perced the helmet and the tay of the brayne And
there w^t s^r Aoydred dayssed adowne starke dede to the erthe And
noble kynge Arthure felle in a swonge to the erthe and p^r he
lowned ofthym tymes And s^r Lucan and s^r Bedivere offte tymes
hede hym vp and so vnyethly he wyste them they lad hym
to a hytyll chapell nat farre from the see And whan p^e kynge
was there hym thought hym resonable eased than harde
by people crye in the hylde / Now go yon s^r Lucan seyde p^e kynge
and do me to wyte what be to kyns that noyse in the hylde //
So s^r Lucan dep^te for he was grevously wounded in many
places And so as he yede he saw and harkened by p^e awayne
lyght how that pyllours and robbers were comm in to the
hylde to pylle and to robbe many a ryall noble knyght of

of Brochys and bees and of many a good ryngge and many a ryche
juell And who that were nat dede all onte there they sholde
thenne for the harneys and the ryches // Whan the lucan vnderstood
thys warke he cam to the kynge as sone as he myght & tolde
hym all what he had harde and seyne Therefore be my rede
seyde the lucan hit is beste that the bryngge you to som towne
I wolde hit were so seyde the kynge but I may nat stonde my hede
wrechys so // Ah launcelot seyde kynge Arthure thys day haue
I sore myssed the and alas that euer I was a yenste the for nolde
haue I my dethe where of Gawayne me warned in my
dreame // Than the lucan tolde vp the kynge the tone syde and
the Bedwere the other syde And in the lyftynge vp the kynge
sowned And in the lyftynge the lucan felle in a swone & felle
of hys wyndes felle o the of hys bak and there w the noble
knyght hys harte brast And whan the kynge awoke he behelde
the lucan how he lay sowynge at the mouthe and the of his wyndes
lay at hys herte // Alas seyde the kynge thys ys to me a full
hevy syght to se thys noble duke so dye for my sake for he wold
haue holpyn me that had more nede of helpe than I Alas
that he wolde nat complayne hym for hys harte was so
sette to helpe me now I se haue myn vppon hys honde than
the Bedwere wepte for the deth of hys brother Now leue thys
mournynge and wepynge I auntyll knyght seyde the kynge for all
thys wolle nat availe me for wete you well and I myght
lyve my selff the dethe of the lucan wolde greve me euermore
But my tyme drawyth on faste seyde the kynge // Therefore
seyde kynge Arthure vnto the Bedwere take you here Excalibur
my good swerde and go with hit to yonder water side & when
you comyste there I charge the throw my swerde in the water
and come a gayne and telle me what you there
ayr lorde seyde the Bedwere youre commaundement shall be

done and hyghsthy bryngge yon lorde a gayne So ſ Bedwere
depted And by the way he be hylde that noble ſwerde and the
pomell and the hamſſte was all precious ſtonys and than
he ſeyde to hym ſelff yf I throw thys ryche ſwerde in the wat
there of ſhall neu com good but harme and losse And than
ſ Bedwere hyd Excalybur vn' a tre And ſo as ſone as he myght
he cam a gayne vnto the kynge and ſeyde he had bene at the
watur and had throwen the ſwerde in to the watur // What
ſawe yon pere ſeyde the kynge // Sr he ſeyde he ſaw no thyng
but wawes and wyndys That ys vntrewly ſeyde of the ſeyde
the kynge And there fore go yon hyghsthy a gayne and do my
comaundemente as yon arte to me hyff and dere ſpare
nat but throw hit ſr than ſ Bedwer retorned a gayne
and tok the ſwerde in hys honde And yet hym thought ſyne
game to throw away that noble ſwerde and ſo efftſ he hyd
the ſwerde and retorned a gayne and tolde the kynge that
that he had bene at the watur and done hys comaundement
What ſawyſt yon there ſeyde the kynge // Sr he ſeyde I ſy no
thynge but watirs wap and wawys wan A trayto vnto
me and untrewly ſeyde thou Arthure now haſt yon be trayed
me thryſe Who wolde wene that yon yt haſt bene to me ſo
leve and dere and alſo named ſo noble a knyght yt yon wolde
be tray me for the ryches of thys ſwerde But now go a gayne
hyghsthy for thy longe taryynge puttyth me in grete ſorow
of my hyff for I drame tadyn colde And but yf yon do now as
I bydde the yf ene I may ſe the I ſhall ſle the myne dene honds
for yon wold haſt for my ryche ſwerde ſe me dede Than ſ Bed
were depted and went to the ſwerde and hyghsthy tok hit up
and ſo he went vnto the watirs ſyde and there he bounde
the gyrdyll a bowte the hyltis and threw yt ſwerde as fer

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m to the water as he myght And there cam an arme and an honde
a bove the water and tok hit and cleyzt hit and shoke hit thryse
and brandysshed And than vanysshed wt the sweerde in to the
water // So ꝑ Bedyvere cam ayzayne to the kynge and tolde
hym what he sadw // Alas seyde the kynge helpe me hens for
I drede me I haue taryed ouermyzte // Than ꝑ Bedwere tok
the kynge vpon his bak and so wente wt hym to the water
syde And whan they were there ayen faste by the banke stood
a lytyll barge with many fayre ladyes in hit and amonge
them all was a quene And all they had blak hoodes and all
they wepte and shryked whan they sadw kynge Arthur //
Now put me in to that barge seyde the kynge and so he did
softely And there resseyued hym iij ladyes wt gryete mournyng
and so they sette hem doune and in one of ꝑ lappes kynge
Arthure layde his hede And than the quene seyde a my
dere brother why haue ye taryed so longe fro me alas
this wounde on your hede hath caught ouermuch cowlde
And anone they rowed fromward the londe and ꝑ Be-
dyvere be hylde all po ladyes zyf hedwarde hym than Sr
Bedwere cryed and seyde a my lorde Arthur what shall
be cowde of me now ye go fro me and leve me here alone
amonge myne enemyes // Comforte thy selff seyde the
kynge and do as well as thou mayste for in me ys no
trwste for to trwste in for I wyll in to the vale of Avy-
lyon to hele me of my grevous wounde and yf thou here
neu more of me pray for my soule but entende ꝑ quene
and ladyes wepte and shryked that hit was pite to here
And as sone as ꝑ Bedwere had loste the syzht of the
barge he wepte and wayled and so tok the forest and
wente all that nyzht And in the morny̅nge he was ware

he dwyte yͤ holie hove of a chapell and an hermytage //
Than was ſ Bedwere fayne and thyder he wente and
whan he cam̃ to the chapell he fand where lay an hermyte
vnder hymyte on alle hys faste ¶ here by a tumbe was newe
dreadyn // whan the hermyte ſaw ſ Bedwere he bad hym
hym well for he was but a lyttell to fore by ſhop of cam̃
tre bery that ſ Mordred ſlean̄ed / Sir seyde ſ Bedwere
what man ys yͤ here entryed that ye pray ſo faſte fore // ſayr
ſyme seyde the hermyte ¶ wote nat verylly but by demyng
but thys ſame nyght at mydnyght here cam̃ a nombr
of ladyes and bronȝt here a dede corſe and prayde me
to entyre hym and here they offred an hundr̃ taps and pey
aſſi me a thouſande beſaunt // And ſeyde ſ Bedwere
ſatt was my lorde kynge Arthur̃ wherfor I lette here gra
vyn̄ in thys chapell // Than ſ Bedwere ſowned & wold and
he awoke he prayde the hermyte that he myȝt abyde w
hym ſtylle there to lyve w faſtyng and prayers for frend
ſhep̃ wolde ¶ nedeȝe ſeyde ſ Bedwere be my wyll but all
the dayes of my lyff here to pray for my lorde Arthur̃ / Sir
ye ar well com̃ to me ſeyde the hermyte for I knowe yow
better than ye wene that I do for ye ar ſ Bedwere ye bolde
And the full noble duke ſ Lucan de Butler was yor bro
Than ſ Bedwere tolde the hermyte all as ye have hawde
to fore and ſo he be laffte w the hermyte that was be
fore hande by ſſhop of Canterbury And yͤ ſ Bedwere
put vppon hym̃ poure clothys and ſerved the hermyte
full lowly in faſtyng and in prayers // Thus of Arthur̃
I fynde no more wryttyn in bokis that be auctoryſed nothy
more of the verey ſtaȝte of hys dethe fande I neverthe but
thus, was he lad away in a ſhyp wherein were iij quenys

that one was kynge Arthur sister quene Morgan le fay the top
was the quene of North walis and the thirde was the quene of
the waste londis Also there was dame Nynyve the chyff lady
of the laake whych had wedded Sr Pellyas the good knyght And
thys lady had done muche for kynge Arthure And thys dame
Nynyve wolde nev^r suffir Sr Pellas to be in no place where he
shulde be in daungere of hys lyff and so he lyved vnto y^e vttir-
moste of hys dayes w^t her in grete reste // Now more of y^e deth
of kynge Arthur coude I nev^r fynde but that ye ladyes bronght
hym to hys grave and such one was entyred there wherby
ther myght be verytes that some tyme was bysshop of Cant^r
bery But yet the hermyte knew nat in certayne that he was
verily the body of kynge Arthur for thys tale Sr Bedwere a
knyght of the table rownde made hit to be wrytten / yet some
men say in many partyes of Inglonde that kynge Arthure
ys nat dede but that by the will of our lorde I hesu in to a nother
place and men say that he shall come a yayne and he shall
wynne the holy crosse / yet I wolle nat say that hit shall be so
But rather I wolde sey here in thys worlde he chaunged hys
lyff And many men say that y^t ys wrytten vppon his tombe
thys Hic iacet Arthurus rex quondam rex que futurus.
And thus lefte I here Sr Bedwere w^t the hermyte that dwelled
that tyme in a chapell be sydes Glastenbyry and there was
hys hermytage And so they lyved in prayers and fastyng^s and
abstynaunce And whan quene Guenyvere understood that kynge
Arthure was dede and all the noble knyght^s y^t awaited and
all the remenaunte than she stale away w^t .v. ladyes w^t her
and so she wente to Amys bery and there she lete make her self
a nonne and wered whyte clothys and blak and the prince
she tok vppon her as ex^tre devoute woman in thys londe and

ned a creature conde make her glad myry but en she lyued in
ny fastynge prayers and almes dedis that all man of peoples
mayled how vertuously she lyued Now lete vs speke of the
quene ma dmyssedy a nunnem whyche clothys & blak and ys she
was abbas and rulad as vsyd Now turne we from
her and speke we of s launcelot & du lake

That whan he harde m hys contrey that s Arthur was
crowned kynge m Inglonde and made warr ayenst kynge
Arthur hys owne fadyr and wolde lette hym to londe m hys
owne londe Also hit was tolde hym how s Arthur had leyde a
syege a bowte the towre of london by cause the q[ue]ne wold nat
yelde vp hyrnd than was s launcelot wrote a lettir of mesnye & seyde
hys hynnesmen alas that double tra[i]tour s Arthur now me
enteth that en he astuped hys fadrys [q]ueen wych shame hathe
he done vnto my lorde Arthure for sothe hys dolefull dede that
s Gawayne sente me on whos sonle Ihu haue mcy & my lorde
Arthurs gyfte haude he fraud Alas seyde s launcelot that en I shulde
lyue to lyve of that moste noble kynge that made me knyght and
to be on sette w[i]t hys enmyes m hys owne realme And this dole-
full lettre that my lorde s Gawayne hathe sente me a fore hys
dethe prayenge me to se hys tumbe wryte yon vnto hys dolefull wyf
that shall neu[er] go fro[m] my harte for he was a full noble knyght
as en was lorde And m an vnhappy owre was I lorde that en
I shulde haue that myssehappe to sle fro[m] the s Gawayne s Gaheryes
the good knyght And myne owne fryende s Gareth[e] & was
a full noble knyght now alas I may seye I am vnhappy & en I
shulde do thus And yet a las myght I haue haue hap to sle s
traytour s Arthur Now lete youre complayntes seyde Ur-
[e]hon and fro[m] vche myne yon of the dethe of s Gawayne on
whos sonle Ihu haue mcy And that wolle be well done & ye se

hys tumbe and seandly that ye revenge my lorde Arthur and my lady quene Gwenyn I thanke you seyde ſ launcelot for en ye dede my worshyp than they made hem redy in all haste ſ myght be w^t shyppis and ſayles w^t hym and hys oste to pas in to Inglonde And so at the laste he cam to dou and there he landed w^t vij^m knyghtes and the mdw was redeons to be holde Than ſ launc spyrred of men of dover where was ſ kynge he cowd And anone the people tolde hym how he was slayne and ſ Agrayed to w^t an c^m ah that dyed vppon a day And how ſ Agrayed staff kynge Arthur the ſyrſt battayle per at hys londynge And there was ſ Gawayne slayne And vppon the retrayte ſ Agrayed fawght w^t the kynge on kreaw downe And there the kynge put ſ Agrayed to the wawes And seyde ſ launc thys is the kedyeſt kydynges that en cam in my harte Now syre sirres seyde ſ launcelot shew me the tumbe of ſ Gawayne And anone he was brought in to the castell of dover and so they shewed hym the tumbe Than ſ launcelot knelid downe by the tumbe and wepte and prayde hartely for hys soule And that nyght he lete make a dole of all that wolde cowd of the towne or of the contrey they had as much flessh and fysshe and wyne and ale and ery man and ſ woman he dalt to vij^m cowd who so wolde Thus w^t hys owne honde dalte he hys money in a mone nyght and ery he wepte hartely and prayde the people to pray for ſ soule of ſ Gawayne and on the morn all the prystes & clarkes that myght be gotyn in the contrey and in the towne were pere and sange masses of requiem And there offred ſyrſt ſ launc and he offred an c^m li And than the vij^m knyghtes offrede ery of them offrede somety li Also there was a c^m knyghtes and ery of them offrede a li And the offerynge dured fro p morne to nyght And there ſ launcelot lay ij nyght vppon hys tumbe

m prayers and m dolefull wepynge than on the thrde day
ꝑ launcelot called the kynges dewke and Erles w^t the barownes &
all hys noble knyghtꝭ and seyde thus my fayre lordis ſ thynke
you all of yowre comynge in to thys contrey w^t me but wyte
you well all we ar com to late and that ſhall repente me whyle
ſ lyve but a yenſte dethꝭ may no man rebell but ſythyn hit
ys ſo seyde ꝑ launcelot ſ well my ſelffe ryde and ſyke my lady
quene Gwenyu for as ſ here ſey ſhe hathꝭ had grete payne and
mochꝭ diſeaſe and ſ here ſay that ſhe ys ſtedde in to the weſte
and ꝑfore ye all ſhall abyde me here and but if ſ com a yenne
w^t in thes .vj. dayes take yowre ſhyppis and yowre ſeyſhip &
depte in to yowre contrey for ſ well do as ſ [illegible] than cam
ꝑ [illegible]ors and seyde my lorde ꝑ launcelot [illegible]yght thynke ye for to
a[illegible]yde for to ryde in thys realme wyt[illegible]n well ye ſhall do
ſy[illegible]de feade feyndis we as we may as for[illegible]at seyde ꝑ launce
kepe yon ſtylle here for ſ well fynyſhe on my ſomney and no
man nor chylde ſhall go w^t me So hit was no boote to ſtryve
but he depted and rode weſtwly and there he ſonyt a .vij. or .viij.
dayes and at the laſte he cam to a nonry and anone quene
Gwenyu was ware of ꝑ launcelot as ſhe walked in ꝑ cloyſt^t
and anone as ſhe ſaw hym there ſhe ſowned thryſe ꝑ all
ladyes and ſantyll women had worke ſ no wyſe to hold the
quene fromme the erthe // So whan ſhe myght ſpeke ſhe called her
ladyes and ſantill women to her and than ſhe ſayde jnes ye
merwayle fayre ladyes why ſ make thys fare truly ſhe ſeyde
hit ys for the ſyght of yonder knyght that yonder ſtondith ſ here
fore ſ pray you calle hym hydir to me than ꝑ launce was
browght be fore her than the quene seyde to all ꝑ ladyes thorow
thys ſame mayd and me hath all thys warre be wrought and
the deth of the moſte nobleſt knyghtꝭ of the worlde for thorow
owre lore that we ſame lyved to gydir ye my moſte noble lorde

slayne Therefore sir Launcelot wyte you well I am sette in suche a plyte to gete my soule helthe and yet I trust therby gladly grace and thorowe hys passyon of hys woundes wyde that after my deth I may have a sygnt of the blyssyd face of cryste Jhu and on domes day to sytte on hys ryght syde for as synfull as ever I was now am I seynte in herynge and therefore sir Launcelot I requyre you and beseche the hartely for all the love that ever was betwyxt us that you nevermore se me no more in the vysayge and I commande the on goddis behalff that you for sake my company and to thy kyngedom loke you turne a gayne and kepe well thy realme from warre and wreake for as well as I have lovyd you therefore myne ire and wyll nat serve now to se the for thorowe the and me ys the floure of knyghtes broken and destroyed and you have ye thyder to thy realme and there take ye a wyff and lyff with joy and blysse and I pray the hartely to pray for me that I may amende my myssededys

Now my swete madame seyde sir Launcelot wolde ye that I shuld turne a gayne unto my contrey and there to wedde a lady Nay madame wyte you well that shall I never do for I shall never be so false unto you of that I have promysed but yf yelff desyre that ye have taken you to I wolle take me to for the plesaunce of Jhu And ever for you I axyde me specially to pray

A sir Launcelot yf ye wolle do so and holde thy promyse but I may never be lefe you seyde the quene but that ye wolle turne to the worlde a gayne Well madame seyde he ye say as hit pleasyth you for yet wyste ye me never false of my promyse and god defende but that I shulde for sake the worlde as ye have done sythen the questyon of the Sankgreall I had that tyme for sakyn the vanytees of the worlde had not gonne fro me and yf I had done so at that tyme with my harte wylle and thought I had passed all the knyghtes that ever were in the Sankgreall

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